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# **R**adio **MIRROR**

NOVEMBER

1934  
**10¢**

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MACFADDEN  
PUBLICATION



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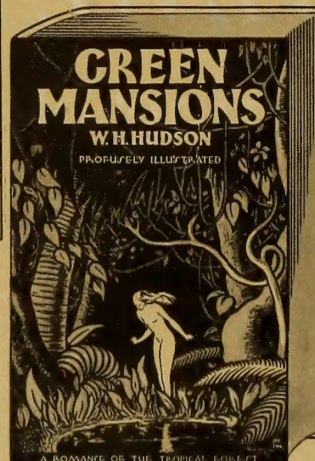
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# STARVING...yet they Dreaded the coming of the *FOOD SHIP*

FREQUENTLY emaciated and ravenously hungry, the people of St. Kilda's, the lonely island off the Scottish coast, dreaded the arrival of the supply ship from the mainland. They realized that though it brought food to the wilderness it brought also civilization's curse—the common cold. Illness and death invariably followed the rattle of the anchor chain. In the Arctic, the Eskimos had the same experience.

Reviewing such cold epidemics, scientific men came eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts although these may be contributing causes.

Colds are caused by germs, they say—but by germs unlike any others previously known. Germs, if you please, that cannot be seen. Germs so small they cannot be measured except as they exert their evil effect upon the human body. Bacteriologists call them the filtrable virus because they readily pass through the most delicate bacterial filters. Using a liquid containing this mysterious virus, they have been able to produce repeatedly by inoculation, one man's cold in other men.

Under ordinary conditions, this virus enters the mouth, nose, or throat to cause the dangerous infection we call a cold. Accompanying it are certain visible germs familiar to all: the pneumococcus, for example, and the streptococcus—both dangerous. They do not cause a cold—they complicate and aggravate it.

## To Fight Colds—Fight Germs

Obviously, the important part of the fight against invisible virus



and visible bacteria should take place in the mouth and throat. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep it, the less chance germs have of developing.

"The daily use of a mouth-wash," says one eminent authority, "will prevent much of the sickness which is so common in the mouth, nose, and throat. Children should be taught the disinfection of the mouth and nose from their earliest years."

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For Colds and Sore Throat... LISTERINE... The Safe Antiseptic



# Radio MIRROR

VOL. 3 NO. 1

NOVEMBER • 1934

JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

## s p e c i a l f e a t u r e s



**NEXT MONTH**—The radio stars are buying babies for Christmas presents. Several prominent air celebrities have decided to adopt babies, among them Gracie Allen, Jack Benny and Jack Pearl. Next month we'll take you on a tour of the orphanages with them while they choose their new sons and daughters. Having no youngsters of their own, they plan to make the lives of at least three tiny tots happy and secure. Maybe you'll help them choose.

According to Helen Morgan, "a husband is a man who'll see you through all the troubles you wouldn't have had if you hadn't married him." The beautiful torch singer shied away from marriage for years, then suddenly she became Mrs. Buddy Maschke. She has refused consistently to talk about her recent separation from her bridegroom, but in the December RADIO MIRROR she confesses all and tells you what this union did to her.

Roxy is back on the air. For years this famous showman had one of the most important programs on the wavelengths. Radio has changed since he started broadcasting, and in his own story, signed by him he tells you what radio needs now and what he's going to do about it.



A few years ago they used to call Buddy Rogers "The flappers' darling." But the handsome young man who gave up the movies and has gone in for a radio career is a changed person. Next month you'll meet the new Buddy and learn the amazing reasons for the change.

The handsome bachelor on the airwaves, Everett Marshall hides his emotions with a casual air, but he comes out from behind the mask for the readers of RADIO MIRROR and reveals the facts about his spectacular success and the truth about his own personality.

Next month you'll learn what all the air famous do when they're not working; you'll hear about the surprising popularity of the Sinclair Minstrels and how they convinced a sponsor their type of entertainment was not outmoded; you'll read about James Melton, the boy from the South who's been wowing listeners-in; you'll ride the ranges with the cow-boy entertainers and you'll have all the latest news and gossip of the Pacific coast, the Middle West studios, the short waves as well as a gorgeous collection of new pictures.

WATCH FOR THE DECEMBER RADIO MIRROR.

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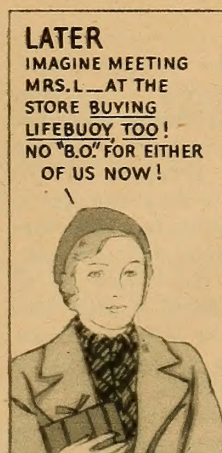
Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Grand for dishes and all cleaning. Saves time—saves work. And so easy on hands!

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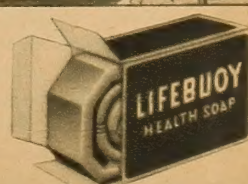
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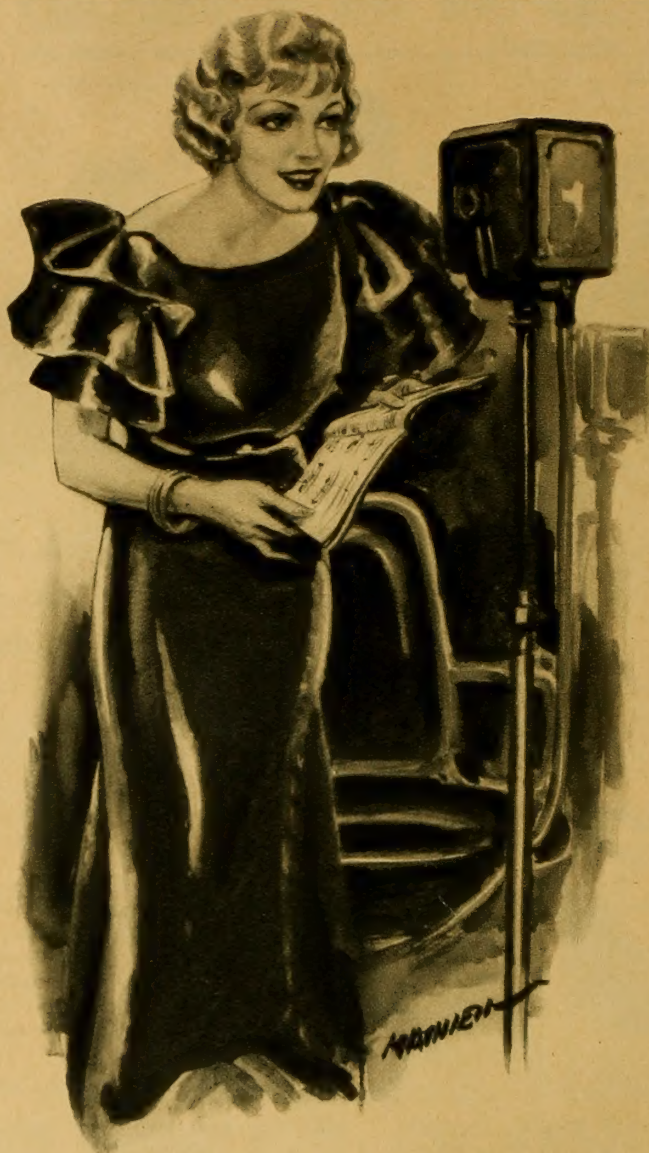


# Too Many Blues

**T**ORCH carrying on the ether waves has its place but this continuous overdose of blondes crying about lost love, brunettes weeping over the "moonlight without you" and redheads wailing ditties concerning the man who's gone away, is like too much lemon meringue pie with every dinner.

It's one thing to have Ruth Etting get into a "Melancholy Baby" mood with her listening public, for Helen Morgan to tell you, in minor chords, that she "can't help lovin' that man," or for Gertrude Niesen to do justice to these contemporary sad lyrics. But when hundreds of lesser and undistinguished ladies of the blues school give out those ineffective imitations, it's plain aggravating. For the past several months there's been a menacing epidemic of that type of radio entertaining which improvises on the wares of Tin Pan Alley, and the worst of it all is that they apparently find it easy, not only to get a hearing from broadcast officials but to get spots on dozens of programs which might be used to far better advantage.

Orchestra leaders are largely responsible for the vogue. Where, a few seasons ago, the trumpet player would lay down his instrument and warble a few lines of a chorus during the broadcast of a dance program, now the ork pilots consider it essential to have a female blues singer interrupt their musical presentations at regular intervals and do "her stuff." If they can get a fairly good singer of her type it's all right, but otherwise they just engage a pretty girl who is decorative for personal appearances and coach her in the intricacies of splitting notes, murdering chords and doing a little seesaw stunt with accepted theories of song singing. Some of these unknowns who have suddenly sprung into the limelight have managed to achieve a fairly good technique; a very few have become popular favorites and have obtained air engagements as regular soloists, but a large majority are just excess raucous noise. There are some on the large chains who should never be there, but there's a regular army of them scattered around the smaller individual stations, and if you tune in on those daytime hours when they're broadcasting, it's



enough to make you loathe popular music forever, except that when you do hear an expert deftly handling the same tunes, you realize that blues singing can really become an art.

Some of them seem to think that if they can only get into a tearful frame of mind and make their voices sound that way as they slide down the musical scales into the realms relegated to baritones they are putting it over. Others adopt the cute and coy attitude and try the saccharine type, but it's actually more like quinine than sugar.

Not long ago I heard dozens and dozens of girls auditioning for an air spot that required an individual singing personality for a heroine part. I was happy that it wasn't up to me to decide on the fortunate girl because as I listened to one, after another, the episode became nerve-racking. Not only did most of the aspirants choose the same song in their trial programs but most of them murdered even the simplest musical phrases. And even the best was not what I would consider outstanding. Enduring the talentless efforts one wanted to send these would-be radio stars

right back to their homes and their business courses. Even if they should achieve mediocre success they represent nothing but a passing vogue, and when that's gone there's no place in broadcasting for such as they.

The other afternoon I turned the dials until I had taken in every station. There were some talks in which I had no interest, an orchestra of sorts that was doing a very bad imitation of Guy Lombardo and the rest of the wavelengths were occupied by girly songstresses who were ruining a number that Bing Crosby has made pleasant hearing. One of them was affecting the Etting finale, another was blaring forth in what she believed was Kate Smith style, while the remainder were lost somewhere in between the Niesen renditions and the appealing mike manner of Sylvia Froos. What they managed to effect was nothing better than static. The experience certainly lessened my respect for the capabilities of those whose job it is to spot talent.

May some kind fate that hovers over radio destinies deliver us from the misery of too many bad blues.

*Julia Shawell*



# BEHIND the MIKES

By MERCURY

**D**EEMS TAYLOR is composing a new opera and who do you suppose is working on the libretto? None other than Mary Kennedy, his recently divorced wife . . . Those wise in the ways of the theatre insist Benny Fields, husband and partner of Blossom Seeley, was the first crooner. Fields was singing lullabies in the back rooms of Chicago saloons when Rudy Vallee and Bing Crosby were still wearing knickers . . . Since he does his composing after 3 o'clock in the morning, Don Bestor had to find a soundproof apartment so that he won't disturb the neighbors.

Donald Novis has a new car . . . Johnny Green, 25-year old Harvard graduate who serves as Columbia's musical consultant when he isn't leading an orchestra or writing songs, is the author of "Mr. Whittington," the English musical comedy success . . . Carmen Lombardo can vote now—he became 21 recently . . . Tony Wons prevents colds with a special fish soup prepared by his missus. Mixed with sour cream it is a concoction from which even pneumonia germs take flight . . . The Landt Trio and White chew gum during their broadcasts. If they don't, they say their throats go dry.

Lud Gluskin, CBS orchestra leader, is married to Erica Telekte, former premier dancer of the Hungarian Budapest Opera Company . . . Harry Horlick, A. & P. Gypsy leader, has a pleasing quirk—he insists upon picking up all dinner and lunch checks . . . Pat Barnes, the narrator, is the husband of Eleanor Gilmour, the concert singer . . . Vincent Lopez is now so strongly influenced by numerology that he won't hire a musician or a singer until submitting them to the number test . . . Alice Faye has been accepted by Hollywood's 400 and is now a welcome guest in the most exclusive circles.

"The trouble with most radio live wires," observes Eddie Garr, the impersonator, "is that they seldom have any connections worth while." With that thought for today it might be recorded here that Eddie, a really clever mimic who has had a hard time getting established on the American airwaves, has been in London recently broadcasting for the BBC.

Take it from Fred Allen, life is like a cornet—when you get ready to blow it, you find you haven't any breath left. . . . Walter Winchell influence reached the nadir with the issuing of

(Continued on page 7)

## Here are a few DON'TS about laxatives!

Don't take a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens you!

Don't take a laxative that is offered as a cure-all—a treatment for a thousand ills!

Don't take a laxative where you have to keep on increasing the dose to get results!

### TAKE EX-LAX—THE LAXATIVE THAT DOES NOT FORM A HABIT

You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. Ex-Lax doesn't force—it acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate taste. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative should be.

At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

#### WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.



Keep "regular" with

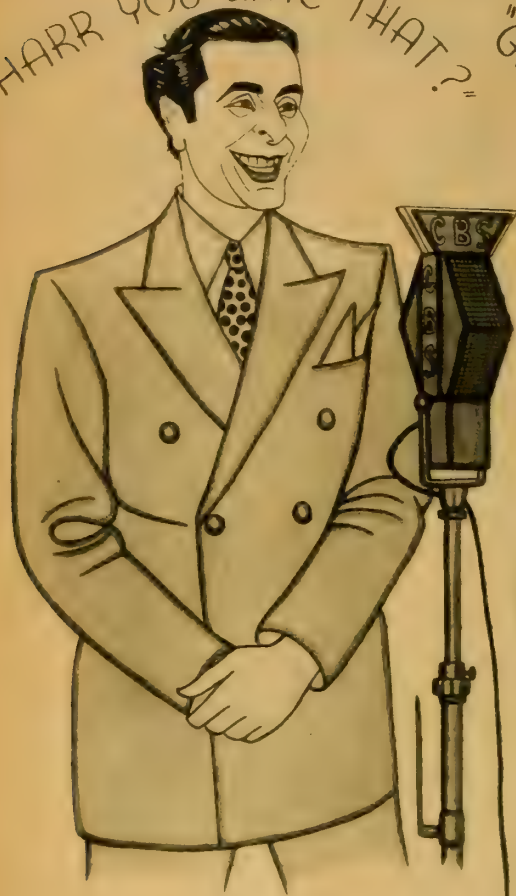
# EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



# GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE

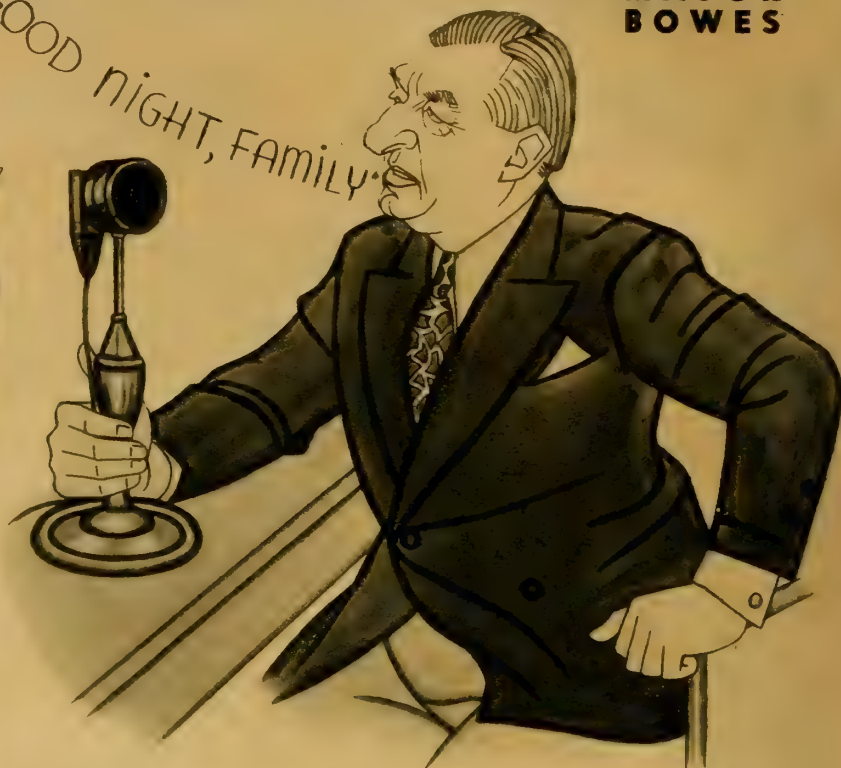
"HARR YOU LIKE THAT?"



**GEORGE GIVOT**

"GOOD NIGHT, FAMILY."

**MAJOR BOWES**



"BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE!"



**FRANK BUCK**

"LET'S GO!"



**PHIL SPITALNY**

GARD, FAMOUS CARICATURIST, CATCHES CELEBRITIES AT THE MIKES.



## Behind the Mikes

(Continued from page 5)

bulletins forecasting blessed events in the kennel of Ilomay Bailey and Lee Sims. Their Great Dane was represented as knitting tiny garments, preparing the bassinet, baby-buggy shopping and what not . . . In 11 years of broadcasting May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose, "The Sweethearts of the air," have been absent from the studios but two weeks. They took that time off for their honeymoon.

Grace Moore has definitely gone Hollywood—she has bought a home there . . . Ditto, Irvin S. Cobb, who acquired Greta Garbo's beach place . . . The Rudy Vallee Rooters celebrated their idol's 33rd birthday by issuing a magazine. It was illustrated with pictures revealing Rudy in various stages of childhood. One of the most interesting showed the great crooner as an entrant in a baby contest . . . And no matter how crooner is defined in the dictionary, Tin Pan Alley insists that anybody can be taught to play a saxophone but a crooner has to be born. But for that matter, don't we all?

Mrs. Jack Denny has never attended one of her husband's broadcasts. So far as known she is the only wife of a maestro enjoying that distinction. Some of them are more in evidence in the studios than their hubbies . . . Joe Cook's son, now in his teens, is Joseph Cook, Jr., according to the records, but the household refers to him as Joe-Joe to distinguish him from his dad. . . . The scripts of "Home, Sweet Home" are written by Burr Cook, brother of Phil. Burr was also the author of those "Harbor Lights" episodes which enjoyed such a vogue a few years ago.

Frank Buck, the wild animal man was formerly the husband of Amy Leslie, for many years dramatic critic of the Chicago Daily News. Legend has it that Buck was a bell hop at the time of his marriage to the noted newspaper woman. \* \* \*

After five years of broadcasting over NBC, CBS and WOR as a baritone, dramatic actor and comic, Jack Arthur spent his first real vacation from the air at Monte Carlo, the famous French resort. But it proved only a "motor-man's holiday" after all for Jack, unable to keep his mind off the "mike" spent most of his spare time at the receiving end of a short-wave set getting the latest radio news from this side of the water. \* \* \*

One thing that Al and Lee Reiser, the pianists, admit radio has done for them and that is to show them how the sun rises. They have to get up at 5:30 a. m. in their Long Island homes to make an 8:30 o'clock commercial five times a week. Another thing it has taught them is how to make coffee for otherwise their wives would also have to get up at the crack of dawn to prepare breakfast. However, the boys have a system. Since their homes are adjacent to each other, Al invites Lee in for breakfast for a week, then Lee has Al in the next week, and so on.

I WONDER HOW SHE DID IT...  
SHE WAS SKINNIER THAN I AM!



## GIRLS WITH "NATURALLY Skinny" FIGURES

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**New Natural Mineral Concentrate From the Sea, Rich in FOOD IODINE, Building Up Weak, Rundown Men and Women Everywhere.**

Hosts of thin, pale, rundown folks—and even "Naturally Skinny" men and women—are amazed at this new easy way to put on healthy needed pounds quickly. Gains of 15 to 20 lbs. in one month—5 lbs. in a week—are reported regularly.

Kelp-a-Malt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea gets right down to the cause of thin underweight conditions and adds weight through a "3 ways in one" natural process.

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Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you sleep, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes, how firm flesh appears in place of scrawny hollows and the new energy and strength it brings you! Prescribed and used by physicians, Kelp-a-Malt is fine for children too—improves their appetites. Remember the name, Kelp-a-Malt, the original and genuine kelp and malt tablets. There is nothing else like them so don't accept imitations and substitutes. Try Kelp-a-Malt today, and if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. of good, firm flesh in 1 week the trial is free.

100 jumbo size tablets, 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets cost but little. Sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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*Tablets*





# We have with us—

**EASTERN STANDARD TIME**

● Irene Taylor, hails from Dallas, Texas, and is the soloist on Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra over CBS

## ● S U N D A Y

11:30 A. M. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY—Waldo Mayo conductor and violinist; guest artists. WEAf and associated stations.

An old friend with new voices.

12:30 P. M. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY—Radio City Symphony orchestra; chorus and soloists. WJZ and associated stations.

Mr. Rockefeller can be proud of this one.

12:30 P. M. TITO GUIZAR'S MIDDAY SERENADE. (Brillo Mfg. Co.). WABC and associated stations.

He strums a guitar and sings soft songs.

1:00 P. M. "LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE"—Dale Carnegie and orchestra. (Malting Cereals Co.). WEAf and associated stations.

This one will teach you things.

1:30 P. M. LITTLE MISS BAB-O'S SURPRISE PARTY—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William Wirges' orchestra; guest artist. (B. T. Babbitt Co., Inc.). WEAf and associated stations.

A high-school miss crying about the blues.

2:00 P. M. THE MOHAWK TREASURE CHEST—Ralph Kirby, baritone; Martha Lee Cole, interior decorator; James Meighan, narrator; Harold Levey's orchestra. WEAf and associated stations.

Well-balanced entertainment.

2:30 P. M. LAZY DAN, The Minstrel Man—Irving Kaufman. (A. S. Boyle Floor Wax). WABC and associated stations.

He certainly takes his time.

2:30 P. M. DRAMATIZATION OF ONE-ACT PLAYS. (Lux Soap). WJZ and associated stations.

The curtain rises promptly.

3:00 P. M. NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA. WABC and associated stations.

Just the music for Sunday afternoon.

3:00 P. M. TALKIE PICTURE TIME—sketch with June Meredith, John Goldsworthy, John Stanford, Gilbert Douglas, Murray Forbes and Virginia Ware. (Luxor Ltd.). WEAf and associated stations.

All the Hollywood atmosphere.

3:30 P. M. THE MAYBELLINE MUSICAL ROMANCE—Harry Daniels' orchestra; Don Mario Alvarez, soloist; and guest stars. WEAf and associated stations.

Good music and always a surprise.

4:45 P. M. BIG BEN DREAM DRAMA—sketch. WEAf and associated stations.

Then, you wake up when the alarm goes off!  
5:00 P. M. ROSES & DRUMS—dramatization of Civil War stories. (Union Central Life Insurance Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Back to crinoline love.

5:00 P. M. SENTINELS SERENADE—Edward Davies, baritone; Charles Sears, Tenor; Mary Steele, soprano; Josef Koestner's orchestra. (The Hoover Co.). WEAf and associated stations.

No awkward pauses to this one.

5:30 P. M. "THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD" with Tony Wons and orchestra. (S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.). WEAf and associated stations.

● Robert Simmons, tenor, now heard in several programs, had his first big chance with the A. & P. Gypsies





Philosophy with old-fashioned trimmings.

5:30 P. M. FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON with Jack Shilkret's orchestra. (Bond Bread). WABC and associated stations.

Your old friends getting better and better.

6:00 P. M. GEORGE GERSHWIN. (Health Products Co.—"Astordun"). WABC and associated stations.

The master of modern rhythm.

6:30 P. M. SMILING ED McCONNELL. (Acme White Lead). WABC and associated stations.

You'll smile, too.

7:00 P. M. SILKEN STRINGS—Charles Previn and his orchestra. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills). WJZ and associated stations.

A sockful of melody.

7:00 P. M. STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS with Richard Himber's orchestra. (Studebaker Sales Corp.). WABC and associated stations.

How Mr. Himber has come along.

7:30 P. M. WARD'S FAMILY THEATER—Buddy Rogers and Jeanie Lang—with the Three Rascals. (Ward Baking Company). WABC and associated stations.

Buddy's in his real element.

7:45 P. M. THE FITCH PROGRAM—Wendell Hall and his ukelele. (F. W. Fitch Co.). WEAf and associated stations.

Red-headed music master with the southern drawl.

8:00 P. M. CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR—Jimmy Durante, comedian and Rubinoff's orchestra. (Chase & Sanborn Coffee). WEAf and associated stations.

Well, he's had his months of airing.

8:00 P. M. COLUMBIA VARIETY HOUR with Cliff Edwards, Master of Ceremonies. WABC and associated stations.

A little bit of everything.

8:00 P. M. GOIN' TO TOWN with Tim and Irene, comedy sketch; Grace Hayes, soprano; Newel Chase, pianist; Leopold Spitalny's orchestra; Ed Lowry, master of ceremonies. WJZ and associated stations.

We'll take the trip.

9:00 P. M. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND. Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; orchestra direction Jacques Renard; Men About Town. (Dr. Lyons Tooth Powder). WEAf and associated stations.

Tamara has a mike way with her.

9:00 P. M. GULF HEADLINERS. WJZ and associated stations.

A veteran period with a new lineup.

9:30 P. M. FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS. Also Thursday. (Ford Motor Company). WABC and associated stations.

Arrangements that can't be beat.

9:30 P. M. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; The Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Bayr Aspirin). WEAf and associated stations.

Mr. Munn and those two pianists are good.

9:30 P. M. THE JERGENS PROGRAM with Walter Winchell. (Andrew Jergens Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Now for the latest gossip.

10:00 P. M. WAYNE KING's orchestra. Also Monday. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). WABC and associated stations.

The Monarch of the Waltz offers a new one.

10:00 P. M. HALL OF FAME—guest orchestra. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.). WEAf and associated stations.

The great and the near great take their turns.

10:00 P. M. MADAME SCHUMAN-HEINK AND HARVEY HAYES. (Gerber & Co., Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.

The Grand Old Lady singing in her grand old style.

10:30 P. M. MELODY MASTERPIECE with Mary Eastman, soprano; chorus; Howard Barlow's Symphony orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Selections you'll remember.

10:30 P. M. PONTIAC PROGRAM. WEAf and associated stations.

Pleasant motoring in new lanes.

10:00 P. M. LITTLE JACK LITTLE and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

A veteran singer has gathered around a lot of instruments and the idea's a success.

## MONDAY

10:00 A. M. BREEN AND DE ROSE—vocal and instrumental duo. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAf and associated stations.

Good morning to old friends.

10:15 A. M. BILL AND GINGER. (C. F. Mueller Company). Also Wednesday and Friday and Tuesday and Thursday at 10:00 A. M. WABC and associated stations.

They're always nice visitors.

10:15 A. M. CLARA, LU 'N' EM—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King—gossip. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAf and associated stations.

How these three do go on.

10:30 A. M. TODAY'S CHILDREN—dramatic sketches, with Irna Phillips, Bess Johnson and Walter Wicker. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

It's amazing how well liked these people are.

12:00 Noon THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE daily except Saturday and Sunday. Also Sunday at 6:45 P. M. (Wasey Products). WABC and associated stations.

Everybody's telling him their troubles.

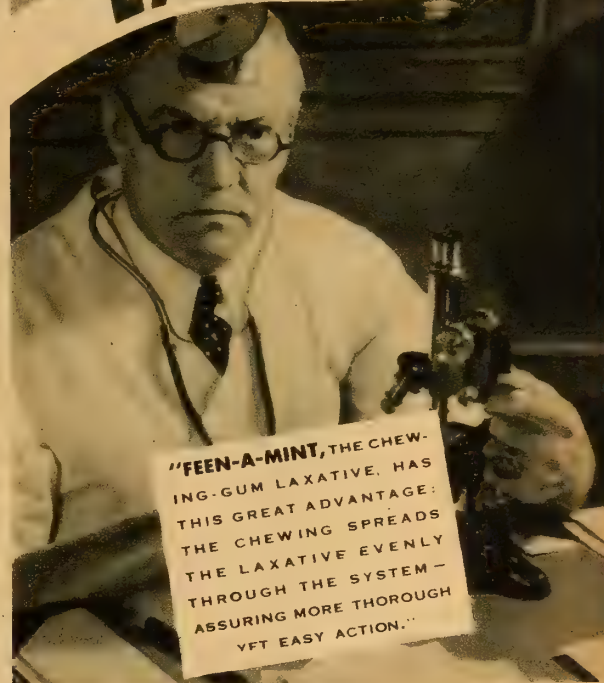
5:30 P. M. THE SINGING LADY—Nursery jingles, songs and stories. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kellogg Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Can you remember that far back?

5:30 P. M. JACK ARMSTRONG—All American Boy—daily except Sunday. (General Mills, Inc., Wheaties). WABC and associated stations.

**DON'T SUFFER  
CONSTIPATION—**  
*there is effective relief  
if you just*

**CHEW  
YOUR  
LAXATIVE**



To get pleasant, thorough relief, it is not necessary to use violent, habit-forming laxatives. FEEN-A-MINT gives you more complete relief than other laxatives because you chew it as you would gum. The chewing spreads the laxative evenly throughout the sluggish system—gives you easier, more thorough relief. Over 15,000,000 men and women know this about FEEN-A-MINT from their own experience.

And it is easy and pleasant to take. Children don't struggle—they think it is just ordinary chewing gum. FEEN-A-MINT is gentle enough for their young systems—and effective for adults. Try it yourself the next time you need a laxative. 15¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores.

I FINALLY FOUND THAT  
A LAXATIVE DOES NOT  
HAVE TO TASTE BAD  
TO BE EFFECTIVE. CHEW-  
ING FEEN-A-MINT IS  
JUST LIKE CHEWING  
MY FAVORITE GUM.



**Feen-a-mint**  
*The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE*



- The youngsters enjoy this interesting boy.
- 5:45 P. M. **LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE**—Childhood playlet with Shirley Bell, and Alan Baruck. Daily except Sunday. (Wander Company). WJZ and associated stations.
- Thrilling adventures in childhood.
- 5:45 P. M. **THE OXOL FEATURE**—with Gordon, Dave and Bunny. Also Wednesday. (J. L. Prescott Co.). WABC and associated stations.
- Just keep tuned in.
- 6:00 P. M. **BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY**—Curtis Arnall and Adele Ronson. Also Tues., Wed., and Thurs. (Cocoa-malt). WABC and associated stations.
- You'll never know the truth of these prophecies.
- 6:15 P. M. **BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM**. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Hecker H-O Cereals). WABC and associated stations.
- Adventure while the kiddies eat.
- 6:30 P. M. **THE SHADOW**—drama. Also Wednesday. (Delaware Lackawanna & Western Coal Company). WABC and associated stations.
- What a bold, bad man he is.
- 7:00 P. M. **MYRT AND MARGE**—dramatic sketch. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Wrigley Chewing Gum). WABC and associated stations.
- Two girls getting along.
- 7:15 P. M. **GENE AND GLENN**—comedy sketch. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAf and associated stations.
- They're really very funny.
- 7:15 P. M. **JUST PLAIN BILL**. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kolynos Sales Co.) WABC and associated stations.
- Exactly what it says.
- 7:30 P. M. **THE SILVER DUST SERENADERS**. Paul Keast, baritone; Rollo Hudson's orchestra. Also Wednesday and Friday. (The Gold Dust Corp.) WABC and associated stations.
- When shadows fall and you get romantic.
- 7:00 P. M. **AMOS 'N' ANDY**—blackfaced comedy team. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Pepsodent Tooth paste). WJZ and associated stations.
- There's a pair in Harlem.
- 7:30 P. M. **RED DAVIS**—dramatic sketch. Also Wednesday and Friday (Beach-nut Chewing Gum). WJZ and associated stations.
- Back again and better than ever.
- 7:30 P. M. **THE MOLLE SHOW** with Shirley Howard and the Jesters. Also Wednesday and Friday. (Molle Shaving

● Peggy Allenby is the girl whose voice you often hear in the dramatic moments of the Palmolive Hour

● After years of European success, Lud Gluskin orchestra director came home and immediately corralled three commercial programs on CBS



Cream). WEAf and associated stations.

A pleasing miss with a pleasant voice.

- 7:45 P. M. **BOAKE CARTER**—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Philco Radio and Television Corp.) WABC and associated stations.

As he reads the headlines.

- 7:45 P. M. **DANGEROUS PARADISE**—dramatic sketch with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. Also Wednesday and Friday. (Woodbury Soap). WJZ and associated stations.

That Hitz voice gets you.

- 8:00 P. M. **STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS**—with Richard Himber's orchestra and Joey Nash, tenor. (Studebaker Sales Co.) WEAf and associated stations.

Mr. Himber again.

- 8:00 P. M. **YEAST FOAMERS**—Jan Garber and his orchestra. (Northwestern Yeast Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

He's been playing this style for a long, long time.

- 8:00 P. M. **KATE SMITH** and her Swanee Music. Also Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

Kate, we missed you and we like you more now that you've changed your style.

- 8:15 P. M. **EDWIN C. HILL**, "The Human Side of the News". Also Wednesday and Friday. (Barbasol). WABC and associated stations.

An expert's idea of what's going on.

- 8:30 P. M. **THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE** Garden Concert, featuring Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano, and William Daly's symphonic string orchestra with Margaret Speaks, soprano; Fred Hufsmith, tenor and Frank Chapman, baritone. WEAf and associated stations.

A lovely singing lady with some clever associates

- 8:30 P. M. **THE PLOUGH PROGRAM**. WJZ and associated stations

- 9:00 P. M. A. & P. **GYPSIES**—direction of Harry Horlick; Frank Parker, tenor. (Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.). WEAf and associated stations.

They just keep rolling along

- 9:00 P. M. **ROSA PONSELLE** with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra (Ches-terfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations

We know you like it.

- 9:00 P. M. **SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS** with Gene Arnold, inter-locutor; Joe Persons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Cliff Soubier, end men; band direction, Harry Kogen. WJZ and associated station

Old-time entertainment enjoying a new vogue

- 9:30 P. M. **BLOCK & SULLY**; Gertrude Niesen with Lud Gluskin and his Continental orchestra (Ex-Lax Company) WABC and associated stations





Two amusing people with a promising new orchestra.

9:30 P. M. COLGATE HOUSE PARTY—Joe Cook, comedian; Donald Novis, tenor; Frances Langford, blues singer; orchestra direction Don Voorhees. (Colgate-Palmolive Peet Co.) WEA and associated stations.

Joe still holds his title of radio's craziest man.

9:30 P. M. PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS—drama with Douglas Hope, Alice Hill, Peggy Davis and Arthur Jacobson. (Princess Pat, Ltd.) WJZ and associated stations.

Entertaining theatricals without too much effort.

10:00 P. M. CONTENTED PROGRAM—Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; male quartet; orchestra direction Morgan L. Eastman; Jean Paul King, announcer. (Carnation Milk Co.) WEA and associated stations.

It makes us feel that way.

11:15 P. M. GLEN GRAY and his Casa Loma Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

You can't help dancing to this program.

## TUESDAY

12:00 Noon CONNIE GATES—songs. Also Thursday and Saturday. WABC and associated stations.

One of radio's simple pleasures.

4:15 P. M. THE SINGING STRANGER—Wade Booth, baritone; dramatic sketch with Dorothy Day. Also Friday. (Bauer & Black) WJZ and associated stations.

He's a friend by now.

5:45 P. M. ROBINSON CRUSOE, JR. dramatic program. (Bureau of Milk Publicity). Also Thursday, Friday and Saturday. WABC and associated stations.

Going places and doing things.

7:30 P. M. WHISPERING JACK SMITH and his orchestra. Also Thursday and Saturday. (Ionized Yeast Co.) WABC and associated stations.

A little voice with a lot to it.

8:00 P. M. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA with Phil Duey, baritone. (Philip Morris Cigarettes). WEA and associated stations.

One of our own pet programs.

8:00 P. M. ENO CRIME CLUES—dramatic sketch. (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.) Also Wednesday. WJZ and associated stations.

They do keep you on edge.

8:00 P. M. "LAVENDER AND OLD LACE" with Frank Munn, tenor; Muriel Wilson, Soprano, and Gustav Haenschen's Orchestra. (Bayer's Aspirin). WABC and associated stations.

Back to the olden days.

8:30 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King and his orchestra. Also Wednesday. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). WEA and associated stations.

Mr. King again and he's very welcome.

8:30 P. M. PACKARD CAVALCADE. WJZ and associated stations.

A thrilling parade.

8:30 P. M. "MELODIANA" with Abe Lyman's orchestra, Vivienne Segal, soprano, and Oliver Smith, tenor.

(Philips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.

And Mr. Lyman knows how to do it.

9:00 P. M. BEN BERNIE and his orchestra with guest talent. (Premier Pabst Sales Co.). WEA and associated stations.

Massa Bernie still selling his beer.

9:00 P. M. HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES—Edgar A. Guest, poet; Alice Mock, soprano; Charles Sears, tenor; vocal trio; Josef Koestner's orchestra. (Household Finance Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.

Turning back the pages.

9:00 P. M. BING CROSBY—songs. (Woodbury Soap). WABC and associated stations.

After all, what more can you ask for?

9:30 P. M. ED WYNN, the Fire Chief with Eddie Duchin's orchestra. (Texaco Motor Oil). WEA and associated stations.

Not so loud, Ed Wynn.

9:30 P. M. MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT and Josef Koestner's orchestra. (Simmons Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

The First Lady Broadcasts for sweet charity's sake.

10:00 P. M. PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; John Barclay, Frank McIntyre, Peggy Allenby, and others; Nat Shilkret's orchestra. (Palmolive Soap). WEA and associated stations.

They fulfill their promise of a high-class program.

11:15 P. M. JACK BERGER and his Hotel Astor Orchestra. WEA and network.

Dancing in the spotlight.

## WEDNESDAY

7:30 P. M. IRENE RICH for Welch—Dramatic sketch (Welch's Grape Juice). WJZ and associated stations.

A Hollywood Lady makes good on the air.

8:00 P. M. EASY ACES—comedy sketch. Also Thursday and Friday. (Jad Salts). WABC and associated stations.

An amusing pair who make this highly diverting.

8:00 P. M. TENDER LEAF TEA PROGRAM—Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's orchestra. (Chase & Sanborn Tea). WEA and associated stations.

There's no end to this hilarious fabricating.

8:30 P. M. "EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VARIETIES"—Everett Marshall, baritone and master of ceremonies; Elizabeth Lennox, contralto; Victor Arden's Orchestra; and guest stars. (Bi-so-dol). WABC and associated stations.

Listening to Mr. Marshall is our idea of a pleasant occupation.

9:00 P. M. TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Fred Allen, comedian; Songsmiths Quartet and Lennie Hayton's orchestra. (Bristol-Myers Co.). WEA and associated stations.

(Continued on page 57)



■ YOU WOULD NEVER DREAM of giving your little girl a sheaf of raw wheat when she can have its goodness concentrated in delicious cereals and bread. THEN WHY give children bulky cod liver oil when there is a better, really convenient and delicious way to take it...White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets?

Medical science proves the

# HEALTH-PROMOTING VITAMINS A AND D

of cod liver oil are concentrated in  
these candy-like tablets



The seal of the American Medical Association (Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry) bears witness to this fact.

Science now gives you a pleasant, most convenient way of feeding your children the precious vitamins A and D of cod liver oil—without the nauseating, fatty acids which are so often upsetting. It gives you these valuable vitamins in candy-like form—White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets.

Each tiny tablet contains the vitamins A and D of a teaspoonful of cod liver oil...Contains those qualities which aid in building resistance and promoting growth...Fine for teeth and bones.

Your child gets an accurate dose...You can be sure that the vitamin potency is always constant. The tablets are protected against the destructive effects of time, light, and atmospheric changes.

Grown-ups find these tablets easy to carry, easy to take—no bulk, no mess.



**White's** COD LIVER OIL  
CONCENTRATE  
TABLETS



A black and white photograph of comedian Joe Penner. He is wearing a large Pilgrim-style hat with a buckle and a dark suit. He is smiling and holding a large turkey in his arms. In the background, there is a large crowd of people, and an arrow is shown hitting the hat.

# A THOUSAND *for the*

**F**OR more than three hundred years now, America has marked the debarkation of the little band of courageous Pilgrim Fathers at bleak Plymouth Rock by sitting down on the last Thursday of each November to a dinner of turkey and stuffing and cranberry sauce and all the rest of the gastro-nomic tid-bits that go with the time-honored treat. So firmly has the custom of Thanksgiving turkey become established that families who unpatriotically eschew the tasty fowl in favor of chicken or beefsteak or pork chops are viewed with something akin to suspicion. A year ago, a hardy housewife who dared to serve a nicely browned duck on Thanksgiving Day would have been talked about in the neighborhood.

It was only a little more than a year ago that a young vaudeville comedian came to the airwaves, convulsed millions of listeners with a zany line: "Wanna buy a duck?" and, as a result, more Thanksgiving diners will sit down to

● Joe Penner's been fattening up all those gift ducks admirers have sent him to provide Thanksgiving Day dinners for tiny inmates in eastern orphanages

**B Y**





# PENNER DUCKS

## *Orphans' Thanksgiving*

a feast of duck this year than ever before in the history of the nation. Authority for that seemingly sweeping statement is no less than the Long Island Duck Growers' Marketing Co-operative, Inc., which impressively named organization, composed of the principal duck raisers in the principal duck raising center of these United States, further declares that since the rollicking Joe Penner made his radio debut about eighteen months ago, the sales of ducks have increased more than forty percent!

Just how the nation at large will view this radical change in its Thanksgiving eating habits is a matter of conjecture, but one thing is certain. That is, that scattered in various orphanages and childrens' homes throughout the land are several hundred youngsters with razor-edge appetites who will welcome the change with cheers that will resound from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. They will reap the benefit of an unique charity which Joe Penner, now in Hollywood making a movie, will institute this Thanksgiving.

You must remember that this Thanksgiving finds Joe in the peculiar position of having more for which to be thankful than he ever had before. Two years ago he was thankful because he was a fairly well paid vaudeville performer, who worked pretty regularly, and who liked his job. A year ago, he offered up heartfelt thanks because he had landed a radio job, and was trying with all his might and main to make good on it. This Thanksgiving he will be able to give more fervent thanks than ever before—thanks that at last, after years of hard work, everlasting plugging, he has reached the topmost rung of fame's tricky ladder.

And oddly enough Penner, to whom fame came in large part because of that one crazy line: "Wanna buy a duck?," will have for his Thanksgiving dinner out there on the coast . . . a nice tender turkey!

"Say, I couldn't eat a duck," he explains. "Why I'd almost feel like a cannibal!"

You'd probably feel the same way about ducks if ducks had done as much for you as they've done for this modest, retiring young man. But to get back to the story of the cheer that Joe will dispense this Thanksgiving among the kiddies in the orphanages and homes.

A couple of days after Joe made his very first broadcast over a national network, as a guest star on Rudy

Vallee's program, an expressman brought to the offices of the National Broadcasting Company, then at 711 Fifth Avenue, in New York, a canvas-covered crate from which emerged noises of such a peculiar nature that artists, page boys, hostesses, musicians, and executives alike paused to peer and speculate. The crate was addressed to "Joe Penner, care of Rudy Vallee program, National Broadcasting Co., 711 Fifth avenue, New York City." The express charges were prepaid and, unaware of the vociferous contents of the mysterious crate, none of the NBC staff knew exactly what to do about it. The relieved expressman deposited his burden, and hurried away from there. Finally one, more intrepid than the rest, raised the edge of the canvas cover. There was a hissing, honking squawk that defied description, and the astounded beholders saw, encased in the crate, a duck. Eye-witness stories conflict with regard to which appeared more bewildered—the group of NBC executives or the duck.

At any rate, the executives acted first, although of course, they do not deserve too much credit for that, because they had it on the duck. They were not in a crate and the duck was. One of the executives sensed a connection. "Oh, I remember now," he enlightened the others: "That fellow Penner, on the Vallee broadcast the other night, had some line about a duck that got a big laugh. Bet this is a comeback from some witty listener." They decided to send the duck to the office of Marty Sampter, Penner's manager.

Sampter tried to pass the buck—or perhaps it should be "pass the duck"—by sending it on to Penner's apartment, but the doorman wouldn't let it in. So back it went to Sampter's office again, by this time a pretty disgruntled duck, and quite fed up with life in a big city. Sampter found the duck in his office the next day. He didn't even know what ducks eat. He offered it various delicacies from the restaurant downstairs before he hit upon the happy thought of phoning a pet shop. That solved the duck's problem, but not Sampter's.

That night sitting disconsolately in a Broadway restaurant, Sampter happened to meet Nils T. Granlund, a well-known character in the night spots of Mazda Lane. To Granlund he confided his dilemma concerning the unwellcome duck in his office. "Send it out to my farm in New Jersey," the obliging Granlund offered, and so elated was Sampter that he paid the dinner (*Continued on page 76*)

R U T H G E R I



because he had too much to do! That was his income as general musical director of the World Broadcasting System, makers of electrical transcriptions. Haenschen continues to supply the music backgrounds for the Bayer half-hour periods on both CBS and NBC and for the Captain Henry "Show Boat" program on the latter. If he can find the time Haenschen may form his own company to manufacture wax recordings of broadcasts, in which event he hopes to make much more than the \$50,000 annual salary relinquished.

Then there is Bing Crosby. That personable young man is doing so well that he has organized himself into three

## By MERCURY



● RED DAVIS CHAMPIONS, these attractive basketball players are all the popular NBC star's leading ladies

**A**S this modern Mercury scurries about serving as the messenger of the radio Gods, he, she or it—take your choice—finds conditions in the air castles most exciting. All the old favorites are back on the kilocycles, as well as some new ones, and is business booming!

Such an Autumn hasn't been known in the big studios in years. In fact, there is so great a demand upon the facilities of the chain broadcasters that Columbia is contemplating a second network. If it materializes CBS will be on an equal footing with NBC which already has two coast-to-coast circuits, although most listeners forget that the Aylesworth Airways consist of two distinct units.

Columbia now finds itself unable to accommodate advertisers eager to buy time on the choice evening spots—from 7 to 10 p. m.—and the same condition obtains at NBC. This is forcing a lot of sponsors to daytime periods and that means bigger and better salaries for a lot of deserving artists.

If you don't think things are prosperous along Radio Row consider the case of Gus Haenschen, the popular handsman. He just quit one job and a salary of \$50,000 a year

Leon Bulasco in  
to be a big movie  
producer —  
Lillian Ross  
husband  
won't it  
her  
leave  
good old  
New York

different corporations—one for his radio work and recordings, another to handle his movie contracts and the third to cover the business activities of his California ranch. Which reminds Mercury that Russ Columbo, whose name was bracketed with Bing's a few seasons ago in the famous "battle of the baritones," has also taken out papers of incorporation. So far Russ has found Russ Columbo, Inc., a great gag at parties. When called upon for a song, Russ explains he can't oblige—every offer to sing must first be passed upon by his board of directors!

Returning to Crosby, an interesting sidelight on his personality comes to Mercury's ears from a Hollywood informant. As you know, Mack Sennett, famous producer of screen comedies, recently went into bankruptcy. And it



was Sennett who gave Crosby his first chance in the movies—and not as a bathing beauty, either. And so what? Well, Bing is now staking Sennett, coming to his financial assistance, while the once glorifier of gorgeous girls who never went near the water is rehabilitating himself. This, mind you, is all being done very much sub rosa for Bing is not one to parade such deeds before the public.

\* \* \*

#### RANDOM ITEMS

Things are really happening so fast along Radio Row that it is difficult to keep up with the current of events but here are some random items:

Phillips Lord and NBC, after a series of misunderstand-

ings, have kissed and made up. By the time you read this in your favorite radio magazine, the cruise of the *Seth Parker* should be resumed on the airwaves. Lord got into several jams trying to pilot his windjammer (no pun intended) around the world and suddenly got becalmed. John Royal, NBC vice-president in charge of programs, responding to Lord's SOS, went to the rescue and finally steered the *Seth Parker* off the shoals.

Jack Benny has again changed sponsors and now is cutting up capers for General Foods . . . The Soconyland Sketches are off the air after a run of seven years, something of a radio record. They gave their 378th performance when the final curtain rang down September 25th . . .

Mildred Bailey is broadcasting again, now being associated with Willard Robison's orchestra, a fine organization which has also had its radio ups and downs.

"Going to Town," which you hear Sunday nights on an NBC-WJZ hook-up, came near being suddenly suspended. Ed Lowry, Tim and Irene Noble, Grace Hayes and her fiancé, Newell Chase, are among the stars on that variety bill. Well, it seems they held widely divergent ideas as to who is the real star of the program. And fell to bickering so among themselves over this momentous matter that NBC executives became disgusted and nearly threw the whole combination right off the air. With any program where the entertainers are together (Continued on page 58)



● Elizabeth Day unleashes a spine-chilling yell during the "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood" broadcast over CBS

**NOT**  
*and*  
**AIRY**



# The Switchman's Son becomes a KING

**W**AYNE KING started out to be a railroad man. Because his father was a railroad man.

Harold Wayne King was born in Savannah, Illinois, thirty-four years ago. He has three brothers, all of them widely separated. His father was a boomer switchman, an itinerant sort who worked there for a time and then went on to another town. The wife and mother died when Wayne was seven years old. Life couldn't have been easy for the King family for Wayne remembers that he and his brothers were burdens to their parents.

Wayne's first job was as a boy assistant to a doctor in an Oklahoma town. The doctor paid him seventy-five cents a week for working before and after school. He answered the telephone, cleaned up the place and ran errands. One day he found the doctor's shotgun. He wondered if it was loaded. He pulled the trigger. It was. Unfortunately when the gun went off it was pointed directly at the doctor's desk. It blew in the side of the desk and put in a big hole right through the doctor's bills payable file. The result of that escapade was that the doctor never did find out again just who owed him what and why. And Wayne was fired.

Down in Texas the young King started in his father's profession through the sheer inertia of boyhood. Like most fifteen-year-old kids he had no particular ambition. His dad was a railroader. So Wayne would be one. But already he was starting to show his love for music. The father got him a clarinet. He practiced on it and soon railroading was far from his mind. At an age when most kids live in comfortable family circumstances depending on mothers and fathers for everything, Wayne was already on his own. If he wanted to go to school he would have to work it out for himself. In fact anything that he wanted to do was his own problem.

By his own labors and resources Wayne educated himself. At Valparaiso University in Indiana he prepared himself



● The Waltz King in his own plane talks over new plans with his air sponsor, Lady Esther

to become a certified public accountant. He put himself through school playing that clarinet in the school orchestra. In those days Judge Elbert Gary was preparing young college men to work in his steel mills at Gary, Indiana. There they even had a university club. All of which led to dances and parties at which Wayne and his college companions furnished the music.

Nowadays Wayne King is famous the land over. He's successful and prosperous. He wins popularity contests. He has a wife and a year-old daughter. He lives in the Edgewater Beach apartments on Chicago's northside in a roomy penthouse. He drives a big car and an airplane. He owns a beautiful wooded tract in Wisconsin which he calls a farm but which to any one else would be a rustic country estate. He plays nightly to thousands at the Aragon ball room just a few blocks from his home. In addition he does four commercial programs a week over both the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting system networks for a cosmetic sponsor (Lady Esther) and next fall may add two more.

**J**UST off the stage of the Aragon he has a little office of his own. The handle has been taken from the door. You can't get in unless the person inside opens the door for you. The office is sparsely decorated. There's a picture of Wayne and George Olsen with Paul Whiteman when they met Paul on his arrival in Denver to be married. There's a fraternity foolscap and another showing him to be a Shriner. No one gets in that private office except those few people Wayne trusts and respects and before whom he can speak and act freely. There he unburdens himself.

The band was playing outside as he told us of his early life. There are parts he skips over quickly, like the first days when he was out of college . . . when at times he could only afford ten-cent meals, when he'd go into a cheap restaurant with only a dime and get whatever (Continued on page 62)

Poverty and unhappiness were the early lot of Wayne King who worked up to monarch of waltz time . . . By CHARLES GILCHREST





● The famous leader, Wayne King, with his wife who was Dorothy Janis, who gave up a film career for marriage.



# FATE SHOWERED GIFTS

## Gladys

She's from Missouri, this beautiful young opera singer with the All-American career, now a big air favorite

BY ROSE HEYLBUT

● Miss Swarthout is the "Met's" most perfectly groomed star, and one of the prettiest of mike's songbirds



**O**NE Sunday night, about four years ago, I was in the wings of the Metropolitan Opera House. The Sunday night concerts, as you know, are made up of solo numbers by great stars, not-so-great stars, and just plain singers. The routine is for the performers to remain in their dressing-rooms until called for their own turns, and to go back directly after. As a general thing, only the call-boys adorn the wings. But this night, there was someone else there. A slim, svelte girl, in a gorgeous red velvet gown, sat there, on a battered piano stool, throughout the entire performance, studying the artists, watching their every breath with those great dark eyes of hers, absorbing every note of what went on. It was the first time I had ever seen a music-student back stage, and it was pretty thrilling to note her keenness. Then the assistant conductor beckoned to her, saying, "You're next, Miss Swarthout!" She got up unconcernedly, went out before that great gold curtain, and sang something out of Tschaikovsky's "Joan of Arc" . . . one of the most difficult arias of operatic repertoire. Then, when the thunder of applause had subsided, she came back to that stool in the draughty wings, and went on studying the methods of the stars. That was around 1930 . . . she wasn't nearly a star herself then, and when the other singers spoke a word to her in passing, she rose and addressed them standing. You'd give more than one glance to a girl like that.

**Y**OU like Gladys Swarthout for her earnestness, her tremendous enthusiasm, her easy charm of manner, quite regardless of the fact that she's extremely beautiful to look at and listen to. She's sympathetic. She's likeable. There's something about her . . . Maybe it's that easy, breezy Western-ness that makes you think of space and sunshine and natural things. She was born in Deep Water, which doesn't mean trouble in this case, but a small mining town in Missouri, at the foot of the Ozarks, where the entire population would fill one concert hall. She has always been musical and comes from a musical family. One of her cousins is Dean of Music at the University of Kansas, another occupies the same post in the University of Southern California, and her sister, Mrs. Roma Swarthout Slaughter, is her vocal teacher. Incidentally, Gladys gives her the entire credit for her career.

She tells you that the most thrilling recollection of her childhood goes back to the day when a grand piano was delivered to her home. She determined to be a singer at seven . . . not for the glamour of the job, but because the contralto soloist at church didn't please her, and she felt that she *just had* to do better (Continued on page 77)



ON

# Swarthout



● Out of an Ozark mining town Gladys Swarthout worked her way up to her sensational success in opera and radio



# Why You Can Laugh

**T**HIS is the saga of a young feller tryin' to get along. And not making a bad job of it. His name—and it's the square moniker—is Walter O'Keefe. The initials, you'll notice, are "O. K." So is Walter. The old man's name was Michael. And before His Riverince made her Mrs. O', his mother was Mary Mulcahy. He went to St. Thomas Academy to study for the priesthood. After that to Notre Dame. Perhaps you're gathering that the O'Keefe is as Irish as the black cows of Kerry. He is. Even now a bit o' the brogue slips from his agile tongue to flavor his words with a breath of peat smoke. He has a way with him, has Walter

His, too, has been the luck o' the Irish. Mostly bad. But what's ill fortune to a lad gifted with grit? And that's what Walter has nothing else but. When a fellow can laugh like a Limerick Leprachaun when he's seized in the grim and ghastly grip of a scourge like infantile paralysis, that's proof enough of pluck. Ask F. D. R. He knows!

But, whoa, Nellie, we're getting ahead of the story! So let's go back a bit, because it is necessary to know the beginnings of O'Keefe in order to understand what manner of man he is, the reason of his success, and why he is destined for greater glories in the field of entertainment which he has marked as his own. He'll realize all his ambitions.

Hartford, which I understand is in Connecticut, is the old home town. And baby O'Keefe took his first bow on August 18, 1900. To save the trouble of counting on your fingers, that makes him thirty-four. No, he doesn't look it, does he? Well, that's what good, clean living will do for a chap. The first dozen years of his life were pretty unimportant. Then things began to happen. At twelve he was shipped off to an uncle Mulcahy in England, and put in two years at an English public school—which is really private—near London. Wimbleson, to be exact. That brings the record up to 1914. There was a war that year. Walter came home. And finished his prep schooling in the U. S. A.

Although by now he had abandoned the youthful idea and ideal of a priestly career, the boy was filled with a burning ambition to continue his education. An ambition, incidentally, that stays with him still, and always will. He likes to learn. When he was graduated from St. Thomas he selected Notre Dame to be his Alma Mater. No lesser university would do. Not for the O'Keefe. Yet there was



● He wrote his first big song hit when he was recovering from an attack of infantile paralysis in a middle-west hospital room

divvil a dime at all—for educational purposes in the family exchequer. For the family hadn't stopped with Walter. There was Theresa and Jack. And it costs money to rear a family.

But—and now you're getting a first slant at the O'Keefe character—Walter had determined to attend Notre Dame. And attend he did. He worked his way through. It wasn't a soft touch. But it gave him his chance. Many men revere Knute Rockne's memory for many things. O'Keefe never ceases to be grateful for aid extended by the great grid-iron genius during that first year. And Walter wasn't even material for a fifth horseman.

Nevertheless, he roomed in Rockne's house. The daily schedule was something like this: Up at five to be at the offices of the South Bend "News-Times" at six. From six to eight he pushed 'phone plugs at the newspaper switch-board. Then classes until noon. Half an hour for lunch—which didn't help his digestion—and then an hour's rehearsal with the Glee Club before lectures again until three. Until five-thirty his labors were in the laboratory where he arranged botanical specimens. And from then until nine, back on the "News-Times" job. After that, nothing to do 'til tomorrow! Except, of course,

a few hours' intensive study to keep up with the rigorous requirements of Notre Dame. No, it wasn't a soft touch. But O'Keefe has what we refined folk call intestinal stamina. Guts to you.

He went back for more the second year. And somehow found time to play a part in the varsity play. He was "Pete, the Pest" in the South Bend version of "The College Hero". Now, here was a youngster avid for education, willing to sweat and save and sacrifice in order to emerge from the dumb-bunny class. But when President Wilson said the word, and George Cohan wrote "Over There", the boy discarded every personal consideration and signed on with the Marines. He joined the Navy, but he didn't see the world. Indeed, all he saw was Paris Island. Which was a major catastrophe to a kid—an Irish kid, at that—who craved action in Flanders fields.

However, Walter was sufficiently the philosopher to know that the percentage is all against fighting Fate or City Hall. He took it as it came, and when he was mustered out of the service, calmly took up where he had left off. Back at Notre Dame he established a (Continued on page 73)

● Notre Dame gave Walter O'Keefe his educational background, but trouble and illness taught him how to smile at fate when things seemed to go wrong for this favorite radio entertainer



*now with*

# WALTER O'KEEFE

● O'Keefe sings with gestures his own song hit, "The Man on the Flying Trapeze"



BY HERB CRUIKSHANK



# They sing their Love Song every day



OZZIE  
NELSON

HARRIET  
HILLIARD

**O**ZZIE Nelson said, "Boo! G'way!"

That was when he was asked about his heart. There's nothing the matter, you must understand, with Ozzie's heart, except that it beats a bit faster than the thrum of the rhythm section of his orchestra when he turns, as he often does, during a broadcast, and gazes upon a slender, satiny blonde—name of Peggy Lou Snyder.

"G'way," said Ozzie. "You understand? I duwanna talk about that."

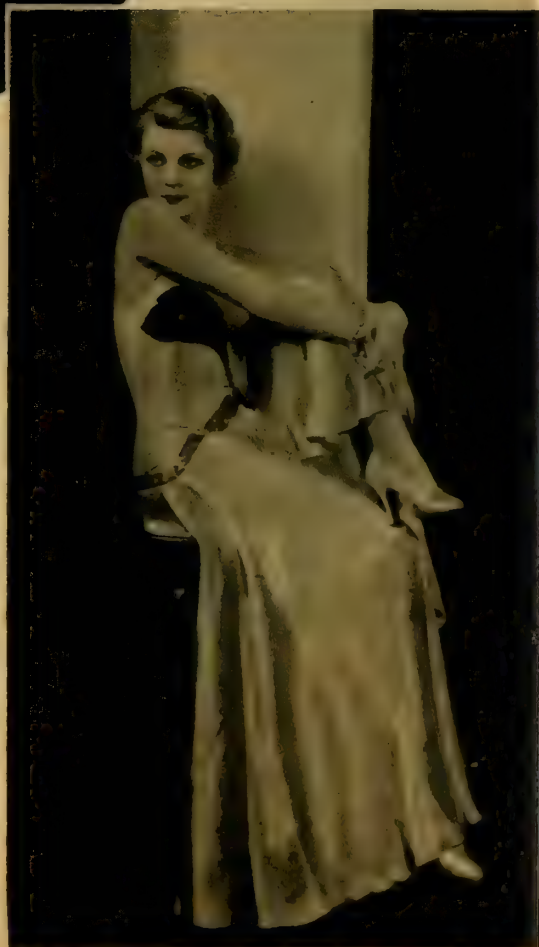
"You nasty man," I shouted, "maybe you're married to this Snyder girl."

"Boo! Shoo!" cried out the Snyder girl, who, I almost forgot to mention, is named professionally, Harriet Hilliard.

So I booed and went to Milton Roemer, who used to sell furniture, but who went radio mad and became a martyr to broadcasting.

"Scram!" thundered M. Roemer. "There's to be no publicity about that romance business. It's bad for Ozzie; it's bad for Harriet. The public likes 'em young and single. Sappy young men like to imagine themselves the beloved of Harriet; certain young women, indicate by their mail, that they'd like to have Ozzie for a sweetheart. That's good theatre; good radio. Whether Ozzie loves Harriet, or vice versa, or both, it's nobody's business."

"Says you," I says to Mr. Roemer, "so who wants it official? All we have to do is stand beside Ozzie when he sings a love song and



**BY MIKE PORTER**



watch the bovine aspect of his eyes; or if that is unconvincing, get yourself a load of the wrapt expression of that Snyder girl when she coos into the mike and steals side glances at Nelson, who, you may have heard, is one of the youngest and most popular of the band masters. It's been that way for three years nearly, and, well, if the two of them are one, nobody ever was able to find it in the books—and personally, I think they're still single, because I never have known a married man, or even a married woman to look so moony at a mate as Nelson looks at Hilliard—and the other way around.

It's a gag in the studios to stand by and watch 'em as they sing. To the professional eye it is obvious that only instinctive showmanship prevents each from forgetting all about the audience.

Look up at the title to this piece and quote it, and you're saying what everybody on Radio Row says—"They Sing Their Love Song Every Day". And we on Radio Row know that their singing is not all done for the delectation of the public's ears.

But there's this to remember if you're suspecting that Ozzie and Harriet might (if they haven't already) run off any day and tangle themselves up in the matrimonial skein—that Ozzie said to a sob sister, not long ago: "I will not marry as long as I have to run an orchestra."

Unfortunately for both of these youngsters, Ozzie must needs do quite a spell of orchestra conduction to reach his financial independence. But of course, if you're a big-hearted philanthropist and want to hasten things, well you can toss Ozzie a check for half a million and tell him to go ahead and marry the girl.

The talk of marriage, even of wooing, or of any tender emotion between Ozzie and his platinum-topped vocalist, is thoroughly discouraged by his entourage. And by "entourage", I mean, of course, the stooges who act as his advisors and managers. The very taboo of this subject is the most eloquent confirmation of the existence of the tender passion. Both Ozzie and Harriet agree (they must still be single when they agree so heartily) that romance inside the organization, especially when it is an entertainment unit, is bad business. But what can one do when one is overcome by the Great Sentiment? One cannot dismiss that palpitation of the heart, or disguise that caressing note that slips into one's song, when one is in the throes. Ah, but they're both young. Perhaps all of us shall live to see the day when the press agents openly refer to the Nelson-Hilliard tie-up as that of radio's happiest married couple.

But at the moment, Ozzie says, "Boo!" And Harriet echoes, "Boo—go 'way!"

The talk (*Continued on page 60*)



● Ozzie and Harriet go into their radio act but it's real love in bloom for these two



# *Cinderella's*





By R. H. ROWAN

# Boy friend

**R**ADIO has found its modern reincarnation of Cinderella and given her a crooning troubadour for a Prince Charming who chose his heroine, not with a glass slipper but with a nation-wide test of blues voices. Cinderella doesn't need beautiful feet any more and her good godmother is a soup company. Their kingdom is a network of airwaves that will carry the story of their romance over eighty-six stations so that millions in homes all over the world will follow, week by week, the up-to-date version of a glamorous, thrilling romance.

When the Campbell Soup Company decided to put "Hollywood Hotel" on the air for three years they signed handsome Dick Powell of the flickers as the leading man for the broadcasts. Then they searched the country for a heroine and through a series of local and national auditions finally selected Rowene Williams, a Minneapolis girl who had won the Chicago test for the role. Commencing with October 12, nations tune in and follow the exciting episodes of this new fairy story with Hollywood as a background and with such well known air artists as Ted Fiorito's orchestra, El Brendel as a waiter, Cy Kendall as a hotel manager and Louella Parsons, prominent movie critic with her famous guest stars of the film world all participating in the entertainment.

Only this time Cinderella takes second place and Prince Charming, known to countless fans as Dick Powell wins the spotlight. Feminine thousands who have built Dick into a camera star will sigh with envy at Cinderella's opportunity. Young Powell is ideal material for the part he plays in "Hollywood Hotel". It's really his own story. In the past two years from the obscurity of master of ceremonies in the middle west and Pennsylvania towns he has risen to one of the important cinema celebrities around whom ornate and extravagant musical productions are built. Now he's established as an ether "Cinderella's Boy Friend".

Dick is six feet tall, has blue eyes and auburn hair, weighs 172 pounds and with his exciting voice sings his way into all those fluttering feminine hearts. He was once a husband, in fact, before he was twenty-one but the marriage didn't last and he's again a Hollywood bachelor. Nobody knows for how long.

His real name is Richard E. Powell and he was born thirty years ago in a small settlement of the Ozark Mountains, Mount View, Ark., to be exact. On No-

vember 14 he'll observe his thirtieth birthday. He's a real product of the hill-billy section of America and did his first crooning at the age of four when some railroad engineer taught him to warble "Casey Jones". He still sings it on special occasions. The town where his earliest years were spent boasted of only 1,200 inhabitants and when he saw his first street car at the age of ten he was so frightened, he couldn't understand what had become of the horses he thought should draw it.

He's the middle one of three brothers, the eldest of whom is also a singer and when Dick learned his ABC's he had to ride miles to the small country school, jogging along on an old horse behind the older Powell boy. Their father sold harvester machines to the whole countryside and it looked to the boys in those days as though all their lives would be spent in the Ozarks. They did move during Dick's childhood to Berryville which was slightly larger than Mount View and on the north boundary of Arkansas, and when Dick was ten they packed their household belongings once more and took up the family residence in Little Rock, the state's capital. It was here that Dick saw his first street car and where he finished grammar school with all the laurels of an honor student. He didn't repeat this success in high school, just getting by but at that time he was so much more interested in music than in algebra or languages, he could not give the academic course his best efforts.

While a high school sophomore he took singing lessons, learned to play a cornet and decided he wanted to join a band. His family were so tolerant of his ambitions his father bought him a saxophone and his mother a baritone horn. Then they all had to listen to Dick every night. What the neighbors thought has never been admitted. But soon Dick organized what he called "The Peter Pan" orchestra, playing for week-end dances around Little Rock. Dick not only played one of the wind instruments but he usually offered a vocal chorus.

Dick's brother, a tenor in a church choir got the younger Powell offspring into the choir and sixty dollars a month compensation to boot. Later he obtained a job in a synagogue for the Friday night services and also sang at weddings and funerals. In between he clerked in a grocery store, was a soda jerker another summer, worked as a meter tester for a power company and frequently did heavy manual

(Continued on page 70)



● Dick Powell, singing star of the films and radio, becomes Prince Charming



# The Beautiful

## CONCLUSION

● The studio door swung open. The three men looked up. Margy Wayne took two steps into the studio, paused and smiled charmingly at them.



**H**AVING walked out on the radio act, given Toby and the Professor the air, Margy was in none too happy a frame of mind when she woke up the next morning. Her slumbers had been interrupted many times with waking thoughts as she went over the past few days. She was worried about Toby. He might give up his whole radio career en-

tirely and she was very much afraid the professor might go back to his heavy drinking again.

As she answered the ringing telephone, she yawned sleepily into the mouthpiece—

"Good morning, Margy". She recognized the voice instantly. It was Professor Gus. She almost laughed out loud because he didn't sound as if he had spent a night with a bottle of brandy.

"I'm down at the corner," he continued. "May I come up for a few minutes?"

"Give me ten minutes—no, eight will be enough, to dress and put some coffee on and come on up," Margy said.

In exactly eight minutes the buzzer sounded. The professor entered the apartment and Margy's anxious eyes brightened when she saw he



# Stooge

BY PETER DIXON

The thrilling adventures of two men and a beautiful girl seeking success in the broadcast studios where Toby Malone, vaudeville ham, became a popular air comedian with the help of a gag-writing college professor and Margy, the red-headed waitress, who learned about stooging and love in two radio auditions



● "Men," she said to herself, "Are either the darndest fools or the darndest liars. In this case, I think my boy friends are both."

Illustrations by Carl Pfeufer

looked remarkably fit. His eyes were just a trifle tired but there were no other signs of dissipation.

The professor grinned engagingly at Margy.

"I hope I didn't wake you," he said.

"I'm glad you did," Margy answered. "How about a cup of coffee?"

"Splendid."

Both of them carefully avoided mention of what had happened the day before until the professor had a second cup of coffee in front of him.

"My dear," he began, looking first at Margy and then down into the steaming black fluid. "I'm going to be very presumptuous."

Margy said nothing.

"It's about yesterday. Uh . . . about your change in plans!"

Margy didn't look angry when she spoke. There was a hint of a smile.

"Professor, you've come to ask me to go back in the act with Toby."

He was silent for a moment, then he nodded his head slowly. "Yes. I think I can explain Toby. Toby

wouldn't have behaved as he did," the professor continued, not quite at ease, "if it hadn't been for his—uh—emotional condition."

"Excited, you mean?" Margy asked, looking keenly at him.

"No, Toby—uh—Toby is in love!"

"What?"

"In fact, I have good reason to believe that he is in love with you."

**M**MARGY stared wide-eyed at the professor. This was something she hadn't expected. In fact, the idea that Toby had ever given her a second thought other than as his stooge had never entered her mind. Nor did the professor's statement harmonize with Toby's utterances of the night before.

"You're wrong, professor," she said. "Toby isn't in love with me. Not a bit. Besides I think he's got a wife some place."

"Had a wife," the professor corrected. "He found out last week that she had divorced him in Chicago!"

"Oh," said Margy. "Toby hadn't mentioned that."



"But what I wanted to say was that under the stress of his—uh—emotion, Toby was probably very careless in what he said. I'm sure he was upset at the very thought of you not working beside him."

Margy laughed shortly.

"And because Toby is in love with me—and I doubt it very much—you think I ought to go back and work with him?"

"I'm terribly worried about Toby," the professor said. "I'm really quite fond of him. Heart of gold sort of chap and all that sort of thing. Margy, I'm afraid he'll slip terribly as a result of this—uh—misunderstanding."

"Take to drink, you mean?"

"Yes. Possibly."

"Give up his whole career?"

"I'm afraid so. He said as much to me yesterday!"

Margy considered that a minute.

"Have you a script for the audition?" she asked.

"Yes," said the professor, "I finished it about three o'clock this morning."

"And the brandy too?"

"Brandy? I didn't have any brandy? I say, what are you talking about?"

"Nothing professor. I'd forgotten you were practically a tee-totaler these days. . . . May I see the script?"

"I have a copy here. Then you will be ready to rehearse this afternoon?"

Margy shook her head. "I didn't say that. But I'd like to see the script."

"But you will, won't you?"

● "David and I," said Margy proudly, "are engaged. We're going to be married."



"I don't think Toby would want me back—after what happened yesterday."

"Oh, I'm sure he would," said the professor earnestly. "Why, he's nuts about you. Uh—those were his words, not mine."

"By the way," Margy said innocently, "if this audition doesn't go through what will you do?"

"Oh, say. I forgot to tell you. I've been offered my old job back at the college. Might be a bit dull after this jolly radio business but still, it might be fun to train the young mind again. But, it's on account of poor Toby, you must give it another trial."

**M**MARGY had been glancing through the script.

"I'll think it over, professor," she said.

And she didn't say much more after that because she was thinking. The professor finished his coffee, excused himself and left.

As she heard his footsteps going down the stairs, Margy spoke to herself.

"Men," she said, grinning without realizing it. "Are either the darndest fools or the darndest liars. In this case, I think my boy friends are both."

After a while she said: "I wonder if either one of them really care for me?"

And still later—

"That will fix them!"

\* \* \*

Toby and the professor met at the Consolidated studios at noon. Toby looked through the script and was enthusiastic.

"Prof, if we only had Margy, we'd be set," he declared.

"I think you're right, Toby! Perhaps she'll change her mind."

"Well," said Toby thoughtfully. "Dames are funny. She might at that."

**N**NEITHER even hinted to the other that they had seen and talked to the girl.

David Mason happened along the corridor.

"Already for the audition tomorrow night?" He asked.

"No," said Toby, "we aren't. I've heard every possible stooge in New York and there's not one of them good enough."

"What are you going to do?" Mason asked. He looked worried.

"Cancel the audition, I suppose," Toby said. He didn't dare let himself be too hopeful about Margy.

"You can't do that, Toby. That cigar account will go to National or Columbia and we'll lose the biggest piece of business that has come in in years. And you'll be through here."

Miss Gordon of the casting bureau came hurriedly through the corridor. She saw Toby.

"Oh, Mr. Malone. I've been looking everywhere for you," she gasped. "I think I've got just the girl you're looking for for that audition."

Toby and the professor jumped up in their excitement.

"Where is she?" Toby demanded. "I want to hear her right away!"

"That's the trouble," Miss Gordon said sadly. "She can't come in today. I believe she said she was calling from out of town. But she'll be in tomorrow by four o'clock!"

"What?" Toby spluttered. (Continued on page 66)



★ *Radio Mirror's Gallery of Stars* ★



D O R I S K E N Y O N

This blonde beauty from the west coast is another film celebrity who has lent her singing voice to the airwaves. Miss Kenyon, the widow of Milton Sills, and now a concert star, is heard frequently on the Pacific stations



This genial ork pilot was on the Notre Dame football team, but found he'd make a better musician, so he bought a baton, organized an orchestra, obtained an air spot and is already a radio favorite

# CHARLIE DAVIS

*Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson*







*Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson*

# AL & LEE REISER

They're not brothers at all, Al and Lee Reiser, this veteran piano team of cousins who've been entertaining radio audiences on the NBC for a number of years and are now heard weekly over WJZ and WEA.



# ● R A L P H M A C B A N E

You'll hear more about this virile-looking actor who's recently joined radio's dramatic ranks. He has been heard in sketches on NBC and, before coming to America, was one of Max Reinhardt's actors in European productions.

*Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson*







Portrait by Maurice Seymour

# ● B A B S R Y A N

She's peppy and she's cute this young songster whose vocal solos have brightened the Fred Waring programs on CBS this past year. Babs is heard in trick arrangements with her two brothers, also of the Waring crew



When I was

**I** KNOW all my friends will be greatly shocked to learn that I once was, in jail. Irene Hubbard, or Maria, as I am better known to my radio audiences who tune in on the Maxwell House Showboat Hour; the Irene Hubbard who was educated at various schools and wound up at Vassar and then finally found her first and only love—the stage, actually stole a pair of silk stockings.

Think of it! And, as Captain Henry would say, "It was only the beginnin' folks". I was brutally herded into a patrol wagon by two burly men of the law and arraigned in court. I was accused of petty larceny, had to bear the deep humiliation of having my finger-prints taken, and what is more, I was given a number. I was branded a criminal. I can just hear you all saying, "wasn't that awful", "how shocking", "it must have been terrible."

But before you learn of this episode in my past through some other channel which might not reveal the true facts, the Editor of RADIO MIRROR kindly consented to let me make my confession in these pages, and before you judge me too harshly, please read on.

Years ago—and more years than I care to remember—I specialized in emotional histrionics. Yes, I was what was known then, as the “leading lady” of an itinerant stock or repertory company. I was billed as the “Lady of a Thousand Sorrows”. I gloried in my art and was able to turn the tear ducts on and off at will. You must remember that in those halcyon days theatrical fare was a little to the “heavy” side and although the mechanics of a three-act play were a bit cumbersome and the denouement was always obvious after the first intermission, the audiences took their entertainment seriously and were super-loyal in their affections to the actor or actress who could stir their emotions.

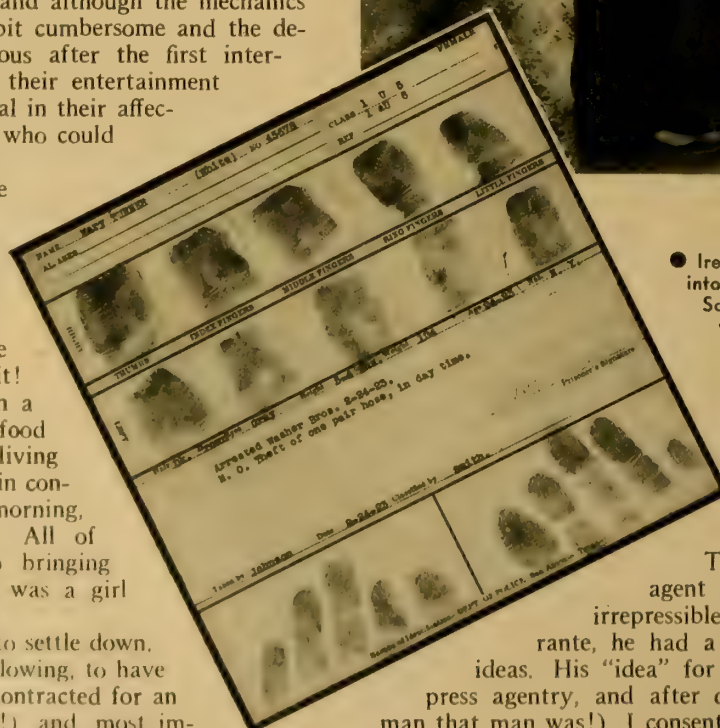
After a few seasons of one night stands and barnstorming (literally), I received an offer to enact the leading female roles in a stock company in San Antonio, Texas, my own hometown. Ah, the thrill of it! My apprenticeship had been a hard one—cheap hotels, the food wasn't the best, practically living in a trunk, making those train connections at 3 p. x. in the morning, ad nauseam, ad infinitum. All of these weren't conducive to bringing out the best in a girl's (I was a girl then, if you please!) nature.

Here was an opportunity to settle down, to build up a permanent following, to have my own apartment (I was contracted for an entire season—imagine that!), and, most important, the company which had engaged my services enjoyed considerable reputation as a proving ground for ambitious young actresses.

My debut was to be in the role of Mary Turner, the wrongly-accused shop-girl in Bayard Veiller's most sensa-



● Irene Hubbard as she was helped into the "Black Maria" down in San Antonio, Texas; right, the young actress being fingerprinted at headquarters



tional novel, "Within The Law". The theatre press-agent was one of those live-wire, irrepressible souls, and like Jimmy Durante, he had a "million of 'em"—I mean ideas. His "idea" for me was a daring piece of press agency, and after outlining it (what a salesman that man was!), I consented to be a component part of the stunt.

As the story goes, Mary Turner in the first act was sentenced to a long term in prison by the owner of the department store in which she worked, because she had been unjustly convicted of stealing a pair of silk stockings. It



# *in Jail*

● The real Irene Hubbard as she appears on the Showboat Hour, many years after she went to jail to get her name on the front pages in Texas

## BY **IRENE HUBBARD**

### SHOWBOAT'S MARIA

● A ride in a police patrol, fingerprinted at Headquarters, the ignominy of iron bars, a thrilling rescue by a handsome actor—for publicity!



was quite a dramatic sequence and always managed to wring a few lachrymose tears from the hardest-hearted audience.

With this one bit in mind, our friend, the publicity man, secured the cooperation of the local police chief and made a further "tie-up" with the leading department store in San Antonio. Wearing the raiment of a poor but honest working girl, I was to enter the store and steal a pair of stockings from a counter. The store detective was to pounce upon me just at the psychological moment, newspaper photographers were to be posted at strategic points and all details were carefully gone over.

Naturally, I was a bit nervous and wanted to back out at the last minute but my sporting instinct made me go through with my part of the bargain as promised.

I backed up to a counter, put my hand behind me and (Continued on page 64)



# He plants Stars

BY DORA ALBERT



Bing Crosby



Lee Wiley



Morton Downey

Helen Jepson



**I**N the dizzy firmament of radio, where fame so often strikes unexpectedly and failure stalks the tragic figures of those who were told that success would be theirs for the asking, there is one man who has shown an almost uncanny ability to pick out the future stars of the air. Paul Whiteman. To him belongs the credit for the discovery of Bing Crosby, Morton Downey, Mildred Bailey, Lennie Hayton and a host of others. It was he who took a composer of popular tunes, George Gershwin, and inspired him to write America's most famous modern symphony, "Rhapsody in Blue". And to bring this story up to date, he has just discovered Helen Jepson. She sang with Paul Whiteman's band a couple of times, and lo and behold the Metropolitan Opera Company signed her to play leads.

To be discovered by Whiteman is almost like having stardom placed in your lap. Sooner or later, most of Paul's discoveries become stars on their own. Even though for years they may have to croon their tunes to an indifferent public.

Crosby and Al Rinker were nothing but a vaudeville team playing in cheap theatres when Paul Whiteman discovered them. Al Rinker, by the way, is Mildred Bailey's brother, Rinker being her real name.

Paul Whiteman liked Crosby's voice and signed Rinker and Crosby.

"I guess that was just about the biggest thrill I've ever had," Bing said later in telling about it. "The idea that a great band leader like Whiteman should actually send for a couple of punks like us seemed too inconceivable to be true."

But just because Paul Whiteman liked Crosby's voice was no sign that the public was going to take to it like a duck to water. It didn't.

When Paul took the two boys East on a tour of various theatres they flopped cold. He added a third member to the team, Harry Barris, and called them the Rhythm Boys, but

they still flopped cold. But Whiteman's faith didn't swerve.

When Bing Crosby sang on the Paramount stage, the management of the Paramount Theatre objected.

"For heaven's sake, Paul," they told Whiteman, "we know most of your act is good, but what's the idea of sticking a team like that into it? Don't you know that this chap, Bing Crosby, can't sing? Why don't you drop him from your act?"

"I had to pay the trio \$750 a week not to sing," Paul Whiteman told me, grinning. "The two boys played the piano and Bing slapped a cymbal. Two years later Paramount was paying Bing a few thousand dollars a week just to sing.

"Lots of young people all over the country were wild about him; but at first I couldn't convince any of the theatre managements of that. Nor could I convince the people who were at that time sponsoring my radio program. They kept on telling me to drop Bing Crosby from my act. When I kept him on, they sent me letters threatening to fire me unless I fired him.

"Finally we got out to California. After a short time there, I was all fed up and ready to go back East, but Bing didn't feel that way about it. He'd spent five or six years trying to make a hit in the East and he had never clicked, so he thought that perhaps his big chance lay in California. He got an offer to sing with Gus Arnheim's Orchestra, and he asked to be released from his contract. I couldn't blame him exactly for wanting to try his luck in the Cocoanut Grove on the Coast. Even then he didn't click immediately. But when he did—zowie!

"Bing Crosby is one of my pets. He's a hit in pictures



# in the Ether Sky

Paul Whiteman, still King of Jazz, knows how to pick potential air stars as well as hit tunes. He's helped a dozen artists to stardom in the past two years



Paul Whiteman, famous musical director, who's played godfather to dozens of aspiring artists



Jane Froman



George Gershwin



Mildred Bailey



Ramona

now, but I think he'll be even bigger if they let him play some good strong comedy leads. Bing is a natural comedian. He doesn't need any Jack Oakie in his pictures. He can carry a romantic lead and a comedy lead at the same time."

Morton Downey, in a way, is another discovery of Paul Whiteman's. I say "in a way", because, let the truth be told, Paul didn't like Morton Downey's voice when he first heard it.

"What," he groaned, "another Irish tenor! Why, if we go on a concert tour, John McCormack will lap up all the cream in every town we come to, and we'll come trailing behind him. Who'll care to hear another Irish tenor after hearing the magnificent McCormack?"

But Hugh Ernst, who was at that time Paul Whiteman's manager, was enthusiastic about Downey's voice. Since he couldn't make Paul see things his way, he signed up Downey while Paul was away on a trip to Europe. Then Paul had to take Downey with him, willy-nilly.

The Leviathan was at that time making her first passenger voyage under American colors, and Paul Whiteman's band was engaged to give concerts on the way across. Morton Downey, then a youngster of eighteen or nineteen, sang with the band.

"To get around the difficulty of his being another Irish tenor, I put a French horn in his hands," Paul Whiteman told me. "He couldn't play it, but I figured people would think he was a pretty good Irish singer for a fellow who held a French horn. Eventually he got so enthusiastic about the French horn that I had to put a cork in it to keep him from blowing it."

The truth was that Downey was pretty effective singing an Irish melody to his French horn. Even though he had objected to signing up Downey, in a short time Paul Whiteman was crazy about his voice. (Continued on page 71)



# Howdy



● Charles Winninger, genial, white-haired pilot of the Maxwell House "Show Boat Hour," spent all his working years in the theater before turning to radio

*Caricature by Cyrano*

**H**OWDEE! Howdee!! Howdee!!!

Folks, meet Charlie Winninger, the triple personality boy from right off the boat! The "Show Boat". Twenty or thirty million of you know Charlie in the character he has assumed for a hundred solid weeks on the air. You've heard his "Happee New Year", and responded to the boom of his voice telling you that "this is only the beginning". Once upon a time the boys in the beanery and the scions of the salons were at one in shouting for a "shot of Java", or telling the Grik to "draw one in the dark". But Charles Winninger made American multitudes coffee conscious. Now it's Maxwell House or bust.

Scarcely fewer numbers recognize the snow-thatched star as a film fixture in the Hollywood firmament, and as a skilled, versatile veteran of a hundred theatrical hits. But materially in the minority are you who know Mr. Winninger as an exuberant "Good Time Charlie" who turns hand-springs on the dance floor of New York's exclusive Mayfair Club before an enthusiastic audience of staid, or stewed, celebrities of Gotham's gayer life. And, unless you're in the profesh, you'd never think of this same C. W. as a high-powered executive who perches behind a huge desk in a floor-filling suite of offices on the peak of a cloud-cutting skyscraper!

But, nevertheless, there he sits, answering long-distance calls from Hollywood studios, conferring with moguls of the show world, scanning continuities for coming broadcasts, and in between times auditioning acts which he, himself, independently sponsors to radio clients, agencies and public. Indeed, this Charles Winninger was new to me, too. I felt that I knew

**By MARIS ANNE LANE**



# folks."



"Cap'n Henry," away from the broadcast studios prepares to enjoy an hour's quiet reading in his own home

him reasonably well in his other aspects. And I expected to talk to him as he cold-creamed the make-up off in some movie dressing-room, or in some corner of a broadcasting studio, or even over a cup o' tea, or something, in a cafeteria, or preferably a cafe without the teria. Even the back-stage atmosphere of the theater wouldn't have thrown me off balance. But when I entered that office marked "Private" and saw the Big Shot behind that desk at the far end, I felt as though I might be seeing Charlie Schwab or one of the Rockefellers for "Fortune".

When you're in a spot like this, the best way out is to sling a nice, general question that would take hours to answer, and let the other guy talk. That's what I'd do with a Rockefeller. That's what I did with the Winner.

"What about radio?" I asked. And he fell for it. I didn't have to speak again all afternoon.

"Ah, yes, radio," murmured Mr. Winner, or maybe it was "radio? Oh, yeah?", "well, there's room for vast improvement in programs. It seems to me that radio stands now just where the movies were about fifteen years ago. They were pretty chaotic then, you remember, but they were making a mess of money. That's the way with radio today.

"One error they're making is the mistake of some muscle-bound brains in attempting to exclude theatrical folk from the air. They'll tell you stage training is worthless on the radio. Shucks! No such thing! (He didn't say "shucks", but we'll keep it clean.) All this mystery about broadcasting is the bunk. And to prove it, why, after making a crack like that, do they go out and sign up Helen Hayes, Helen Menken, Walter Huston and dozens more to speak line for line through microphones scenes enacted on the stage?

"Another thing, I believe the sponsor of a program should get a break. Give the players a legitimate billing, yes. But that a program should become known as the Joe Doakes Hour, after the featured star, and the sponsor remain unknown, unhonored and unsung is not only bad business, but lousy showmanship. I'd like to inject a little showmanship into radio. And, by Jiminety, I'm going to try!

"They'll have to go to the theatre for both stars and material, just as Hollywood has been forced to do. There aren't enough show brains in the world to provide original shows for one time air presentations. It's a wicked waste even if it were possible. And, also, they are falling into the Hollywood error of mis-casting their people. For instance, once they gave Al Jolson proper material and roles, he became sensational, before that he was tottering. Just because he was mis-cast. The same applies to that marvellous comic, Al Trahan. It makes me weep when his talents are wasted. But some day they'll come to life. (Continued on page 68)







# 'howdy folks'



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**By MARIS ANNE LANE**



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Miss Francis wears this Watteau velvet with jade green ostrich trim designed for her by Rose Sapphire

# Winter Arlene



The saucer beret of black velvet with a sprig of paradise feather and a grosgrain bow perched on the edge of the brim



The old-fashioned sailor back again. Arlene's is of hatters' plush with metal ribbon and tiny veil reaching the eyes

**T**HIS is one season when your last year's hat won't do at all. Fashions in late fall and early winter chapeaux are so decidedly new what with colors on black hats and feathers on everything. Arlene Francis pretty dramatic actress on the Borden's "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood" program over the WABC chain shows you the various models which Rose Sapphire, well known New York importer and designer favors right now.

First there is the Watteau of black velvet trimmed with jade green ostrich. It's typical of the eighteenth century and must be worn as Miss Francis shows you with most of the back of the head showing.

The pert little number in the beret family is a saucer shape of black velvet and putting the beret in the dress-up class with a strip of paradise trimming and tricky grosgrain bow right in front. Sailors are back again too, smaller than ever before of hatters' plush with metal-fringed ribbon trimming finished with a bow in the back and boasting of an eye-length fragile veil.

Rose Sapphire favors the large hat of felt and grosgrain combined for the cocktail hour.

Miss Sapphire has gone to India for inspiration in another afternoon hat which is called the Maharajah turban of ambre-ciré with ribbon fringe tied in front after the fashion of the Turkish aigrette. This will remind you of the dressy tea hats your mother used to wear when you were a girl.

Miss Francis whose dark tresses lend themselves as a glossy crown for these millinery prizes is ready for brisk days in town in a tweed felt beret with a perky little quill. The hat itself is cut along tricorné lines and is suitable with





# Crowns for Francis

From India comes the inspiration for this smart Maharajah turban of ambre-ciré with aigrette of fringed ribbon



Below is the perfect hat for daytime wear in town, a triangular type beret of tweed with a perky quill for trimming

Photographs made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by Bert Lawson



Miss Francis ready for a cocktail party in this large hat of black felt combined with wide grosgrain ribbon



tweed town clothes or cloth coats.

Fashion dictators this season have gone very gay on hats. They've searched into the dead centuries for ideas and the result is that the ladies may be as picturesque as to head gear as their type will allow. Of course, if you're the outdoors type, you'd be ridiculous in some of these extreme little numbers which are designed for the feminine woman.

On the other hand, even sports things have taken on a more romantic air in the process of softening their lines. Furthermore, according to Paris and New York, tweeds are proper everywhere, even at afternoon tea parties but instead of the severe sweaters, they've combined suits with flattering blouses of gorgeous new materials. This is one year when you'll have to do careful shopping if you want to look smart and your bank account entails strict limitations. This is not only true of hats but of dresses and coats which will be more difficult to copy this year than when houses were putting out what they called "Ford" models.

The gowns, whether for evening, street wear or informal occasions are all made on the simplest lines. The charm is in the material—gorgeous velvets, heavy crêpes, satins and the softest woolens.

Trains, as a general rule, are out on evening gowns which are again floor-length and even all around. So if you're planning to make last year's model do for this winter you'll have to get the scissors out and straighten the hemline.

Most of the big designers have gone in for purple in a big way and combine it with that luscious shade of dark red that was once called magenta. For the first autumn in several years blue is being shown, a deep midnight shade that's flattering for certain types.



# On PACIFIC

Latest news and newest happenings behind the microphones and

**H**OW about starting the western journey this month by dropping into San Francisco, then up into the northwest and finally to the southwest?

Only, of course, while around the Golden Gate we mustn't mention the earthquake, fog or call it 'Frisco. Course you know it really was a fire, the fog is only a light mist and to call it 'Frisco would be to call down on all of us the wrath of the Native Sons of the Golden West and all the other like groups.

● Betty Jane Rhodes, thirteen-year-old high-school student has been given a two-year contract as a singer with station KFWB



Now that the Monday night KFRC jamboree gets on the CBS chain for part of the program, we might as well drop around and see some of the performers. The studios are a bit dingy, but what it lacks in that respect, is made up by the spontaneity of the folks there.

Harrison Holliway skippers the craft. He was the one-man technical force years ago. Now he runs the whole works. There's Edna O'Keefe, whose middle name is Patricia . . . born back in '12, the daughter of an Irish father and an Italian mother. The popular songster, with the wistful eyes, is a native daughter . . . got an audition when she finished school and has been radio-minded ever since. In private life she is the wife of Ronald Graham, a KFRC baritone.

Ronald Graham was born in Edinburgh, the son of a retired English army officer . . . travelled a good deal before settling in the bay region, graduating from Tamalpais High school and then to radio. Some twenty-five years old, he plays tennis, does pen and ink drawings rather well . . . six feet tall, about 160 pounds, blue eyes and brownish hair.

Then there is Earl Towner, whose specialty is directing vocal ensembles, but just now devotes his jamboree work to a male quartet. A graduate of Boston's famed music conservatory, he lives in Berkeley with his wife and three children, and his hobby is carpentering. Bespectacled, about 5 feet six in height, he has hazel eyes and a ready smile.

Now for Arnold Maguire, a native San Franciscan in his early thirties, who is "President of Hodge Podge Lodge," KFRC fun maker program, and heard also on the jamboree in character work. In rapid succession he has been an artist, photographer, salesman, reporter, stage actor and then to radio years ago. He has reddish brown hair, dark eyes and is married.

Harrison Holliway, master of the jamboree, was born in San Francisco 35 years ago, graduating from Lowell High and studying law at Stanford for awhile. He is an amateur yachtsman . . . (his father was a sea captain) . . . has a couple of youngsters . . . and never yearns to go back to the sea where he was once a commercial wireless operator before going into broadcast activities. We'll meet some more of the gang at another time.

\* \* \*

Now that KJBS, San Francisco, and KQW, San Jose, have come under one ownership, with studios for both in San Francisco, Lena May Leland is heard more often, though she plays from the San Jose studios.

She has been staff pianist and music head of

BY DR. RALPH



# the AIRWAVES

among the artists of the broadcast studios along the west coast

KQW for several years. She was born there and her young son is now in school. Rather small and petite in type, she is of Irish ancestry, and has dark hair and blue eyes. By the way, she is no relation of Charlie (Charles Bradford) Leland, who left Los Angeles for Chicago radio a year ago and seems to have disappeared from public sight and hearing.

And maybe you didn't know that Dudd Williamson, new KJBS-KQW announcer, used to be Dudd on the NBC Tom and Dudd duo. Dudd was born up in the Yukon territory thirty years ago; lives in the bay district and has one small son. He is heavy-built, six feet tall, weighs about 200, with sparkling dark eyes and coal-black hair. Besides straight announcing work, he is good at dialect impersonations. Wonder where his former team-mate Tom (Alfred T. Smith) is these days. He was a fine hockey player in off moments when not before the mike.

\* \* \*

Did you know that Raylyn Kinney, KYA's well-groomed contralto, used to be a professional stage dancer? Yep. 'Tis true.

Or that Dixie Marsh, with her "Piano Intimacies" program on Oakland's KTAB, was born in Birmingham as Helen Marsh and in private life is Mrs. A. E. Ryan, and the mother of a 15-year old daughter who is a musical prodigy?

Or that Harold Peary, once with NBC but now at KTAB, was born in San Leandro, Cal. and the family name used to be Perez.

And my bay crystal-gazer also reports that Sam (Samuel P.) Moore, likewise of KTAB, was born in Monticello, Florida, on June 28th, 1887. Peary does dialect-type work, while Moore prefers the guitar and string instruments.

And I almost forgot to add that keyhole gossip says that NBC's contralto, Nanette La Salle, has been baby buggy shopping, and will have a new artist in the fold ere this reaches print.

\* \* \*

A few years ago the name of Ted Roy, known as Oregon's "Singing Blacksmith," was second place winner in the national Atwater Kent nationals . . . The big, broad shouldered lad, who was born in Pilot Rock, Oregon, was a student at the Oregon State College in Corvallis when he won the singing contest and a scholarship at the Curtis Institute of Music.

With the contest won, he returned to Corvallis for his degree and married his accompanist, Barbara Edmunds. He has been on northwest stations, but since '32 has been with the NBC staff in San Francisco and as a member of its Knickerbocker

Male Quartet. He's also heard frequently as a soloist.

The "Singing Blacksmith" . . . his father was a smithy and Roy worked at the forge in vacation time . . . had to leave apartment after apartment when non-musical neighbors started to holler. So he rented a barn on a long-time lease for \$5 a month and, with his wife assisting, the one-time stable loft is now one of the coziest of 'Frisco studio-apartment places. It's comfortable and what's more important, neighbors aren't near (Continued on page 84)

● Glamorous Elissa Landi of the films who has appeared on programs which were broadcast out of the big studios in Los Angeles



L. POWER



A water boy at fifteen, a "Met" opera star at twenty-five, Everett Marshall is now an air sensation. The tall, handsome singer goes over some of his fan mail at the desk in the living room of his attractive Manhattan apartment



# A visit with Everett Marshall



Mr. Marshall enjoys a leisure hour in his comfortable fireside chair; above, the popular baritone cooks his own breakfast

*Photographs made exclusively for  
Radio Mirror by Bert Laxson*



# When Autumn Comes



(Left) Lowell Thomas and his young son enjoy a canter over the Cloverbrook Farm, Pawling, N. Y.



(Above) Announcer David Ross talks over a new song with Connie Gates as they enjoy a pleasant view from a hilltop

(Below) A bicycle built for one provides exercise and beauty aid for Rosa Ponselle, the "Met's" most famous songbird in radio



(Above) Ah, get a load of that exhilarating air that Rubinoff seems to be absorbing by himself



Gertrude Niesen pauses on a bridle path to feed her horse, Major, a piece of sweetmeat



# By the Oracle who knows all about stars, programs and personalities from Coast to Coast and who'll tell you anything you want to know

**A**RE Myrt and Marge off the air? What program is Jeanie Lang with now? How old is Billy Page in "One Man's Family?"—Vivian J., Hanks, N. Dak.

Myrt and Marge returned October 1. Jeanie Lang is now on the Ward Sunday Night program with Buddy Rogers out of Chicago. Billy Page is fourteen years old. O. K.?

Please tell me something about Bill Smith with Harold Stern's orchestra. His voice is wonderful.—Rose Grey, Indianapolis.

You, too, Rosie? He was born in New York on June 4, 1906. Attended La Salle Academy and later Georgetown University, majoring in dramatics. Joined the Stern orchestra in 1930 as drummer and vocalist. He's five feet, ten inches tall, blue eyes, brown hair, wants to be a dramatic actor and is happily married to a former Providence school teacher. Now is that enough?

Will you please tell me how old and how tall Jackie Heller is?—Frances O., Schenectady.

A lot of you girls are asking about Jackie Heller. Kinda like his voice don't you? He was born May 1, 1908 and he's five feet, one.

Where does Paul Whiteman hold his audition contests and what day does he have them?—L. B., St. Louis.

There are no auditions at present but information can be addressed to Mr. Whiteman, Park Central Hotel, New York. When auditions are held notification is sent to names on file.

Are the Singing Lady and Eileen of "Today's Children" the same person?—Mrs. S., Freeport, L. I.

Irene Wicker is the Singing Lady and also plays Eileen.

Where can I address a letter to George Givot? In "Melody in Spring", did Lanny Ross play the whole part or did someone else do the acting?—Ruth Lorey, Jamaica.

George Givot can be reached at Columbia Broadcasting Co. 485 Madison Avenue, New York. Lanny did both the singing and acting in that picture.

You're so wise and helpful to other readers, why can't I join the ranks? What are the real life names of the characters of "Today's Children" and which parts do they play?

Who are Vic and Sade and Rush? Are they associated with other programs?—Susa B., Wilmerding, Pa.

Come right in, Susa; you're welcome. The cast of Today's Children follows: mother, Irna Phillips; Frances, Bess Johnson; Bob Crane, Walter Wicker; Katherine Norton, Irna Phillips; Terry Moran, Freddy Van; Dorothy Moran, Jean McGregor; Lucy Moran, Lucy Gilman; Eileen, Irene Wicker. Vic is played by Art Van Harvey; Sade is Bernardine

Flynn and Rush is Billy Idelson. Miss Flynn and Idelson are frequently cast in other dramatic programs originating in the Chicago Studios.

What is the name of the Goldbergs' theme song? Eddie Duchin's theme song? Who plays the guitar with Rudy Vallee?—Ray C., Bloomsburg, Pa.

"The Goldbergs" signature is "Toselli's Serenade." Eddie's is Chopin's "Nocturne in E Flat" and Frank Staffa is the guitarist with the Vallee Orchestra. Do we please you?

Where does Phil Harris hail from? Is he married? Do you think he's a success? I think he has a marvelous personality!—Pauline G., Los Angeles.

Do we think he's a success? That's been proven already. He's quite popular on the air and in person. He was born in Linton, Ind. and dry those tears when we tell you he's married.

Is Max Baer's sketch "Taxi" any place on the air at present? Where can I direct a letter to him?—G. I. L., New York.

He's not on the air at present as the sketch was discontinued. He'll get mail you forward to NBC Studios, Rockefeller City, New York.

Does Bing Crosby have another name besides Bing? Is it true he won't be able to sing after 1935?—Marcia D., Los Angeles.

Bing's real name is Harry Lillis Crosby. Who said he wouldn't sing after 1935? That's silly, do you want to break all the girls' hearts?

I read about how the different band masters lost so much weight, Dick Humber lost thirty pounds, Jacques Renard, twenty pounds. I also have too much of me—Maude L., Peoria, Ill.

Diet and exercise,







# WANT TO KNOW?

only all reducing should be done under expert supervision and only after a thorough physical examination.

How can I get in touch with Rosa Ponselle?—Mrs. L., Valley Stream, L. I.  
Columbia Broadcasting Company, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

Could you tell me if Ben Bernie is as old as he represents himself? Can you get pictures of him in the magazine?—Mrs. D., Washington.

No, can't you take a joke? He's no juvenile, but he's not old, either. RADIO MIRROR had a complete story of Ben with several pictures in the January issue, 1934.

I have heard Walter Winchell referred to as Captain. Kindly tell me how Mr. Winchell acquired the title.—W. G. C., Fairmount, W. Va.

If he was ever a captain, he certainly succeeded in keeping it from all of us. We guess he's just captain of his soul.

If it isn't asking too much could you tell me the ages of these stars? Frances H., Windsor, Conn.

It's not asking too much. We're here to answer questions and we'll give you their birthdays: Bing Crosby, May 2, 1904; Jimmie Melton, January 2, 1904; Eddie Cantor, January 31, 1892; Frank Parker, April 29, 1906; Lanny Ross, January 19, 1906.

Does Dick Powell still sing on the "Old Gold" program? What station is Jack Turner on? How can I get pictures of Ozzie Nelson and Harriett Hilliard?—Janice R., Springfield, Mass.

Dick Powell is now on the new "Hollywood Hotel" program from California; Jack Turner has been associated recently with WMCA; look in this issue and get your pic-

tures of Nelson-Hilliard. Like 'em?

Is there any way to obtain a picture of Winston, Lanny Ross's brother?—Loyola R., Covington, Ken.

Maybe Lanny will get one for you. Winston's in England. Write Lanny at the NBC Studios in New York or care of Paramount Pictures, Hollywood.

Is Joe Morrison married? Where is he now? Will he be back with George Olsen?—Evalyn S., Baltimore.

He's single or he was when this was written but he's out in Hollywood now completely surrounded by beautiful girls. He's not scheduled to return to Olsen's band.

Like your magazine very much and would like to ask you a few questions? Is Wayne King Married?—Erna E. S., Chicago.

Wayne King is married to Dorothy Janis and you can read all about him in this issue. About those personal questions on Russ Russell, the announcer, would suggest you communicate with him.

Can you tell me if Johnny Marvin will be back on the air in New York?—E. B., Wharton, N. J.

He's not scheduled on any of the chain stations' programs now.

Does Rubinoff answer his fan mail, and where can I address a letter to him?—Jane W., Portland, Me.

Yes, he does. Address him care of The National Broadcasting Co., Rockefeller City, New York.

Is Frank Parker married and where can I address a letter to him?—Ada M., Springfield, Ohio.

You mean you hope he's not married and you're in luck because he isn't. Write him at the NBC Studios, Rockefeller City, New York.

Can you tell me where Captain Henry's Showboat broadcast is held?—O. P., Gary, Ind.

At the NBC Studios in New York.

Do radio stars personally autograph their photos? Does Bing Crosby answer his fan mail?—A. C., Woonsocket, R. I.

Some do and some don't. Bing does answer his fans but we imagine there are times when the deluge is just a little too much for him.

Would you kindly tell me the name of the woman who takes the part of Mrs. Goldberg in "The Goldbergs" program? Would it be possible for you to send me her picture?—Dorothy H., Media, Pa.

Gertrude Berg has been taking the part and she also wrote the scripts. The May issue of RADIO MIRROR carried a picture and biography of her.

Do you want to know something about your broadcast favorites? Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City



# THANKSGIVING *dinner*

**R**AH-RAH-RAH—y-e-a team! A multitude of excited strained voices dying out in the distance. A flash of brightly colored pennants snapping in the cold air of a November morning all combine to paint a glorious picture of a gala Thanksgiving day football game.

Keenly whetted appetites are temporarily forgotten as the ball is kicked off for the last quarter.

After the final whistle the bowl is slowly emptied as everyone rushes home with anticipation for the Thanksgiving dinner.

We suggest a dinner which without a doubt will be thoroughly enjoyed by your family and guests.

Menus have changed since the olden days when preparations for the Thanksgiving feast were started days in advance and when the festive board was laden with enough food for a week's consumption.

## THANKSGIVING DINNER

Fruit cocktail  
Clam Broth  
(with a dash of  
whipped cream)  
Celery - Olives - Nuts  
Hearts of lettuce  
(with Russian Dressing)  
Turkey  
Wild Rice Dressing  
Mashed Potatoes  
Turnips  
Brussels Sprouts  
Creamed Onions  
Cranberry Sauce  
Mince or Pumpkin Pie  
Nuts - Candies

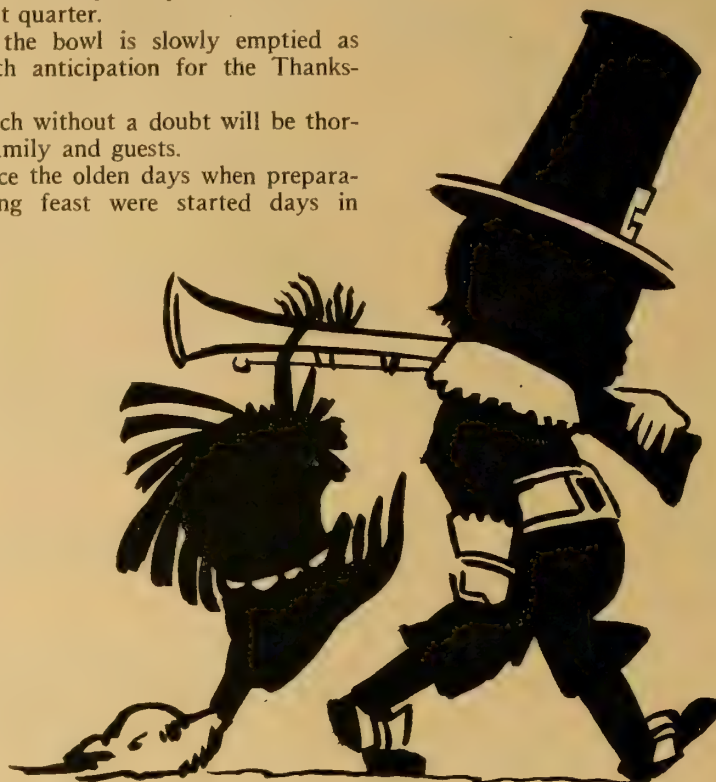


Illustration by Harlan Crandall 3rd

## TURKEY

Clean out turkey thoroughly, remove hairs by singeing, holding the bird over a flame constantly, changing position until all parts of the surface have been exposed to the flame. Take the giblets and wash clean. Place in pan, cook until tender, with tips of wings and neck, putting them in cold water and heating water quickly so that as much of the flavor as possible may be drawn into stock which is used for making gravy.

Stuff the turkey with dressing; if the body of bird is full, sew skin, if not full, use a skewer to bring skin together. Draw thighs close together and insert steel skewer under middle joint, running it through body and bringing it out under middle joint on other side. Tie a string around the drumsticks which are crossed and fasten to tail. Place wings close to body and insert another skewer through wing, body and wing on opposite side. Fasten wooden skewer to draw neck skin under back. Cross string attached to tail piece and draw it around each end of lower skewer, again cross string and draw it to each end of upper skewer, knot the string and cut off ends.

Place on its side on rack in dripping pan. Rub entire

surface with salt. Take  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup melted butter mixed with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup flour; spread over legs, wings and breast. Dredge bottom of pan with flour. Place in hot oven  $450^{\circ}$  F. When flour on turkey begins to brown reduce oven temperature to  $350^{\circ}$  F. Baste every fifteen minutes with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter melted in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water. After this is used baste with fat in pan. Pour water in pan during the cooking to prevent flour from burning. Use buttered paper to prevent burning if turkey is browning too fast. Cook about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Olive oil may be used to rub over the turkey to make a nice crisp skin just before placing in oven.

## TURKEY GRAVY

6 tablespoons fat from  
roasting pan  
6 tablespoons flour  
3 cups stock water, salt,  
pepper  
Brown fat with flour.  
Pour on gradually stock  
left in pan; Cook five  
minutes; season with salt  
and pepper; strain.

## WILD RICE DRESSING

$1\frac{1}{2}$  cups wild rice  
3 large onions  
3 yellow leaves of raw  
celery  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. chestnuts  
1 tablespoon turkey dressing

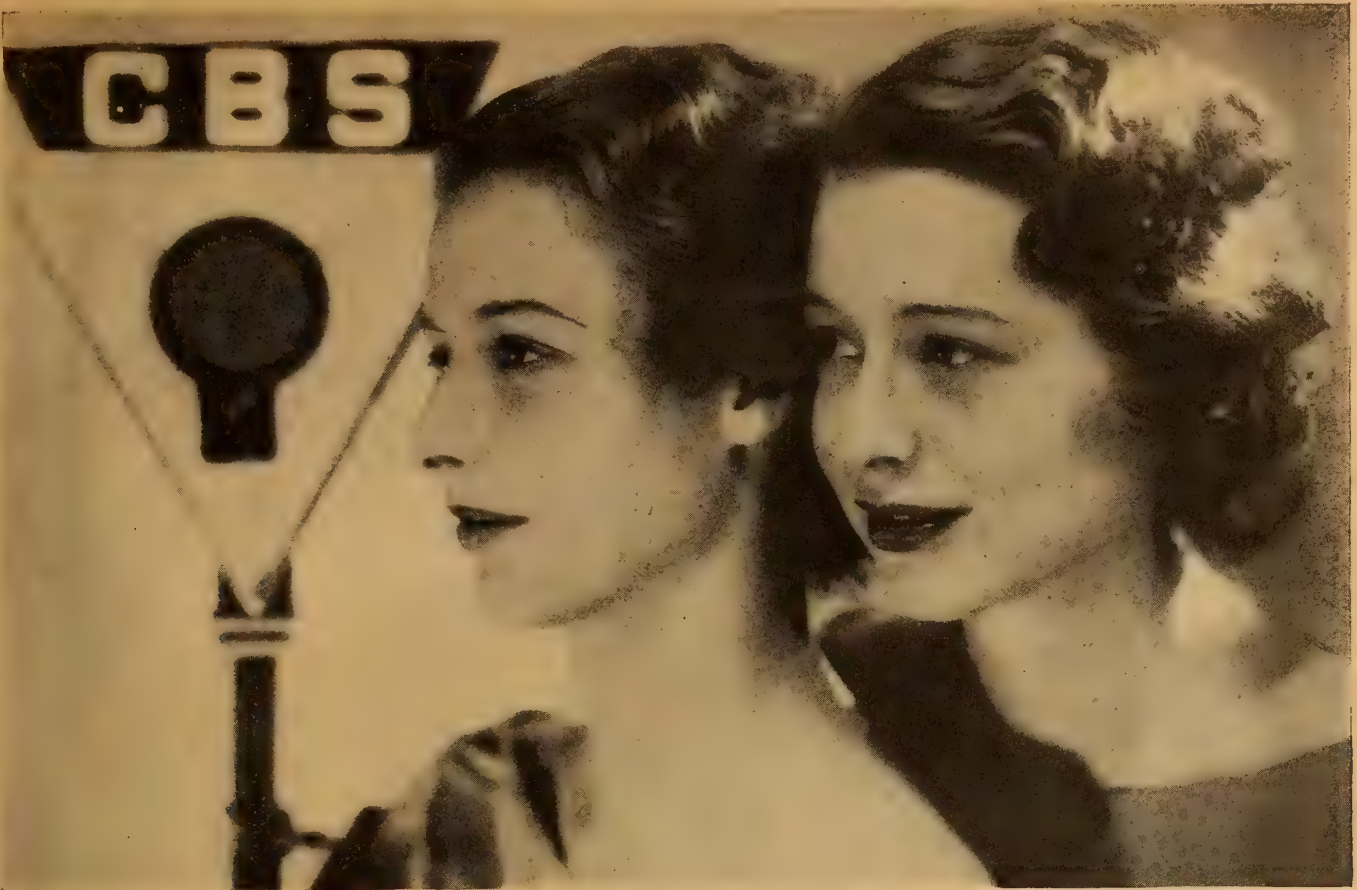
Wash wild rice, boil until it becomes soft. Remove from the fire, strain and dry thoroughly. Take the onions and bacon, chop finely. Put onions in raw bacon and cook until bacon turns a golden brown. Boil the chestnuts until done. Add one tablespoon poultry dressing, the finely chopped celery and chestnuts. When dressing has cooled put in wild rice, stirring well.

## PUMPKIN PIE

|                                       |                                 |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 2 cups stewed and strained<br>pumpkin | 2 eggs                          |
| 2 cups rich milk                      | 1 teaspoon salt                 |
| 1 cup brown or granulated<br>sugar    | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger   |
|                                       | 2 teaspoons cinnamon            |
|                                       | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon allspice |

Mix pumpkin with milk, sugar, beaten eggs, salt and spices and beat two to three minutes. Pour into lined pastry pie dish. Place oven at  $475^{\circ}$  F. and put in pie. Allow to remain in oven fifteen minutes; reduce heat to  $400^{\circ}$  F. until filling is firm. (About 40 minutes).





# Blonde or Brunette?

**I**F you were born a brunette and have always dreamed of being devastating as a blonde there is no reason why you should not change your crowning glory, and later your mind, provided of course that you have features and skin texture which go with the accepted idea of what a blonde's coloring should be. Chemists and hair experts have perfected the various methods of coloring hair so that if the process is done properly and only the best ingredients are used, hair may be tinted a new shade without spoiling the quality or endangering the health.

The number of really natural blondes who are in the limelight is small in proportion to those who were born another color and went blonde in the beauty parlor. On the other hand, Fifi Dorsay was a movie failure as a blonde until some expert suggested she become a brunette and immediately her luck changed. Bebe Daniels, Carmel Myers, Joan Crawford and several other actresses have been blonde, brunette and even titian-haired at various times in their career and some of the stars of the air are not as they once were, regarding their golden tresses. There is this to remember, though. Amateurish efforts at home are generally bound to be failures. It takes an expert to do this job thoroughly and once you've changed your hair, you're really a slave to the beauty parlor. There's nothing so ugly as dark center parts on a golden head nor discolored streaks in a sleek black coiffure.

For the many RADIO MIRROR readers who have asked our advice about hair dyeing, as well as the effect of perma-

nent waving on various types of hair we consulted Pierre, well known New York hair expert who serves some of New York's smartest society women as well as prominent stage, screen and radio stars. Pierre has arranged and cared for the crowning glory of Claudette Colbert, Constance Cummings, Whitney Bourne, Kay Francis, Peggy Fears, Tallulah Bankhead, Grace Menken, and planned some of the novel headdress effects worn by the late Lilyan Tashman.

Hair dyeing, Pierre says, is a difficult procedure and if not properly applied will not only ruin the hair but also injure the scalp and some of the vital organs of the head. He sees no reason why some brunettes should not be blondes if they choose, nor why blondes who'd like to be titian-types should not achieve their ambitions. He admonishes that the client should be in excellent health and there must be no scratches nor marks on the scalp. A trustworthy shop guarantees the result of hair dyeing.

It is wiser and safer to have a rinse, which is a coloring that will blend well with the present shade of your locks, but if you want something revolutionary, be sure of your operator and then go ahead.

Medicated shampoos, Pierre explains, are wonderful for the hair and are often sufficient to give the hair a live, glossy look without the rinse. The hair is the first feature of the body affected by excitement, sorrow or any great change in your life. It loses its luster, becomes lifeless and often the color is changed. (Continued on page 87)





• Tony Wons, radio's amiable philosopher, raids the ice box in his own kitchen for one of those quick meals between jobs

**D**URING the summer and early fall when we manage to spend most of our leisure time out of doors, radio plays only a minor part in our pursuit of pleasure. Now with the arrival of November with its chilly evenings, our radio once more takes its place as the main source of entertainment. The various broadcasting networks are featuring many of our favorite stars in a variety of programs which are designed to suit the tastes and moods of the listener-in.

Although you may never think of your radio stars along these lines, we have taken the trouble to see what some of them do during the time that they are not on the air. We have found that they not only shine at the microphone but also in the kitchen.

From their experimental cooking and their successful efforts in culinary realms they bring you their specially recommended dishes which you can try out in your own home.

Let us turn the dial and listen to the lovely soft voice of Rosa Ponselle who says spaghetti in almost any style is savory to her, and suggests spaghetti with clams.

# In the

## SPAGHETTI

Add a handful of salt to a pan of water. Bring water to the boiling temperature. Add one pound of spaghetti, cook twenty minutes and pour the spaghetti through a drain.

- 1 pound of spaghetti
- 2 pounds of small clams
- 1 clove garlic
- 4 tablespoons pure olive oil

Steam the clams for five minutes, using one cup of water. When steamed take the mussels from the shells and strain water through a cloth.

Brown the garlic in the olive oil.

Add a cup of strained tomatoes.

Cook for ten minutes, and then add the water from the clams. Cook this ten more minutes.

Five minutes before serving add chopped parsley to the clams and mix the whole thing with the (already cooked) spaghetti.

An old English dish, Apple Staffen, is a favorite of Kathleen Stewart, pianist on the NBC network.

## PIE CRUST

- |                                      |                             |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2 cups pastry flour                  | $\frac{1}{3}$ cup crisco or |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder | shortening                  |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt          | $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter    |
|                                      | Ice water                   |

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Work in shortening using tips of fingers. Add water drop by drop, until mixture is of right consistency to roll. Toss on floured cloth, pat, and roll out; dot with butter, and roll up like a jelly roll, repeat this several times, chill, roll paste  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick, allow more paste for upper than the lower crust. When placing on a pie plate allow a little paste for shrinking. Put in filling.

Line a deep baking dish with butter and brown sugar. Put in the pie crust and fill with apples sliced as for a pie, sweeten with sugar, sprinkle a few raisins in. Cover top with more pastry and cook in medium oven. When done turn up-side-down on a platter. The sugar and butter will have melted to a delicious caramel covering. Serve hot. Hard sauce is a delicious accompaniment with this.

## HARD SAUCE

- |                            |                                      |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter   | $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon lemon extract |
| 1 cup confectioners' sugar | $\frac{2}{3}$ teaspoon vanilla       |
- Cream butter, add sugar gradually beating constantly. Add flavoring.

Whether its the blue of the night meeting the dawn of the day, or the dawn of the day meeting the blue of the night, Morton Downey still says his favorite is ice cream and plenty of it.

## CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

- |                           |             |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar | 2 cups milk |
|---------------------------|-------------|



# Stars' Kitchens

1 tablespoon flour  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
 2 eggs slightly beaten

2 squares chocolate  
 2 cups cream  
 1 tablespoon vanilla

Scald milk with chocolate, mix dry ingredients, sugar, flour, and salt, add eggs. Combine mixtures and allow to cook over hot water until thickened. Cool, add cream and vanilla. Strain and place in the freezer.

June Pursell, contralto, recommends Old Indiana Cornbread to her many RADIO MIRROR friends.

## OLD INDIANA CORN BREAD

1½ cups corn meal  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
 1 heaping teaspoon baking powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon butter  
 1½ cups creamy milk  
 1 egg

Sift dry ingredients and add milk and beaten egg and butter. Bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

Fredric William Wile, that informative personality of the air, rates Griddle Cakes aces high. Here is his favorite recipe.

## GRIDDLE CAKES

1½ cups flour  
 $\frac{3}{2}$  teaspoons baking powder  
 3 tablespoons sugar  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
 1 egg lightly beaten  
 1 tbl. melted butter  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk

Add milk and butter to egg, add dry ingredients mixed together stirring vigorously until dry ingredients are just dampened. Heat and grease griddle iron. Drop mixture from tip of spoon on griddle iron.

Tom Waring, whose singing you have enjoyed so much over the CBS network, suggests Creamed Chipped Beef for your luncheon.

## CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF

$\frac{1}{4}$  pound dried chipped beef  
 1 heaping tablespoon flour  
 1 tablespoon butter  
 1 cup milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon white pepper

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and seasonings. Mix well, add cold milk,

stirring until creamy and smooth. Boil 3 to 4 minutes.

Vera Van, not only sings well but she can make some of the most delightful dishes. When you have tried her Brown Bread I am sure you will be convinced.

## BROWN BREAD

1 cup graham flour  
 1 cup corn meal  
 1 teaspoon salt  
 5 teaspoons baking powder

1 cup ground rolled oats  
 $1\frac{1}{3}$  cups milk  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup molasses

(Continued on page 67)

● Julia Sanderson is an expert home manager as her husband, Frank Crumit, will admit after one of the dinners this attractive star often prepares for him





BY CHASE  
GILES

# CHICAGO

**N**OW that Chicago is ending its second year of the Century of Progress we look back over the two seasons of festivity and wonder what was the best radio story of all the world's fair radio stories we heard. We think back through dozens of yarns concerning big names and stars in search of the best anecdote of all . . . and we finally choose for that honor one which concerns people you've never heard of. But it's the most human of all the world's fair radio stories we heard during the last two years, though there have been plenty of them.

Let's break the yarn down into parts . . . just like a play. We'll have a Part I, a Part II and a Part III.

Part I—The time is forty-one years ago. The place is Chicago. The setting is the world's fair of 1893. The characters are two young guards. The fair has transformed the city into a giant carnival. People come from all over the earth, thousands of people, to see the wonders and the amusements. Hundreds of guards are necessary to keep order and to direct people through the maze of sights. Two of those guards are chaps named Smith and Noble. They are young fellows. They'd never met until the fair threw them together. They became inseparable pals. They work side by side. They share a room in a boarding house. They eat their meals together, work together, and when the day's duties are over they play together. When the fair ends the buddies must part, each going back to his own home to carry on. The farewells are fond and fraternal. Always they will be pals. Every now and then they'll manage to get together again. They'll write letters regularly.

But you know how those things go. As the years sped by they gradually drifted farther and farther apart. The letters became fewer and fewer. Finally they lost track of each other.

Part II—The time is last summer. The place is Chicago. The setting is the Century of Progress, Chicago's world's fair of 1933. The characters are world's fair officials and Frank Mullen, agricultural director of the National Broadcasting Company. Somebody thinks of a bright idea. Wouldn't it be nice to find the old guards from forty years before and bring them to the present fair? They would reminisce and compare the two fairs. Everybody agrees it would be a swell idea. But how to go about it? After all forty years is a long time and people wander and drift about. Finally they call in Mullen from NBC. He suggests they might be able to get the old guards together by announcements over the complete NBC network during the national farm and home hour period. The announcement is made. Then they get stories in newspapers all over the country. They ask



• Two ex-movie stars who now broadcast regularly from Chicago on the Columbia networks, Francis X. Bushman and the canine hero of the Rin Tin dog dramas.



# BREEZES

Latest gossip and  
news along the  
Middle West  
ether lanes

the old guards to write, also anyone and everyone who knows the present whereabouts of any of the old guards. They sit back and wonder what will happen.

Part III—The time is just one week later. The scene and characters are the same as in Part II. Three hundred and nineteen of the old guards have been located. Their letters come from thirty-six states of the Union. One lives in Alberta, Canada, another in Alaska. One letter has been kept aside. It came from one of the old timers who wanted the help of the Century of Progress officials. He wants them to try to help him locate a long lost pal, a friend from forty years before when both were guards at the 1893 fair. Yes, you've guessed it . . . the letter came from Smith. It was signed John Smith and it came from Fostoria, Ohio. John is old now, his eyesight has dimmed, his thinning hair has grayed. He lives pretty much in the past as is the wont of old people. And among his most treasured memories are those of the good old days with Noble at the 1893 fair when both were young and full of life. Will the Century of Progress officials help him locate his old pal?

Well, they don't know if they can but they are willing to try. That letter has been kept aside on the bare chance, the one in a million gamble, that Noble might also respond to the call for old guards. A day later it comes. It's Captain Noble, now, retired from the army. For twenty-five years he was commandant of Culver Military Academy. Now, in the evening of life, he lives in Shreveport, Louisiana. Noble writes to find if they can help him locate a long lost pal from the 1893 world's fair. You couldn't write this as fiction. It is too far-fetched for anything but a true story. The Century of Progress could and did—reunite the long lost pals.

\* \* \*

## FRANK BUCK, CHICAGOAN

Frank Buck, whose "Bring Them Back Alive" jungle adventures are now on the air, and Frank Bering, who is head man at the Sherman hotel in Chicago are pals of long standing.

In fact—although you may not have known it—Buck claims Chicago as his home despite Texas being his birthplace.

"There'd probably be an argument about that home thing," Buck explains. "Probably Chicago would say it was Texas and Texas would blame it on Chicago."

As a young boy he ran away from his Texas home and came to Chicago. That was in 1901. He started as a check-room boy at the old Morrison hotel . . . back in the days before quarters and dimes were placed on the counter as sacrifices to the blonde beauty of the Venuses who shame us into rebuying our chapeaux. (Continued on page 81)



● Peggy Davis, young dramatic star of the Princess Pat Players is descended from another Peggy Davis who appeared in London stage productions 200 years ago



# "OUR PUBLIC"

**O**UCH! Some of those radio announcers ought to go and stand in a corner after they hear what a part of their listening public really thinks of their pseudo Oxford accents, or slovenly diction. "Talk naturally and don't say too much" seems to be the consensus of those who have expressed themselves.

Advertisers who have too much to say about their own products, who exaggerate the values of the wares they sell on the ether are also denounced. But we asked for honest opinions, no matter how much they hurt and we're getting them by the thousands!

What do you think of RADIO BROADCASTING? How do you react to what you hear on the air? Are you satisfied with what you get and thankful for these ether entertainers or have you definite suggestions for changes and improvements? Tell us your real opinions, not only about broadcasting but about your own RADIO MIRROR. Not only do we ask for constructive criticism but we're willing to pay for it—TWENTY DOLLARS FOR THE BEST LETTER, TEN DOLLARS FOR THE SECOND BEST, AND ONE DOLLAR EACH FOR THE NEXT FIVE!

Write today to the CRITICISM EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City; letters to contain not more than 200 words and to be sent before Nov. 22.

Here are this month's SUCCESSFUL LETTERS:

## \$20.00 PRIZE

A lot of people have complained, I daresay, about slovenly or inaccurate diction on the part of radio announcers. But how many, I wonder, have ever actually tried to do something about the opposite evil—this business of affected accents, affected pronunciations and dramatic pauses the star broadcasters seem to be going in for at present. It looks to me like a case of pseudo-culture. Like a Kentuckian taking up the Harvard "a" for instance.

Last winter I tuned in on Bernard Shaw one evening. He was speaking to a sophisticated audience in New York City. His cultivated delightful voice was as clear as a bell. And as naturally musical. No studied oral effects for Mr. Shaw.

And the winter before that, listening to the Philharmonic broadcasts which to me are the greatest gift radio has to offer, I was compelled to note the difference in diction used by Olin Downes, music critic of the New York Times who was explaining the program, and his announcer, Frank Knight. Mr. Downes, a scholar and critic of long standing, spoke simply and directly and had a great deal to say. While Frank Knight unrolled one suavely polished platitude after the other off his glib oily tongue till I yearned to wring his neck across some thousand miles of ether.

MRS. RAYMOND PEARCE, New Orleans, La.

## \$10.00 PRIZE

To have my radio out of commission is "a little death."

I'm for variety—everyone's tastes differ and radio is for everyone. People should be willing to listen to the necessary advertising—often it's interesting. Long, identical perorations at beginning and end of programs are boring. Too extravagant claims bring forth, "Oh yeah?" Men advertisers are more natural; most women sound affected. I have benefited by trying many radio advertised products.

I object strenuously to this "ask your mother" business; Heaven knows children would ask for a pink elephant with a little urging. It's somewhat cheap and I think rather

antagonizes parents.

My pet peeves are unexpected blares of noise when the kids are asleep, and third-rate political speeches replacing good programs.

I love contests. They give us "dear Homemakers" a little excitement, anticipation, a chance to use our brains (?) instead of our tired hands.

Your magazine is a stand-outer; I like your including sponsors' names and your fine photography. I wish you could indicate contest programs somehow.

MRS. BEATRICE MERRICK, Springfield, Mass.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

"Our Public" broadcasting is a swell idea—like your entire magazine, in fact, and what an opportunity to tell these grudging and unappreciative persons, who raise such hullaballos over radio advertising, a thing or two.

I'm more than willing to listen a few minutes, at the beginning and ending of a program, to the advertising of a product. After all, who pays for these expensive artists that entertain and amuse us, and the time on the waves, but the manufacturer of said product?

How would you like, dear listener, to pay for your radio amusement yourself? I'd imagine there would be still more outbursts from some of you.

After all, broadcasting is expensive, and the money it takes must be made up in returns from the purchase of a product. Not that we should all rush out to buy every soap and silk—that would be beyond the wildest dream of a sponsor, but we all use some of those offered, thus making for ourselves splendid entertainment at precious little cost to our depleted pocketbooks. What say?

MRS. JOHN T. SHEWMAKE, Seattle, Wash.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

Some day, perhaps, the sponsors will awaken to the fact that brevity is the soul of advertising. Meanwhile, we need announcers with less matter and more art; announcers who can present the commercial side of the broadcast with such quiet dignity, subtlety, and charm that the transition from the sublime to the ridiculous is scarcely apparent. Milton Cross is a master par excellence of this art. Announcers who try to act "cute" (we have too many of these) have no place on any program. It is the business of the comedians to act cute—if they can!

It seems just a bit impertinent to criticize so perfect a magazine as RADIO MIRROR, but I should like to see some space devoted to the "irregulars" of the air waves; the guest artists who appear a few times each season: Mischa Levitski, Heifetz, Lucrezia Bori, Schipa. And why not reserve a corner during the winter for the broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera?

EDITH OAKLEY BAXTER, Wichita, Kansas.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

This letter is quite contrary to form for its purpose is to commend, and commend highly, the superior quality and wide variety of current radio programs. The educational world, through radio, shares with us its knowledge. Travel experiences, news-events, and questions, political, social, financial, and religious are discussed and explained for us. What more interesting or enjoyable way could we study and learn?

The entertainment world brings to radio and to us the



# BROADCASTING

best of everything it has to offer. Opera, light-opera, and musical comedy artists sing for us; masters of classical and popular music play for us; comedy teams provoke our laughter; and stage and screen present their stars in the most attractive manner they can devise.

What more could we ask for—we who have nothing more to do than choose our favorite types of programs? That we be spared a few minutes of advertising? Personally, I think that is expecting too much for nothing—and that we should be more appreciative!

EVELYN KELLY, Headland, Ala.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

The controversy on radio advertising seems to be waxing strong on the pages of my favorite radio magazine. Each writer appears to be skimming the surface according to his or her personal preferences. May I add my opinions to this most important subject of the moment?

I, too, appreciate the generosity of the sponsors for giving us their fine programs. Likewise, I feel that it remains their privilege to devote a few minutes to voicing the merits of their products. But I think I speak for the multitude when I say, "Isn't there a limit to the merits of any product regardless of its reputation?"

I am interested in a tooth paste that has proven beneficial, but I doubt the lengthy paragraph that ends thus, "guaranteed to remove film in three days, etc."

Every woman wants to use a smooth powder but the following test, as broadcast by a nationally known firm, is an insult to feminine intelligence; "and after dancing with several girls, I selected the one who used so-and-so powder, because her cheeks were that smooth, etc."

Then there is the cream that takes off ten

years in ten minutes; the cigarette that "revives" your energy; and while you are preparing "the only coffee that is fresh" you are reminded by a certain fashion reporter, that your nails must be blood red (UGH!) if you would be correctly groomed. She would convince us that her advice (plus her enunciation) is strictly Park Avenue.

BUT WE LIKE TO REMEMBER WHAT HONEST ABE LINCOLN SAID ABOUT FOOLING THE PEOPLE.

PEARL SYVERSON, San Francisco, Calif.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

Radio tries to please everyone and, as a whole, succeeds very well. The types of programs have to be diversified to satisfy all, but cannot help displeasing many, because of the differences in human natures.

I don't believe we can criticize the radio artists themselves too strongly, because they must be good to get where they are. Since individual taste so often prompts rash criticism, we should not bear down too hard on either the programs or the artists.

My real kick is in the stations themselves—not the large stations, but the ones in medium-sized towns. These local stations are privileged to carry network broadcasts and programs, yet how they abuse that privilege. They either cut in on a good orchestra, drama, or news broadcast to tell of a "wonderful bargain", or cut in to play phonograph records.

When clearer reception of a network program can be attained through a local station, that, of course is the one to be dialed; but interrupting a good program (or programs) so much that it gets monotonous, gives the station itself a "black eye".

RAY BRESNAHAN, Struthers, Ohio.

● Little Jack Little (at the piano) grown up from singing-pianist to orchestra leader, broadcasts over the CBS chain





# Dialing the

# Short waves



**W**HEREVER you turn your dial—be it in the broadcast band, the amateurs, or the short-wave foreign group—you can tune in on a law-breaker.

That's a mighty strong statement, and I wouldn't dare to make it unless I could back it up. Would you like to hear some of the evidence as to the rackets that flourish in radio, particularly those off the waves occupied by regular commercial stations?

An amateur, according to Funk & Wagnalls' dictionary, is "One who practices an art, not professionally, but for the love of it". This is the thought which the Government has had in mind ever since radio amateurs have been licensed. They know, when they apply for permits to construct their transmitters, that they are violating regulations if they send messages for pay.

And yet this practise had become so prevalent, and was cutting in so seriously on the business done by the commercial radio communications stations, that special rules have had to be passed.

The offending amateurs were sly enough, but still they were caught. This is the way in which they worked:

Smith is a business man in New York. He has a large number of dealings with Jones, who is in business in Los Angeles. Smith and Jones

find it necessary to be in constant communication. The mails are too slow, so they use the telephone and telegraph. But at the end of the month they find this is excessively expensive.

Smith gets a bright idea. Somehow he learns the name and address of a nearby amateur operator, whom he visits. They strike up a deal for the ham to handle messages for Smith and Jones, using some Los Angeles operator, with whom the New York ham is acquainted by radio, as the West Coast contact. They usually work out some simple code, so that if a government radio supervisor happens to be listening in, the commercial nature of the message won't be too obvious. And Smith and Jones pay off the amateurs with whom they work, either in cash or in tubes, condensers or other radio parts.

That was a good racket while it lasted, but it was stamped out at the latest session of the Radio Congress. Why, you may wonder, should anyone object to a system whereby the amateurs turned an honest dollar while helping business men save money?

The answer is simple: It wasn't an honest dollar. The amateurs were harming the business of regular communications companies, such as Western Union, Postal Telegraph, RCA Communications and the (Continued on page 79)



## BY GLOBE TWISTER



# We Have With Us

(Continued from page 11)

He's so funny in his own quiet way.  
9:00 P. M. WARDEN LAWES in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing." (W. R. Warner Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Expert advice on how not to meet this man.

9:00 P. M. NINO MARTINI with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

He's so romantic.

9:30 P. M. JOHN McCORMACK. (Vince Program). WJZ and associated stations.

This is another heralded and welcome return.

9:30 P. M. THE ADVENTURES OF GRACIE—Burns & Allen with Bobby Dolan's orchestra. (General Cigar Company). WABC and associated stations.

It takes a smart girl to be as dumb as our Gracie.

10:00 P. M. THE BYRD EXPEDITION BROADCAST with Mark Warnow's orchestra. (Grape Nuts). WABC and associated stations.

Thrills among the penguins.

10:00 P. M. LOMBARDO-LAND featuring Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians; Pat Barnes, master of ceremonies. (Plough, Inc.). WEA and associated stations.

Ah, Guy we've been waiting hours for this.

10:15 P. M. MME. SYLVIA IN HOLLYWOOD. (Ralston-Purina). WJZ and associated stations.

How's your silhouette?

10:30 P. M. CONOCO presents Harry Richman, Jack Denny and his orchestra and John B. Kennedy. (Continental Oil Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Broadway done up in baritone notes.

11:00 P. M. HENRY BUSSE and his orchestra from Chicago. WABC and associated stations.

Wherein we enjoy Chicago hospitality.

## THURSDAY

6:30 P. M. SPORTS PROGRAM. (Shell Eastern Petroleum). WABC and associated stations.

For the big outdoors folks.

8:00 P. M. FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees; guest artists. (Fleischmann Yeast). WEA and associated stations.

You'd think this program couldn't be improved upon, but somehow they do it.

8:00 P. M. GRITS AND GRAVY—mountaineer sketch with George Gaul, Peggy Paige and Robert Strauss; Anthony Stanford, director. WJZ and associated stations.

Life in the Ozarks.

9:00 P. M. CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Charles Winniger; Lanny Ross, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band. (Maxwell

House Coffee). WEA and associated stations.

A leisurely boat ride in charming company.

9:00 P. M. BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS. Carson Robison and his buckaroos with a dramatic cast. (Feenamint). WABC and associated stations.

Adventure with the bucking bronchos.

9:00 P. M. DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatic program with Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell, Edwin M. Whitney; John White, the Lonesome Cowboy; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

Making it exciting for the lonesome cowboys.

10:00 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL—Al Jolson, entertainer; Paul Whiteman and his orchestra and radio entertainers. (Kraft-Phoenix Cheese Corp.). WEA and associated stations.

We like Al's new style and of course are devoted to Whiteman's art.

10:00 P. M. BORDEN'S "FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD." (Borden Sales Co.). WABC and associated stations.

Microphones planted in camera land.

11:00 P. M. DON BESTOR and his Hotel Pennsylvania orchestra. WJZ and network.

He's quite a favorite now.

## FRIDAY

8:00 P. M. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Jessica Dragonette, soprano and the Cities Service Quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. WEA and associated stations.

That beautiful Dragonette voice.

8:30 P. M. TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS. (True Story Magazine). WABC and associated stations.

Real life in its most thrilling moments.

9:00 P. M. WALTZ TIME—Frank Munn, tenor; Vivienne Segal, soprano; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products). WEA and associated stations.

Dancing in the moonlight.

9:00 P. M. LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS—Phil Harris and his orchestra with Leah Ray, blues singer. (Northam Warren Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.

We do.

9:00 P. M. MARCH OF TIME—events of the day. (Time, Inc.). WABC and associated stations.

Dramatizing the things that happen.

9:30 P. M. PICK AND PAT IN ONE NIGHT STANDS—orchestra direction Joseph Bonime; guest singer. WEA and associated stations.

Some ether barnstorming.

9:30 P. M. THE ARMOUR PROGRAM featuring Phil Baker, Harry McNaugh-

ton, Mabel Albertson, Irene Beasley, blues singer, and Roy Shield's orchestra. (Armour Products). WJZ and associated stations.

Mr. Baker knows his radio technique and his humor in any medium.

9:30 P. M. "HOLLYWOOD HOTEL"—Dick Powell, Rowene Williams, Louella Parsons, movie stars and Ted Fiorito's orchestra. (Campbell Soup Co.). WABC and associated stations.

What we're all waiting for.

10:00 P. M. FIRST NIGHTER—dramatic sketch with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Compana Corp.). WEA and associated stations.

Waiting for the curtain to rise.

10:30 P. M. THE GENERAL TIRE PROGRAM with Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Frank Parker, tenor; Don Bestor's Orchestra. WEA and associated stations.

In his own way, Benny puts it across.

## SATURDAY

7:45 P. M. FLOYD GIBBONS—the headline hunter. (Johns-Manville Co.). WEA.

Can you keep up with him?

8:00 P. M. SWIFT & COMPANY—orchestra under direction of Sigmund Romberg; William Phelps, master of ceremonies and Richard Bonelli. WEA and associated stations.

If you like the better music, you'll never miss this.

8:00 P. M. ROXY'S VARIETY SHOW. (Fletcher's Castoria). WABC and associated stations.

The master showman comes back to the airwaves.

9:00 P. M. ONE MAN'S FAMILY—dramatic sketch with Anthony Smythe. WEA and associated stations.

This program seems to be more popular with each broadcast.

9:00 P. M. THE SMITH BROTHERS, Billy Hillpot and Scrappy Lambert, with Nat Shilkret's orchestra. (Smith Brothers Cough Drops). WJZ and associate.

The boys behind the beards.

9:00 P. M. GRETE STUECKGOLD with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

The cream in your coffee.

9:30 P. M. THE GIBSON FAMILY—musical comedy with Lois Bennett, Conrad Thibault; Don Voorhees, musical director. (Ivory Soap). WEA and associated stations.

Something romantic for tonight.

10:00 P. M. RAYMOND KNIGHT AND HIS CUCKOOS; Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary McCoy; Jack Arthur; The Sparklers and Robert Armbruster's orchestra. WEA and associated stations.

Crazy, but amusing.

11:30 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN'S SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY. WEA and associated stations.

Everybody's invited.



# Hot and Airy

(Continued from page 15)

long enough to get acquainted—there are arguments about headline honors.

Dave Freedman is one of the more adroit of the radio gag writers. His experience creating comedy for Eddie Cantor, George Givot, Fannie Brice and Al Jolson among many others, is the inspiration for a series of radio stories now running in a national magazine. He is also the compiler of a glossary of terms used by gagmen. Here are some of them: A "technocrat" is a great gag which cannot be fitted into a script; a "dragola" is an off-color joke; a "buffaroo" is a powerful quip almost certain to cause a belly laugh; a "weakie" is a feeble jest retained in a script until a better one is substituted; "ti ti mi tita" means a sophisticated Park avenue crack; "dynamite" is material that can't miss or possibly is dangerous; and a "hup cha de bup cha" is a sure-fire laugh provoker.

Richard Himber, who has plenty of avoirdupois, finds himself from three to five pounds lighter after a broadcast. But don't you worry, dear listener, that Dick will waste away to a skeleton if he continues as a conductor. The pounds that pass away as he performs on the podium are always restored by a good night's sleep. It is all very mysterious. Less mysterious are the 80 pounds Jacques Renard, another weighty maestro, has lost in five months by dieting. You can see they are gone permanently by merely counting his chins.

"Lazy Bill" Huggins was a life guard at Virginia Beach for three years. Between times when bathing beauties got into distress, Bill used to strum a ukulele and sing. Discovering one day that the mermaids were more interested in his songs than in being saved from the sea, Huggins decided on a career as an entertainer. Incidentally, he likes being called lazy; indeed, he holds it as a distinction. "Some of the greatest men in history were lazy," languidly observes Bill, "but I'm too lazy to look up their names!" Which is Mercury's idea of keeping strictly in character.

## THE MONITOR MAN SAYS

Sponsors despair of ever luring to a microphone O. O. McIntyre, widely syndicated newspaper columnist. In the last two months he has turned down a small fortune in offers. . . . Edward Melvin, Jr., juvenile "Dixie Circus" performer, has an interesting sideline—he designs boys' clothing. . . . Roger Wolfe Kahn, youthful millionaire maestro, is experimenting with television programs.

Ruth Etting has two whippets which are proving consistent winners at California dog tracks. . . . Jimmie Grier plays piano, violin, banjo, flute and clarinet. He can also play the sax but doesn't. Size mans!

Between night club engagements Harry Richman flew to Hollywood for a short holiday. And back came a fan-

tastic story of what happened when he went acalling on Clara Bow, once a flame of his, as you may recall. Either the night club sheik is losing his grip or the California sunshine is too much for him. Anyway when he knocked on the door of Clara's bungalow one of the "It" girl's girl friends responded.

Then, according to the story, Harry rushed through the doorway and gathered her in his arms in a bear-like hug. "Oh, Clara, you are more marvelous than ever!" he is supposed to have exclaimed as he planted right where it did the most good a great big kiss.

"Sir," shouted the lady, breaking away from his embrace, "how dare you!" And it was only then—still according to Mercury's Hollywood scout—that Richman discovered his error. Whereupon he is reported to have become so upset and mortified that he beat a hasty retreat. But not before mistaking Clara, appearing to see what all the commotion was about, for her maid!

Relief from financial troubles via the bankruptcy courts—a method popular with film folks—isn't sought much in radio circles. Perhaps it is because ether entertainers are more provident and don't find it necessary to go in for extravagant display. So when one does file a petition in bankruptcy it becomes a real item of news. All of which is introductory to recording here that Irene Taylor, under her real name of Irene Martin, acknowledges debts of \$5,938 with no assets. Of this amount \$5,450 represents commissions a firm of booking agents is trying to collect for getting engagements for Irene. The \$488 liability remaining is listed as payments due on a car.

Just because he left strict injunctions not to be disturbed under any pretext while occupied with his radio rehearsal, Al Jolson is \$30,000 poorer. His broker tried to get him on the phone at the studio to warn him certain stocks were dropping. A page boy, standing sentinel at the door, wouldn't allow the message to be delivered. A \$30,000 loss, however, doesn't spell bankruptcy to Jolson—he has got plenty. Of course, you've noticed that Jolson doesn't remain on the air more than five or six broadcasts in a row. Here's the reason as Al explained it to Mercury: "No matter how big you are, if you try to stay on week after week, year after year, people get tired of you and you go the way of all flesh. How can any one go on for 40 weeks in a row and find a good script every week?"

## STARS ARE STYLISTS

Radio stars all possess a certain special flare, known colloquially as "It." Each is distinguished by an original style, developed under various environments and influences.

Kate Smith, for instance, gives the

majority of her songs a ballad treatment. She sings each song "straight", hitting every note as it was written, never ad-libbing or improvising. Her hearty, direct style was developed during her first experiences before an audience, when she sang war time ballads to entertain soldiers in camps around Washington.

Bing Crosby, on the other hand, rarely sings a song "straight". He treats each number with different variations "swinging" a song while his accompanying orchestra carries the melody. His special style of syncopation was developed when he was one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys, where he had valuable training in ad-libbing and harmony.

Fray and Braggiotti, whose two-piano programs are distinguished from the way they "kid" the old masters, Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, by playing "Yankee Doodle" as they would play it, and by mixing classics with sophisticated arrangements of popular tunes, fell accidentally upon their amusing style. Both were serious music students in Paris, and both were a little bored with highbrowism. So they began to burlesque the highbrows, and were so successful commercially that they haven't stopped since.

Vera Van's "intimate" style of singing blues was developed when she was soloist with Gus Arnheim's band, aiming her voice softly at the ears of dancers who gathered around the bandstand. Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians reached fame partly on the strength of college medleys and glee club specialties first developed by Fred in his campus days at Penn State University.

Nino Martini, one of the few opera stars who perfectly understands microphone technique, owes his flawless tenor voice, with its depth of feeling, its lack of strain and pretention, to a life lived for music. He denies himself late hours, smoking, drinking, or anything which might be injurious to his voice. His style is youthful, unspoiled and executed with perfect technique.

Walter Winchell revived the rumor that Lanny Ross is married and contributed the additional information that he is a daddy. The bride wasn't named, so Radio Row assigned that rôle to Lanny's business manager, the personable Olive White. All parties concerned emphatically deny the story. But Olive and Lanny are terribly devoted. She even accompanies him to Hollywood where he is making a picture.

There is a new racket being played on radio celebs. A mysterious voice over the phone warns that a gang of kidnapers are plotting to do their stuff. The next day's mail brings a letter from a man offering his services as bodyguard for \$25 per diem. Few radio stars have fallen for the dodge; those frightened into hiring protection usually apply to a reliable detective agency.



# Dreams come True

for the girl with a **CAMAY COMPLEXION!**



**T**HE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE is as smooth as her skin, for the girl with a clear, fresh complexion. And the peach-bloom beauty that Camay gives the skin is the beginning of many a romance.

The Soap of Beautiful Women can improve your beauty. You'll notice the fresh glow of cleanliness it brings to your cheek. And others will say you're a lovelier woman. For the regular use of Camay on your skin helps every good point of your features.

## Win Your Daily Beauty Contest with Camay's Help!

You probably are far too modest to enter a Beauty Contest in which girls strut and

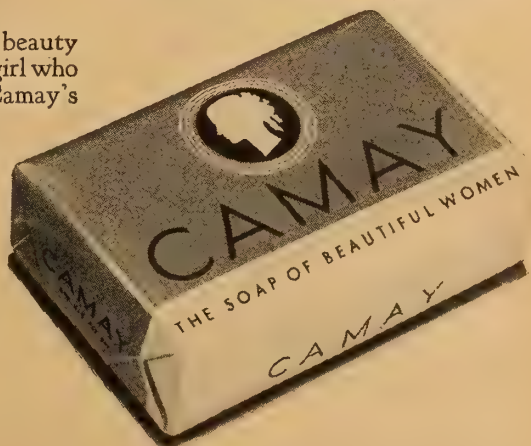
pose before "beauty judges." But in daily life, your beauty is judged whenever someone glances at you. For every day is a Beauty Contest. And compliments, admiration are awarded to the girl with a lovely Camay Complexion.

"If I had to choose only one beauty aid, it would be Camay," said a girl who attends an Eastern college. "Camay's rich fragrant lather leaves my skin so soft and refreshed."

"My skin has looked ever so much fresher since I began using this mild, pure beauty soap," said one lovely bride. Try Camay and convince yourself. It's the creamy-white

beauty soap with the delicate lather that can do wonders for your good looks! Get Camay today! It is beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, and is sealed in Cellophane.

Copyr. 1934, Procter & Gamble Co.



# CAMAY . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



READ FREE OFFER BELOW



## Glorify Your EYES

*How to give them life, mystery, charm in 40 seconds!*

"WHY didn't I try it before?" You'll say to your mirror, after beautifying your lashes with a magic touch of Winx, the super-mascara. Remember, lovely eyes are woman's greatest charm.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

For Lovely Eyes

# WINX

Darkens lashes perfectly



## FREE

Merely send

Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, RM 11  
245 W. 17th St., New York City

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

## They Sing Their Love Song Every Day

(Continued from page 23)

of love agitates their tender cardiac regions. So what more may one ask in the way of proof?

It's been that way ever since they met, nearly three years ago. In fact, there is no good reason to doubt that Ozzie was smitten at the very first sight of this Snyder lass, who has become Harriet Hilliard, the stately, slender blonde, who affects such ravishing gowns and such queenly poise. It's not difficult at all to be attracted by five feet and nearly five inches of exquisitely formed body, clad in attire such as Harriet wears with regal poise. It was up in the Glen Island Casino, on a moonlit evening, I think, when they first laid eyes on each other. It seems that Ozzie either needed a singer, or was indulging in one of those time-worn press agents stunts of holding auditions. Usually nothing ever comes of these tests, except an increased patronage in the shape of relatives of the contestants. There were plenty of amateur warblers and relatives on hand for the tests too, but Miss Hilliard, who had come from the stage, and who was then swaying gracefully among the featured pretties at the Hollywood Restaurant, barged into the scene and said:

"I WANNA be a radio singer. I hear you are looking for a girl who can sing. I can. How about giving me a break?"

"Uh-huh," said Ozzie, "I sure will. Get up there and warble."

Harriet got up and warbled while Ozzie experienced alternate chills and fever, and nearly twisted the cork handle off his baton as he listened.

Harriet not only warbled. She really sang. And it was a torrid ditty that she tossed off, but it seemed positively scorching to Ozzie.

When she stepped down, Ozzie whispered:

"P. S. You get the job."

Now, we all know that Harriet is no Galli-Curci, nor even a Virginia Rea, but when it comes to knocking over a blistering product of Tin Pan Alley, or engaging in one of those boy-and-girl talk-songs with Mr. Nelson, she is really caloric, and she was quite a help to the band, both professionally and visually. It was nice thereafter for patrons to walk into a gay night spot or a studio and gaze upon Harriet, who added color and charm to the picture, and a bit of gaiety to the music.

Ozzie thought so, and Harriet progressed to a long-term contract, with raises.

Never the twain shall part, it seems—and we all hope. They're nice kids, but they needn't be so bashful about being in love.

Harriet is a moody girl, and it's no use trying to get her to tell you about herself. They gave her, a couple of years ago, a biographical questionnaire to fill out at the NBC offices, and she skipped over most of it.

Ozzie is more talkative, except on the heart ailment business.

In fact, when Ozzie gets started you can hardly stop him. He will tell you all the ups and downs of the orchestra business—even if you are an orchestra leader yourself and know more about the racket than Ozzie has yet learned. I heard him give Jack Denny some fatherly advice one night in the Paramount Grill. But there's no denying that Ozzie is a pretty good musician at that and a lad with ideas. We should have lost an attractive radio character had he proceeded with his original design to practise law. As a matter of fact, Ozzie is actually a lawyer. Becoming one was his ambition when he started in at school. And you might say, in broad terms that Ozzie is one of those local New York boys who made good. In reality, he is a Jersey native, but that's really New York suburban. He was born in Jersey City in March 1906.

Of all things, his mother named him Oswald, because she hated nicknames, and thought that "Oswald" would flabbergast anybody who wanted to play tricks with her boy's tag. But when Ozzie got to Rutgers, he had been "Ozzie" for several years, and this Ozzie went through the University like axle grease through a tin horn and became a quarterback, starred in swimming, boxing and lacrosse. He became a pretty good pugilist; was editor of the college paper, which was supposed to be humorous, and by the time he graduated in 1927, he had organized an orchestra and changed his mind about law and briefs and habeas corpus. This despite the fact that he had pottered around the Jersey Law School for quite a time. His band sort of fascinated him and somehow it fascinated a lot of other young folks, and Ozzie developed to be quite a fellow around at the parties, and then somebody, as somebody always does, said: "Humph! Why don't you go on the radio?"

SO Ozzie dug himself up a manager and the manager managed to get him on the radio. I think it was WOR that first took a chance on him, as it did on Lopez and many others. And then, just as if you'd snap your fingers, there was Ozzie and his band tooting away at the Glen Island Casino, a joint that was swanky in those days, and which still likes good orchestras, or why does it keep Glenn Gray and the lads saxophoning around in these times? In the winter time, Ozzie got booked into the Barbison Plaza, in the Ritz Towers, etc. and one winter he went to Miami, and would you believe it, during all this time, Ozzie began thinking that maybe it wouldn't be a bad notion to get himself a sponsor or two, and snap! Just like that, Ozzie got 'em, and first thing you know he was up there with Joe Penner, another young fellow trying to get along, and, well for a few weeks, the program didn't seem so hot, so Ozzie got together with Harriet, and Harriet and he did a lot of trick singing (always with the affectionate tones



quite palpable) and away they went to hit the top rating, right beside Joe Penner, who was doing a bit of expert skyrocketing himself. And there, you have the story of what happened to Ozzie.

And what happened before all this to Harriet?

Well, as I was saying a ways back, Harriet was originally Peggy Snyder. She has been an actress, a showgirl, a ballet dancer and such. From all this you might suspect that she comes from a theatrical family. Well, I won't fool you. She does. And both she and the family met with success, even though they all started out in Des Moines, Iowa, which is quite a step from New York. Harriet's just 23, having passed that birthday on July 18th last. Her papa was a stage director, and one of his first directions was to direct Harriet to stay off the stage, but you know how it is. Really, Harriet played her first dramatic rôle at the ripe old age of six weeks when she was rolled onto the stage in a cradle to be the chee-ild in one of those snowstorm, Down East draymas. Later she played child parts, and what's odd about that, says you, since she was quite a child? I don't know, but she played 'em. But all play and no work is not so hot, and Harriet's mother up and said one day that this Peggy youngster would have to go to school and learn something besides stock company patter. So Peggy was packed off to the St. Agnes Academy in Kansas City. One of her classmates was Ramona, the piano-vocalist gal who is such a help to the Paul White-man outfit.

AT fifteen, Harriet got to twinkling her toes and became a ballet performer under the tutelage of Chester Hale. Know Chester Hale? He's the fellow who directs the Capitol ballet and sends out pretty gals in pink dresses all over the country and does very well, though I never have been able to figure out what good a ballet dancer does in the world. Harriet didn't seem to think it amounted to much either, but it built up a pretty sturdy pair of props for her, and then, when she was fed up with hops, skips and jumps, she made one last jump and got into vaudeville. A couple of times she played in acts with Bert Lahr, Ken Murray and others. Then her beauty attracted that eagle-eyed connoisseur of feminine charm, Nils T. Granlund, who was then directing the famous Hollywood Restaurant. He employed Harriet to add to the eye-falls there, and Harriet lost no time in advancing herself to the job of being a sort of cute mistress of ceremonies, and maybe Ozzie Nelson first saw her there, instead of at the Casino, as I said, and maybe he fixed it with Granlund to enter her into the audition contest, so he could employ her, but Ozzie says he didn't. But who can believe this fellow Nelson? He says he isn't married to Harriet. He says—no, he doesn't say that he doesn't love her. So, well, maybe we'd better let it go at that, but don't say I didn't give you a couple of good strong hints when some morning you pick up your newspaper and read about Mr. Nelson taking a bride.

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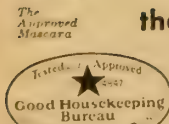


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he could get the most of for the ten cents . . . something like oatmeal. And when he had an extra nickel it didn't go for candy or anything like that. He'd buy buttered toast instead. He's never liked buttered toast since. In fact he doesn't care much about eating anyway. It's only a necessary evil. Those tough early years put lines in Wayne's face and gave him a sober and serious outlook. He's blue eyed, light haired, husky and of the outdoor bronzed athletic type. In fact he once played professional football, but now golf and the airplane are his relaxations from the saxophone.

Those early days taught him a very important lesson. To be happy you must have enough money for comfort. To be successful you must work hard, harder and better than the other fellow. Wayne saw too much suffering, failure, as a kid not to appreciate that you get from life what you give to life.

**I**N college he developed his mentality along philosophical and psychological lines. Now he applies all that. He studies his audiences. On a hot summer night he makes up a broadcast he thinks will be cooling and relaxing. His first fundamental of music is that it must be simple. It must come from the heart. It must be sincere, sweet and dreamy. It must appeal not to the highbrow but to the average person, the lithe young stenographer and the husky shipping clerk. It's an odd experience to stand backstage and watch the faces of the audience at the Aragon as Wayne works to them. The band follows his every desire almost before he expresses it. Those boys have worked together for a long time. In eight years only three have left. And not one of the three has ever been able to play as well since. Because when Wayne lays out the program and then gets in front of the boys he actually lifts their emotions out of them through their horns and pipes and drums.

The Aragon is primarily a dance hall. It's huge and magnificent but not gaudy. Wayne wouldn't play in a bizarre place. It would hurt him. Out front the kids gather around the band stand. They don't want to dance. They want to watch. With his hands he leads the band, his body swaying in rhythm, his eyes closing on soft passages, and most of the King music is soft. The kids crowd around, hundreds of them. The Aragon is mostly a kids' place, young stenographers and the like. Wayne loves and understands them. For them he would highhat the most highhat of all the highhats. To him they are the real people, the ones who have lifted him from starvation to stardom. Silk hats and ermine wraps are out of his line. The Pennsylvania Dutch stock from which he sprang was the Aragon kind, not monical and broad A people.

At the Aragon it's just a big party. It hasn't the atmosphere of a dance hall. Wayne will shake hands with a

kid out front, grin to another. The last night we were there he kidded a young girl about her red shoes.

"I know how you got that way. That's from drinking out of a mason jar down south." The girl blushes furiously. But she loved it. A chap introduced himself. "Down where I come from we get seven quarts to the acre of corn." Another chap next to him began to argue. It all goes on the WGN microphone. It's informal, happy, spontaneous. Wayne spots a girl from Jackson, Tennessee, and takes her to the mike to say hello to the folks back home. He laughs and kids with them. There's nothing bawdy about it. It's all just good clean fun.

I have seen Wayne bring tears to the eyes of those happy-go-lucky kids. I've seen him make them laugh. I've seen the same faces there before him week after week. Some of those kids haven't missed a week in four years. If illness keeps them away they explain and apologize on their return. To them it's their recreational home. He is their pal, they are his friends. But sometimes somebody makes the mistake of confusing his jolly camaraderie for something else. Some love sick girl makes a fool of herself, or some young fellow who had a couple of drinks talks out of turn. King's grin fades, turns into a deep scowl. They are taken away, their money returned and they are told not to come back. Wayne will not stand for any funny business. He doesn't do those things, no one in his band does and he won't work for such people. What's the use of trying to do the best job you can for a bunch of drunks? They wouldn't appreciate it anyway. Wayne won't even try . . . and he refuses to be a grinning ape.

**W**AYNE thoroughly enjoys his fan mail when the letters come from sincere and intelligent people. But he detests the cranks and morons. One woman keeps writing him lascivious and almost unintelligible letters. He feels rotten every time he gets one of them. They worry him and it bothers him to realize such people can be interested in him as a male instead of him as a romantic musical ideal. He doesn't know just what to do about it all. He's afraid to take any action like the police for fear the woman might commit suicide or do something equally terrible. Then he'd feel he had been to blame. And if such things ever get into the papers there's bound to be a bad after affect for Wayne. You know how prone people are to quoting something about, "Where there's smoke there must be fire."

Ten years ago he had an experience he has never forgotten. Two teen aged girls came to Chicago in search of Wayne King, their ideal man. They made such fools of themselves they finally ended up in a police station threatening to take poison. It was all finally straightened out but it left a scar on the King soul. It made him



even more cautious. It hinted toward the slime that has so often ruined public entertainers. Not that Wayne has ever done anything wrong. In all the years I've known him I'm sure he has never had an "Affair" with a woman. He rarely takes a drink. He has only the innocent bad habits of the usual male. He isn't a bad boy in any sense of the word but he realizes what can happen if some poor deluded fools of women in fogs of passion lie about him. He's afraid and he hates it.

I have never heard people say King is high hat, conceited, hard to get along with. I've known him for four years and I think I know the answer. In the first place Wayne is outspoken. He's abrupt. He says just exactly what he thinks. He loves people but not when they try to impose upon him. He won't even listen to aspiring young artists who want to know what he thinks of their work. He won't even run through the songs amateurs send him. He won't talk for publication except to very few trusted friends. He won't loan money to chiselers.

**B**UT there are very good reasons for all that. He doesn't want to hear young artists or go through their music. Because if he says they are good they may spend lots of money and time and effort in trying to get started. And his judgment may be wrong. Maybe they aren't good after all. He won't loan money any more than he'll throw money away because he's learned the value of a dollar and he's working to build up an estate for his wife and baby. He doesn't go around to night clubs because he hates the smoky air and loud, drinking crowds. He'd rather be flying through the sheer beauty of sunrise in his airplane or playing golf with chosen companions in the clean fresh air. He won't talk for publication because he isn't publicity mad. In fact he doesn't want publicity. He's much more interested in his music and having people like that than in all the stories that have ever been written. And because he is so reticent and abrupt with writers many have slandered him in a fit of personal pique and lied about him to make a story they can print even though he said nothing at all.

He recently spent several weeks in California on a vacation. And was amused to have a West Coast scribe write that he wasn't in California, couldn't have been because the West Coast reporters are so on their toes that even Dillinger couldn't get into town without their knowing it. Nevertheless he was there for several weeks. But he wasn't looking for publicity. He doesn't try to push himself. He detests the theatrical type of person who always seeks the spotlight, and although he is a professional entertainer he still insists he has a right to a personal life of his own.

Wayne never listens to any other orchestras on the radio. You might think it would be a good thing to listen to all of them so that you could know what the competition is doing. But that's the best way in the world to lose your in-

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dividuality Wayne thinks. One time when he was in New York King went over to hear Guy Lombardo's orchestra. He was particularly impressed with one new number the Lombardo men did. He liked the little saxophone runs as they did them. But of course he forgot all about it when he got back to Chicago a few days later. Not long afterwards Wayne got his copy of that same tune he heard Lombardo do. Now he remembered there was something familiar about it. But if you go over hundreds of new songs a week you could hardly be expected to remember. Once more Wayne liked that tune, had his boys rehearse and then, thinking it was his own idea, had his boys insert those same little saxophone trills he'd heard Lombardo add to the number. It never occurred to Wayne he'd stolen somebody's else idea until he happened to hear a record of that tune done by the Lombardos months later. Wayne was suddenly ashamed of himself. His band has never played the number since. And that's why he refuses to listen to other bands. He wants his music to be distinctly Wayne King. He doesn't want his style diluted with other people's ideas.

**H**E married Dorothy Janis, who was then a rising young film star, in March 21, 1932. You may remember Dorothy as "Tito" in "The Pagan" with Ramon Navarro. For months before that Wayne's name had been linked with various stars, including Jean Harlow and Miss Janis. But always he indignantly denied any romantic interest. He wanted his private affairs to be kept private. On the marriage certificate Mrs. King gave her name as Dorothy Jones, 21 years old, and the bridegroom was listed as Harold Wayne King, 31 years old. A princess was born

to the Kings August 22, 1933.

When "mamma" calls, business is off until they visit and talk about the child. Just now they've been having a grand time preparing for the little girl's first birthday. But he wouldn't tell a reporter about that any more than he did about his marriage or about the birth of the child. To him those things are his own personal private business and if he can he's going to keep them so. And Mrs. King, is just as set on a private home life as he is. To them his music is a business. He has a book-keeper and an office. But just like any other business man he wants a chance to relax from it and be himself . . . and be with his family in privacy not a public gold fish bowl.

He shies at having stories written and pictures printed for another reason. Probably not one percent of the country's Wayne King fans have ever seen him. And yet in their own minds they have built a romantic picture of him. They know how he should look and act and dress and be. If you, as a layman, have ever had the misfortune of meeting on intimate personal grounds your favorite entertainer you'll know what he means . . . you'll know how disappointed you were to find that the artist you'd glorified in your dreams is just another guy or gal like the rest of us. The Chicago Theatre has offered Wayne \$10,000 for a week's work. A theatre circuit wants him to play fifty-two straight weeks on the road. But he doesn't want to. He knows that of every hundred new people who see him in person at least seventy-five of them are going to be disappointed in the man Wayne King as compared to their ideal and imaginary Wayne King. And although he'll make money if he goes to those jobs he knows he'll lose something very precious.

## When I Was In Jail

(Continued from page 35)

walked away with a pair of silken hose. Just as I was hiding the hose in my handbag, the store detective collared me and with a villainous hiss, "Now I've got you!", brought me to the manager's office as the flashlight bulbs of the photographers began to pop. There was a short scene enacted in the manager's office (for the benefit of the press, of course) and then two big burly policemen came in and escorted me to the street. By this time, quite a crowd had collected in front of the store and there was a great ado by the spectators. Just as I was being ushered into the Black Maria, two stalwart cowboys pushed through the crowd and wanted to know what all the "shooting was about." A bystander told them that some girl had been arrested for stealing a pair of stockings, which made the cowpunchers very indignant. They couldn't understand all this commotion over a measly pair of hose, and as the police wagon drove off, they shouted after me—

"Cheer up sister! we're coming down to that jail house, pay your fine and if that doesn't work, we'll git ye out anyway."

When I arrived at the police station, I was arraigned, finger-printed and then placed in a cell. (And the photographers were still on my trail!) That cell! Never shall I forget it! Of course it was all part of the game but I really didn't reckon on such a dungeon, and yet the photographers wanted to "shoot" me looking from behind the bars.

Then came the escape! Aided and abetted by the leading man and cheered by the spectators, who were milling around the front of the jail, we dashed down the steps of San Antonio's main Bastille, my actor-hero holding about forty "leven policemen at bay with a prop pistol that probably hadn't been fired since the battle of Shiloh.

**W**ELL, the show was over. That night the theatre was packed to capacity. Many had to be turned away. And right down in front were my two knight-errants, the cowboys! I think the show that they put on was infinitely more entertaining than the one we gave on the other side of the footlights. They bellowed advice, encouragement, de-



fiance and moaned quite audibly when things were going against me. As the play proceeded, they would lean forward and shout—

"Now, watch your step, Sister, this critter is a dirty villain."

When the final curtain fell, and I was triumphant, I saw them mopping their red faces and greatly exultant that I had come into my own and that "all was right with the world."

So you see, dear readers, it was all for the cause of SUCCESS that I went to jail.

I started my career right after leaving Vassar and my cousin, Elbert Hubbard aided me in landing my first part. I started with maid parts, worked up through comics and sweet ingenues to leading lady. Since then I've played all sorts of women, from Portia to Sadie Thompson.

It was about two years ago that "Uncle Matt" of "Real Folks" got me my first radio job.

I have been on the Maxwell House Showboat program for the past year and a half, portraying the rôle of "Maria." I was cast as mistress of ceremonies on "Maria's Matinée." Up to this writing, I believe I have been the only mistress of ceremonies on the air, and I enjoyed every minute of it, because of the genuine spontaneous response of the listeners.

It's grand to work with such troupers as Charlie Winninger, who portrays Cap'n Henry. Every once in a while, when I am facing him, I think of how we've both "trod the boards." Charlie, as you know, has been on the legitimate stage for many years.

I also get an especially big kick out of mothering Rosaline Greene, who is the talking Mary Lou on the Showboat, and wholesome Lanny Ross. I am genuinely devoted to everyone on Showboat and in all this time there hasn't been one discordant note, and knowing theatrical and radio people as I do, that's a record.

**I** ALSO claim the distinction of being one of the very few people—man, woman or child, who has actually finished "Anthony Adverse." The only trouble I had while reading it was that I found it hard to support on my knee. My son and I had so many arguments over it that it took three months for me to finish it.

My husband is also an actor and has done considerable radio work. My son is twenty years old and is an inventor and also shows great promise of some day becoming a good cartoonist.

My fan mail comes from all races and creeds. I received a letter from a colored boy the other day, who told how he supported his family, was 21 and worked as valet, houseman, etc. He said he wrote to me because of my "sweet voice." I am proud to say that I make it an especial point to answer every letter that is written to me.

My ambition for the future is to have a home in the Carolinas with one cow, three horses, one cat, one dog and a flock of white leghorns. However, right now, my efforts are centered in radio and I am very happy in my work.



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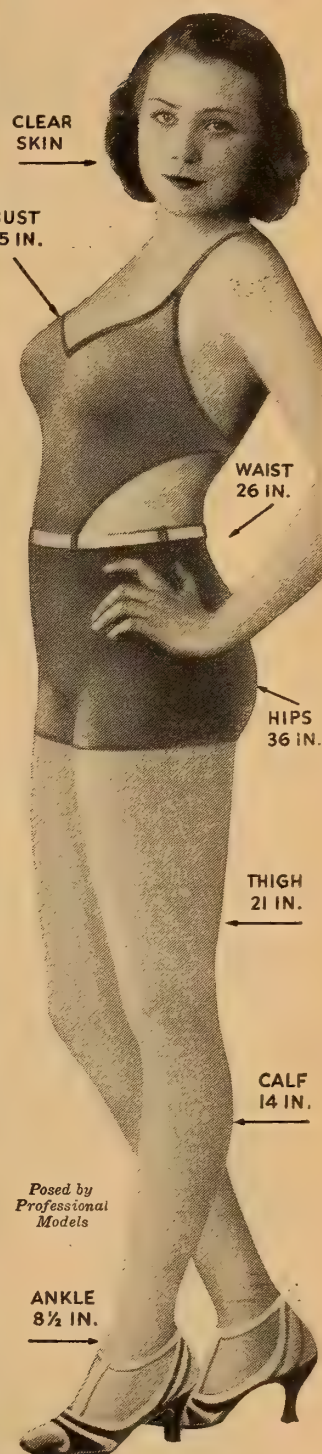
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# The Beautiful Stooze

(Continued from page 28)

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"The audition is at eight o'clock. That only gives us four hours for rehearsal and I don't even know if she is any good."

"I heard her on the 'phone," Miss Gordon said, thoughtfully. "She sounded enough like Margy Wayne to be her sister. A marvelous voice and she said she'd had comedy and radio experience—frankly, I'd take a chance on her."

"But suppose she isn't any good," Toby objected.

Mason had been listening with interest to the conversation.

"It's none of my business," he said. "But Miss Gordon here knows more about good radio voices than anyone in the studios. If she says this girl is good, I'd take a chance on her and I don't think it would be such a big chance."

"What's her name?" Toby asked the casting woman.

"Smith, I think she said," Miss Gordon answered. "She didn't give her first name. Frankly, her voice interested me so much I forgot about getting her address and telephone number. I certainly slipped up there."

"First time I ever saw you so keen about a voice, Gordy," Mason commented.

"**S**HE'S great—at least—her voice is," Miss Gordon said enthusiastically. "Probably looks like Tenth Avenue during a spring thaw," Toby remarked. "Well, it doesn't matter on the air," the professor reminded him.

"I'll risk it," said Toby suddenly. There wasn't anything else to do.

Toby, the professor and David Mason were in their studio promptly at four the next afternoon. The orchestra would not be in for several hours but they realized there would not be any too much time available to break in the candidate for the job.

Fifteen minutes after four o'clock a tall and pretty blonde strolled into the studio.

Toby, David and the professor spoke as one.

"Miss Smith?"

The blonde girl smiled and said that she was Miss Smith.

There wasn't any time to waste and Toby went into a brief explanation of what was wanted.

Then he gave Miss Smith a script and they read through their lines. The announcer listened and watched the mysterious Miss Smith curiously. She didn't read like a trained radio performer.

Toby wasn't quite so worried. His experience in vaudeville and in one musical comedy had taught him that many of the best actors and actresses read very badly the first time.

At the second reading, this time with microphone, Miss Smith showed little improvement. Mason thought to himself that she read like a rank amateur but said nothing. Toby was patient and continued to coach his new stooze.

Two more readings and Miss Smith was little better. Toby, Mason and the professor held a brief conference when Miss Smith went out to make a phone call.

"She doesn't know a thing about mike technique," Mason declared.

"She's just plain lousy," Toby said. "Your Miss Gordon is certainly a swell picker."

"Too late now to do anything about it. We audition in less than two hours," the professor said. "Perhaps if we keep on working, she'll grasp the idea."

Miss Smith returned and the rehearsals continued, this time with the orchestra. Even the stimulus of the music failed to help the terrible reading of the blonde girl. She just wasn't good.

Less than an hour remained before the audition. Toby was weary; so weary he didn't care what happened. He knew that his radio career would probably come to an abrupt end within a few hours and that there weren't enough explanations to account for a stooze with such an outstanding lack of ability as Miss Smith.

The professor sat hunched up in a corner and said nothing. He wished he had been telling Margy the truth when he said he had his old job waiting for him. As a matter of fact, he'd be jobless with Toby.

When Miss Smith said that she couldn't do another thing unless she had something to eat, Toby didn't even comment on the foolishness of food before an important program. He just nodded his head and the blonde girl made her exit.

"Sunk! Sunk completely!" said Toby. "We'll go through with it because there's nothing else to do."

"Think she'll remember to come back from dinner?" Mason asked.

"Probably," Toby said. "We won't be lucky enough to have her run over by a taxi. And that's the only explanation that would get us out of this mess."

"She'll have to hurry, then," Mason said. "Look at the time."

It was seven thirty.

"**A**UDITION in thirty minutes," said Toby.

"Waterloo in thirty minutes," said the professor pessimistically.

"Hell," said David Mason, simply.

The studio door swung open. The three men looked up. Margy Wayne took two steps into the studio, paused and smiled charmingly at them.

The professor was the first to speak. "It's an illusion," he said. "Just a mirage in the desert of mediocrity."

Toby spoke next. "Hello Toots," he said. It was the only thing he could think of.

"Mrs. Toots to you," said Margy with a mock frown. "Where is my script?"

"You... you're going to work!" "Certainly," said Margy. "How did my understudy do?"

"Who?" Toby asked.

"June Hillebrand. My room mate.



She came down to go through the script and keep you from getting worried until I got here," Margy said, apparently quite serious.

"There was a Miss Smith—" Toby began.

"Oh yes," said Margy lightly. "That's her professional name. Miss Smith. Didn't she tell you I'd be here?"

"NO," said the professor.

"Strange. She must have forgotten. Oh. We audition in thirty minutes. Just time for a dress rehearsal. Let's go. I've been working on my lines all day. It's a grand script, prof. Just wait until I get going."

It was a grand script. And Margy got going. And then the audition. You can sort of tell about auditions by looking at the musicians. This one was very good.

Toby, Margy, the professor and Mason paced up and down the corridor. Suddenly Margy stopped.

"Listen, you two men," she said addressing Toby and the professor. "I want to play a game!"

"Huh?" said Toby, who didn't have games on his mind.

"It's called 'Truths' said Margy. "I'm going to ask some questions and you've just got to give truthful answers."

"Shoot," said Toby.

The professor looked worried and David Mason looked interested.

"Toby," said Margy, "are you in love with me?"

"Darling," said Toby, "I'm crazy about you!"

"Are you in love with me? Toby, do you want to marry me?"

"Sure. Let's get a license."

"Truth, Toby!"

"Alright—not that way, Toots."

"I didn't think so!" she turned to the professor.

"Prof. Are you in love with me?"

"My dear, you have my whole adoration."

"I read the lines you write pretty well, don't I?" Margy asked.

"You're marvellous."

"Do you want to marry me, professor? Truth, now!"

"Why—why—no, I hadn't thought of it."

"Grand," Margy explained. "Now, I'll let you in on a secret. Shall we tell them, David?"

The announcer blushed.

"Might as well know, I guess," he muttered.

"David and I," said Margy rather proudly, "are engaged. We're going to be married."

All the congratulations were interrupted by a page boy.

"They want you up in the clients' room, Mr. Malone," he said to Toby. "And, don't tell nobody I told you, it's in the bag. The client says he'll take you on one condition—that you'll sign a contract for fifty-two weeks!"

Mason might have been excused for suddenly kissing Margy but there was no excuse for the wild embrace that Toby gave the professor.

The End

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## In the Stars' Kitchens

(Continued from page 51)

Mix dry ingredients thoroughly; add molasses to milk, add to dry ingredients; beat well and put into greased molds  $\frac{2}{3}$  full. Bake in moderate oven, (400° F.) until top is dry.

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
3 cups milk  
1 egg  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla

Sweets are a weakness with Priscilla Lane, whose charming voice you have heard many times with Fred Waring, and she brings her fans Corn-starch Pudding for November.

**CORN-STARCH PUDDING**  
5 tablespoons cornstarch

Mix cornstarch, sugar and salt with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk which has been scalded, cook in a double boiler for 20 minutes, until thickened, stirring constantly. Beat the egg and cook a few minutes. Add vanilla, and pour into molds. Allow to cool.

## "Howdy Folks"

(Continued from page 35)

"A strange thing, too, about radio writers. I don't suppose there's a sane human being in the land who would think of deliberately tossing away a slogan like "Good to the Last Drop". Now in my broadcasts, there are certain phrases that, through repetition, have become associated with the character I portray, and with the hour I represent. Well, sir, believe it or not, every now and then someone tries to improve things by throwing those familiar, and I believe, beloved phrases right out the window.

"I don't say I'd be crazy about doing the same character the rest of my life, but now that it is established I'm not going to lose its identity. What I'd like to do would be to present a series of plays in thirteen episodes, to establish a repertoire and become known on the air as I am in the theatre as a versatile delineator of character. I'd like to do "The Music Master", that Belasco classic, and follow it with "Rip Van Winkle." There are a couple of Richard Mansfield's vehicles that would be pretty nearly perfect as radio plays, and—oh, there is no end to the possibilities!

**B**UT, don't mistake me. They'll never be successful in boiling down a play to tabloid form. Too much is missing. All the color and life and suspense, all the drama is lost when a plot is presented in its bare essentials. I've heard a couple of attempts recently, and it was painful to hear hit shows, every line of which was familiar to me, mutilated, murdered and massacred as they were.

"Of course, radio is dear to me. It's a marvellous medium, and a fascinating one in which to work. But, I suppose, once an actor, always an actor. To me there's nothing like the theatre. I'm planning a play right now. This working by the stop-watch has its limitations. Sometimes they're a little irksome, too. I try not to let them ruffle me, though. One time there was a lot of arm-waving in the studio, and I judged from the face-making and other evidence of excitement that the show was a minute or so over-time, and they wanted me to cut the continuity. I didn't, though. I cut the commercial instead!"

Up until that last line Mr. Winninger had been dreadfully serious. Even to the point where the broad brow was wrinkled under the intensity of his mood. But now the smile broke through, the light blue eyes sparkled wickedly as those of a youngster who has outwitted Teacher. The big executive was gone, and the transition brought back the beloved Charlie Winninger as a sort of Foxy Grandpa, prematurely juvenile.

Of course he's an actor! Is, always was, always will be! Golly, that goes back to the days when papa Franz Winninger and his Austrian wife toured the West under canvas. The name of the act was "Winninger Family Novelities", and the troupe consisted of Ma and Pa and the six little Winningers of assorted sizes and sexes. There were five boys and a girl, and Charlie was born in a Lincoln-like log cabin that may still be standing in the environs of Black Creek, in the more or less sovereign state of Wisconsin.

Charlie served his apprenticeship as a singer, a hooper, an acrobat, a monologist. He was a seasoned troupier when Hector was a pup. More specifically, he was an old established firm in show business when Will Rogers made his theatric maiden bow. The "Show Boat" of stage, screen and radio, is not the only one on which Cap'n Henry, alias Andy Hawks, has cruised. No, siree! At sixteen he forsook the ten-twenty-three legit to sail the muddy Mississipp' on the good ship "Cotton Blossom", and he stayed with her while she tied up at the levee of every town along the river's length.

Those, if you like, were the good ol' days! And even then, as now, Charlie Winninger, of the Family Novelities, had his side-line. He carried a baseball team along with the show, and won with suspicious regularity from the nines composed of the local yokels along the route. The reason isn't difficult. On Charlie's team were several professional players, outlawed from both majors and minors, but with an eye on the ball, a hop on the fast one, and an all-inclusive fielding mitt! Victories became so monotonous that finally the team disbanded.

To Charlie, too, goes credit for one of the first of the beauty contests, now



famous from Maine to California, and especially at Atlantic City. This time the winsome Winninger was on tour with a medicine show, purifying local bloods with "Dr. Reichter's Teutonia." With the crowds gathered for songs, dances and witty sayings, Charlie would arouse the interest of the beaux and belles with his announcement of a contest to choose a fairest flower of the Southland. One bottle of the good, old Doc's reliable cure-all, meant one vote for the village siren. And, gosh, how the money poured in!

**AND** speaking of cures in the corn-belt, best set down for the record that this same austere gentleman hurled some of the first custard pies known to history. 'Way back yonder in the "Naughty Nineties," those far-famed exponents of the drama, Messrs. Weber and Fields had a divertissement titled "The Corn Curers," and in this aesthetically named offering, Mr. Winninger hurled creamy confections with deadly and uproariously hilarious precision.

But, after all, we mustn't blame it all on "Andy." He was just a chip off the old block, for Father Franz, who wanted his son Charlie to be a padre, was the discoverer of the late hand-cuff king, Harry Houdini, and it is still rumored down Appleton, Wisconsin, way that Franz was a party to that little publicity stunt when Harry opened up the jail and the prisoners forgot to remember to come back!

All this is "only the beginning, folks," as Cap'n Henry says. These were the Winninger wild oats, sown in the first flush of that youth so speedily following his birth on a May day, the twenty-eighth to be precise, in 1884. After he married Blanche Ring, whom you remember had "rings on her fingers, bells on her toes, elephants to ride on," Charlie settled down to the serious business of "The Wall Street Girl" and "Claudia Smiles." Then he and Blanche played vaudeville dates until they tired of 'em, and Charlie gave an unforgettable impersonation of Leo Ditrichstein, the day's great lover. He played in "Friendly Enemies," in any number of "Follies" shows. He trouped for two straight years in "No, No, Nanette," with Beatrice Lillie in "Oh, Please!", in a Prohibition satire, "Light Wines and Beers," a piece called "The Broadway Whirl," and countless others.

Yet, when Charlie first invaded Broadway, the celebrated and sarcastic critic, Alan Dale, wrote in his paper a mention of the Winninger histrionics, saying, "something with a German accent came on the stage!" But in spite of such an inauspicious start the boy from Black Creek, suburb of that thriving center of metropolitan art and letters, Green Bay, Wisconsin, delivered the well-known goods to the paying guests of theatre, screen and radio. So, you see, neither you, nor Alan Dale, can always tell.

**AND** for that German accent, Mr. Winninger can still turn it on as occasion requires, and he continues to hold fast to the idea that a lovable, ac-

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centful old German character would find a place in the hearts of the radio public as it never failed to do in the theatre of twenty years ago.

Perhaps the engagement standing out most prominently in the Winninger memory is that of the "Follies" in 1920. The cast assembled for that show, he believes, remains without equal. And in scanning a time-worn program, maybe you'll agree. The list is studded with names. Besides that of Winninger, himself, the line-up of that show included Fanny Brice, W. C. Fields, Jack Donahue, Moran and Mack, Van and Schenck, Bernard Granville, John Steele, and others who have passed to greater fame—either here, or There. Victor Herbert wrote the score, and to make it perfect, Irving Berlin the words.

Since those days, Mr. Winninger has trouped before Presidents, including President Roosevelt, and has topped all his previous efforts in the character

which he created in the Ziegfeld-Jerome Kern "Show Boat" brought to life in the theatre from the pages of Edna Ferber's book. Just as Joe Jefferson remained "Rip Van Winkle," and Frank Bacon was ever "Lightnin'", so, no matter what future triumphs await him, adoring millions will identify Charles Winninger as the idolized "Cap'n" of the "Show Boat." And smile always as they so recall him.

When Opportunity rapped lightly upon the door of the Cap'n's cabin on the Show Boat, he was on hand to extend a true Winninger welcome. He has established himself as a star in three different entertainment mediums. At fifty his future is more brilliant than the gilded past of which most of his contemporaries reminisce. And don't forget, "this is only the beginning folks." Like the horseless carriage, Charles Winninger is here to stay! That, at least, is something for which we may all be thankful.

## Cinderella's Boy Friend

(Continued from page 25)

labor. His strong, square looking hands bear testimony to his early working efforts.

When Dick was ready for college he enrolled in the Little Rock Institute of learning, played with the college band and still continued to sing. He only lasted through his freshman year and went to work for the telephone company in the school town. His task was collecting nickels out of pay-station phones. During this period of his regular employment, at the age of twenty he fell in love and married the girl. It wasn't one of those big loves of a lifetime that he sings about now, and after a short period of matrimonial experience he went back to live under the family roof.

He may not have had what might be called a broken heart but he could sing about such things with enough conviction to get himself a job with a travelling orchestra. His forte in those days was a collection of ballads, dripping with sentimentality. Kentucky went for that type of lyric torch carrying so Dick was signed up for a new hotel in Louisville. He added more popular types of Tin Pan Alley output to his repertoire and drew a salary of six months but he met with hard luck when he again went on an orchestral tour and lived for a whole summer in dribbles of compensation and the meager advances of various pawn brokers to whom he handed fountain pens, cuff buttons and even his musical instruments when he got so hungry he had to eat.

An opportunity to hang up his hat again in a regular room came in Indianapolis and Dick joined up with Charley Davis. Dick had to learn banjo-playing for this engagement that alternated between a small theater and a night club. The routine was so strenuous Dick decided he wanted a try at vaudeville so he engaged a piano

player and hid himself to Chicago and fame. Chicago couldn't see him at all so Dick shook off the hard luck, withdrew his savings from the bank and went to Florida in time to witness the collapse of the big boom. Needless to say he didn't get any work there so he rode all the way back to Indianapolis in a day coach and was pretty hungry by the time he arrived, having had no funds to explore the pleasures of the dining car.

CHARLEY DAVIS gave him back his job and when the Davis boys were engaged for the big Indiana Theater there, Dick's stock went up. Another theater in the town offered Dick a job as master of ceremonies, which he held for sixteen weeks moving on to Pittsburgh where he learned the technique of serenading patrons with the aid of a short megaphone. The Smoky City was good luck for Powell. He was established in the Stanley Theater when a Warner Brothers' scout arranged for a screen test and gave him a Hollywood contract. His first role was the crooner in "Blessed Event", followed by such pictures as "42nd Street", "Gold Diggers of 1933", "Convention City", "20 Million Sweethearts", "Dames", "Happiness Ahead" and most recently "Flirtation Walk".

Dick likes "42nd Street" best. He likes acting, enjoys his radio work thoroughly but his real ambition is to be a flyer. The "Old Gold" hour brought him his first microphone opportunities as master of ceremonies but now that he's signed for "Hollywood Hotel" he has a real chance for a radio career as the central figure of an expensive program built around him.

While his first success came through his amazing appeal to the younger generation his air efforts have widened that appeal to encompass all ages and all types of listeners. He's just as popular



in Hollywood with the pretty young ingenues as he is with his public. He lives well, though he isn't extravagant as he learned enough in those early years to save for the "rainy day". So far, he's glad to state there's not even a sign of the rain clouds. He plays every instrument used in an orchestra, except the violin and piano. He buys all his clothes in New York but would rather live in California than any place else. His hobbies are horseback riding and swimming and he's considered one of the best contract bridge players among the amateurs on the west coast.

He eats what he wants but his favorite dish is ham and eggs. He's not one of those bachelors who likes to putter around in his own kitchen at midnight. He'd rather have somebody else get things ready for him. He works hard, though he thoroughly enjoys recreation but now, what with his big radio contract and his picture activities he won't have much leisure time on his hands.

He isn't unusually handsome, he's not a genius at any instrument he plays, his voice is pleasing but it's a certain enthusiastic personality that really puts him across. And now he finds himself in the company of a talented group of artists whose hour of entertainment every Friday night looms up as one of the most promising and important broadcast programs yet attempted on the Columbia system.

## He Plants Stars in the Ether Sky

(Continued from page 37)

Mildred Bailey, who rose to fame as the Rockin' Chair lady and then lost out when she came to blows with Columbia, was another Whiteman discovery. It was, as you might guess, her brother, Al Rinker, who sang her praises continually. When the Columbia Recording Company made a test record of Mildred's voice, Mildred's brother played it for Paul Whiteman.

"YOU'RE right," Paul Whiteman said, "she is pretty wonderful."

When the band came to Hollywood, Mildred gave a little party for the Rhythm Boys. Her brother was playing and she was singing a song to entertain the crowd, when at midnight Paul Whiteman burst in.

"Come down to Universal Studio tomorrow," he commanded. "I'm making 'The King of Jazz' there and broadcasting from the studio. I want you to take an audition for the Old Gold program."

She took the audition next day, and as a singer with Paul Whiteman's orchestra she attracted national attention. "Is it true," I asked Paul Whiteman, "that you and Mildred Bailey had a feud?"

"No," he told me. "I didn't feud with her, but she feuded with me. She didn't achieve success at first, but when she did, she demanded \$2000 a week. 'Two thousand dollars a week!' I told her. 'I can't possibly pay you that much. I'll tell you what. You pay

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me two thousand a week, and I'll lead my band for you."

Mildred Bailey afterwards got an important sustaining spot with the Columbia Broadcasting System. On Radio Row the gossip is that the excessive salary demands which ended her career with Whiteman's band eventually ended her career with the Columbia network.

On the other hand, Lee Wiley's career, which had shot into the radio sky like a comet, looked as if it were ended forever when her program with Pond's ended. Just when everyone thought that Lee Wiley was washed up, Paul Whiteman decided to put the lovely blues singer on his program. On the Pond program she had too many songs to sing, he decided; she would be more effective if she weren't asked to do so much singing on a program. So it has proved.

Lennie Hayton, the orchestra leader, is one of Paul Whiteman's favorites.

"He is one of the shyest, most modest people in the world," Whiteman told me. "I found Lennie playing with Hal Kemp in the basement of the Taft. While he was with me I made him conduct the orchestra. He has a genuine talent for it, but he hated to do it, both because of his natural reserve and because many of the men in the orchestra were older than he. But I bullied him into it. 'You won't get any place just playing the piano,' I told him."

**THAT'S** one of Paul Whiteman's most uncanny abilities—discovering people's hidden talents and getting them to make use of those talents. So many people go through life, you know, dreaming of that great novel they'd like to write or that great symphony they'd like to compose. Usually the dream never takes on the tangible shape of reality, and the dreamer remains all his life a hard-working newspaper hack or a denizen of Tin Pan Alley, grinding out cheap tunes.

It's different, though, with those whom Paul Whiteman discovers. Some quality of greatness about the man seems to bring out the innate hidden abilities of those who are fortunate enough to know him. He knows when to encourage, when to discourage composers and singers.

I doubt whether the complete story of how George Gershwin came to write the "Rhapsody in Blue" has ever been told before. In 1916 George Gershwin was a fifteen dollar a week piano player for the Remick music house. He had also composed a hot number called "When You Want 'Em You Can't Get 'Em, When You've Got 'Em You Don't Want 'Em." In the next seven or eight years he wrote a number of popular pieces, but no one dreamed that this fellow was marked for immortality. Not even Paul Whiteman, I daresay.

For a long time Paul Whiteman had dreamed of giving a jazz concert with George Gershwin. A jazz concert on the classical-concert stage of Carnegie Hall!

"Don't do it," Paul Whiteman's friends advised feelingly. "You're getting along pretty well, Paul, with your dance music. But if you try this hare-

brained scheme, you'll be a laughing stock all over the country."

Still Paul Whiteman clung to his dream and still he continued to talk to Gershwin of that great jazz concert they were going to give some day. The whole idea might have ended in talk but for one thing. One day he heard that some one else was planning to give a similar concert. Before the other producer could announce it, Paul Whiteman came out with his announcement. George Gershwin, he said, would write a concerto especially for the occasion.

Now he was in a hole, for sure! He told Gershwin that he simply had to write that concerto. And Gershwin wrote it, wrote the "Rhapsody in Blue"—in twenty days.

In its original form, "Rhapsody in Blue" was arranged only for the piano. Ferde Grofe, Whiteman's arranger, coaxed Gershwin to insert a melody Gershwin had been saving for a musical show.

The "Rhapsody in Blue" was the sensation of the concert and made Gershwin the most talked-of composer in America. It has been played by every important symphony orchestra in the world.

Paul Whiteman also discovered Jack Fulton, the Dorsey Boys, Ramona, Peggy Healy, the eighteen-year-old ingenue who never had a singing lesson in her life, and any number of others. He has gone in for the discovery of new talent in a magnificent way and on a magnificent scale. His so-called "Youth of America" movement has simply been a quest for new talent. In a year he heard 17,000 singers.

He got Jane Froman her chance to appear over the air on the Florsheim hour. At one time he tried to persuade Jane to make personal appearances. He thought that she was so lovely that it was a shame for her simply to sing over the air. But at the time she was scared to death to make personal appearances. No matter how much he argued, Jane was firm.

**E**VENTUALLY, however, Jane must have overcome her nervous fear of audiences, for she appeared last season in The Follies, with her husband, Don Ross.

Paul Whiteman's latest discovery is Helen Jepson. The day Paul Whiteman heard her sing, fame touched Helen with her wand.

Paul knew Helen Jepson's husband, George Poselle, a flute player with his band. George often raved about his wife's singing, but Paul put it down to husbandly exaggeration. He knew from George that Helen was studying hard, but then so were thousands of other young women. But one day he consented to hear her sing, and then he knew he had a find. She sang just a small part the first time she appeared on his program, but at once letters and telegrams about her voice began pouring in. Shortly afterward a columnist predicted that she would achieve national fame within a week. And as he predicted, so it happened. The Metropolitan Opera Company offered Helen a contract, and told her that the reason for the contract was her work



on Paul Whiteman's hour. Now she sings on it regularly. She is the second radio singer to be offered a chance to sing in opera—Nino Martini having won that distinction before her. It is an old story, of course, for opera singers to be given lucrative radio contracts, but it is only recently that radio has attained sufficient dignity so that opera can find its new stars in the radio firmament.

I asked Paul Whiteman which of the members of his band today he thought were the future stars of radio.

"Helen Jepson," he said, "Johnny Mercer and Ramona.

"Helen Jepson is marvellous. I have never heard a soprano like her. Her diction is perfect. She sings words as if she meant them. Her singing has such warmth.

"Johnny Mercer will be good. He'll be a star not merely because of his singing but also because of his personality. There's something about his personality that clicks, even over the air.

**I** THINK Ramona is headed for the heights. I've been offered \$750 a week for her to appear on a program, which shows you that girl is going places. It's hard to tell whether she's a better blues singer or a better piano player. Either way, she makes a hit with the crowd. But the real reason I think she's going places is because she has sense, and that's something that will get you ahead, even in the crazy world of show business."

Everyone is wondering who the air stars of the future will be, who will take the place of the Jessels and the Cantors and the Jack Pearls when their day is no more. My prediction is that at least a few of the great stars of the future will be found right in Paul Whiteman's band, where Bing Crosby, Morton Downey, Mildred Bailey and so many others got their start.

## Now You Can Laugh With Walter O'Keefe

(Continued from page 21)

reputation as the college poet, and upon graduation was accorded the honor of delivering the class poem. With the rhyme completed, he hopped one of those break-neck interurban cars and got himself a job selling advertising for the Fort Wayne "News-Sentinel." It wasn't precisely for this that he had burned that midnight oil at Notre Dame. But a job's a job. And those morning ham 'n' eggs have always looked good to O'Keefe.

About this time Walter had an awfully close call. He darned near became a newspaper Colymnist—the Winchell of Fort Wayne. But he sensed the danger in time, and made a quick shift to outdoor advertising. From that he followed the trail so frequently blazed by newspaper men, and became a publicity agent. For two years he made America conscious of whatever product passed him the pay-check of the moment. Then, suddenly, swiftly, terribly, came the fever, the delirium that heralds that

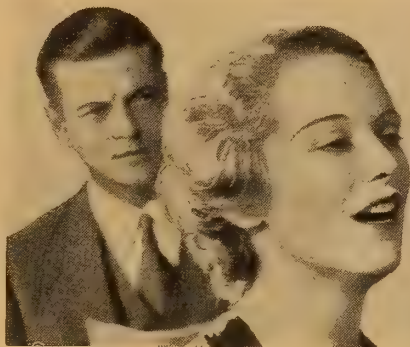
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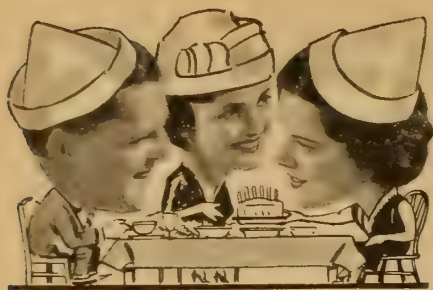
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dreadful disease, infantile paralysis!

O'Keefe has courage. He needed it then. It was a question whether to live or die. Death is pretty final. But what could life hold for one left maimed and twisted by the curse of this malady? Of course, there was a chance. There's always a chance. O'Keefe took his. He decided to live. He fought his way through. But he didn't win by a K. O. The enemy defeated, left its mark. For months the brilliant, ambitious boy lay on his back, just thinking—thinking—thinking. Of what use now all his striving to get places in the world? Of what use his struggle for an education? Where was there a career for a cripple? Black days. Darker nights. Well, he wouldn't spend his life listening to the clock tick it away. He'd do something. And he did. He would!

So Walter, a useless, bed-ridden wreck of a man, set out on a new career. He began to write lyrics for songs, and to plan a future in the theatre. Now you might think that a fellow in his spot would pen sobby ballads, or torchers anyway. But that would be because you don't know O'Keefe—because you've never seen that Irish grin of his. Get a load of this! The boy's first hit was the number that had the nation kidding Ford. The motor magnate had just forsaken the old brown-derby "Model T" for a more sightly number. Walter memorialized the event with "Henry's Made a Lady Out of Lizzie"!

**YOU** can't beat a guy like that! Even a frowning Fate had to giggle! And as Heaven helps those who help themselves, Heaven, itself, smiled on that frail remnant of a man. Little by little strength returned, health came back. O'Keefe had beat the rap! Defeated Death itself! If you don't believe it, take him on at tennis sometime, or handball, or any of those games that call for speed, and strength and stamina. And don't bet too much that you'll break even on the final score.

That siege of sickness really marks the genesis of Walter O'Keefe. There were more songs, a flop musical show, and a brief reversion to publicity in cahoots with Ben Hecht and J. P. McEvoy. Beside these derelictions, a Hollywood hegira must be included for the record. For Walter made the trek as a song-writer in one of the major studios, and from that branched out so that he was offered three-way contracts as writer, actor and director. But 1930 found him radio debuting over Station KFI in Los Angeles with those celebrated "Rhythm Boys." He was set had he desired to stay West.

But he returned to New York for the "Third Little Show" in which he played in company with Bea Lillie and Ernest Truex. That's when he brought "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" back to being, and warbled additional nonsense about a person called Yuba, who, it seems, played the tuba in a resort down in Cuba. The customers liked it, anyway. All customers always like O'Keefe. He even gets radio audiences singing with him as he broadcasts.

It's funny. If Walter is in a stage show he's billed as a famous comedian,

If he's in a club or on the air, he becomes the famous Master of Ceremonies. Or he's a famous song-writer—even movie star. It's funny for two reasons. First because the description is true. Secondly because it is the clearest of all indications that O'Keefe has no intention of being what Hollywood calls "Typed." He just won't permit his work to become stylized. Thus his routine is distinguished by a certain fluid, mobile quality that enables him to change his act whenever it is deemed advisable. Mark my words, he'll be on the air long after phrase jugglers, dialecticians, and others with standardized, rigid routines have faded from the aerial ken. Moreover, that's exactly the way he figures it out. Maybe there is some value to a college education, after all. Maybe it pays to be able to think.

At one time in his Gotham meanderings, O'Keefe played the clubs. This was in the hey-hey day of the Deauville, the Lido, Tex Guinan's and Barney Gallant's. And Walter worked for comparative coffee and cakes while he watched blondined cuties stocking thousand dollar bills contributed by the naive butter-and-egggers from the hinterlands, and the sinister, but equally feeble-minded ganguys of the rock 'em and sock 'em prohibition reign of terror.

"It would have been simple," says Walter, "to annex some of that easy money. All that was necessary was to insinuate yourself into some wine-bibbing group and pocket fat tips for singing to order. But I rather hoped that I'd amount to something some day, and I didn't cherish the thought of such gentry being able to point a future finger at me and recall the time I had worked for throw money."

Which is a remark that gives you a little more insight into the O'Keefe character.

Although the ink on a fat, new contract is scarcely dry, Walter isn't wed to radio. That is, not irrevocably. There's the theatre. And there's Hollywood. He's an excellent prospect for both. And I should say, especially motion pictures. He's easy to look at. He has talent. And he possesses that rare, and particularly desirable characteristic, a filmable personality. Of all radio recruits to the movies this asset is shared only by Bing Crosby and the Burns and Allen team, which is in a class by itself.

**W**ALTER believes that radio, screen and stage talent will be interchangeable. But that the greatest of these is radio. The tremendous radio public, he says, creates a demand for its favorites either in pictures or in person. And he's interested in reaching the greatest audiences available over the far flung networks. His idea of a balanced career combines the three entertainment mediums, a show, a picture and the air. And deep under all this, lies an ambition to write. Judging by the past, this will be included in his future. For when he makes up his mind, he accomplishes his purpose.

Thus far he has worked on ether programs emanating from practically every



spot in the world. International hook-ups are an old story to him. And the personalities with whom he has appeared range from Ethel Barrymore to Ethel Shutta, or vice versa. He's at ease before an audience, but you may be sure that when he most appears to be ad-libbing, he is actually going through a routine with which he is thoroughly familiar. He writes his own material. For one reason because he hasn't found any other way to get the type of stuff he deems desirable.

On or off, stage or air, he's an excellent raconteur—story teller to you. He gives a joke a careful build-up and manages to inject little touches that get grins from his auditors and whet their appetites for the point of his tale. His use of the English language borders on the elegant. An unusually exquisite choice of words is mingled attractively with the argot of show business. He doesn't confine himself to words of one syllable, but from a rich vocabulary selects the one that most exactly conveys his meaning. A good many show folk may be classified as muggs. Delightful, lovable muggs. But muggs just the same. O'Keefe isn't one of them.

AS a Romeo it's difficult to classify him. Certainly he's no Latin lover type. That panting, hand-kissing business would be very foreign to him. But the record shows that more than one dazzling charmer of Broadway and Hollywood would have been glad to hold the position occupied for the past two years by Roberta Robinson, the utterly charming blue-eyed blonde who is Mrs. Walter O'Keefe. "Bert" as he calls her has been in show business, too. On the stage in such successes as "Of Thee I Sing," in Hollywood as a contract player in a first rate studio. When Walter eventually goes West for pictures, Roberta needn't be idle. She'll decorate any screen with both pulchritude and talent.

I imagine that the O'Keefe charm for the ladies is due to an innate Irish gallantry, as sincere as it is flattering. He doesn't forget the little things that count with the girls. And they know that his chivalry is genuine. It has always sounded a little silly to me to hear a sense of humor described as a requisite of love. But Walter's ready wit, the spontaneous gaiety of his manner, that infectious personality, surely would make no lady love him less. And when I tell you he'd make a romantic movie figure, you'll know he's not hard on feminine eyes.

On the new program sponsored by Camel Cigarettes, Walter plans to be on the air double the time. But he says, this won't mean double the work. For the extra period will permit some thread of continuity to enter his work, and it won't mean starting cold from scratch each time. Now precious moments are wasted weekly in establishing a premise, that is, in telling his audience just where he's going to take them from there. With additional time, they'll pretty well know, and the star can get off immediately. As with others, it isn't the broadcasting time for which O'Keefe draws down what he



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Get regular size Radio Girl Perfume and trial size Radio Girl Face Powder. Send 10c (coin or stamps) to cover mailing cost. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

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calls the wampum. It is the hours and days spent in preparation. What you get on the air is the finished product.

He's no respecter of persons, this dark-browed Irish lad. He has kidded princes, potentates and presidents. As a rule, his joshing is just good, clean fun. But the humor can be barbed if an opportunity comes to deliver both barrels of wit against some pet peeve. Thus far the triple censorship of radio—the agency, the client and the studio—has kept him Pollyanna. But O'Keefe is a sophisticate. And his glib tongue is in his cheek more times than you'd imagine. He doesn't like stuffed shirts. Nor is he partial to juvenile drivel. He's grown-up. His ideas, ideals and ambitions are adult.

But don't for a moment confuse this description with the idea that Walter has lost that human touch. Up in Maine, whither he scurries after many Friday broadcasts, he's pals with the chap who runs the general store, with the telegraph guy and the fellow at the station. And when the local strawberry festival needs a little extra talent, O'Keefe's right on tap to do his good deed. Likes it, too. He and "Bert" and their two purps, "Barney" and "Chinky"

are popular citizens up yonder, and no mistake.

Maybe the O'Keefe personality can be summed up in the fact that here's a real, honest-to-goodness 'varsity' man—no business school, mind you—who carries the crowds with him by singing about an amazing young man on a flying trapeze, and, more recently, a tattooed lady. He wrote a song with a title so terrible as "I'm Gonna Dance With the Guy What Brung Me," yet, not long ago, he went up to Yale to make arrangements to attend Professor Baker's dramatic course. His seriousness may be marked by the fact that this would have necessitated arising in time to catch an eight o'clock train. Unusual for a Broadway guy, to say the least. Unfortunately the course in the professor's "work shop" was abandoned when Dr. Baker retired. He's a comedian with serious ideas. His initials, as someone seems to have remarked, are "O. K.". And so is O'Keefe. Ask "Bert". She knows. Listen in—you'll like him. After all, he's Irish as a Kerry cow. And there's something about the Irish. Something about Walter, too.

## A Thousand Penner Ducks

(Continued from page 13)

check in addition to increasing the live stock census on the Granlund farm. Once more, a week later, Penner appeared as a Vallee guest, and along came another duck. Again the fowl population of Granlund's farm went up. Shortly after, Penner was signed to a long term radio contract of his own.

From his very first broadcast, ducks began to come in from all points of the compass. Penner's "Wanna buy a duck?" apparently inspired admirers to go out and buy a duck, if they did not already possess one, and send it to Joe as a token of their appreciation. The situation became increasingly grave to everyone except Granlund, who gradually was acquiring importance in duck circles as the owner of one of the largest authentic stables of variegated ducks in captivity. Some of them weren't even ducks. A lot were drakes. Perhaps you are not aware that all male ducks are not really ducks at all, but drakes. Penner wasn't. Sampter wasn't. Granlund had suspected something of the sort, so he looked into the matter.

"The duck," he explained later to Penner and Sampter, "comprises five of the eleven sub-divisions of the family anatidae. Technically, if you want to get technical about it, only the female is a duck; the male is a drake."

"They are both," responded Sampter, "nuisances."

"The mallard, or commonest species of duck," Granlund persisted, "hatches from nine to eleven of its pale green eggs at a time, and when its young are hatched, the first thing the mother does is to take them to the nearest body of water, where she . . ."

"I am very sorry," Sampter inter-

rupted moodily, "that these ducks we have been pestered with around here did not drown the first time out. It would have saved everybody a lot of trouble."

"Oh, come. Be a little sympathetic with our feathered friends," Granlund admonished. "Perhaps their family life has been unfortunate. It is an interesting fact, not generally known, that whereas the wild duck is monogamous, the tame duck is polygamous. You would think it would be the other way around, but that goes to show what education will do."

"If it is, as you say, an interesting fact," Sampter commented, "I cannot see how it can be interesting except possibly to other ducks."

**D**ESPITE Grandlund's pleasantries, neither Sampter nor Penner could seem to work up much enthusiasm over the constant parade of expressmen bearing crated ducks. But the problem was solved, once and for all, shortly before Joe left New York for Hollywood.

He managed to find time to visit four hospitals in the vicinity of New York to entertain youthful patients, and in one of the institutions he visited, he was approached by a tow-haired youngster. "Say, Joe, how about sending us a duck sometime?" the boy answered. "Gee, I like duck."

"Sure thing, kid. I won't forget," the amiable comedian responded, and a few days later, four fine, fat ducks went to the hospital to provide a dinner for the youngsters there. The incident gave Joe his idea. Here were all these ducks, he reflected, coming in from admirers in all parts of the country. What a Thanksgiving dinner they would make!



Joe took the matter up with Sampter, and the harassed manager was enthusiastic. He, in turn, broached it to Granlund, and the night club impresario, as his contribution, offered free storage, so to speak, and feeding, for all the ducks that Penner might receive between then and Thanksgiving.

So the result will be that before Thanksgiving, in time for the ducks to be distributed, and subsequently prepared for the table, a charitable organization will send far and wide to orphanages and children's homes, all the accumulation of ducks sent to Penner by his radio listeners. Thus a few hundred kiddies with healthy holiday appetites, not to mention countless other Penner fans, will upset that fine old American tradition that has caused Thanksgiving to be known as "Turkey Day."

Adult Penner fans will join the youngsters in giving thanks for their weekly Penner laughs by feasting on duck, too, if you may judge by the letters Joe receives from listeners to his broadcasts. Hundreds have assured him that this year they will substitute duck for their customary turkey, in appreciation of the entertainment he has given them.

But for the man who started all this, for Joe himself, Thanksgiving dinner will be in the nature of a vacation. Out there in Hollywood, in the pretty little apartment he has taken for his stay in the movie colony, Joe will look fondly across the table to pretty Eleanor, his wife, and ask: "How about another piece of that turkey, sweetheart?"

For a day, he'll forget ducks.

## Fate Showered Gifts on Gladys Swarthout

(Continued from page 19)

herself. When she was nine, the neighbors used to ask, who was the woman with the rich voice, singing in there at Swarthouts. The voice you know from the air-waves to-day is pretty much the same as it was then. She tells you she was born with a mature voice! She began singing lessons with a local teacher at twelve. That same season, she was scheduled to take part in the teacher's studio recital. Gladys stepped up to the platform, sang, and cracked horribly on a high note. The teacher was mortified. Everybody felt sorry for the child, expecting a breakdown and tears. But something else happened. Gladys stamped her foot in rage, insisted that her teacher begin the song over for her from the beginning, and sang it through that second time to a glorious conclusion. Even at twelve a little matter like failure meant nothing in Gladys Swarthout's life. She's from Missouri herself, and she showed 'em!

Her professional debut came just a year later. Her teacher, who was to sing in a concert in St. Joseph, took sick, and hurriedly sent young Gladys up to the city to take her place. There was a "real audience" on hand, and the fee was fifty dollars! That concert did the trick for the girl. With great composure, she pinned up her curls, announced that she was now nineteen, and went to Kansas City, to make a career for herself. There she applied for the job of soloist in one of the largest churches in town . . . and got it! After a while, though, she felt it wiser to turn her attention to serious study for bigger things, and went to the Bush Conservatory in Chicago. But you couldn't keep Gladys at just plain studying for long. First, she got a job with the Balaban and Katz theatres in Chicago, and earned and learned stage routine, all the while she kept on with her Conservatory work. Then, in 1923 came her first big break. She was engaged as soloist with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. All this time, she had been urged to try for an opening in

operatic work, but refused, on the grounds that she "wasn't big enough." So friends called her work to the attention of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, then under the direction of Mary Garden, and the girl was invited to audition there. An hour later, she was signed up to sing first contralto parts with that company, the following season. It happened that she didn't know one single rôle . . . but that didn't matter. There was the whole summer to work in. When rehearsal time came, she had coached and mastered twenty-three full rôles. She tells you it wasn't so hard . . . she just happens to have a good musical memory.

MARY GARDEN became interested in the young newcomer, not only because of the beauty of her voice, but because of its true contralto range and power. Few people realize the difficulty of finding a true contralto. Sopranos have all the "heroine" parts in opera, and as a general thing, they are considered more glamorous in repertory, but the true deep contralto, with its organ overtones, is a much rarer voice to find. Since Schumann-Heink and Homer, no truly great contralto had emerged . . . until the serious little girl from Missouri turned up in Chicago. It was Mary Garden who advised her of the value of studying by watching others . . . a trick Gladys Swarthout has remembered. She spent every morning at the opera house, score in hand, observing and learning, before she took up her own work in the afternoons and her public appearances at night. And just so as not to waste too much precious time, she sang the summer season with the Ravinia Opera. After three seasons like that, with a couple of concert tours thrown in for good measure, she found herself a star at twenty-four.

In 1929, when she joined the great Metropolitan Opera, she sang fifty-six performances . . . more than any other singer, regardless of age or rank. And she's established some more records in

# STOP THAT COLD IN ITS TRACKS!

*Don't Let It "Get Going!"*

A COLD is nothing to "monkey with". It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances on inviting dangerous complications.

Treat a cold promptly and for what it is—an internal infection. Take a remedy that is internal and one that is expressly for colds and not for a number of other things as well.

The wise thing to take is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—for several reasons. Instead of a "cure-all," it is expressly a cold remedy. It is also an internal treatment which a cold requires. And it is complete in effect.

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First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack. Anything less than that is not complete treatment.

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**Relieves  
Teething  
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WITHIN 1 MINUTE**

**WHEN** your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

**JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS**

**DR. HAND'S  
Teething Lotion**

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## PRIEST Beautifies Hair

Father Gilmore, Gonzaga U. Spokane, Wn., has perfected GLO-MORE, unique, antiseptic, dandruff-removing shampoo; also HAIR-MORE for dry scalp, falling hair and baldness. Thousands write us praising these formulas for rejuvenating thin, lifeless hair and growing new, lustrous wavy hair.

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To prove the effectiveness of these amazing hair aids we will mail postpaid a sample of GLO-MORE on request. No obligation. Write Gilmore-Burke, Inc., Seattle, Wash.



**Hair  
OFF** Face  
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### Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face, unloved, discouraged. Nothing helped. Deplorable, waxes, liquids, even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 90, Chicago

## Check Your Ailment!

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. Sleeplessness <input type="checkbox"/>  | 4. Acid Indigestion <input type="checkbox"/>     |
| 2. Nervousness <input type="checkbox"/>    | 5. Chronic Constipation <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Gassy Fullness <input type="checkbox"/> | 6. Nausea <input type="checkbox"/>               |

If you have to check one or more of these symptoms, you may be a victim of Gastro Hyper-Acidity.

For, while many things may cause stomach trouble, any doctor will tell you that most of the above painful symptoms are due to Gastro Hyper-Acidity.

Four things are necessary to control this acidity. First, stimulate the flow of alkaline gastric mucus. Second, soothe the sore, inflamed stomach lining. Third, check putrefaction in the intestinal canal.

Fourth, rid your system of food, poison gases. Science indicates remedies or laxatives can do all four things. But there's one prescription which can! Magnesia Oxide Tablets which release your system. Take two Magnesia Oxide Tablets each meal, drink plenty of water, and soon you'll have health in vigor! Get Magnesia Oxide Tablets from your druggist. Eton Products, Inc., Newark, N. J.

her four years there. She has sung major rôles without any rehearsal. She has stepped into new parts at two days' notice. She is known as the best impersonator of boys' parts the opera has ever had. Indeed, she's had to sing so many boy parts, in *Mignon*, *Tales of Hoffmann*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Boris Godunov*, that she looks with longing on a rôle where she can be her feminine self. She's won the reputation of being the best-groomed woman in the opera. And, incidentally, she has worked her way up from beginner to star.

In 1932, with the fields of church, concert, and opera work conquered, she turned her attention to the microphones. She auditioned for a single guest performance, and drew a big contract without audition. She has a number of interesting views on the subject of radio. For one thing, she tells you that radio is more difficult than opera or concert. Because the singer is absolutely the whole show on the air . . . there is no costume to dazzle the crowd, no chance of airs or mannerisms, no hope of making up a bad number by a "cute" encore. The singer has to make good before that limitless audience just through the voice alone.

"It means much more to a singer to score a radio success," Miss Swarthout tells you, "because the only thing in the world that can put you across is your own singing and your own sincerity. The audience feels that . . . and knows what is good! Can radio be improved? Decidedly! Not by more mechanical perfections or more "novel" programs, but by realizing that the listeners themselves are intelligent human beings, who know what they want and are capable of distinguishing between good and bad. You can't make me believe that the radio audience wants a diet of cheap programs. And by cheap I mean . . . cheap. Not popular. I believe that the field of good popular music is just beginning to be explored. What sort of popular music? Ballads, folk songs, regional songs, musical comedy hits, and even some of the products of Tin Pan Alley. One of the reasons why these last are frowned upon is that most serious singers seem to be afraid of them. Some of the loveliest melodies we have, come to us by way of Tin Pan Alley and the musical shows, and they would gain greatly in dignity, if dignified musicians would perform them. I, for one, respect and use them. And I'm not the only one. Don't you remember the record that Fritz Kreisler made, some years ago, of a popular hit called "Beautiful Ohio Waltz?" That was as lovely as any of the Strauss Waltzes, and I admire Mr. Kreisler all the more for recognizing its beauties, in spite of its being 'just a popular hit'? That is what I try to do . . . to seek out all the truly beautiful melodies I can find, regardless of where they originate, and to sing them in the dignified manner they deserve. We are turning out quantities of beautiful songs here in America, and they merit the best sort of musical attention."

Another item that Miss Swarthout

writes on the credit side of the radio ledger is the fact that through radio, people can have as much good music in summer as in winter, regardless of the "official season." As to her own radio work, she is tremendously enthusiastic about the idea of reaching more people in one broadcast than she used to reach in an entire season of touring. She works hard. One hour's broadcast requires as much as thirty-five hours of solid rehearsal. She likes to visualize her hearers, not as an audience, but as family groups, in their own homes. She confesses to singing especially to three people . . . her mother, her sister, and her father-in-law, Dr. Frank M. Chapman, the head of the Museum of Natural History, in New York.

Yes, she has a father-in-law. Romance found her in Italy, some three years ago. Although she has never studied anywhere but in America, she has vacationed abroad, and there it was that she met Frank Chapman, the baritone who sings love songs so convincingly with her over the air. He was singing in opera in Florence, she was at the performance, and they were introduced. The next winter, they met again in New York, and attended each others' debuts. The next year they gave a joint song recital. The next year they were married.

Gladys Swarthout is one of those fortunate people for whom marriage and a career fit together perfectly. She and her husband are interested in the same things, they work and play together, and help each other. Her secret for continued romance is mutual interests and mutual help . . . and diet! Too much food and the wrong kind of food, she tells you, form the basic cause of most marital smash-ups! . . . Heavy eating and injudicious mixtures flood the system with acids, and make one irritable. She never eats really heartily . . . and neither does her husband. Mostly she has salads and vegetables, with a chop or a steak on the days she works hard. Her best midnight supper is cereal and milk. She avoids heavy sweets and starches entirely . . . less for the sake of her trim figure, than for the sake of this philosophy of hers. People who eat the proper foods and keep their systems healthy and clean never give way to those outbursts of temper and sulks that have to be patched in a Reno divorce court. And if ever she should indulge in a chocolate sundae on the quiet, Frank sends her straight to the rowing machine, to work the acid off that way. It sounds like a good system.

**B**Y this time you've realized that Gladys Swarthout is a girl after your own heart. The secret of her charm, I think, lies in her absolute sincerity. Although she's earned laurels on the stage, there isn't an atom of affectation or "show" in her make-up. She was born on Christmas day and is still in her twenties. She is five feet three and a half inches tall, and weighs 123 pounds. She is a decided brunette, with deep velvety brown eyes. Her greatest extravagance is clothes.



Her best colors are brown and ruby-red. She wears strictly tailored things by day, and then lets go and becomes bewitchingly feminine by night. Though she is known as the best-groomed woman at the "Met" she doesn't go in for a lot of treatments or cosmetics. Her best complexion recipe is plain soap and water, with lots of scrubbing. She has two baths a day. She uses make-up very lightly, and does not pluck her eyebrows . . . eye-brows, she tells you, lend the face character! (There's a tip, girls.) She's a perfect fiend on fresh air and exercise and the sort of health measures that prevent rather than cure.

The Chapmans live in a New York apartment, and Gladys does the house-keeping herself. It's her chief hobby. She never leaves home until the place looks fresh and tidy, and she loves to entertain. When does she get the time for housework? Oh, that's easy . . . they take turns practising. When Frank is busy with the piano, Gladys

gets her chores done! And she does them! She isn't superstitious . . . she sang her first big broadcast on Friday the Thirteenth. But . . . she knocks on wood when she talks about her work, and if she leaves home and forgets something and has to go back for it, she wouldn't dream of starting out the second time without sitting down first, so as to make an entirely fresh departure. Her motto is always to be thoroughly prepared, and always a little ahead of the immediate demands. She loves good books, good music, sports, and lots of dancing (all to be enjoyed in her husband's society), and hates parlor tricks. She enjoys being well dressed, but clothes in themselves are not a goal in life to her. Neither is her salary, for that matter. She sings because she loves to sing . . . because she expresses herself best that way, and reaches out to more people. She has even written her own epitaph . . . she wants it to be, "And my song goes on. . . ."

## Dialing the Short Waves

(Continued from page 56)

Telephone Company—all industries in which millions of dollars had been invested.

The result of the rule against "third party messages" is, at times, amusing. The other night I tuned-in a two-way communication between a ham in Connecticut and another in Oklahoma.

"Say, that's a coincidence," said the Yankee, "Imagine getting you! Why, my wife's an Oklahomā girl—born and raised right in your city. Wait a minute; she'll talk to you."

Then the Connecticut wife took the mike, very happy and excited. "Gee," she said, "it makes me feel just like a girl again, Oklahoma. I wonder if you know the Ellisons; down on Cedar Street?"

The westerner said that he was acquainted with them, and the girl came back with, "Well, the next time you see Peggy Ellison tell her that—"

Here she was interrupted by a masculine voice—that of her husband, no doubt—saying, "For the love of Mike, Mary, I always thought Gracie Allen was the dumbest woman in the world, but you take the cake! Don't you like our station? Want to see it go off the air? Suppose the supervisor had been listening in, you nitwit!"—and so forth. She tried to explain, but he kept on getting madder and madder, while I sat by my receiver waiting for a pistol shot. Finally the girl started to cry and her husband began apologizing. They had reached the Lovey-Dovey stage when he remembered that their transmitter was still on and cut it off. If her message to Peggy had been completed, her husband might have lost his license to transmit.

Even the broadcasting stations are not exempt from governmental spankings upon occasion, when they violate (or are accused of violating) some radio regulaton. As this goes to press, the

latest sufferer is WAAT, one of the largest local stations in the East. The Federal Communications Commission has refused to renew its license, and is permitting it to operate only under a temporary permit.

And what heinous crime did WAAT commit, to put its very existence in jeopardy, pending a hearing to be held in Washington this autumn? Simply by broadcasting some medical advertising—more specifically, a remedy for varicose veins—in a manner which the Commission did not approve. The station was notified that the announcement being read over it must be discontinued. It cancelled the advertiser's contract. Nevertheless, it finds itself in uncomfortably hot water.

If the Commissioners wanted to be strict in their enforcement, nearly every station in America could be called up on the carpet for a possible revocation of its license. The new 1934 regulations forbid all broadcasts which deal with lotteries or other contests in which chance determines the winner, or any lists of prize winners, or any advertisement of such contests.

Yet you have doubtless heard racing results on the air, or trackside descriptions of horse races, or baseball returns, and so forth. While these broadcasts are, of course, both harmless and interesting, a strict adherence to regulations might forbid them, for an "unlucky" horse may be pocketed, or may strain a tendon or may get off to a poor start or suffer any one of a score of accidents during a race. Likewise a ball game may be won or lost due to a ball's taking a bad bounce by chance, or a player being injured. If you have bet on the race or game the results tell you whether you have won or lost—and the regulation is violated.

And as to stock market reports—!



Here's Borrah Minevitch and his Rascals

## LET Borrah Minevitch TEACH YOU HOW TO PLAY THE HARMONICA!

You have heard "BORRAH MINEVITCH and His Rascals" over the radio, or perhaps you were lucky enough to see them on the stage and were held spellbound by the symphonic notes that only BORRAH MINEVITCH can get out of the simplest of all musical instruments, the harmonica. We'll bet you often wished you could play like him and his rascals . . . now make that wish come true. A short cut course of easy home instructions has been prepared by the great BORRAH MINEVITCH so that everyone who is ambitious to learn to play the harmonica as well as him can do so at home without any musical experience and in spare time. Yes, you are now offered your opportunity to learn how to master the harmonica in the same professional way BORRAH MINEVITCH plays. Now that BORRAH MINEVITCH has succeeded, he wants to help you attain success and this special 25c offer is made to pave the way for you.

### Only 3 Easy Steps Which You Quickly Master

Now you can learn to play the harmonica just as easily as you learned your A B C's. The BORRAH MINEVITCH course takes you through 3 easy steps whereby you catch on in from 5 minutes to a half hour. There are no notes to read . . . nothing complicated . . . you require no musical ability whatsoever . . . this method is as simple as whistling or humming a tune . . . you will be amazed and delighted when you find how quickly you actually play catchy tunes . . . you'll get a big kick out of the trick notes you are taught . . . they get a big laugh and make you popular. Just imagine the thrill you'll get when the very first day you receive this course you will be able to play "Home Sweet Home" . . . "My Old Kentucky Home", etc. After you complete my entire course you will play any popular hit.

### Learn to Play Like a Professional . . .

The beauty of knowing how to play the harmonica is that it is a small instrument and can be carried in your pocket . . . you can take it wherever you go and play it wherever you go. The harmonica will bring you popularity. You will be invited everywhere. Your friends will want to hear you play. You will be invited to the leading social functions in your town. You can travel and see the world and get paid for having a good time. BORRAH MINEVITCH has traveled the world over with his harmonica. He is famous everywhere and boasts of a large financial reward for his playing . . . this thrill and success can be yours too.

### Make Money Playing!

BORRAH MINEVITCH rose to fame and fortune through his mastery of the harmonica. You have the same opportunity that was his . . . but your path for success can be a bed of roses because you get the benefit of BORRAH MINEVITCH'S experience with this easy, simplified course of instructions offered to you here. Here's one profession that isn't overcrowded . . . it's your opportunity to start on a successful money making career.

### Special Offer! 25c Includes Lessons and Baguette Harmonica

A special short cut course of home instructions prepared by BORRAH MINEVITCH sent to you with a Baguette full scale harmonica bearing autograph of BORRAH MINEVITCH for cost of postage and handling. Send 25c . . . receive lessons, Baguette harmonica and an artist's sketch (suitable for framing) of BORRAH MINEVITCH. If not satisfied we will refund your 25c. RUSH COUPON TODAY!



Ask Your Dealer . . .

Harmonica Institute of America, Inc. Studio 111, RKO Bldg., 1279-6th Ave., New York, N. Y.

I accept your special offer. Send me the BORRAH MINEVITCH harmonica lessons and include Baguette (full scale harmonica and autographed picture). I enclose 25c (coin) in full payment.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



## Deformed or Injured Back

### Thousands of Remarkable Cases

A Man, helpless, unable to stand or walk, yet was riding horse-back and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady of 72 years, suffered for many years, was helpless, found relief. A Little Child, paralyzed, was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A Rail Road man, dragged under a switch engine and his back broken reports instant relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated over fifty-nine thousand cases in the past 30 years.

### 30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

We will prove its value in your own case. The Philo Burt Appliance is light, cool, elastic, and easily adjusted—how different from the old torturing, plaster-cast, leather and celluloid jackets or steel braces.



Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Doctors recommend it. Price within reach of all.

#### Send For Information

Describe your case so we can give you definite information at once.

**PHILO BURT MFG. CO.,**  
136-11 Odd Fellows Temple  
JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

## Gray Hair

### Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

**Don't Burn Coal**

## HEAT WITH HOME-MADE GAS



### AGENTS!

Send for new plan. Everything furnished. Full-time or spare-time. Write quick.

### ONLY 11¢ PER HOUR

AN amazing new way has been found to turn liquid fuel into instant heat. Now only a few pints of liquid will heat your home for hours except in sub-zero weather. This revolutionary invention has proved so satisfactory in several thousand homes that it will now be sent on 30-day TRIAL to responsible people. Learn, right in your home, how this new type "radiant" heater burns 96% air. No piping. No installation. Hotter than city gas or electric heaters at one-tenth the cost. No soot or ashes. Portable—carry it anywhere. Test it 30 days, without obligation, get it FREE if you will help introduce to friends and neighbors. Positively no selling required. Rush your name and address at once for Free Offer.

**THE AKRON LAMP CO.,**  
771 High Street, AKRON, OHIO

## TYPEWRITING COURSE...and new REMINGTON PORTABLE

Think of it! A splendid practical course in Modern Touch Typewriting. Makes you an expert in a short time. Also a brand new regulation Remington Portable typewriter. Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. Standard keyboard. Carrying case included. You get all this for only 10¢ a day. You can try the typewriter and course 10 days without cost. Send no money. Write for full facts about this amazing offer. Say Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Portable and Course in Typewriting on your 10-day free trial offer for only 10¢ a day. Remington Rand, Dept. 184-11, Buffalo, N. Y.



Oh, well, let's talk about something more pleasant.

In Austria, on the day that Chancellor Dollfus was murdered, a group of irresponsibles violated international radio law. Armed with rifles, they invaded an Austrian radio station, and overpowered or otherwise subdued its operators. They then proceeded to broadcast a false account of the downfall of the Austrian government. Not only was their forcible taking over of the station against the law, but there are international regulations against the dissemination of false news.

Next time you listen-in on some short wave European station, pay particular attention to the news broadcasts. You will find some interesting ones emanating from the "D" stations in Germany, where they even announce occasional musical selections as being played in response to requests from American listeners.

It was several years ago that Russia was accused of one of the most spectacular infractions of radio etiquette that has ever been known. This occurred on the day the Pope broke his long period of isolation and went on the air for the first time over the Vatican station. As his address started, a wierd, howling heterodyne broke out, drowning his words for an instant. But the interference ended almost immediately, due, it was said, to the providential shifting of the Heavside layer, a strata of ionised gas lying far above the Earth's surface, and known to have an effect on the travel of radio waves. Direction-finder stations claimed that the interfering signal had been traced to a point lying within the borders of the U. S. S. R.—but nothing was done and people gradually forgot the occurrence.

**A**ND now for the criminals, the professional law breakers who use radio to carry on their war against law!

There are several records of cases wherein bootleggers have put up unlicensed short wave stations, concealed in abandoned houses, for the purpose of sending orders to their rum fleets at sea. Government men have listened in, tracked down the signals with the loop antennas of direction-finders, and rounded up the gangs.

Even today burglars robbing a house or bank sometimes carry a short wave set with which to listen for police alarms, so that they may be warned in time to flee when someone notices their illegal activities and sends a report to headquarters.

But the burglars seldom have the sets connected in their get-away cars. To do this is illegal, and the mere possession of such a set is a jail offense in most states.

So tune-in sometime and see how many violations you can catch on amateur stations, regular broadcasting stations, and the foreign short waves. Remember that in this country all profanity or indecent language is taboo, on the radio. Still, hardly a night will go by without your finding at least a few violations.

## Students—

## Writers—

## Lecturers

## A-B-C Shorthand

IN TWELVE *easy* LESSONS

**H**IGH SCHOOL, college or technical students who have at their command a practical, easy and efficient method of taking down lecture notes have a marked advantage over those who must set down all notes in longhand. Not only do you get far more from the lecture when it is delivered but when examination time comes a review of a word for word transcript of each lecture is the finest kind of preparation for successful passing.

Particularly is such knowledge valuable to students of the professions—law, medicine, dentistry, teaching, nursing and others that require state or other special examinations after graduation, making necessary a complete review of several years of work.

By all means investigate the A.B.C. Shorthand System especially developed for students, writers, lecturers, etc. It is so simple, so easy to learn that you will find yourself actually writing shorthand after a few hours of study—no tedious months of practice—no puzzling signs or symbols—just twelve easy lessons that you can put to immediate use one at a time as learned.

Thousands of students, writers, lecturers find A.B.C. Shorthand of tremendous value. So will you. Or, if you are the parents of a boy or girl in high school or institution of higher learning no single gift that you could give for \$1 or many times that amount would be of greater or more lasting value.

### You Risk Nothing

You do not even risk the dollar that is the price of this substantially bound book which has meant so much to so many thousands of persons. Send for it today—examine it carefully and if, for any reason, it does not prove to be entirely satisfactory, return it and your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

Thousands of people in many walks of life will be greatly benefited by a knowledge of an easily learned shorthand. Consider the above description of A.B.C. Shorthand in connection with your vocation and see if it would not make your work easier or increase your earning power.

### ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE

1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Use the Coupon Today

#### Economy Educational League

1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Dept. R.M. 11

I enclose \$1.00 for which please send me a copy of A.B.C. Shorthand. I understand that my money will be refunded if the book does not prove entirely satisfactory. (Enclose \$1.25 from countries other than U. S. and Canada.)

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....State.....



## Chicago Breezes

(Continued from page 53)

Frank Bering was then sort of a combined night clerk and night bell boy at the old Tremond, which hotel's venerable head has long since bowed in the dust before modern skyscrapers.

Buck took the same job at the old Virginia Hotel on the north side. After they were through work along toward dawn the two would foregather in the lobby of the Sherman to visit. The Masonic Temple, just built, was Chicago's pride and joy then. Where the Marshall Field store now furnishes the silk hat and tailcoat atmosphere to a bustling State Street stood a music hall, set demurely back from the street. Buck started his Chicago business career with weekly earnings of \$6. As the boy grew toward manhood his position in the business world likewise grew in prestige. Came the day when his youthful earnings and position prompted him to satisfy an appetite of long standing.

He bought a bit of property . . . just a little piece of ground nicely dressed in luxurious grass, trimmed with a tree or two and crowned with a modest but nice home. Trees and grass and animals and birds—all the beautiful things of nature—that was what he had always wanted since he'd deserted his Texas prairies for the city streets. He had the trees and the grass and it wasn't long before he had started collecting pets. Soon the Buck menage began to turn into a menagerie. Of course his first pets were the more civilized types of animals not at all like his monkey and snake and leopard pals of today.

But it was a beginning. One day he managed to get an eight-inch sprig of magnolia. He planted it out in his private domain in Norwood park. In the past thirty years that little sprig, like the acorn, has grown into a mighty tree . . . and the local residents point with pride to the tree that Frank built, the magnolia that flowers each spring.

### A STRANGE MEETING

They met in front of the Morrison hotel in Chicago. They were strangers to each other. They stopped and looked each other over. One of them spoke. The other nodded. Solemnly they took off their topcoats. They exchanged coats. Each put on the one the other man had been wearing. They nodded to each other and walked away in opposite directions. They had never met and probably will never see each other again.

It's a story told by Jesse Crawford who played the organ at the world's fair this summer. Jesse has long been a favorite in Chicago where he did many theatre dates and radio programs. And this is how that meeting happened. Jesse and his wife stopped in one day for a glass of the foamy amber fluid that cheers. When they got ready to leave Jesse couldn't find his coat. It seems another guy had walked out with the wrong coat. Fortunately the owner of the place remembered who had left the place in the

last few minutes. He got on the telephone and located the guy with Crawford's coat. He made the date and the two strangers met in front of the Morrison Hotel to exchange coats.

### BEGINS EIGHTH YEAR

When Wayne (Waltz) King returned to the Aragon recently he began his eighth season there. This probably stands as a world's record-breaking engagement for a major orchestra in a major dance spot.

Several thousand letters were received from out-of-town listeners of WGN planning to visit the Aragon during their stay. With their visits from all parts of the country, it appears as though King will have an opportunity to repeat his autograph labors of last year when he signed his name over a hundred thousand times to the delight of dancers from all corners of the United States, from Alaska, South America, and even one visitor from far-off Australia.

### IRMA GLEN RELAXES

Irma Glen leaves immediately after the NBC Galaxy of Stars program each Saturday to drive to the Indiana dunes and doesn't return until 9:00 a. m., Monday for the Harvest of Song broadcast. She finds the dunes a fine place to forget studio cares, goes in for sun bathing and sleeps in the open.

### SINGING SAM'S THEME

"When You're Smilin'", Singing Sam's new theme song for his Monday night CBS broadcasts, was written by Mark Fisher, whose orchestra has been broadcasting over the Columbia network nightly from the Stevens hotel.

### SINGING LADY AT FAIR

Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, who added the extra E to her first name because a numerologist told her she needed another letter in her name, has been telling stories to the children at the world's fair all summer. Her innocent and charming little radio act is one juvenile program both mothers and children love.

### PREPARE BROADWAY COMEDY

With the return of Ralph Dumke from his home in South Bend, Ind., the "Sisters of the Skillet?" (Ed East and Ralph Dumke) are undertaking an ambitious program for themselves. Besides their work, they are preparing a comedy for Broadway stage presentation within the next few weeks.

### COCK ROACH?

Someone telephoned Morton Downey. "Hello," said Downey. "Hello, Morton Downey?" "Yeah." "This is Mr. Roche." "What! Not Cock Roach?" "No, no. I'm head of my own advertising agency. How would you like to broadcast for me?" "O, migod!"

Ashamed of Your Looks?  
Sallow Skin?  
Blemishes? Headaches?



## NEW BEAUTY of skin and complexion

### This Simple, Pleasant Way

WHY be ashamed of a blotchy, muddy, unattractive skin when this simple treatment will do so much for you?

Skin troubles indicate a disordered condition of your system—usually intestinal sluggishness or a run-down nervous state. Your trouble is internal and should be treated internally. That is just what Yeast Foam Tablets will help you to do.

These pleasant tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain concentrated stores of the essential vitamins B and G. These precious nutritive elements strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions, blemishes and poor color disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth, your complexion fresh and glowing.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today and see what this remarkable corrective food will do for you!

## YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. RG-11  
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

THIS OFFER NOT GOOD IN CANADA



# DEMONS OF DESIRE!

COULD A MAN ELOPE WITH  
THE WOMAN WHOSE HUSBAND WAS HIS BEST FRIEND?

**F**OR weeks I fought down the desire to tell Ruth that I loved her—to catch her in my arms and cover her lips with kisses—to hide my face in the soft masses of her beautiful hair—to avow my love. For weeks I fought the demons of desire—the tormenting wish to feel the pressure of her lips against mine, for the embrace of those white, shapely arms. I fought—and for the time—I won.

"Finally one afternoon I got up from my desk determined to see Ruth once more before her husband returned. I did not know what I would say or do. All I knew was my determination to see her.

"The maid let me in and told me Ruth was in the library. I took a step toward her and all the pent-up emotions that raged within me burst their bounds!

"A long time later I became aware that Ruth was crying, her face buried in the folds of my coat. 'I love you, too, Garry. I've loved you for months and months,' she was saying. Then her voice trailed off into silence as she remembered Basil."

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**HIS, in Garry Trevor's own words, describes the situation that confronted him and Ruth and Basil Valentine, her husband. Both men were madly and sincerely in love with the girl who was married to one of them. Garry had saved Valentine's life in a mine accident. Valentine had given Garry his one great opportunity in business. Valentine was middle-aged. Garry was young and impetuous. Could they calm the fires of jealousy and work out a sane solution of this problem or must one or more of them suffer a soul-searing wound? You will find Garry's account of what actually resulted as Fate took matters out of their hands one of the most stirring true-life stories ever to tug at your heart-strings. It is love. It is life. It is the inscrutable balancing of nature's scales. It is titled "I Wrecked Four Lives."

True Story Magazine paid a cash prize of \$1,000.00 for the manuscript "I Wrecked Four Lives." As you read it in the new November issue you will agree that they selected a masterpiece of graphic realism. Begin this powerful story on page 19, the first story in another great issue.



TRUE  
NOVEMBER

THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS





"Perhaps I should have rung before I came in but as this happens to be my own house I hardly thought it necessary. Will neither of you say anything?"

MORE ABOUT AMERICA'S GREATEST MENACE

## SPOILERS OF WOMEN

**E**VEN if you thrilled to the opening episodes in this amazing account of a new type of danger that is threatening American womanhood, you will find this month's revelations even more exciting. If you missed the opening chapters they are pungently summarized and you can pick right up today without losing a single throb of the story's rhythm. Only from actual life could Spoilers of Women be reported. Only cloaked by the anonymity guaranteed to all TRUE STORY'S authors could a man be persuaded to put it in writing. Turn to page 34, November TRUE STORY, and read about Spoilers of Women today.

# STORY

OUT NOW!

## ALSO IN NOVEMBER TRUE STORY

MY OWN LOVE TRAP

HALF SAVAGE

WAS I GUILTY OF MURDER?

TWO KINDS OF LOVE

SPOILERS OF WOMEN

WHAT ELSE COULD A MOTHER DO?

THE MAN IN CONVICT 1116

TOO YOUNG TO KNOW BETTER

THE NIGHT I PLAYED CUPID

UNDER COVER OF MARRIAGE

BECAUSE I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND MEN

Many Interesting Departments

FRIDAY NIGHT COAST TO COAST C. B. S. STATIONS!







He was on KMTR, Hollywood; has been with KFWI and other 'Frisco bay region stations and now up into the big northwest.

Ever so many years ago, when I was a professor at the University of Southern California, Dean was one of my star pupils in economic history. So was Mel LeMon, now chief technician for KMPC, Beverly Hills; one time manager of KTAB, Oakland, and KTM, Los Angeles. And . . . but why write the whole list of present-day radio impresarios who studied under my watchful gaze? Reminiscences are always a sign of approaching old age. And one has to carry a cane and grow bushy white whiskers to carry out the idea.

Up in Seattle, at KOMO-KJR, Joe Pine is teaching his ten-year old daughter how to play the sax. Joe, as you know, is the station's prime saxophone-clarinnet tooter.

Sax Player Joe, be it known, can chant the Montezuma song on the slightest provocation . . . or even no provocation at all . . . for he joined up with the U. S. Marine Band at the age of 17. When he was honorably discharged back in '21, at the age of twenty-one, he was a sergeant and assistant bandmaster. Since the good old army days he has been with Ben Black's band in San Francisco; the old Metropolitan Theatre Orchestra in Los Angeles (when Raymond Paige was first fiddler); and Hermie King's aggregation in Seattle. But for the last seven years he has been with KOMO and KJR. By way of a hobby, Joseph wields a mean pistol.

Who wants to know about Ken Stuart, who has been a northwest radio fixture for a long time? Well, here's the dope. My first recollection of the gent was as a station announcer, then as a sports mike spieler, and now he seems to be running his "Sunshine Program", still at KOL, in Seattle.

Ken (Kenneth) was born an easterner but became a westerner in 1921. Back in January 21st, about thirty-seven or eight years ago, he was born in Brooklyn, New York. For college days he picked out Penn State College and was duly graduated. During the war days he signed up with the 347th machine gun battalion.

Along about 1921 he moved to Seattle as a reporter for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, then broke into radio in the bay district of San Francisco for awhile, and finally back to the northwest and still more radio.

Statistically speaking, Ken is 5 feet eight tall; weighs some 180 pounds; rather dark brown eyes and hair; a determined looking visage; married; one child.

KOMO people go into the dog field in a big way. Grant Merrill, continuity head, claims Seattle's largest . . . a buff colored great Dane called Erik . . . 143 pounds. Wilton Hoff, a staff announcer, seems to have the smallest . . . three pound Toy named Poodgie Woodgie . . . black and tan. Don Craig, singer, is going to buy a pup and get into the race. But he's been sort of mad at

the boys for announcing his number the other day as "Til I Wake From Four Indian Love Lyrics." Ho, hum. Wotta life.

Now we can take a long jump and get down to the Los Angeles, and hinterlands, area. Folks around there, you know, always make a lot of noise. If they can't get an audience to hear about the climate, they'll talk about themselves. Oh, well, maybe you can't blame 'em after all . . . at least when it comes to radio . . . for Southern California has lots more broadcast stations than the states of Oregon or Washington or even Northern California.

I always take my hat off to one radio philosopher who actually practices what he preaches . . . who squares promises with performance.

Who, why he's Burr (William) McIntosh, who calls himself the "Cheerful Philosopher" with a current weekly program on KECA.

Philosopher McIntosh is getting old. He was born in Wellsville, Ohio, in 1862. Perhaps he gets a bit wordy on some broadcasts. He has been known to threaten to bolt veterans' meetings, when the boys got fidgety while he was speaking. But, after all, some allowance is due when a man never admits he is licked . . . but comes back for more and more and more.

Educated at Lafayette and Princeton, he was in business for awhile, then a reporter and finally an actor. His first stage work was in '85. In 1895 he was the original "Taffy" in "Trilby." He was in the Spanish American War in Cuba; started the first pictorial magazine in New York in 1902; was the official photographer for the Taft Philippine Expedition in 1905; acted and lectured for years; was a Y. M. C. A. entertainer in France and Germany during the World War; wrote books and travelled.

About eight years ago, when most people of his age were retiring, he essayed a come-back and came to Hollywood. He started his philosophy over KHJ, then KFWB, KFAC and finally KECA. In the films he got parts in scores of silent pictures, the names of which would read like a film summary, there were so many. Since the talkies he hasn't done so well in the picture field. And his Cheerful Philosophy magazine saw only one issue.

But Burr McIntosh is carrying on. He still sticks to the microphone and "preaches" a philosophy of cheer and good thoughts. How many of us, at the age of seventy-two, would have the stamina, health and inclination to do that?

RAMBLINGS 'ROUND THE CITY  
—Los Angeles radio editors, assembled in solemn conclave for an all-night cocktail party, aver that CBS has the best coast coverage, but NBC the best press relations and publicity service. And neither chain, by the way, threw the party for the boys. George Fischer, of KFWB, explaining to his friends at Sardi's that he had nothing to do with

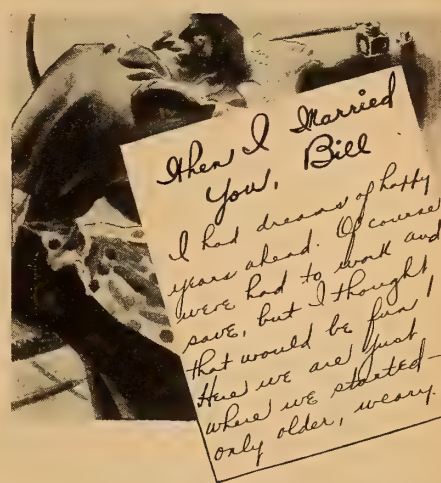
**NEW KIND OF IRON Burns AIR**

**Super-Speed Amazes Housewives—Pays Agents up to \$15 to \$25 in a day**

Housewives everywhere are astounded by the speed, efficiency and economy of the new Diamond Self-Heating Iron. Better than gas or electricity—at 1/4 the cost. No wires, no hose, no attachments to bother with. Quick, regulated, uniform heat. Cuts ironing time in half. Irons big washing for only 1c. Burns 98% air—only 4% common kerosene (coal oil). Handsome, rustproof, CHROMIUM finish insures lifelong service. No wonder agents like Morris have made \$15 to \$25 and more in a day.

**HOME TRIAL** Write today for full particulars, 30-day trial offer and proof of big money opportunity.

**AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO., 371 Iron St., Akron, Ohio**



**IF YOUR WIFE** should put her heart on paper, is *this* what she'd say to you? And is it *your* fault? Listen, man: isn't this a fact, the reason you haven't ever gotten anywhere is because you lack *training*? It's not too late, you can get training! Every year thousands of men, all ages, turn to International Correspondence Schools to acquire the knowledge they need. So can you! Mark and mail the coupon today!

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**

"The Universal University" Box 2270-C, Scranton, Penna

Without cost or obligation please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

- TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES**
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- BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES**
- |  |  |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management             | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management           | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management              | <input type="checkbox"/> Lettering Show Cards    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accountant                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy and C.P.A. Coaching | <input type="checkbox"/> English                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial Work                | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish                         | <input type="checkbox"/> Mail Carrier            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Grade School Subjects   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Wallpaper Decorating            | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship                    | <input type="checkbox"/> College Preparatory     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Service Station Salesmanship    | <input type="checkbox"/> First Year College      |
|  | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating            |
|  | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning              |

Name.....Age.....

Street Address.....

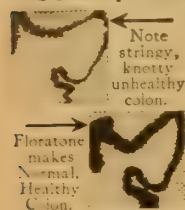
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Installing New Business Specialty on FREE TRIAL

Fernell, Georgia, makes over 1,000 sales testing him \$5 to \$80 profit each sale. E. Foyce, Calif., makes \$4,920 in 3 months. Pegram makes \$10 his first 5 days. J. C. Baker, \$151.71 in 3 days. Write for others enormous profits for high grade men installing new business specialty on free trial. Now bringing big cash returns for thousands of U. S. firms. \$1,707 returns in 3 months for one Kansas firm on \$85.00 investment. Install without a dollar down. Produce the cash to pay for itself before payment due. Many of world's leading firms among our customers, installed business or office boys. Customer guaranteed each return 10 times price paid. We furnish you portfolio of reference letters from foremost concerns. Close the deal. Exclusive. Representatives wanted—test this business without risking a cent of your own money. We train you. Write now for full information. F. E. ARMSTRONG, Dept. 3005-M, MOBILE, ALA.

originating the gag that "If radio announcers are born, not made, then it's just another argument for birth control." Ted Fio-Rito... he used to spell it Fiorito when at Chicago's Edgewater Beach... is back at the Coconut Grove for ninety days. Ted's making lots of money these days, but it doesn't give him time for any composing. His "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," "Charley My Boy" and "King for a Day" are now ancient history. Roy Ringwald, who plays the organ, piano, violin and sings, has gone with KMTR as staff organist. He started with KHJ several years ago when, aged 18, he got the yen for radio when wringing out bathing suits at the Santa Monica bath house. Since KHJ, he has been on KFI and other stations. He also took time off to go east for awhile with a vocal trio.

You hear the Watanabe-Archie skit these days on NBC lines, as well as its nightly KNX performance which has been going on for years. The Japanese houseboy, Frank Watanabe, is played by Eddie (Edmond James) Holden, tall and slim radio mimic. He got the idea when a San Francisco window trimmer... gossiping with the Jap window washer... later selling refrigerators, becoming a KFRC jamboree knockout, and then to Hollywood where, besides the radio skit, he advises Japanese actors how to talk pigeon-English as she is spoken!

Other half of the team is Reginald Sharland, as the Honorable Archie, Watanabe's employer. Educated in St. John's College, England, where he was born, he entered musical comedy, was an officer during the war. He came to the States in '26, to Hollywood three years later. One night he met Holden at a party, talked with his broad English accent and Eddie with his criss-cross talk, and a few days later teamed up for the radio act. Funny part of it all was the fact that Reggie didn't know that Eddie's dialect was "put on" until the next day after the party.

Now that Al Pearce's program goes east several times a week on NBC lines, let's meet some of the people. Most of their programs come from Joe Sam-eth's Radio Playhouse, in Los Angeles, though the troupe often goes on barnstorming tours for months at a time.

Let's meet Al Pearce, the m. c., and Elmer Blup, the low pressure salesman. All right. Meet 'em in one paragraph for they are one and the same guy, Al (Albert) Pearce. He started radio at KFRC, then to KHJ on the Happy-go-Lucky hour and, after a disagreement with the artists' bureau, shifted out for himself and on NBC lines.

Al is thirty-eight... born in 'Frisco... school in San Jose... sold real estate... ran bands at country dances and hence to radio-land. His wife is the former Audrey Carter. Al is heavy-set, 200 pounds on the hoof, with blue eyes and fawn-colored hair.

His brother, Cal (Clarence), is listed as a basso on the frolic hour and is about 41. He taught for awhile, and



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then started his deep bass voice on the air in a harmony team. He is about Al's height, but somewhat thinner, with darkish brown eyes and black locks. Golf and barge fishing are his hobbies. Here I've been writing all this western stuff this month without locating a bachelor for fair femme readers. But here he is at last, girls. Unless my information is woefully out of date, Cal is still a confirmed batch. But he's willing. His idea of a helpmate is a non-professional . . . one who can cook and sew and drive him to work mornings.

And here's Hazel Warner, who causes male hearts to flutter, though she is happily married and has a daughter at boarding school. Her cruising yacht is the scene of many happy get-togethers. Even though I once called Hazel a "female hill billy" in a daily column, I really think she has about the sweetest femme voice out on the coast. The blonde, blue-eyed contralto, was born in Iowa, and became a nurse before radio. Her mother was one of the first American women to graduate in Berlin with an M. D. degree. She lists hobbies as sailing, horseback riding and garden work.

Let's not forget Monroe Upton, press agent of the troupe, and also Lord Bilgewater on the air. He used to be known as Simpy Fitts at KFRC as a comic. He was born in Bandon, Oregon, some thirty-six years ago; was a ship's wireless operator; lived in Shanghai a year; and writes prolifically. He is married . . . tall and slender, blonde and blue eyed. My, seems as if this type sort of runs in the Pearce menagerie. More about the gang in another month.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Mayfield Kaylor, wife of KTM's production head and chief announcer, went to Indianapolis during the summer. Mrs. Mel Roach, whose husband is in similar capacity with KGER, also went back to the old home

town of Indianapolis. Thus the short, short story ends with the news that only Mrs. Kaylor returned to Los Angeles and hubby.

Mel says he hasn't been making enough dough so they decided to split up for awhile. Mrs. Mel has another story and says she is through. So it looks like another divorce in the radio colony.

Still, you can't always tell. The kids may change their minds. You know I wrote a swell piece six months ago about Wesley Tourtellotte (KFI organist) and Elvia Allman (KHJ comedienne) being a fine, happily married pair. And no more does the piece get into print than they saunter down to the court house and get a divorce . . . though remaining good friends and being seen out for dinner frequently.

And you remember I wrote about Harry Barris and his wife, Loyce Whiteman, getting all-fed up on temperamental stuff, making up with the network, and going on the air again in 'Frisco from a night club over NBC. Well, sir . . . and ladies . . . I hadn't much more than got this in print before Harry had an argument with a patron of the eatery and both he and the missus walked out of the joint.

So that is why I say you can't ever tell. The Roaches both say they are through with each other, but maybe they'll get over the peeve before long.

\* \* \*

Gogo DeLys, piquantly lovely French Canadian NBC singer, at last gets a break by getting on Phil Baker's program and, at the same time, she goes back to her own name of Gabrielle. She started radio in the northwest, then Los Angeles, then to San Francisco and now commuting to Hollywood for programs. She is a slender blonde (bobbed). Her hubby is Bud Overbeck, once of KFWB, but now singing with Jimmy Grier's band under the name of Harry Foster.

## Blonde or Brunette?

(Continued from page 49)

In such circumstances a rinse or dye will often help.

For bad cases of dandruff, a physician should be consulted, as the most efficient of beauty applications can never wholly cure this disease.

As to permanent waves, the mechanics of this art have been so developed that there is no harm to the hair and the result is a natural, soft frame for the face. No permanent is self-setting, to the satisfaction of a well-groomed

woman. Some of the better shops have abandoned the use of ammonia in the lotion as it breaks the ends of the hair. A reliable hair expert will test the hair before giving a permanent wave and also will test the curls afterwards to see if the proper amount of heat has been applied.

The hair is important; take care of it well and remember that a coiffure which is flattering is more than half the battle for beauty and good grooming.

Awhile back, readers of RADIO MIRROR learned of the thrilling elopement of Helen Morgan with a young Lochinvar, her utter happiness and her intention of giving up her brilliant career. Today, all that is over! Is Helen Morgan crying over her smashed marriage, or "can't she help lovin' that man"? Read her story by Herb Cruikshank in the December issue of RADIO MIRROR!

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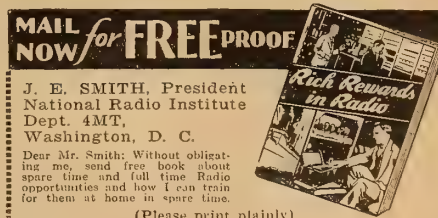
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# RADIO MIRROR OFFERS A

# \$500.00 CASH PRIZE

# JUMBLED NAME CONTEST

SIXTY-SEVEN AWARDS FOR SOLUTIONS  
YOU CAN UNSCRAMBLE

ENTER TODAY

**H**ERE'S a new contest for the interest, entertainment and profit of Radio Mirror's host of readers. Each of the strange jumbles of letters at the right can be unscrambled into the name of a person or character of prominence in radio broadcasting. Can you solve the tangle and straighten the letters out into recognizable names? Here's your chance to test your knowledge of broadcast personalities and find out just how much you actually do know.

The rules are few and simple. Read them carefully so that you will understand just how to compete. Then get busy! This month's first name is one of the most-used names in the telephone book. That ought to be a clue to use in getting started. Remember, no names should be sent in until you have a complete list of thirty. Now let's see what you can do with the first ten. Every member of the family will be interested in this. Try it out on them at dinner today.

## THE NAMES

TIMSH

NATMASE

MOFNAR

NEPREN

GUSHINE

BRAMODOL

TERTADENOG

RAAMI

DYAN

NUCHILOG

## THE RULES

**1.** Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish a list of ten scrambled names of prominent performers, announcers or characters in leading programs.

**2.** To compete, copy the scrambled names and opposite each write the name with the letters in correct order, and the classification of his or her work. Example—

PEZOL—Lopez, band leader

**3.** In case any name has more than one radio application either or any correct identification will rate equally in this contest.

**4.** When you have unscrambled and identified all thirty names write a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of these thirty personalities you enjoy most on the air and why.

**5.** The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled and identified and accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best. The prizes scheduled below will be awarded to entries in the order of their excellence on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

**6.** When your set of thirty names is complete mail it, accompanied by your statement of preference, to JUMBLED NAMES, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

**7.** All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, January 16, 1935, the closing date of this contest.

**8.** The judges will be the contest board of Macfadden Publications and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

## WIN ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES

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|--------------------------------|----------|
| FIRST PRIZE.....               | \$200.00 |
| SECOND PRIZE.....              | 100.00   |
| FIVE PRIZES, Each \$10.00..... | 50.00    |
| TEN PRIZES, Each \$5.00.....   | 50.00    |
| FIFTY PRIZES, Each \$2.00..... | 100.00   |
| TOTAL 67 PRIZES.....           | \$500.00 |

WATCH FOR SET NO. 2 OF THESE JUMBLED NAMES NEXT MONTH



# MOVIE STARS *Enthuse* OVER THE *New* 1935 MIDWEST-16



**World-Wide Entertainment**  
Hollywood, Calif.—Until I received my new Midwest radio, I had never thought it possible to bring in entertainment from half way around the world so clearly.  
*Jean Harlow*  
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star)



**Amazing All-Wave Performance**  
Hollywood, Calif.—My Midwest is the best set I have ever tried. It gives me super foreign reception and new radio adventure. Its performance on all five wave bands amazes me.  
**RICHARD ARLEN**,  
(Paramount Featured Player)



**Thrilling Foreign Reception**  
Hollywood, Calif.—Not until I tried out my Midwest 16 did I really appreciate what radio reception was. It thrills me to bring in distant foreign stations as clearly as local programs.  
(Paramount Star) *Claudette Colbert*



**Better Foreign Reception**  
Hollywood, Calif.—I am quite enthused with my Midwest. Many friends who have heard it are delighted with its performance. It brings in, without a doubt, the finest all-wave reception I have ever heard.  
*Neil Hamilton*

*Thrill to Unequalled World-Wide Performance with this—*

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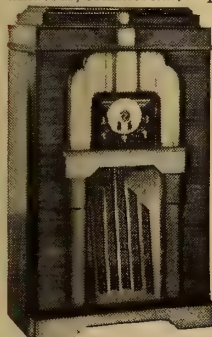
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the world's most distant stations. Thrill to the chimes of Big Ben from GSB, London, England . . . tune in on the "Marseillaise" from FYA, Pointoise, France . . . hear sparkling music from EAQ, Madrid, Spain . . . delight in lively tangos from YVIBC, Caracas, Venezuela . . . listen to the call of the Kookaburra bird, from VK2ME, Sydney, Australia, etc. Send today for money-saving facts.



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JG-7... BULOVA'S most popular, slenderized Baguette at BULOVA'S lowest price. Daintily engraved; guaranteed BULOVA "radio time" movement. Lovely tubular bracelet. Only \$2.38 a month.

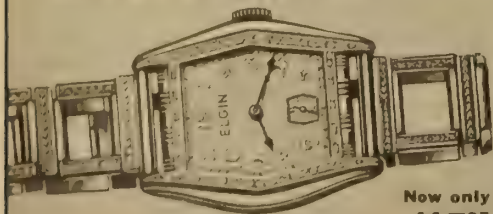


**A beautiful gift for only \$1.39 a month**  
JG-8... Extraordinary value! Smart looking Baguette effect ladies wrist watch; white "streamlined" case; fully guaranteed movement. Latest link bracelet to match. Only \$1.39 a month.



**6 Diamond BAGUETTE WRIST WATCH**  
**Only \$2.88 a month**

JG-9... The last word in dainty elegance! Exquisitely engraved, slenderized Baguette Wrist Watch adorned with 6 brilliant genuine diamonds. Fully guaranteed dependable movement. New barrel-link bracelet to match. A feature value! Only \$2.88 a month.



**FAMOUS \$29.75 ELGIN**  
**\$1.70 a month**

JG-11... Save \$11.80 on this nationally famous ELGIN Wrist Watch! Handsomely engraved, new model white case, fitted with a guaranteed dependable ELGIN movement. Sturdy link bracelet to match. Only \$1.70 a month.

Year in and year out, ROYAL maintains its leadership as AMERICA'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER CREDIT JEWELERS with astounding Christmas Gift values that challenge comparison anywhere. It's "smart" to shop at ROYAL! Our great volume of orders means tremendous purchasing power. Lower costs to us mean lower prices to you. Our 39-year reputation assures performance of every promise.

**Liberal Credit Terms  
Ten Full Months To Pay**

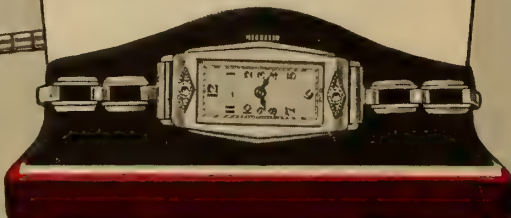
Make your gift selection NOW. Send us \$1.00 deposit and a few personal facts in confidence. Age, occupation, etc. (If possible, mention one or two business references.) No direct inquiries will be made. **Your dealings are strictly confidential.** No embarrassment—no long delays. We ship promptly, all charges prepaid. **NO C. O. D. TO PAY ON ARRIVAL.**

**Ten Days Free Trial  
You Be The Judge**

If you find you can surpass our values, anywhere, return your selection and we promptly refund your deposit. If entirely satisfied after trial period, pay only the small amount stated each month. No offer could be fairer than that.

**SAISFACTION GUARANTEED**

Written GOLD BOND GUARANTEE with every Diamond and Watch, backed by Royal's 39-year reputation of fair and square dealing. Be safe—and SAVE—BUY by mail at Royal! Mail your order TO-DAY and greet Christmas Morning with a smile!



**Our Greatest Ladies Wristwatch Value!**  
**SET WITH 2 GENUINE DIAMONDS**  
**Only \$1.70 a month**

JG-10... Never before have we offered a value equal to this! A charmingly dainty, Baguette effect ladies wrist watch; guaranteed accurate and dependable timekeeper. Set with 2 SPARKLING GENUINE DIAMONDS. Matched link bracelet. Now for the first time at this amazingly low price. \$1.70 a month.



**ONLY \$15.75**

**2 Initials. 2 Diamonds**  
**Only \$1.48 a month**

JG-5... Distinctive, new, gentleman's 10K Solid Yellow Gold initial ring set with 2 sparkling genuine diamonds and 2 Solid White Gold raised initials on genuine onyx. A gift "he" will cherish. Specify initials desired. Only \$1.48 a month.



**Both Now Only \$29.75**

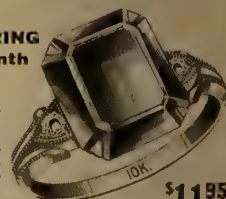
**\$2.88 a month**

**6 Certified Genuine Diamonds**

JG-2... Two exquisitely matched, betrothal rings of beautifully hand engraved and pierced 14K Solid White Gold, for less than you'd expect to pay for one alone! 3 certified genuine diamonds in the engagement ring and 3 matched genuine diamonds in the wedding ring. Now only \$29.75 for both rings—\$2.88 a month.

JG-2A... Wedding Ring only, \$12.50—\$1.15 a mo.

**2 Diamond LADIES STONE RING**  
**Only \$1.10 a month**



JG-6... A lovely gift at a very low price! Very popular, fashionable, ladies ring of 10K Solid White Gold set with a very genuine diamond on each side, and a simulated Ruby, Sapphire, Emerald, or Amethyst. Specify Choice. \$11.95. Only \$1.10 a month.

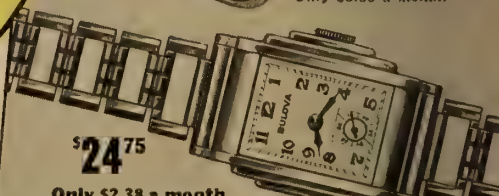
**\$11.95**

**It's all in the CENTER DIAMOND!**  
**\$3.65 a month**

JG-4... A solitaire engagement ring De Luxe for those who prefer maximum value in a single, specially selected, certified, first quality, genuine diamond of dazzling fire and brilliance. Exquisitely designed 18K Solid White Gold mounting. \$37.50. Only \$3.65 a month.



**\$37.50**



**\$24.75**

**Only \$2.38 a month**

**The BULOVA SENATOR—15 Jewels**

JG-12... The aristocrat of Bulova's wristwatches at Bulova's lowest price! Distinctively designed Bulova quality white case. 15 Jewel B-U-L-O-V-A movement. Link bracelet. Doubly guaranteed to give a lifetime of dependable service. Only \$2.38 a month.

**FREE To Adults!** New 32 page catalog

Featuring hundreds of money saving specials in certified first quality genuine diamonds, standard watches, fine modern jewelry and silverware offered on ROYAL'S Liberal TEN PAYMENT PLAN. Adults: Send for your copy to-day.



**America's Largest Mail Order Credit Jewelers**

**ESTABLISHED 1895**

**ROYAL**  
**DIAMOND & WATCH CO.**

Address: DEPT. 51-M 170 BROADWAY, N.Y.C.



# ★ Radio MIRROR

10¢

ADDEN  
CATION

NRA  
CODE

When RUDY  
VALLEE  
Runs Away

•

The Real Reason  
MARY  
PICKFORD  
Got to Radio

•

Change Our  
Radio Laws!"  
says

George Rogers  
Chief Radio Operator  
at the Morro Castle



RUDY  
VALLEE





FUR COAT FROM REVILLON FRÈRES  
 HAT BY LILY DACHE  
 INTERIOR DECORATION BY W. & J. SLOANE  
 JEWELRY FROM MARCUS & CO.



*All hers!*

.. yet she uses a  
 25¢ tooth paste

*why?*

At Palm Beach and Nassau, California and Cannes, every year they flock by scores — those smart, cultured women with enough money to indulge the slightest whim. And the number of them who use Listerine Tooth Paste is amazing. Obviously price could be no factor in their choice. Why then did they choose this tooth paste with its modest price of 25¢? Only one answer: better results.

*Direct Cleansing*

Listerine Tooth Paste *does* cleanse teeth better than ordinary pastes, says a great dental authority. That is because its cleansing agents come in *Direct Contact* with decaying matter on teeth. With the aid of the tooth brush they spread over tooth surfaces and penetrate hard-to-reach crevices, attacking tartar and sweeping away germ laden debris and discolorations.

Unlike some dentifrices, Listerine Tooth Paste does not cover teeth with a

slippery barrier over which the brush slides only partly removing the debris beneath.

*See and Feel the Difference*

You can *feel* the difference Direct Cleansing makes, the moment you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Your teeth actually *feel* cleaner when you run your tongue over them. Try it yourself and see. And within a few days your mirror tells you that they *look* whiter.

*Try It One Week*

Why not give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial? Why not let it make your teeth cleaner, more brilliant, more sparkling? In every way this modern tooth paste is worthy of the quality name it bears; worthy too, of the confidence placed in it by millions of women. In 2 sizes—regular 25¢ and double size 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

**LISTERINE  
 TOOTH PASTE**



# 850,000 Customers have *proved* the economy of FACTORY PRICES

"We certainly saved a lot of money by buying Direct from the FACTORY!"

"—and we simply couldn't beat Kalamazoo quality, could we?... It was a lucky day when I sent for that FREE Catalog."

You'll thrill at the FACTORY PRICES in this NEW, FREE Kalamazoo Catalog—just out. You'll marvel at the beautiful new Porcelain Enamel Ranges and Heaters—new styles, new features, charming new color combinations.

## 200 Styles and Sizes of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces

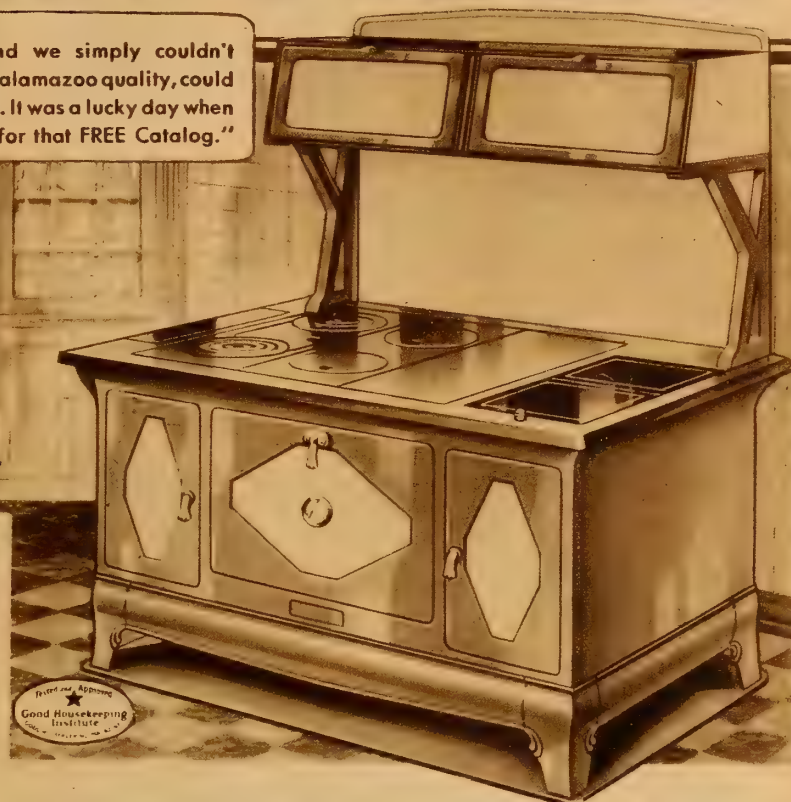
Mail coupon now—get this exciting, colorful Free catalog, sparkling with over 175 illustrations—200 styles and sizes—174 Ranges, 12 Different Heaters; 22 Furnaces—the finest Catalog Kalamazoo ever printed. More bargains than in 20 Big Stores—Come straight to the Factory. Quality that over 850,000 satisfied customers have trusted for 34 years.

### What This Catalog Offers You

1. **Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges; Coal and Wood Ranges; Circulating Heaters; Furnaces**—both pipe and one-register type—all at FACTORY PRICES.
2. **Cash or Easy Terms**—Year to Pay—A New Money Saving Payment Plan.
3. **30 Days FREE Trial**—360 Days Approval Test.
4. **24 Hour Shipment**—Safe Delivery Guaranteed.
5. **\$100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of Satisfaction.**
6. **5 Year Parts Guarantee.**
7. **FREE Furnace Plans—FREE Service.**

### The "Oven That Floats in Flame"

Read about the marvelous "Oven that Floats in Flame"—also new Non-Scorch Lids, new Copper Reservoirs and other



new features. Everybody will be talking about this FREE Catalog.

### Quality Heaters and Furnaces

Many styles of Porcelain Enamel Heaters—both Walnut and Black. Also Wood-burning stoves at bargain prices. Make a double saving by ordering your furnace at the factory price and installing it yourself. Thousands do. It's easy. Send rough sketch of your

rooms. We furnish FREE plans.

### Buy Your Stoves Direct from the Men Who Make Them

You don't have to pay more than the Factory Price. Don't "guess" at quality. Follow the lead of 850,000 others who saved millions of dollars by buying their stoves direct from the men who make them. Come straight to the Factory. Mail coupon now for this interesting FREE Catalog.

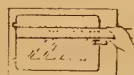
THE KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, Manufacturers  
469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Warehouses: Utica, N. Y.; Akron, Ohio

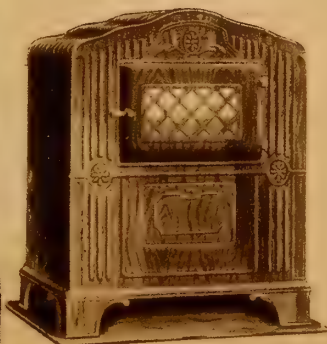
### Prepare for a Cold Winter

20 inches wide  
Fire Door  
takes logs 11½  
inches thick,  
18 inches long.

22½ inches  
wide Fire Pot  
takes big  
chunks of coal.  
Holds fire 15 hrs.



### NEW FRANKLIN HEATER



**"A Kalamazoo  
Trade Mark  
Registered Direct to You"**

## FREE Catalog

KALAMAZOO STOVE  
CO., Manufacturers

469 Rochester Ave.,

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Please send me

your FREE Catalog.

Check articles in which

you are interested.

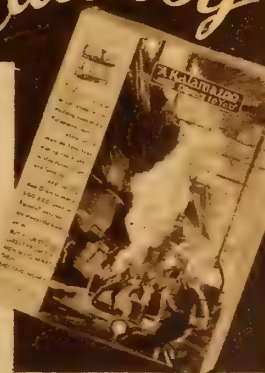
Coal and Wood Ranges ☐

Comb. Gas, Coal

and Wood Ranges ☐

Oil Stoves ☐ Heaters ☐

Furnaces ☐



Name.....

(Please Print Name Plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....



# Radio MIRROR

VOL • 3 NO • 2

DECEMBER • 1934

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL  
ART DIRECTOR

## In January RADIO MIRROR:

A revealing story about Kate Smith's Matinee . . . Phil Baker's Honeymoon for Three . . . The stars confess the little sins of which they're ashamed in their past . . . and a surprising Bing Crosby feature! Below, the Crosby twins themselves, in person (first photo).



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COVER PORTRAIT—Rudy Vallee, by A. Mozert

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# 3 trying moments conquered!

How WONDERSOFT KOTEX  
gives women freedom never  
before dreamed of



*Ice-skating is Vigorous!*

● But the modern girl can enjoy sports without discomfort. Wondersoft Kotex never ropes or pulls; it keeps readjusting itself because of the special center—unlike other pads.

*Bridge takes concentration*

● At the bridge-table, she used to squirm and fidget on *those* days. But Wondersoft Kotex stays dry at the edges, stays soft for hours. No chafing or harsh rubbing because sides are covered in filmy cotton.



*A filmy, daring frock*

● The kind of frock she wouldn't have dared to wear yesterday; so sheer, so light in color. But she is sure of absolute protection to both dress and lingerie, when she wears Wondersoft Kotex. The special center absorbs safely; the sides stay dry. And not a single tell-tale line shows.

● Too bad all women don't know the special patented advantages found only in Wondersoft Kotex. Wear it on either side, of course. Buy it in that smart new box that doesn't look like a sanitary napkin package. All stores have it—and you pay the same price for either Super or regular size. In emergency, find Kotex in West cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.



One Woman Tells Another About This New Comfort

|   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|
| <p>HAVE YOU TRIED THE NEW KOTEX BELT?</p> <p>YES, IT'S MARVELOUS!</p> | <p>THE FIRST BELT THAT REALLY FITS!</p> <p>THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S SHAPED TO THE FIGURE</p> | <p>AND IT'S SO EASY TO FASTEN!</p> <p>YOU DON'T REALIZE THE DIFFERENCE UNTIL YOU ACTUALLY WEAR IT</p> |  <p>HAVE you tried this form-fitting belt by Kotex? It doesn't cut, ride or irritate. It's soft, inconspicuous. Fits comfortably. The elastic is curved to fit the contours of the body.</p> |
|---|---|---|---|





# Reflections in

BY THE EDITOR

**B**UILDERS of sponsored programs should take a lesson from the lark which Waring's Pennsylvanians have with the Ford advertising flashes. They're painless, unobtrusive, and amusingly handled.

And while I'm about it, my enthusiastic vote goes to Fred Waring for the most consistently high-powered, most brilliantly put together, and most cleverly directed program on the air.

**A**SIDE to Buddy Rogers: You're working hard on your Ward Bread program and it's coming along fine. But you make a big mistake featuring your imitator of Fred Waring's Poley. The sincerest form of flattery is poison to the radio listener. Don't put your program in the class of the Gracie Allen imitators.

**W**HEN should studio audiences applaud?

According to the present system, the visitors are told when. The director raises his hand and the thunder of approval rumbles. The reason is that if studio audiences were allowed to clap whenever they felt like it, it might hold up the program, drown out a wisecrack, an announcement or something equally sacred.

Sometimes this system works out all right. But witness Fred Allen's program for proof of how it can endanger the popularity of a swell comedian, break down the faith of the tuner-inner in the sincerity of the presentation.

The interpolated skits which advertise Sal-Hepatica and Ipana are followed by a few bars of orchestral music which effectively ring down the curtain. Then what? Then deafening rounds of applause. Why?

The Bristol-Myers Company has evolved a clever way of putting over its products. But no radio listener can believe that the studio listeners are so impressed with these sketches that they'd receive them

with such frantic approval. It makes that audience seem like a claque.

The program costs loads of money. It wouldn't cost a dime to tell the director to keep his hand down.

**O**NE of the swellest presentations on the air, according to my lights, is also one of the least pretentious. It's Captain Tim Healy's Ivory Stamp Club.

Any teller of tales can profit by listening to the grand tempo that Captain Tim achieves when he recounts the adventures of famous spies and the stories behind national stamps. That slight accent of his only makes his style more ingratiating.

Perhaps his sponsors have found out that the program, designed for kids, is just as entertaining to grandpa and dad as it is to sonny. Now it's an NBC network broadcast on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at quarter of six, Eastern Time.

**T**HE Morro Castle is in the limbo of yesterday's news. But the opinions of the Radio Operators, Rogers and Alagna, that appear in this issue, are of vital interest to every thinking American.

There's one other angle to be put in the records: Hundreds of relatives spent dragging hours of anxiety waiting for a list of survivors of the catastrophe. Radio's agreement with the newspapers prevented it from putting on the air the names of the missing and dead and rescued which it could have done long before the papers could come out with them.

In the case of extreme necessity such a working agreement should be temporarily voided. Radio should be allowed to serve humanity whenever possible. The suspense between anxiety and relief or even between anxiety and grief is the most dreadful human experience—when it can be allayed there should be no thought of rivalry or competition.

Here are my frank, unvarnished personal opinions on what's right and what's wrong with radio. Whether you agree or disagree, let's have your opinions. If you don't win one of the prizes, I'll pay space rates for any of your suggestions I publish. Let's hear from you.

*Ernest V. Heyn*





Photographic Composites by Charles Sander

## BY THE READERS

**R**EADERS this month have offered some very good advice to sponsors, broadcasting officials, as well as to you tuner-inners.

Have you tried for a prize? Why don't you sit down and write your letter now? Not only will you be helping those who are anxious to provide the sort of entertainment you want, but you may win one of the larger prizes.

From the great big batch of letters received this month the following prize winners were selected:

### \$20.00 PRIZE

**Y**OU ask for constructive criticism of radio programs and I hope this will fill the bill. I am not writing my own likes or dislikes, but what I believe to be the thoughts of all radio fans.

First comes advertising, a necessary part of radio if we want good programs. But intelligent advertising is necessary also: There are too many useless adjectives, such as: "remarkable," "wonderful," and so forth, -ad nauseum.

Today all that needs to be mentioned is the name of the product and listeners know immediately what it is and what it is for. I believe the most clever advertising is done by the General Tire Co. and Pabst Blue Ribbon. They both use comedy in putting across their products. And laughs are certainly helpful.

Another mistake made by the master minds is to broadcast a program on all stations and sometimes on all networks. Why make everyone listen to one program? For instance: big league ball games and so on. Let those who like these programs listen to them. But why not have something else on, so that the people who do not like this kind of program can listen to what they want.

Miss E. C. Stacy claims that a listener can always get transcriptions, but who wants to listen to transcriptions after hearing good music?

If the sponsors used a little

more variety in the presentation of their programs they would probably be more successful also. Every time a sponsored program is presented it is introduced and ended in the same way.

In closing, a word for your magazine. I believe there is enough variety in it to please any taste. You might call it the "almost perfect radio program."

Here's hoping for better programs.

HERBERT C. ADLINGTON, Baltimore, Md.

### \$10.00 PRIZE

**H**OW can people expect the radio to have only the programs they like on the air every minute? If they would but listen and try, I'm sure they would find something valuable to them in every program.

Living in a small town as I do, one can get very narrow-minded, but our radio is a life-saver, as it helps us in keeping up with the world. Whenever I get a program I don't particularly care for I take lessons in grammar and listen for errors the speaker might make and try to improve my own speech. Constant listening, you know, of some educated speaker improves your own speech.

Radio just can't displease me. I'm very fond of music, so that it takes all kinds to satisfy me. Frankly, I'm partial to Ben Bernie and Guy Lombardo.

RADIO MIRROR goes with our radio. What would be the use of listening if you didn't have RADIO MIRROR to describe these interesting people so you could really see them at their work?

MRS. G. H. WRIGHT,  
Anderson, Ind.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

**T**ODAY'S radio and the good programs emanating therefrom are a great boon to our nation. Now that the New Deal in Washington is doing wonderful work in laying low Ol' Man Depression, I believe the radio fans should have a New Deal of  
(Continued on page 86)

Twenty dollars is paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best and one dollar each for the next five. Write today to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City. Send your letter, not exceeding 200 words, before Dec. 22. Give us your ideas.



# What's New on Radio Row

by Jay Peters

**W**HATEVER in the world is the matter with radio announcers and their wives? Why can't they live together in connubial bliss? Certainly, mike masters have a most public life and their spouses should have no difficulty in keeping tabs on them. If they don't get home to dinner and telephone they are detained at the office on business, all the missus has to do is to tune in on their station and find out what the business is. The whole world knows where they are and what they are doing.

**F**IRST it was Graham McNamee whose ties were severed by the divorce courts. Then it was Ted Husing, his rival sports announcer on the rival networks, who got Renovated. Now it's James Wallington whose wife told her troubles to the judge. Here you have probably the three best known air ambassadors, all involved in marital rifts. There are others, too, including Paul Douglas, another prominent Columbian.

McNamee, after an interval, married again. Husing at this writing is still unattached but rumor links his name with every eligible in the country including Peggy Joyce and Jean Harlow. However, a persistent report has it Ted and his erstwhile missus are still very much in love and will remarry.

**T**HE first Mrs. Wallington was a Russian dancer (Stanislawa Butkiewicz was her tag and Jimmy, 'tis said, even though he afterwards became a diction medal winner, had great difficulty pronouncing her name when he wooed her) and Jimmy turned right around and married another dancer.

The second Mrs. Wallington is the former Anita Furman, who was a member of the Rockettes, the dancing troupe at the Radio City Music Hall. She was divorced last June from Eugene Walker Newman, of Brooklyn, New York.

Right: If Lou Holtz tells another dialect story Rudy Vallee will have to stop the show. Lou has been panicking them week after week with those famous yarns of his.

Below, Hollywood presents us with radio personalities and what is just as important — with Ruby Keeler. Al Jolson, Ruby and Dick Powell with Maxine Doyle.



**A**ND by the way, Dick Leibert, organist at the Radio City Music Hall, played the wedding march at the Wallington-Furman nuptials. It was his first performance at any wedding. Dick, as you perhaps know, is now presiding also at the console at the Stratosphere Club, swank night spot operated by the Rockefellers on the 65th floor of the RCA Building.

\* \* \*

Grace Moore in New York with her husband to see the premiere of "One Night of Love" which is an entree into radio, pictures, and opera for the little Southern gal, and she's probably used it, too.

**S**PEAKING of announcers, as we just were, we're reminded that the turnover in microphone masters is getting serious. Some time ago Ted Jew-





ett, night supervisor of NBC's mike men, departed from that post. More recently John Holbrook, another honored by the American Academy of Arts and Letters for his perfection in speech, bowed out at the National.

About the same time Tom Coates got his notice at Columbia. A woman connected with one of the advertising agencies is generally credited with his dismissal. According to the story, she objected to Coates because he sounded too much like all the other CBS couriers. The lady, representing a sponsor, of course had a lot of influence and Coates had to take what the boys in the announcers' room, call the rap. It won't be long now, they say, before the slogan "The sponsor is always right" will be ruling the networks.

\* \* \*

#### THE MONITOR MAN SAYS:

**Rudy Vallee** has nothing but Cadillac which he buys only from an old Portland, Maine, friend, George Davis. On any kind of a tour Rudy invariably makes the chauffeur move over and he will clip off 350 to 400 miles per day with the slightest excuse . . . **May Singhi Breen**, the Ukulele Lady, and her composer-husband, **Peter de Rose**, have closed their New Rochelle, N. Y. home and moved into New York City for the winter. They found commuting into Radio City for their daily broadcasts last winter a hardship in severe weather . . . **Mary Small**, the 12-year-old girl prodigy, is being worked pretty hard off the air rather than on. One



## Women Must Avoid Harsh Laxatives

**T**HE feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At all drug stores—in 10c and 25c boxes.

#### BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Get genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

Keep "regular" with

# EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE





## What's New on Radio Row

*Continued*

Out Hollywood Way, Jimmy Durante took a chance and was photographed with a saxophone, Betty Grable and Maxine Doyle. The scene was a night rendezvous.

morning recently she sang in three different towns on Long Island—Lynbrook, Hempstead and Great Neck—and that's a strain on any little girl's voice, even though it be a big one like Mary's.

**Paul Dumont** is back on the air again and are his admirers happy!

For some time Paul was one of NBC's ablest announcers; more recently he was in that network's production department; now he is writing and acting

in that new minstrel show for Molle... **Jack Berger** boasts he is the only aerial artist who never hears a radio. Jack says he is interested in only one program—his own—and can't tune in on himself... Now the Reds are getting into the studios—or so suspects **Henry King**, the maestro. When his men got together the other day for rehearsal they found all the horns had been plentifully sprinkled with red pepper! If the sabotage hadn't been discovered before the broadcast the results might have been disastrous.

**Paul Whiteman, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler** are in a huddle at this writing plotting a one night stand tour of the country early in 1935... **Grace Moore** is doing a series of "guest" appearances for Atwater Kent. It was the radio manufacturer back in 1925 who introduced the "guest artist" to radio... The latest in electrical instruments is the vivitone cello. Juice is generated when the bow is drawn across the strings. Maybe **Leopold Stokowski's** prediction of a few years ago will come true yet. Remember he said the time was coming when symphony concerts would be produced entirely by electrical instruments?

\* \* \*

**FOOTBALL** at Notre Dame has been a far different thing this fall. What with one thing and another. But the biggest change was inaugurated by **Roy Shields**, leader of the Armour orchestra. At the behest of **Elmer Layden**, who coaches the fighting Irish, he composed "Notre Dame Shift March",



Ted Husing is always there with the umph when it's needed. He is snapped in action by some CBS photographer who followed Ted to the very scene of the crime itself.



and not even five guesses would get you the right answer on what it's being used for. The footballers are pounding up and down the practice field to the tune of this song. Layden mumbled something about swivel-hipping in explanation, but it won't explain if some of the backs suddenly join hands and play ring around the rosey between halves.

\* \* \*

**T**HE late Robert Louis Stevenson may have rolled uneasily in his grave at the news that "Treasure Island" was being made over into a motion picture, but it would be nothing to what is going on beneath Jules Verne's six-foot plot of ground. NBC's decided that his works need a three-a-week dramatization and are putting them on the air.

\* \* \*

**F**RANK PARKER can't seem to quite get his hand on the top rung of the success ladder. Every time he reaches up, someone steps on his fingers. In plainer language, he keeps getting offers for something bigger all the time. He's been contracted lately to

Fred Waring ran into martial law out in Minneapolis on his recent record breaking personal appearance tour. They wouldn't allow any trucks on the streets which left Fred with this backbreaking wardrobe trunk.



■ YOU WOULDN'T EXPECT your child to take a whole bucket of maple sap to get the concentrated good of maple syrup...THEN WHY force him to take bulky liquid cod liver oil when there is a much better, thoroughly pleasant way—White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets?

*Repeated tests prove conclusively that the*  
**HEALTH-PROMOTING VITAMINS A AND D**  
 of a teaspoonful of cod liver oil have been  
 concentrated into each of these candy-like tablets



The seal of the American Medical Association (Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry) bears witness to this fact, as do the seals of The Good Housekeeping Bureau and the American Dental Association.

No more struggles over cod liver oil—no more messy, sticky bottles and spoons! For patient scientists have finally found the way to concentrate all the precious vitamins A and D of cod liver oil into little pleasant tablets—without the nauseating fatty acids which are so often upsetting.

White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are so easy to take—*anywhere, at any time*. Each tablet has an assured vitamin potency. It is an accurate dose—equivalent in vitamins A and D to a teaspoonful of oil. They can't lose their potency because the vitamins are protected against the destructive effects of time, light, and atmospheric changes.

White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are the easy, modern way to give the children those cod liver oil properties which help build strong teeth and bones, sound bodies, and promote resistance to disease in general. See for yourself how eagerly your child takes them.

White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are a blessing to grown-ups. They can be carried in purse or pocket.

And these tablets are well suited for infant feeding. They dissolve quickly and thoroughly—just crush them and mix with orange juice, tomato juice, or formula.



**White's**

**COD LIVER OIL  
 CONCENTRATE TABLETS**



# What's New on Radio Row

Continued

Mrs. and Mr. Charles J. Correll who, rumor has it, have some connection with Amos and Andy. Charles resumed his blackface in October, after an Alaskan fishing trip this summer.

Below, Phil Baker came back to the Armour Hour after a much needed vacation which the Downey sisters helped make pleasant.



Right, the singer now starring in the "Hollywood Hotel" Campbell Soup program, Rowene Williams. She's talking to another contestant, Irene Barclay and Leon Belasco.



impersonate famous radio stars in movie shorts, and he ought to know about them by now.

\* \* \*

**T**HERE'S a swell reason why Fred Waring's new baby daughter has been named Dixie. The night that she was born, Fred was somewhere between Sulphur Springs and New York, but it was close to the Mason and Dixon line, so, according to his press agent, he insisted that she be tagged "Dixie", and it's up to you to believe it.

\* \* \*

**F**OR thousands of radio listeners the saddest news of the month is Cap'n Henry's announcement that he is withdrawing from the Showboat Hour. He was lured from the stage two years ago and now he's anxious to go back. Not that the grease paint is in his blood, but it seems he is going to earn more money. Which is reasonable enough for everyone but Maxwell House, which is really up in the air

now, what with the loss of another star, Annette Hanshaw.

\* \* \*

**J**ACK BENNY has covered practically every hour of the day and every sponsor in the industry, but you can't keep him off the air. He's back on his old Sunday night spot, with the above mentioned Frank Parker and Don Bestor, who provides musical interludes when the comedian runs down. This may be a more permanent relationship.

\* \* \*

**D**ID you hear that hour program at midnight about a month ago in honor of a Bob Crosby, who turned out to be a younger brother of Bing's? Anyway, Bob has been in New York, lying in wait for the day Bing breaks down over the strain of raising a family. Then he'll step out with his fine baritone and keep up the tradition of the Crosby name. At least he says he will. Bing doesn't say a word.

**R**ADIO is getting more of a break with its music these days. In the first place, original pieces are being written for broadcasts over at NBC, and by such well known composers as Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, who have been hired by Ivory to help build up the Gibson Family. Then Sig-mund Romberg has agreed to let radio present some of his compositions for the first time.

\* \* \*

**O**NE sponsor this winter is going to learn what dealing with an artist really means. Pity Cream of Wheat who had the nerve to hire Alexander Woollcott for broadcasting. The town crier only works because he can't think of anything else to do, and he's not going to let any supervisor look over his shoulder and frown when he says something someone doesn't like. You can't blame him, though, after all those years he was holding down a newspaper job and taking it from the city editor.

\* \* \*

**C**CHESTERFIELD has backed down and is giving the public some popular music on its program this winter. That's all the fault of Andre Kostelanetz who decided that Mondays should



## RADIO MIRROR

be tango nights. He's really a Russian, but there must be some hidden southern blood in the director.

\* \* \*

**W**ALTER O'KEEFE who might be suspected of being an old circus performer from the song he made famous, is shopping around these days for a light house. He thinks solitude will be good for him, but no one else can understand his motives unless he wants to try setting up in light house-keeping.

\* \* \*

**H**AVE you noticed all the opera stars and former opera stars on the air this winter? Of course, there are

showman. Roxy has a son, Arthur, who is single, so he can't expect much from him in this particular direction. In Beta's maiden days she used to have a personal theme song with which swains serenaded her. Her boy friends, with a kindly wink at her father's super-colossal amusement enterprises, always greeted her with a few strains of "Bigger and Beta Than Ever." Sorreh.

\* \* \*

**O**F course she doesn't do it now on the radio, television being still "around the corner," but time was when Grace Hayes attracted attention by splitting her skirts on the sides and painting her legs. Grace used also to



those veterans—Mme. Schumann-Heink and John McCormack—and the Metropolitan operas themselves broadcast every Saturday afternoon by NBC. The long list includes Gladys Swarthout, Helen Jepson, Everett Marshall, Rose Bampton, Grete Stueckgold, Lawrence Tibbett, Rosa Ponselle, Nino Martini and Queena Mario. When this was typed their programs hadn't been definitely set but Richard Crooks, John Charles Thomas and Mario Chamlee were among the opera luminaries preparing for radio recitals.

\* \* \*

**R**OXY, who is back on the air at CBS of all places, was about to become a grandfather for the first time as we went to press. His daughter, Beta, who is married to the advertising manager of a Newark department store, is making this possible for the veteran

carry a big fan on the stage with her because her hands were so clumsy. She originally sang on the Barbary Coast of San Francisco, her home town. Grace was born below the Slot, which is equivalent to Tenth Avenue in New York City, so you know what that means. Once in her early days out there she appeared on the same vaudeville bill with Marilyn Miller and the Miller family. She sang such hot songs that Marilyn's dad wouldn't let little Marilyn listen to her for fear that his innocent child might be corrupted!

\* \* \*

### STUDIO SIDELIGHTS

Abe Lyman, commissioned a Kentucky Colonel, immediately started cultivating a Southern accent, yah sah . . . Georgie Price is now a broker on the New York Stock Exchange. However, he doesn't (Continued on page 68)

# SICK HEADACHES were driving me CRAZY!



• I suffered intensely from sick headaches for years—until I wished my head would open to relieve the pain. Nothing seemed to help the constipation that caused them. When I was visiting my sister-in-law in Tacoma she gave me her favorite medicine, FEEN-A-MINT. I feel duty bound to let you know what a help FEEN-A-MINT has been. It cleansed out my system wonderfully—all the poisons went. And it keeps me so regular that I am a new woman. It doesn't cramp or gripe a person either. I've told all my friends about it.

### The easy, pleasant way to combat constipation

Typical of hundreds of unsolicited letters in our files! Over 15,000,000 men and women have found that FEEN-A-MINT is the easy, pleasant way to combat constipation and all its attendant ills. It is *thorough* and at the same time *gentle*. Pleasant to take—children think it's just nice chewing gum. Because you *chew* it, it works more thoroughly than ordinary laxatives. Try it and see—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.



**CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE...**  
CHEWING DISTRIBUTES IT  
EVENLY THROUGH THE  
CLOGGED INTESTINES SO  
THAT IT DOES A MORE  
THOROUGH JOB WITHOUT  
HARMFUL VIOLENCE.  
THAT IS WHY  
**FEEN-A-MINT** IS  
ESPECIALLY GOOD  
FOR WOMEN AND  
CHILDREN.

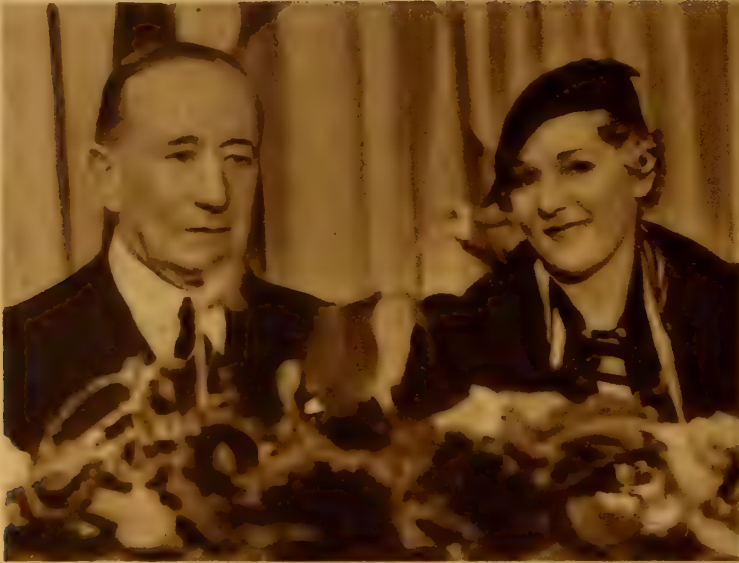
**FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF  
CHEW YOUR  
LAXATIVE**

# FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE



# The Real Reason



On the left Mary is talking with Marconi who so much influenced her plans, and below she is shown signing for her present series of broadcasts. The gentleman is Neil McKay, her representative.



"TELEVISION is *not* a thing of the future!" Mary Pickford told me, the day after she had signed for her present series of broadcasts this fall. "Another year will see it alongside radio in the home.

"It is no longer a matter of guess work. The inventors are certain it will go on the market as a popular instrument for entertainment before another twelve months go by."

Imagine yourself sitting back in a big easy chair. You turn on the switch at your finger tips and lo! the deep blue eyes, blonde curls, and petite form of America's sweetheart flash before your very eyes as she enacts any one of a dozen favorite roles—Little Lord Fauntleroy, in modern form, perhaps.

Thanks to the magic of electrical impulses along the air waves, television has rubbed Alladin's lamp and brought her into your home, placed her at your feet, for your amusement.

Mary firmly believes that this imaginative scene will actually take place next season in radio! That is the real reason she is on the air, why she signed a radio contract this fall, after snubbing its advances for seven years.

She wants to be ready when the change comes, and she knows that she must have at least a season of radio broadcasts behind her for experience.

"I guess I must be a pioneer," she confessed. "Here is the whole new field of television and I want to be the first to enter it. I'm terribly ambitious, you know."

She looked it right then, her small, shapely hands clenched at her sides, her slim body held erect, pronouncing every word carefully, slowly that each one might count.

We were seated in her Fifth Avenue suite of rooms, high above New York's roaring thoroughfare. Her business manager hovered nervously in the background—they were to be packed and on their way in an hour.

"Now that I've something to look forward to, something to plan for, I'm terribly eager to get started," she continued.

Which explains the secret of Mary's weekly arrival at the microphone. Not like another star who sees radio only as a willing wage earner, Mary knows it as the springboard into the future, into a new stardom—in television!

It was late this summer that Mary suddenly saw the light, like a stricken sinner at a revivalist meeting, and even then it was only by the luckiest kind of a break that she was able to make her decision to prepare for the coming of television in another twelve months.

"It's a funny thing," she confessed to me. "Here are all these people in radio who refuse to believe that television will come along. It's just like the advent of talkies in the movie industry. Not until it was too late did most of the stars begin preparations for the revolution which meant a new era.

"I WAS the same way myself about radio, only a little worse. I wouldn't even think of going on the air. But that was before this summer. That was when I had my eyes opened for me.

"Part of my European trip took me to Italy. One afternoon at a tea given for me I met Guglielmo Marconi, father of the wireless. Whether it's generally known or not, he is one of the most enthusiastic supporters and co-workers for television. I had no idea at the time that our conversation would hold so much importance for me.

"Curious about television and its future—I'd heard so many conflicting stories about it—I thought I'd ask Marconi. Then came the revelation that woke me up as to what was occurring in the field of radio.



# MARY PICKFORD

## *Turned to Radio*

What did Mary Pickford have up her sleeve when she suddenly signed a radio contract this fall?

by FRED RUTLEDGE

"'Television,' he said, 'now stands complete—an inexpensive household appliance. It is only a matter of months before it will be marketed.'"

To Mary—to the founder of the Pickfair estate whose business acumen made possible its elevation into America's number one entertainment palace for nobility from the seven corners of the world—Marconi's startling statement meant just one thing—

A nation's sweetheart would return triumphant. A star reborn would flicker across television screens in every home from coast to coast.

A fifteen minute conversation, a chance remark, meant a swift, abrupt altering in the course of her career. Mary saw opening up before her an entirely new vista. Gone were plans for approaching middle age—in their place youthful enthusiasm, irrepressible energy and buoyancy.

"I'll never forget that day," Mary told me, drawing a deep breath. "Later Marconi described the secret invention which he said would mean the immediate popular success of television. I knew then that he was dead right."

Nearly all the rest of Mary's trip was forgotten in the excitement of making ready for her return to New York. Then came her chance for a radio contract. The actress who had been unapproachable up to this time lost no

*(Continued on page 72)*





# WHEN Rudy Vallee RUNS AWAY FROM

**A**TALL figure detaches itself from the group of impatient tourists waiting for the State of Maine Express to pull out of the Grand Central Station and dashes down the track. An irate passenger sticks his head out of a window and bellows at the trucking master:

"Who's that guy?"

"That guy," the master informs him proudly, "is Rudy Vallee! We hold the train for him like this every week."

That guy Vallee is hurrying on his way to the cool, fragrant pine forests of his beloved Maine, to freedom and quiet, to the lodge which has come to be his first pride and joy. Twelve hours from this moment he will have discarded his matched shirt and tie, hung up his neatly pressed suit, and will be comfortably stretched out in the worst disarray of clothing he can find. Mostly it will be old pants and shoes left over from last summer.

Each Thursday night, when the curtain has been rung down on the Fleischmann Yeast hour, Rudy is rushed down an express elevator, guided to his car, and with the aid of willing motorcycle escorts is brought to the Grand Central where a train has been held behind its regular running time.

From the last of April until the first of November Rudy

How'd you like to be a guest at Rudy's hide-out on the shores of beautiful Lake Kezar?

b y  
B I L L  
V A L L E E

frets impatiently for nine o'clock of each Thursday night. He is aching for the solitude his peaceful log cabin at Lake Kezar will bring him. And well he might, for it is an exceptional back-to-the-nature rendezvous which he has built. (I can speak impersonally for no credit is due me in the matter.)

It is a different, more kindly Vallee that brushes the leaves of his Maine trees from his coat. There is no need for pretense here. No one whom he must mistrust, no one who is only waiting for his back to be turned before drawing a knife, is within a thousand miles of the secluded camp.

The story of how the Lodge came about is another of those fanciful tales of a good deed well done for a hapless friend of college days.

Rudy bought an outboard motor boat from a chum who needed the money. He couldn't take his new possession home with him, and he had no boathouse in which to lodge it. Rather than lose out entirely on the deal, he bought land, and then lumber at lake Kezar. Which solved more than the problem of housing the boat. It became a real haven for the over-worked, sorely taxed young bandmaster.

Once he was started in the work, he left nothing undone. Out of scraggly jack pines, huge boulders and sandy soil rose a camp that surpassed all ordinary ideas of outing

This is the house that Rudy built, where he hides when he steps out of his character as Director of the Fleischmann Yeast Hour. These scenes were snapped by Rudy himself on a recent holiday.



Quaint bar, isn't it? It contains a radio—honest! On the opposite page we see Vallee enjoying a game of billiards and next, he's all set, paddle, pump 'n everything for a bit of water sport on the lake.





# Clee

## IT ALL



Right, Skipper Vallee is ready for some snappy weather; above, he's at the wheel of his own Chris-Craft which speeds a mile a minute.







The Captain pauses for a moment to have his picture taken. To the right Rudy awakens early to arrange the day's menu, a task he enjoys.



comfort. On three hundred acres of primeval forest near Fryeburg he ordered built four lodges and a boathouse—seventeen rooms and five baths in all, each one named after some song coincidental to the life and times of one Rudy Vallee.

To get to this group of buildings, respectively known as camp A, B, and C, the guest drives over a narrow, clay road which winds through a mile of solid virgin pine forest.

Near the blue, icy waters of the lake stands "A," the main lodge. Here, besides everything else, the cooking is done. And, if I remember correctly, considerable eating. The kitchen and pantry are certainly worthy of mention. The range is electric and the latest type. The refrigerator, large enough for a small hotel even to its electric lights, holds steaks, chops, chickens, everything anyone could possibly ask for in the line of comestibles.

The living room, by mutual consent, is turned into the dining room at sundown. Large and filled with sunshine during the day, it houses a full-sized pool table and a divan which seats about half as many people as Radio City Music Hall. This is fronted by a fireplace which is always kept burning.

Next, in the list of descriptions, come the bars and bath-rooms. The baths *are* something in this camp. Each is completely done in colored tiles and fixtures. Each with its glass-enclosed shower, has a name. One for example is called "Americana", although it has never been disclosed just what national significance this may have.

The bars are two in number, one in the boathouse, the

other in the main lodge. The former is a barrel affair, mounted on wheels about which high modernistic chairs stand in wait for the drinker.

Let me describe a typical room. Say the one in which I slept. A brass plate on the door announces that this is the "Vagabond Lover." Its soft box-spring bed, heavy chairs which caught flying articles of attire, and a colonial writing desk would have done justice to a Westchester country home.

The camp boasts its own water system for face and dish washing. Spring water is always served at the dining table. And while we're on the subject of water, I understand that the fire fighting equipment is considered remarkable for anything but a large city hotel. It is an immense red affair on wheels, standing near the lodges.

Lodge "C", mentioned but not explained, deserves more than passing notice, for it lodges a white-coated, wing-collared butler, only reminder of the New York life of the camp owner. In addition to the butler, five other servants have quarters here.

The boathouse, which was really the cause for this whole immense affair, has recently been enlarged. Over the house proper has been added another story, with a radio, pool table, bar, refrigerator, pantry and tiled bath. In Rudy's estimation it is the most important member of the family.

I thought I knew this brother of mine, but the complete transformation which comes over him when he finally arrives at Lake Kezar always newly mystifies me.

Reserved, rather aloof in New York, a taskmaster in his rehearsals for the show, Rudy makes few new friends, pre-

## WHEN RUDY VALLEE RUNS AWAY FROM IT ALL





One of the famous band-master's hobbies is taking moving pictures. Above are interesting views of the cabin, a corner of the porch overlooking beautiful Lake Kezar and the boathouse. To the extreme right, Vallee doesn't forsake his beloved saxophone when he runs away to Maine.



ferring the ones he grew up with in the trade. His is a typically Manhattan life, filled with long hours of work and very few minutes of play.

At camp, the protecting cloak of reserve which he has pulled around him, drops away. Perhaps the best example of how he changes lies in his smoking habits. At the risk of appearing ridiculous, he pulls out a black stogie, after meals, and puffs contentedly on it. In the city he would be horrified at the thought.

The members of his orchestra with whom he usually shares this Maine retreat also drop any barriers which business might have raised and become, very simply, themselves.

The daily trip for the mail provides Rudy with the chance to do his own marketing. At the grocery store he walks happily about, prodding melons, baring ears of corn, examining the meat for the night's dinner. Secretly, I believe, Rudy feels sure he missed his calling in not being a world famous chef.

And his clothes. Old flannel shirts, stiff with paint and varnish, army breeches of some ancient make, shoes which were worn out years ago. Only when he slips into his white naval officer's uniform for a cruise in his speedboat does he look at all like the Vallee who carries off the show on Thursdays.

Much has already been said about Rudy's hobby—mov-

ing pictures which he takes himself—but unless you are given a picture of his camera work in the north woods, you can't realize how far he has gone with it.

I saw in this order one evening at the main lodge: Color movies of the camp; the complete "Vagabond Lover", sound and all; a Mack Sennett talking account of a shark hunt; a Paramount short of Rudy's, "The Musical Doctor."

Rudy's first job, as he mentioned in his autobiography, was in a picture theater where he swept out the aisles, the projection booth, oiled the machines and changed the carbons in the lamp houses.

He has never forgotten that boyhood work. Summer nights he uses two projection machines to show home movies, unheard of experi-

ment for an amateur. Incidentally, that means he has one machine loaded with film and ready to start the minute the other is unwound.

His camera is made to order. Coming complete with necessary lens it costs more than the ordinary priced automobile. But what pictures it takes! It does everything, according to Rudy, but bark. Slow motion, backwards, inside out, whatever might appeal to his fancy.

Unlike the usual amateur who stands helplessly by and curses when the films break, Rudy calmly proceeds to apply his early training and in a minute or two everything is again jake, and you peer out over a golden lake mottled with the slanting rays of a sinking sun.

The summer and early fall months have not been in vain. Well rested, he goes into the winter shows with all the buoyancy and enthusiasm of his first radio days.

## HE FINDS RELAXATION AT HIS LODGE IN MAINE



# XMAS SHOPPING



Yuletide means something more this year to the Burns, the Pearls and the Bennys than ever before

**A** SCOOTER?" Jack Benny glanced at the rest of us, seated about the spacious living room of his Central Park South apartment, on his face an air of patient interrogation.

"A scooter!" George Burns derided. "A scooter! Why you must be nuts, Jack. How could a six-months-old baby use a scooter? Now how about, say, a sled? There's an idea—a sled."

Jack Pearl guffawed loudly, and Benny, forgetting for the moment the niceties of being a host, joined him as both turned their laughter on the somewhat defiant Burns.

"A sled!" Benny exclaimed. "Now who's nuts? I'm asking you, is George nuts, or am I? A sled! Who ever heard of a six-months-old child sledding?"

"Maybe you had better keep out of this, George," Pearl broke in soothingly, "and let Jack and me decide on something nice. A sled! I'm surprised at you! Why you'll be suggesting that we get it—her, I mean—a revolver or a string of race horses."

Burns arose from his chair and swept the Messrs. Pearl and Benny with a glance whose interpretation would scarce bear translation into print. He strode huffily to a window overlooking the Park, his air that of a man who has been affronted grievously.

"Well, I guess none of us are so smart, if you come right down to it," he retorted at length. "We've had a fast one put over on us. Winnie and Mary and Gracie picked the soft end of this proposition for themselves. There they are out in Chicago, and us here using up gray matter that ought to be going into next week's program. . . ."

"If gray matter went into your program," Benny reminded him scathingly, as friends will sometimes, "you'd come under the Special Events department, and broadcast once a year. Now come on Jack. Let's get busy on this list."

This might have gone on all day. Indeed, the prospect of these three helpless males struggling with a Christmas list for four babies ranging in age from four months to a year, was, I confess, too appalling to view further without alarm. I thought I had better step in with a load of good advice, even though it hadn't been sought.

"May I suggest something," I piped diffidently, but amid the wrangling over the "list" my voice was lost hopelessly. I tried once more, this time coaxing from my throat a deep contralto which I flattered myself was commanding.

"Boys. Boys," I beseeched. "Will you *please* stop that shouting long enough to listen to me. I have an idea."

Benny and Pearl quieted hopefully. Even the morose Burns turned from his window.

Illustrated by



# FOR BABIES !

By DOROTHY BROOKS

The men shopped for toys in New York—toys for the babies their wives were selecting in Chicago!

"If you have an idea, you don't belong here," he commented. "But shoot it, anyhow. It's more than either of those guys," with a derogatory gesture toward the other two, "have had for some time."

"Well, here is my suggestion," I offered, now that I had their attention. "You boys are up against the problem of getting together Christmas lists for four babies, and you know nothing whatever about it. I'd like to help you, but I don't know much more. So why not get some expert advice? Why don't you all go to a department store, and ask *them*. They'll know."

I do not recall ever having been the recipient of such concerted respectful admiration in my life. You would think I had discovered the fifth dimension or something. Pearl broke the silence first.

"Now that," he said admiringly, "is the berries."

"And that, Baron, is no lie," Benny joined in.

Even Burns' saturnine countenance took on a lighter look.

**T**HE three comics of the airwaves whisked me into an elevator and into a waiting taxi, and together we were off. Benny directed the driver to one of Fifth Avenue's most imposing department stores. Alighting, we entered, and near the door, found the directory which guided us to the toy department. There an efficient looking young woman approached our little group courteously. Benny addressed her.

"Good morning, madam," he greeted her suavely. "Perhaps you can help us. My friends here and myself," he included the diffident Burns and Pearl in a sweeping glance, "are making up a Christmas list for our babies. You see, we are adopting babies. Indeed, myself and my wife have the . . ."

"My wife Gracie and I are adopting a girl," Burns impatiently interrupted, "so I'll want whatever you think would be . . ."

"Yes, yes," the Baron, unable to remain silent longer, put in. "My wife Winnie and I are adopting two children—a boy and a girl—and we thought . . ."

This time both Benny and Burns silenced the irrepressible Pearl.

"Keep quiet, Baron. Keep quiet," they demanded. "You're not on the air now. You always want to go everyone else one better."

"Perhaps," the puzzled saleslady soothed the troubled comics, "if we could get this straight, one at a time. Now, sir," turning to Benny, "suppose you tell me how we can serve you." She flung a bright smile at the other two by way of atonement.

"Well, as I was saying," the triumphant Benny resumed, "my wife and I are adopting a baby. These other Gentlemen's (Continued on page 62)



Robert A. Cameron



# "CHANGE RADIO

**B**ECAUSE our radio laws need changing, over one hundred lives were needlessly lost in the *Morro Castle* disaster!

"If you would save lives at sea, if you would avert terrible disasters like the *Morro Castle* holocaust—change our radio laws, and do it quickly!" say George W. Rogers, Chief Radio Operator of the ill-fated *Morro Castle*, and his first assistant, George I. Alagna.

"Here's one of the laws I want changed," said Rogers, his blue eyes stern and uncompromising, as though they were living again through the horrors of the disaster which took a toll of 127 lives. *In an emergency, the radio operator on board a ship should be allowed to go ahead on his own initiative and send distress signals even if he has failed to get the sanction of the master of the vessel.*

"If I had been permitted to follow my own judgment, I would have sent an S.O.S. the moment I was awakened that horrible night of September 7. That was at 2:55 A. M. and already the flames were raging so fiercely that the ship was a veritable inferno. At least half an hour would have been saved, and that half hour would have meant the rescue of many more lives.

"If Captain Wilmott had been alive then, I'm certain the S.O.S. would have gone out immediately. Instead, it wasn't till my first assistant, George Alagna, had fought his way through the dense smoke and searing flames to the bridge several times for orders. He pleaded and argued with Captain Warms, until the captain finally OK'd the sending of an S.O.S. It went out at 3:25 A. M."

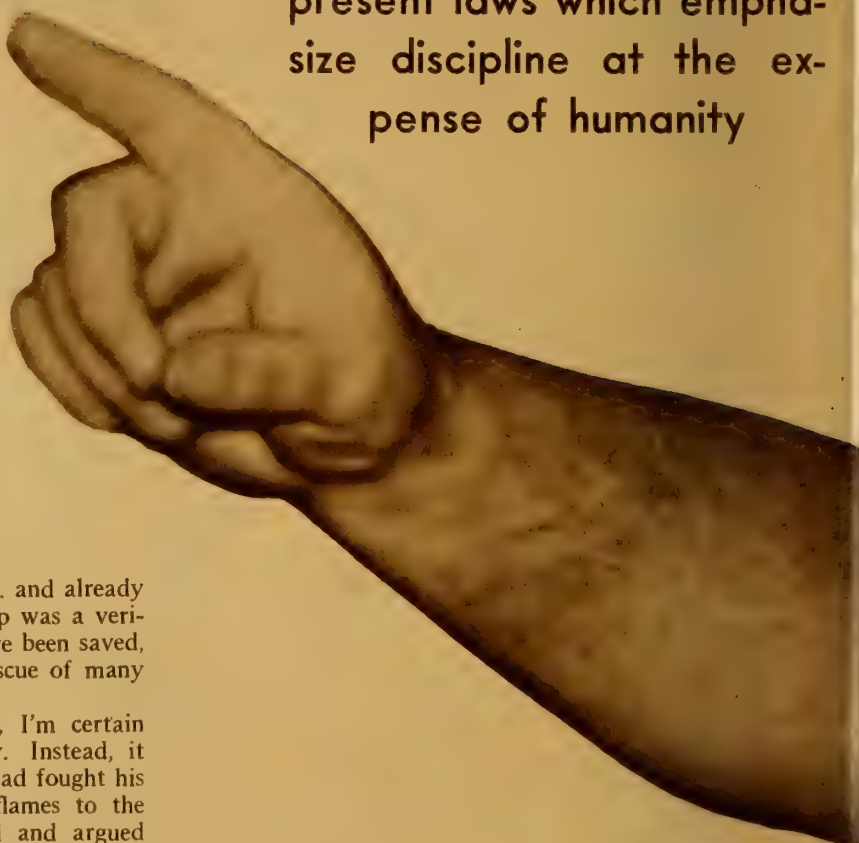
Why didn't Rogers, orders or no orders, send out the S.O.S.?

"Had I sent it out on my own, as I did the CQ and QRX messages to stand by and wait for an emergency call, I would have been liable to a \$5,000 fine or five years in jail, or both, at the discretion of the court. For I would have been guilty of going over the head of my superior officer. That isn't a slight misdemeanor, it's



George I. Alagna, first assistant wireless operator, who fervently seconds his former superior's plea.

A stinging rebuke to the present laws which emphasize discipline at the expense of humanity



a felony, and this is the penalty the Federal law prescribes for that offense!

"A radio man can't act on his own; he has no executive authority. He is an ambassador without a portfolio.

"Radio men are required to pass difficult tests; they are supposed to be men of high calibre and of intelligence, and yet their authority is next to nothing. Isn't it silly to invest a man with the power to save lives and then take all authority away from him?

"Look at the inconsistency of the thing: 'Here's how they treat the radio men. They give you a fancy uniform with buttons, show you off to company, and then forget about you. The radio operator has plenty of authority over his own assistants, and there his power stops. Give him equal standing and authority with other officers,' Rogers says.

**says GEORGE ROGERS, Chief**



# OUR LAWS!"

by MARY JACOBS

"Why couldn't he be given more freedom? He is the most isolated person on board and can't go below his own decks. Practically all communications with him are through a go-between. All messages for me were filed in the purser's office, and then sent up by a bell-boy to the wireless room.

"What happens in an emergency? Should the radio room become isolated from the officers because of fire or because the means of communication fail, what then? Or what if the captain delays sending an S.O.S. Must the radio operators burn to death at their stations, powerless to lift a finger to save the lives of the passengers and crew?"

**A**S a matter of fact, that almost happened aboard the *Morro Castle*. Remember the fire scene: flames pouring forth from all sides, the radio room so filled with smoke and acrid fumes that Rogers had to tie a wet towel around his face to prevent suffocation. Alagna, half-conscious, reeling like a trapped animal, (Continued on page 78)



**Radio Operator of the Morro Castle**



# DON'T BE AFRAID

**I** HAVE learned my lesson, once and for all. Those dreary, pain-racked hours I spent last spring trying to recover from my illness and to keep the show going taught me the most important thing in life.

*Don't be afraid to fail.*

If I hadn't been ill, hadn't come back to my business to find that trouble was brewing, hadn't refused to stay under altered circumstances, I wouldn't be broadcasting at the present time.

If the program bearing my name which you hear Saturday nights seems to have more depth, more feeling, if it seems aimed directly at the heart, I have proved my statement:

Don't compromise with your ideals. Shoot for the moon and don't be afraid to fail. If you are earnest in your attempt, you can't aim too high. And you won't fail, if you are sincere. Even when it looks darkest, the darkness before a summer dawn, keep all your hopes, your ambitions. Success then will come to you.

Because I am back in radio, am bringing to the vast audience of the country the show which I have always dreamed about, I want to tell the readers of RADIO MIRROR what I learned the past year and how I hope to bring my new experience with me to broadcasting.

Perhaps you have read before that when I had those Sunday broadcasts with my "gang", I was always on the lookout for new talent, fresh voices that were spoiling for an opportunity. For twelve years I had the continual pleasure of supplying those voices with a chance. Several of them are now among the most popular stars of the day.

It is to all those young hopefuls throughout the country, and to those listeners-in on my broadcasts whose interest has been unflagging that I am sending my message.

There have been so many conflicting stories about my sickness last spring and my subsequent retirement from broadcasting, that I sometimes feel I don't know myself what really happened. But the truth is this: Because I refused to put aside my ideals, because I felt that money was of secondary importance at the time, I could not come to an agreement with the people with whom I was working.

After leaving the show which I had helped build up and into which I had sunk so much of my plans, hopes, and ambitions, I went on tour with the "Gang", covering most of the United States.

Roxy, it was being whispered in New York, is through. He will never come back to radio. He's been on so

In this startling and inspiring story, Roxy writes: Don't compromise with your ideals but shoot for the moon and keep all your ambitions. Above all learn as early in life as possible to experiment—I have learned my lesson



Above—At the piano working out a new musical background arrangement for his Saturday night shows.



# TO FAIL!

# by Roxy



long now that if he waits until fall, everyone will have forgotten about him. I felt that way sometimes, too. Trying to hide my sickness, knowing that none of my friends wanted me weeping on his shoulder, I had to fight a prolonged battle with myself. Roxy, in my estimation, would soon become plain Samuel Rothafel.

Then I began to strike back at forebodings. If you hadn't kept your ideals, I told myself, you would never have been happy again. Stick to it. As soon as you get back, begin laying plans for radio.

It was then the truth began to dawn on me. No artist can sacrifice his ideals and remain an artist. Money, nothing, must stand in his way. Determine what you want, avoid making foolish mistakes, and success will come of its own accord. When I learned that I would be allowed to build up my own radio program, I knew that I had won my battle. And whether the broadcasts are a roaring success or not, and they won't be for awhile yet, I feel satisfied. I am doing exactly what I want to do.

I am thankful for another reason that I dropped out of radio for awhile. During my period off the air, I had time to gain a new perspective and to study radio from every angle. Now that I'm back, I have an enthusiasm and ideas which should prove immeasurably valuable.

Nothing spectacular is ever lasting. If some of you are disappointed with my programs, if you expected an all-star cast, and a super arrangement of music, let me explain. I wanted these broadcasts to be based on a more permanent foundation than mere showmanship. I strived, above all, for beauty. That is why I have

*(Continued on page 64)*



Roxy gazes over Central Park from his West side Manhattan apartment, recovered from his recent illness.







# DON'T BE AFRAID TO FAIL!

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Above—At the piano working out a new musical background arrangement for his Saturday night show.

Roxy gazes over Central Park from his West side Manhattan apartment, recovered from his recent illness.

by *Roxy*

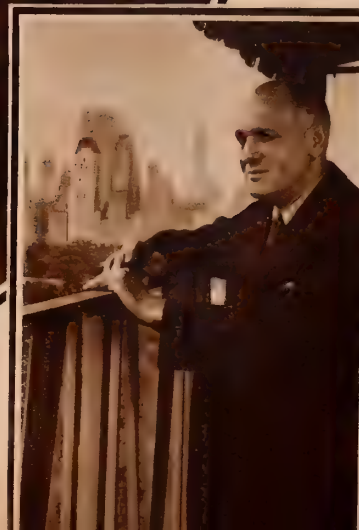
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(Continued on page 64)





# "I'M NOT MY SMASHED *says*



**T**HAT evening sun, which every lonesome lover hates to see go down, filtered its last, sad farewell through the shadowed room. In the sombre half-light the svelt outline of a flame-clad girl was silhouetted against a baby-grand piano. Slender fingers caressed the keys. Then through the cloistered silence, her sobbing voice came softly in song. "I ain't goin' to carry no torch...."

"You'll never see me moanin' low...."

That's what she sang. But the plaintive dirge of her tones belied the lyric of her song.

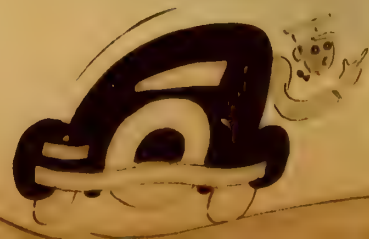
The girl was Helen Morgan. Helen of the midnight violet eyes, deep as dreams. Helen with dark, touselled tresses tossed back to frame a face of marble pallor. Helen, whose carmined lips seemed always tremulous with the weight of ready kisses. Helen, a bitter bride, disappointed, disillusioned. About love. Her voice sobbed on:

"You'll never hear me sing a blue song...."

"I'm just goin' to laugh and be gay...."

But it is a strange sort of gaiety that fills violet eyes with a dew of tears. And when was laughter mournful?

Just over a year ago these pages chronicled Helen's happy pride at





# CRYING OVER MARRIAGE'' *Helen Morgan*

By HERB CRUIKSHANK

her marriage to young Maurice Maschke. A Lochinvar in a motor car had sped her to matrimony sealed with a twisted hair-pin for a ring. Everything seemed bright and hopeful as a morning-glory. But as that frail flower droops under a noon-day sun, so this romance died in the glare of a desert day. For it was literally on the desert's edge that these two said their last adieu. And now Helen, still a bride, is singing:

*"I'll find some one new every day . . .*

*"So glad it happened this way . . .*

*"I'll get along without you . . .*

*"Too busy playing to cry . . .*

*"I'll learn to forget all about you . . .*

*"If it takes until the day I die . . .!"*

The final cadences rang high, true, clear from the throat of this passionate nightingale. Then echoed into eternity. The sun had gone. Outside, street lights began to glimmer like earth-bound stars through the evening mist. She switched on a lamp, and the room took on a rosier hue.

"Tell me about it, kid," I said.

Then, as though we'd been talking on the topic all evening she said:

"A husband is a guy who sticks by you through all the trouble you would never have had if you hadn't

**Exclusively for Radio**

**Mirror, she reveals the**

**touching truth about**

**her marital break-up**

married him," she said with a smile.

"It was just one of those things, Herb. That's all. There isn't much to say about it. Only—never again. I made a mistake. Both of us did. I found it out sooner than most. And when you find you're all wrong, there's only one thing to do about it. I did that thing."

Then she told me about her final departure from Buddy. It was as sudden, as unpremeditated, as startling as her elopement with him. A scribbled note, the rousing of a sleepy maid, a few feminine things tossed together in a travel-case, the muffled purr of a motor in the driveway, and Helen sped into the face of the rising sun! This was the end. Nor had it been so wonderful while it lasted.

The early cows and chickens, the scampering bunnies in the roadway, were startled that morning by the apparition of a madly driven car that fairly hurtled through the countryside with that pale girl at the wheel. But desperately as she fled, some one had followed faster. And as her long low motor paused pantingly in Barstow, it met another bus from the Morgan garage, and beside it stood Buddy—waiting. She stopped.







"You forgot something," he said gently. "You forgot to kiss me good-bye."

Then the two darned fools cried.

"He brought me a birthday present," said Helen, laughing now, "and guess what it was?" I didn't feel like guessing.

"Soap and bath salts!" she giggled. "And maybe you think they weren't 'just what I needed' after that drive East!"

Like a woman, she had started at the end of her story. Now I had to lead her back from

With a catch in her voice, Helen Morgan says, "A husband is a guy who sticks by you through all the trouble you would never have had if you hadn't married him."

effect to cause. They had seemed so happy, so foolishly happy, that night at the Club just before they went West. I remembered now how Buddy had laughed out loud at my warning against his interference in his wife's career, against any attempt on his part to "manage" her. Maybe Helen recalled it, too. I'm not the guy to say, "I told you so." Anyhow. . . .

"**M**ARRIAGE and a career don't mix," announced the nightingale oracularly, "wifehood is a career in itself. I found that out when I tried to play five shows a day in a Coast theatre, do a couple of broadcasts, and came home to cook for Buddy and his friends, and attempted to be the life of their party. I have to sleep nights when I work days. No one appeared to give that a thought.

"Sure I'd like to be a wife. But I'll never try it again until I retire from my professional life. Then I'll graduate into housewifery, if the right fellow wants me to. But we'll move into the country, have a farm, and forget show business, motion pictures, radio and Broadway. They just won't exist. It'll be a new life. One that won't blend with footlights, cameras or microphones.

"And if any girl is faced with the age-old problem of choice between being an old man's darling or a young man's slave, let her take a tip from 'Mousie', and string along with maturity instead of adolescence. I'm beginning to realize what George Bernard Shaw meant when he made some crack about it being just too bad that youth is wasted on the young. They don't appreciate it. Or anything. Young men are essentially selfish. Unconsciously so, perhaps. But that innocence, or ignorance, doesn't do a bit of good to those whom they victimize by their self-centered ideas.

"I was very anxious for Buddy to have a career of his own. Something that would keep him occupied, as my work keeps me. If he had his own affairs to worry over, I thought, he wouldn't interfere in my business. But it didn't work out that way. Incidentally, there's a cardinal rule for successful matrimony—no interference by one party in the business of the other.

"I wonder, too, why jealousy always must appear on the scene. When Buddy finally replaced my hair-pin wedding-ring with the regular article, he seemed to expect me to wear it like an African belle sports a nose-ring. Maybe he was right. But I find that interest in an artist is all too liable to wane when the world knows she's some one's 'little woman'. Kipling says, 'he travels the fastest who travels alone.' Well, Morgan changes that 'he' to 'she'. Wait 'till I tell you what I mean.

"For instance, if I go into a broadcasting studio with a masculine escort, not a man in the place is interested. No one extends the slightest assistance. I'm strictly on my own. But if I go in alone—that's something else again. It's 'Miss Morgan this', and 'Helen that' and 'Baby the other thing'. Every lad in the place is busy lending that old helping hand. Adjusting mikes, minding gloves, looking for music, yes, even boosting me on the piano! I don't know what it is. Maybe they figure there's always a chance, and no harm in trying. Anyway I like it. Every girl thrives on attention. You don't get it if you have a man in tow. The chances are that you don't even get it from him!

"Well, I've been talking about me. Buddy has his side of it. Between us, I think we managed to do him (Continued on page 70)





There was a real meeting of the twain when Paramount gathered under one roof, or rather in one football stadium, luminaries from radio, Broadway, and Hollywood. Reading from left to right and right from left, you see Lanny Ross, Joe Penner, Lyda Roberti, Jack Oakie, Helen Mack and Mary Brian, and they're smiling because they're working in "College Rhythm" which is probably a Paramount college picture.





# LOWELL THOMAS

When the crack news commentator for NBC grew weary of camels and date dinners on his world-wide jaunts last summer he built his own studio in his quiet country home in upper New York state where he did all his broadcasting in comfort.





Portrait by Maurice Seymour

NBC had to dip deep below the Mason and Dixon line before it found three rhythmic voices that held promise of being a real challenge to any trio which rival chains might produce. Jane, Helen, and Patti are more in demand than ever this winter, singing as guest stars, and squeezing in on sustaining.

# THE PICKENS SISTERS



# MARY HOWARD

The Red Davis show of family life returned to the air this fall and found an enlarged network and a new feminine star happily waiting. NBC can't dig up any record of previous radio work which Mary Howard has done but it's willing to bet that she is a star before spring arrives.





# GUESS WHO ?

Block and Sully railroaded the soft hearted Eddie into giving them a spot on one of his Sunday night broadcasts and much to their mutual surprise found themselves in high demand for radio work which they are continuing this fall over a Columbia network. They've just finished making "Kid Millions" out in Hollywood.

Photo by United Artists








# PRISCILLA • LANE •

If you sing for Fred Waring you have every chance in the world to become famous, and Priscilla didn't miss one of them when the popular band leader signed her up for his unique organization. It wouldn't be fair to tell her age, she's so young, but she did come from Indiana and she has a sister named Rosemary who also can sing and does for the maestro.

Portrait by Joseph Melvin McElliott



Any gray hairs in those false whiskers of Bing's for his next Paramount picture can be attributed to the rich baritone voice belonging to his brother Bob who is singing over the air from New York. He's a serious rival of the popular Bing and would like very much indeed a chance at Hollywood, once Bing really makes up his mind he's tired of working and wants a permanent vacation.




Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson

BOB CROSBY

BING CROSBY

Portrait by Hal A. McAlpin





# He opened the DOOR

by RUTH GERI

**O**NE man on Broadway, whose job it is to greet the stars backstage as they file into their dressing rooms, has opened more doors to fame for hopeful young actors than any famous discoverer of talent. Yet he is a man of humble position, known only to the few who have passed him on their way up.

He is Louie Witten, unsung doorman of the Palace Theater in New York. Grown grey with long years of service, he lives now in the memory of the days when he was friend and confidant to young hopefuls who today have become radio's most popular stars.

I resolved to hunt him up, this Louie Witten, and see what he had to tell about the stars of the airwaves back in the days when they were only starlets, climbing to fame via the vaudeville stage. In vaudeville, you know, to play the Palace was the ultimate aim of all players, great, near great, and obscure. The Palace in vaudeville had the distinction of the Metropolitan in grand opera.

I found Louie late one night, just before closing. He sat in a rickety chair backstage in the famous Times Square theater. Now that I think of it, the chair must have just looked rickety, for no rickety chair could stand Louie's weight. There he sat, hatless, coatless, the chair tilted against the wall, monarch of the stage door.

"Radio stars?" he pondered, at my question. "Why yes, I guess I do know some, I guess maybe I know a lot of 'em."



Above is Harry Richman when he was only a stooge for the forgotten violin player pictured to the right of him.



On the extreme left, Ed Wynn as Jester to the vodvil king tells one of his first gags; even then, Jack Pearl liked uniforms and Phil Baker liked accordions.



# OF FAME *for them*

Louie Witten, the unsung doorman who rubbed elbows with radio's big shots when they were successful vaudeville stars, ups and tells on 'em



Above, Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit as they looked when they first confessed to Louie that they were in love with each other.



That cigar of Penner's has never gone out, and Jimmy Durante on the far left is explaining an act to his former partners. Fred Allen, when Louie knew him, didn't think everything was so vastly amusing.

That is, I did know 'em. I knew 'em when—

"Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, his wife. Let me tell you, Miss, to my mind those two will always be the greatest couple I've ever known. I owe them a big debt.

"You see, I've known Frank Crumit for years. When I first met Mr. Crumit—Frank, he always liked me to call him—he was playing this theater in a single, and never a more perfect gentleman walked through a stage door. I was always glad to see him on the bill. Never a night he didn't stop for a pleasant word on the way out, and a

gentleman who never gave the least bit of trouble he was, too. One day I read where he'd married Miss Sanderson. I didn't know her then. Naturally, I was kind of excited when I learned that they were booked into the Palace together, for I was fond of Mr. Crumit, like I said, and I was sort of anxious to meet the new missus. Well, they arrived, and I met her, and say—

"Say, miss, I loved her! Everybody did. She was the sweetest lady! I've never seen a more wonderful or devoted couple. Every day they'd come to the theater together, and every night they'd leave arm in arm. The first time they came in, Mr. Crumit introduced me. 'Sweetheart,' he said, to Miss Sanderson, 'sweetheart, I want you to meet Louie. Louie,' he said, 'is an old pal of mine.' I remember that as though it had been yesterday, although it's more than eight years now."

"But this debt," I reminded him. "You said something about a debt you owed Frank. (Continued on page 80)"







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Above, Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit as they looked when they first confessed to Louie that they were in love with each other.







Don Voorhees raising his baton to start the musical overture. His sparkling arrangements are a big feature of the hour program.

# Behind the GIBSON

Want to see a real musical comedy on the air? Get in on everything that happens in this show? Then come on!

## CURTAIN!

A sudden, hurried scuffling of feet mark the hour—nine-thirty. We are seated in the second row of studio 8 G. It is a miniature theater, complete in every respect. A golden curtain flecked with silver goes up. There's the stage now, rounded, jutting out almost to the front row. It is thronged with men and women in evening dress.

The first act of the first musical comedy ever to be originally presented over the air has begun. One, two, three familiar faces. Jimmy Wallington, Don Voorhees, Conrad Thibault. You've heard Wallington retort to Eddie Cantor, fill in for Lowell Thomas. He's NBC's ace announcer.

"Good evening, first nighters. In behalf of the makers of pure Ivory Soap—" His voice goes on. He's tall, dark,

From left to right: Jack Clemens, Loretta Clemens, Ann Elstner, Ernest Whitman, Carlo De Angelo, John McGovern who are, respectively: juvenile, juvenile, feminine lead, butler, director, male lead, and only a part of the complete ensemble of the show Ivory presents.





# Scenes of the FAMILY Broadcast

by FRED SAMMIS

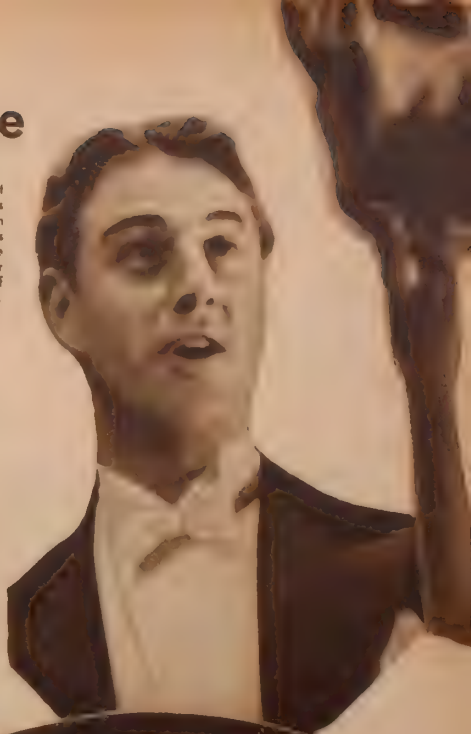
handsome in a gleaming tuxedo. Hair parted in the middle, fresh shaven, he stands at ease.

This theater we're in is one of Radio City's guest studios. Two hundred people are seated in deep upholstered chairs, watching, craning, listening. Up overhead on our right is a glass enclosed balcony for the overflow crowd. We can see their lips moving as though they were in prayer, but no sound escapes. The walls are soft cream and bare. Heavy doors, with small round windows exactly like portholes on an ocean liner, are marked for exit.

We are actually seeing the Gibson Family Broadcast. Now! Wallington has finished speaking and is tiptoeing across the stage to the left. Packed close to the backdrop the orchestra takes the cue. Don Voorhees directing. He is short, wears glasses, does not notice the hair that falls down over his eyes. You've heard his name before. He played all last year for Ed Wynn on his fire chief program.

No one moves. The overture swells. It is the first number (Continued on page 60)

Conrad Thibault snapped in action as he stars in the Gibson Family Broadcast. He's also the star of the Showboat Hour over the same network of stations on Thursdays.



Jack and Loretta Clemens and Al Davy, who lend a helping hand to the program. The brother and sister made a name for themselves in vaudeville a while back.

Here is the Ivory quartette swinging into a song, and the suave announcer, Jimmy Wallington (extreme left) who murmurs of the delights of using Ivory on the skin every half hour.











Don Voorhees raising his baton to start the musical overture. His sparkling arrangements are a big feature of the hour program.

From left to right: Jack Clemens, Loretta Clemens, Ann Elstner, Ernest Whitman, Carlo De Angelo, John McGovern who are, respectively: juvenile, juvenile, feminine lead, butler, director, male lead, and only a part of the complete ensemble of the show Ivory presents.



# Behind the Scenes of the GIBSON FAMILY

Want to see a real musical comedy on the air? Get in on everything that happens in this show? Then come on!

## CURTAIN!

A sudden, hurried scuffling of feet mark the hour—nine-thirty. We are seated in the second row of studio 8 G. It is a miniature theater, complete in every respect. A golden curtain flecked with silver goes up. There's the stage now, rounded, jutting out almost to the front row. It is thronged with men and women in evening dress.

The first act of the first musical comedy ever to be originally presented over the air has begun. One, two, three familiar faces. Jimmy Wallington, Don Voorhees, Conrad Thibault. You've heard Wallington retort to Eddie Cantor, fill in for Lowell Thomas. He's NBC's ace announcer.

"Good evening, first nighters. In behalf of the makers of pure Ivory Soap—" His voice goes on. He's tall, dark,

# Broadcast

by FRED SAMMIS

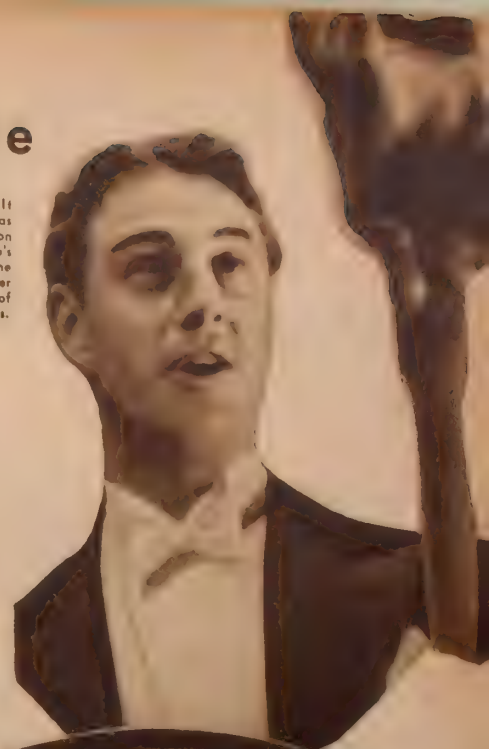
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# Are Radio Stars



Stephen Fox, popular dramatic star, doesn't like parties; to the left of him, Alexander Woollcott scouts for some news while having his breakfast.

**I**T is impossible to describe the social life of the radio stars because they haven't any which they share with each other. In fact, if the truth were known, most of them don't even know each other!

That's why newcomers to radio so often accuse them of being snooty. It's just that the radio world, so unlike Hollywood with its Brown Derby and Cocoanut Grove where all the screen celebrities meet and play, has no common stamping grounds for its stars to gather round and exchange gossip.

Yet this miscellaneous group of crooners, news commentators, philosophers and orchestra leaders isn't shut off from the outside world, doesn't shun companionship like it would poison. It has moments of play, each member of the group spending them in a different way.

George Burns and Gracie Allen for instance, are inseparable pals of Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, just as they were back in the old four-a-day vaudeville times. Now that they've made their radio success, the couples get together evenings for poker games, at which Gracie produces strange but edible concoctions in a chafing dish, just as she did in back-stage days, when any kind of a meal was very welcome, indeed.



Above, Goodman and Jane Ace, the "Easy Aces" team, go over one of their broadcasts; right, Harry Vonzell, young CBS announcer.





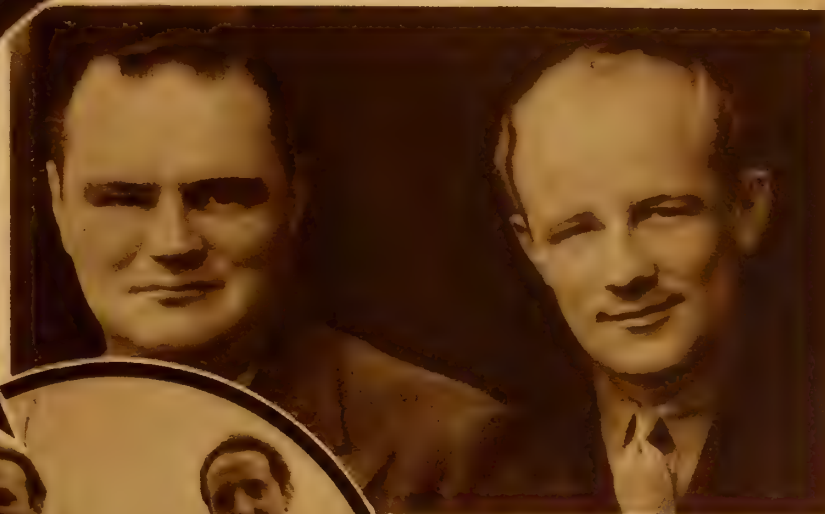
# SNOOTY ?

By HILDA COLE

Why is it that so few of the ether performers share their social life with each other? This story gives the lowdown



The inimitable Ruth Etting is a home-loving person, while to the right of her are Stoopnagle and Budd, that hilarious pair, who are always entertaining their friends.



Above, the piano team of Fray and Braggiotti mingle in high society; left, Ted Husing, famous sports announcer, is a good mixer and is show business' best friend.



Saturday nights, the announcers, who are at once the most gregarious and clanny lot in radio—their variety of programs brings them into contact with a number of people, but their work-a-day schedule is such that it prohibits a normal social existence — hurry to Harry Vonzell's apartment. Deep steins of

beer, camembert cheese and a plentiful supply of crackers await them to revive their fallen spirits.

**B**ACHELORS such as Rudy Vallee and Richard Humber take their small doses of social life in hand, whenever they are in the same town. Paul Whiteman consorts with another old-time leader, George Olsen, who followed right up in Paul's footsteps years ago. Jack Denny and Vincent Lopez, with their violin and grand piano, are constantly together, when time permits.

The Lombardos—family institution that they are—have three wives. The seven of them manage to be together whenever any social activities are at hand. And it is hard to crash that select outfit! Of course usually by the time they are ready for fun, everyone else is thinking of bed.

Stephen Fox, CBS dramatic star, who plays everything from madmen to Gaelic fishermen, (Continued on page 71)



# JAMES MELTON - He Always TOOK A CHANCE

If something's risky, Jimmy likes it—because he thinks that's the only way you can get ahead in the world

**A**LONG Radio Row they call him "Take a Chance Melton," and with good reason. For if there's ever a risk to be run, any gamble to be taken that the bravest and hardest souls are afraid to take, Jimmy Melton is there to take that risk, to run that gamble.

There was only one time in his life that he failed to take a chance offered him, and the bitter memory of the opportunity he muffed is a spur that always drives him onward now. It was when he was singing for Coco Cola, remember? His contract was for fifty-two weeks, but cancellable with three weeks' notice. Another firm begged Jimmy to sign up with them, offering him more money.

His first impulse was to cancel his Coco Cola contract and take a chance on the new. Then he stopped to think and doubts assailed him, insidious doubts that wormed their way into his heart and mind. Here he was in a good spot. The firm knew and liked him. What if he cancelled his contract and the new one didn't pan out? What if the firm didn't like him? What if they went off the air? And so, defeated by these doubts, he stayed with Coco Cola, refused for once in his life to take a gamble. The very next week the Coco Cola account withdrew for the summer. The other program went on the air and was a tremendous success.

That taught Jimmy Melton a lesson, to live up to the creed that had been implanted in him all during his childhood—take a chance. "You've got to be prepared to take risks if you want to get anywhere," this tall, black-eyed, dark-haired southern boy with the ingratiating manner, told me. "I've discovered when I don't take chances I'm out of luck."

Is it Fate or some mysterious, unknown force that works for Jimmy Melton when he takes chances? Whatever it is, it's been working overtime for him ever since he was a little shaver of eleven and took a chance on raising \$48 from nowhere for a motor for his bicycle. It happened this way. Jimmy's father had given him a motorbike for his birthday, not the ordinary bicycle, mind you, but the latest rage in cycles; a low and rakish contraption with two bars on top, resembling a motorcycle. Except of course that it had no motor.

A real, honest-to-goodness engine cost \$48. Of course Jimmy had never seen that much money in his life, but nevertheless he took a chance and ordered an engine by mail. All he had in his pocket was ten cents, his weekly allowance, but that didn't faze him.

Within three weeks the motor had arrived at the railroad station, but where was Jimmy to get the money to pay for it? He had a conference with the station agent then that would have melted a heart of stone. He begged and pleaded with him to keep the motor until he could raise the money, which he swore he would get within a very short time.

And raise it he did, though he practically had to sweat blood to do it. He ran errands without end, he sawed wood, minded babies, even clerked in the neighborhood grocery store after school. His stamp collection, his penknife, his skates, everything dear to a boy's heart, was auctioned off, until finally he could pay for the engine.

Years later Jimmy decided to go to college, to the University of Florida. His family was poverty-stricken; he had no means of support, yet to college he went, taking a chance upon his ability to support himself and to cultivate his voice.

Again Fate smiled at his reckless "take a chance" attitude. He had no money to pay for tuition and the college authorities hesitated about admitting him, told him it was pure folly for a boy to depend entirely upon his own earning ability to keep himself. Why, it was all right to try to earn a little extra pin money, but (Continued on page 73)

BY JANE  
COOPER







Here's Jimmy with his wife Marjorie. Some of these days he'll take a chance on the Metropolitan Opera. Opposite page, his sixty-foot cruiser, The Melody, on which he took his greatest chance not long ago



# Adele Ronson's Winter Wardrobe

Adele Ronson, heroine of those thrilling episodes of "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century", heard Monday to Thursday over the Columbia network at six o'clock, chose these grand winter costumes from the popular Marilyn shop of Russek's Fifth Avenue, New York

Miss Ronson looks smart in this trim red velveteen sports dress. The ascot tie is navy and the rhinestone trinket trimmings add dash to the costume which is topped with a becoming "Alpine" hat of soft black felt, so fashionable this season.

For the cocktail hour, Russek's suggested this crêpe tunic dress with its aquamarine blue top and black bottom. The flattering collar fastens at the back with tiny buttons while fur tails trim the front.





The evening dress of chartreuse crêpe to the right, is a simple affair with fine lines. Its outstanding feature is the deep pointed collar in back.

Adele need not fear Jack Frost in this outfit, pictured below. The coat is made of a soft-ribbed, wooly material and the collar is blue fox. Note the odd muff and tam of brown suede

Doesn't Miss Ronson look stunning in the velvet gown at the extreme right? The intricate cape is fastened at the shoulders and waist with large rhinestone buttons.





# Ride 'em



Left, Carson Robison, the leader and guiding spirit of the Buckaroos; below the group in western regalia, pictured from left to right, Carson, Pearl Pickens, and John and Bill Mitchell.



**B**ANG!

A pistol shot rang out, reverberating through the corridors of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"He got me, boys," gasped a tall, husky man, staggering back from the microphone.

The sound effects man put down the pistol and Carson Robison, his "victim" and leading spirit of the Bar-X Days and Nights broadcast, stopped staggering and turned over a page of his script.

That's one of the reasons why these broadcasts sound so very real. They don't slap a pillow with a ruler when they're imitating the pistol fire that characterized the West when it was wild and wooly, and though the cast doesn't get far from the microphones, they repress their action as little as possible.

Nor are they a bunch of Easterners, with correspondence school Western draws. Carson Robison (or Robby, as his friends call him) is a man born and reared in the West—a man who has followed the herds over the dusty prairies—who knows cowboys through having been one himself.

But before he tells you his own amazing story, in his own words, let's drop into the studio and see just how Bar-X is really performed.

A big, husky chap, in his shirt sleeves, a guitar slung around his neck and a harmonica stuck up in front of his mouth on a wire frame begins to sing. He's joined by a couple of banjo players, who also sing, and a pretty, blonde girl vocalist, wearing a blue suit.

The big fellow is Robison; the other two are John and Bill Mitchell



# Comboy!



By  
**ROBERT EICHBERG**

Those Bar-X Days and Nights  
ring true because of Carson  
Robison and the life he's led

(Bill's the very dapper one; John wears the glasses) and the girl is Pearl Pickens, otherwise Mrs. Bill Mitchell (but hardly anybody knows that). And here's another secret for you: when Johnny Battle, who plays the juvenile leads in the show, is supposed to be strumming a banjo, it's really Bill who's doing the fretwork.

The program takes place in a small studio, with maps of various states painted on the walls. Only about fifty people can fit in the audience section, as compared with the 1300 who can witness broadcasts in the NBC's biggest studio. So when you've learned what goes on during this program, you'll be a member of a very, *very* exclusive club.

When he isn't playing his guitar during the songs, Robby directs with his right hand. He doesn't use a baton, but pinches his thumb and forefinger together, in the position required to pick up a dead mouse by the tail. He does it without the mouse, though.

Little John Mitchell sits up on top of a high stool, with his feet on the seat of a chair, to bring his banjo near enough the microphone, and leaves his perch only to play big bad bandits in the sketches. Brother Bill is the cowboy who "Yip-ees" in the songs.

He stands on the floor, with one foot on a chair. When the chair squeaks a man runs out of the control room and signals about it by stick-

ing his fingers in his ears and making horrible faces. He

can't speak a word because the program's on the air, but Bill catches on and puts his foot down, while Pearl silently giggles.

Perhaps you've wondered about the sound effects used to produce the noise of galloping horses, pistol shots, and other sounds typical of the West that was wooly and wild?

Well, two sound effects men beat their hands on a plank for the hoof-beats, and one of them snorts and whinnies, too. The pistol shot is perfectly imitated by the simple process of firing a pistol—and the first time they do it, nearly everybody in the studio audience jumps and gasps. They give the effect of breaking in a desk with a rifle butt by smashing a peach box with a billet of kindling, and when the script says "BOOTED FEET RUNNING ON PLANK FLOOR," one of the sound men runs along a board.

All too soon the program is over. But don't go yet; Robby's going to tell something about himself.

"No, I'm not really a cowboy," (Continued on page 87)



# On PACIFIC

Latest news and newest happenings behind the microphones and

**F**REEMAN LANG, who now produces just about most all the electrical transcription programs in Hollywood, held a contest awhile back for "the most perfect radio speaking voice" in Southern California.

The male winner was Hanley Stafford, whose voice is familiar all over the country for he has been in hundreds of recorded programs . . . as well as current coast programs almost by the dozen. Just at this writing he is taking the male lead in KFI's "Richelieu" series; KMTR's "Life of

Smiling Georgia Fifield, dramatic actress on several NBC programs coming out of Hollywood, also finds time to write.



Lincoln" series; KNX's "Forge of Freedom" series; KFI's "Makers of History"; KFVB's "Tale of Two Cities"; and character bits in the KHJ-CBS "Calling All Cars", its "Peter the Great" and others.

**B**IOGRAPHICALLY speaking, Hanley Stafford was born in England nearly 35 years ago; moved to Winnipeg, Canada in '11; enlisted in the 43rd battalion, Canadian Scottish in '15; wounded in the third battle of Ypres in 1916 . . . returned to England in 1918. Until 1924 he toured Canada in drama productions and landed in Los Angeles in that year. He played in stock for eight years and then things began to get tough. From lead roles to audiences of 3,000 he drifted to tent-show life. And then came radio.

**I**N the meantime he became an American citizen . . . goes to prize fights . . . swims and collects stamps . . . wants a radio poetry period of his own, and hopes to play the part of Mark Sabre in "If Winter Comes."

**H**ANLEY STAFFORD has been rightfully proclaimed the west's most versatile radio actor. His "straight" parts are masterpieces. His dialect work is outstanding. The goal is in sight, but it has been a tremendous struggle against the elements and preconceived notions on the part of casting directors in earlier days.

\* \* \*

**G**LEANINGS 'round the northwest's radioland where folks are so busy during the holiday season they can't keep still long enough to be interviewed.

Radio habitues of Portland's KOIN. "Red" Dunning, expert trumpet tooter, wants it known that he was born and brought up on his father's cattle ranch in western Washington. Bill Sandiford, announcer, and Bob Haines, tenor, still explain to friends that their vacation last summer to Tijuana, Mexico, was not to taste the likker. Cecil Teague, organist, has written books on music appreciation . . . plays tennis and chess . . . collects etchings and oil paintings.

\* \* \*

**H**OW do you suppose Carroll V. Hansen, premier sports announcer for KXL in Portland, Ore., got on the air? His initial radio effort was to sing "Trees."

C. V. used to be a travelling accountant for the western division of a railroad. A couple of years ago he was loafing in a radio studio between trains.

The program manager was tearing his hair because the tenor who was to sing "Trees" didn't show up.

So Hansen sang "Trees" . . . sort of drafted into the job, though he hadn't been on the air before that time. To make a long story short, he threw away the

BY DR. RALPH



# the AIRWAVES

among the artists of the broadcast studios along the west coast

adding machine and tabulated paper and sang for a year. Then he began covering all sports events except polo and has a rapid-fire Gibbonesque-type of mike speling . . . best on describing ice hockey, but also a prime favorite for fights, wrestling, football, soccer, tennis, track and basketball.

**L**AURENCE (LARRY) J. KEATING, late of New York and points east, is a new announcing voice on KGW in Portland. He was in "Men in White" and "Queer People" on Broadway last season.

**W**HEN you hear Irvin E. (Edward) Dickinson's voice on KERN, in Bakersfield, you are also hearing the station's chief engineer for he acts in dual capacity, but of course the public knows him for his speaking voice. He has always been interested in radio . . . first as an amateur, now for public broadcast, and in leisure moments as commanding officer of one of the naval reserve units.

**D**ICK has been with KERN since the station opened. Right after school days, however, he served a term in the navy as a radioman in the submarine division. His reserve rank is that of a lieutenant. He is more than six feet tall, weighs about 150 pounds, with blond hair and blue eyes. His newest hobby is aviation and he expects a Christmas present of a license. He is married, and likes to sneak away on a "second honeymoon" every once in awhile to the big cities where his wife gets saturated with shopping and theatres and he . . . visits radio stations.

**H**OW would you like to meet some more of the jamboree gang from KFRC in San Francisco? There's Helene Hughes, who is sort of top sergeant for the staff sopranos. She was born on a Montana ranch, but came to the big city to make good several years ago. She finally plopped into the radio realm via the vaudeville and musical comedy route.

**A**ND there's Claude Sweeten, music conductor of the station. He started his musical career as a director and still is. For ten years he directed theatre orchestras around the bay district and then entered radio. He has a rare sense of humor. Conductor Sweeten really started out as a musical prodigy, tooting that piece of fancy plumbing known as the tuba. But he suffered a heart attack while playing it and had to transfer his allegiance to the violin.

**L**OOK at Bea Benaderet, newcomer to the jamboree fracas, who does character speaking and singing bits. Her first role on the stage was a 70-year-old

woman. But she got a crick in her back from rehearsals and switched over to comedy parts.

**C**YRUS TROBBE, KYA's master music mind, organized his orchestra into a hiking club last fall. But after a trial heat the bunch disbanded, and for a day or so the corner drug store did a land-office business in horse liniment. He was born, grew up and studied in New York before going to the coast several years ago. (Continued on page 82)

Carmel Myers, star in flicker film days has become quite a radio favorite on the West Coast. She dramatizes her songs.



L. POWER



# Dialing the



# LET *Santa* BRING A RADIO

**Y**OU need never be puzzled as to what to get a radio fan for Christmas. There's always new apparatus on the market, and whether you're willing to spend less than a dollar or more than five hundred, there is something sure to tickle the heart of a really enthusiastic tuner-inner.

Most of the manufacturers are devoting their attention to short wave and all wave sets and accessories this year. Several have already announced their 1935 models as this magazine goes to press, while a few of the more timid or conservative are holding off to see how the public receives the innovations brought out by their more daring rivals.

Beginning in the lower price range with our Christmas suggestions, you can always give a short wave fan a pair of phones, costing from about \$2.00 upward, with the assurance that they will be welcome. Not only do they enable him to hear distant stations not distinguishable on the loud speaker, but they permit him to sit up all night without disturbing the rest of the family. In selecting phones, the cheapest are not always the most satisfactory; be guided by what your dealer tells you as well as by what you want to spend.

If your fan friend is bothered by motor noises and the sparking of flasher buttons, elevator contacts and the like, he'll be tickled with a noise-reduction antenna. These haven't much effect on reducing atmospheric disturbances, but if the antenna is placed out of the field of local interference, the lead-in won't pick it up nearly as much as the old, single wire type. The newest sort uses a pair of lead-in wires, each preferably connected to a separate half-antenna. The Lynch Radio Laboratories, RCA and other companies all put these antennas out in kit form for prices

Poor or rich you'll find it easy to choose the perfect Christmas gift for the dialer



Above, Philco presents its new High Fidelity set, expensive but worth the money, and (left) an all-wave radio by Atwater Kent in the lower price range.

ranging from about \$5.00 upward depending on the type.

Any dealer, too, can tell you what tubes your friend's set uses. All you have to know is the make and model. Tubes are always a good, safe buy, for those in a set deteriorate from use and while they may still play, don't usually have the same sensitivity and tone qualities after the first thousand or so hours. If you don't want to buy a complete set of tubes, get the detector only. This is the one which generally needs replacing most.

And now the sets—there's a truly bewildering array just making its appearance. Little broadcast band and short wave midgets can be had for about \$20; other sets, affording a greater choice of frequencies, and some containing the new and sensational "high fidelity" principal, list well up into the hundreds.

To start off with a high- (Continued on page 66)

by **TERRY MILES** — the **Globe Twister**



# MORE JUMBLED NAMES!

# \$500.00

## CASH PRIZE CONTEST

### YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO ENTER AND WIN ONE OF THE SIXTY-SEVEN AWARDS

### UNSCRAMBLE THESE NAMES

WOYDEN  
LAMSHARL  
DORFGLAN  
HAWSOTTUR  
NONDESSAR  
HARMCIN  
LONPELES  
TIRIFOO  
TAHNWEMI  
FIFORNUB

### THE RULES

**1.** Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish a list of ten scrambled names of prominent performers, announcers or characters in leading programs.

**2.** To compete, copy the scrambled names and opposite each write the name with the letters in correct order, and the classification of his or her work. Example—

PEZOL—Lopez, band leader

**3.** In case any name has more than one radio application either or any correct identification will rate equally in this contest.

**4.** When you have unscrambled and identified all thirty names write a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of these thirty personalities you enjoy most on the air and why.

**5.** The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled and identified and accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best. The prizes scheduled below will be awarded to entries in the order of their excellence on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

**6.** When your set of thirty names is complete mail it, accompanied by your statement of preference, to JUMBLED NAMES, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

**7.** All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, January 16, 1935, the closing date of this contest.

**8.** The judges will be the contest board of Macfadden Publications and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

### LATE ENTRY REPRINTS

When you have unscrambled the names at the right, if you have not saved last month's jumbles, you can obtain a reprint gratis by making written application to the contest address given in Rule 6. Unscramble these, file them with this month's group, and you will be ready to complete your entry with the final set which will appear in the January issue.

### YOU MAY WIN ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES

|                                |          |
|--------------------------------|----------|
| FIRST PRIZE.....               | \$200.00 |
| SECOND PRIZE.....              | 100.00   |
| FIVE PRIZES, Each \$10.00..... | 50.00    |
| TEN PRIZES, Each \$5.00.....   | 50.00    |
| FIFTY PRIZES, Each \$2.00..... | 100.00   |
| TOTAL 67 PRIZES.....           | \$500.00 |

### WATCH FOR THE FINAL LIST OF NAMES NEXT MONTH





**T**HE big programs are back on the air. The radio stars have swung into their winter season activities. When their work demands so much of their energy they must guard their health carefully. Recreation is important, so is the food they eat.

So, this month we've gathered some new recipes from among the favorite dishes of the ether celebrities. They've all been tested by the stars who recommend them or by their cooks and by your own homemaking department.

Mary Phillips, the lovely artist of the NBC network is a good cook and charming hostess. Her hint to the housewife is to use little water for vegetables such as string beans, carrots, and spinach. It is better occasionally to add more hot water to the pan; then the vegetable has its highest food value, as well as retaining the natural color. She recommends these Stuffed Potatoes as very tempting:

#### STUFFED POTATOES

- 6 large baking potatoes (preferably Idaho)
- Salt
- Pepper
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of milk
- 3 tablespoons melted butter
- 4 tablespoons grated cheese

Vera Van, Columbia's velvet-toned singer, seems to be in doubt about a certain recipe.

son to taste with salt and pepper. Reheat when ready to serve.

Leo Reisman, one of our popular orchestra leaders can cook, and one of his real accomplishments is this Penuche recipe for the holidays.

#### PENUCHE

- 3 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cups brown sugar
- Salt (little)
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup cream
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Melt the butter, add sugar and cream, stirring only until sugar is dissolved. Allow to boil under low flame without stirring until a soft ball is formed when dropped into cold water. Take from fire and when cool beat well. Add the pecans, pour into buttered pan and mark in squares.

Jack Armstrong the hero for all the children, as a special treat, has his mother prepare this Devil's Food Cake.

# In the

Bake the potatoes in hot oven, 450 degrees F. Try with fork after one hour baking and when done, remove from the oven. Cut lengthwise in half. Scoop out filling and mash, season with salt and pepper, butter and a dash of nutmeg. After the mixture is smooth, add enough hot milk to moisten, and beat until fluffy and white. Then refill the shells and sprinkle with grated cheese. Place in hot oven, removing when browned.

Honey Dean, another charming lady on the NBC offers this Russian Salad Dressing which should become popular at your dinners. It is not so frequently used as French or Mayonnaise but for a change it's delicious.

#### RUSSIAN DRESSING

- 4 cups mayonnaise
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of catsup
- 2 cups chopped pickles
- 1 cup chopped store cheese

Add enough catsup to the mayonnaise to secure a delicate pink color, add the chopped pickles and cheese and mix well.

Little Jack Little has a recipe for cream soup which should please your family so much. It is simply prepared and one of the best soups I've ever tasted. This makes six servings.

#### CREAMED ASPARAGUS SOUP

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk
- Salt
- Pepper
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup cooked asparagus

Mix the flour and butter in top of double boiler directly over the flame. Add milk slowly and then place over bottom of double boiler. Cook until thickened—about eight minutes. Mash and strain asparagus into the cream sauce, adding about 2 teaspoons of lemon juice. Sea-



# Stars' Kitchens

## DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

4 squares chocolate  
2 egg yolks  
1 cup sweet milk  
¾ cup butter  
2 cups brown sugar  
3 cups flour  
1½ teaspoons soda  
¾ teaspoon salt  
1 cup milk  
2 teaspoons vanilla

Melt chocolate, add egg yolks, and slowly add one cup milk. Stir until thickened. Cool. Cream butter and sugar, mix flour, salt, and soda and sift. Add alternately to sugar and butter with the other cup of milk. Add vanilla and chocolate ingredients. Beat well. Bake 40 to 50 minutes in 325 degrees F. oven.

George Jessel one of the best liked and well known air entertainers enjoys Italian foods. This Veal and Pepper is grand for the main course of your next dinner.

## VEAL AND PEPPER

8 Peppers  
2 lbs. veal (shoulder)  
2 onions  
1 small can tomatoes  
½ cup olive oil

Cut the veal, which is boneless into pieces about the size of a walnut and fry in the olive oil until browned. Then pour tomatoes into this mixture and allow to cook for about 15 minutes, then add sliced peppers and sliced onions. Season with salt and black pepper to taste when meat is cooked.

**I**N addition, we've assembled a very interesting menu for the Christmas Eve supper you may want to have this year.

Lots of the radio people are planning a "Night Before Christmas" party. Why don't you?

## MENU

Whole Roast Turkey Stuffed  
Cranberry Sauce      Fruit Salad  
Celery Stuffed with Roquefort Cheese  
Finger Rolls      Olives  
Assorted Nuts      Candy      Raisins  
Fruit Cake      Coffee or Tea

## FRUIT SALAD

10 slices pineapple cut in cubes  
10 half peaches cut in cubes  
6 oranges cut in small pieces  
4 apples cut in small pieces  
6 pears cut in cubes  
15 cherries cut in half (maraschino)  
6 bananas cut in cubes  
1 cup finely cut dates  
2 cups canned apricots cubed.

Cut up all fruit according to above directions and put in bowl. Do not add bananas until ready to serve as they will turn brown.

## STUFFED CELERY (with Roquefort Dressing)

Mash ½ pound Roquefort Cheese till it forms a paste. Add 2 cups French Dressing slowly while beating and 2 teaspoons of onion juice. Fill celery with Roquefort Cheese and add a dash of paprika.

## FINGER ROLLS

2 cups scalded milk  
3 tablespoons butter  
2 tablespoons sugar  
5½ cups flour  
2 teaspoons salt  
1 yeast cake dissolved in about ¼ cup lukewarm water

1 egg well beaten

Add butter, sugar and salt to milk. When lukewarm add dissolved yeast cake and 3 cups flour. Beat thoroughly, cover and let rise until light; cut down, add (Continued on page 88)

"It ought to be good," says Jack Whiting, as he tastes the delicious soup he's made





# By the Oracle who knows all about stars, programs and personalities from Coast to Coast and who'll tell you anything you want to know

**Q**UESTIONS to the right of me, questions to the left of me; questions and answers, that's all I dream about!

I know some of you are going to be disappointed not to find your particular question answered on these pages, but that is not because The Oracle has intentionally slighted you. It may be because your question was covered in a previous issue or that your letter has not yet been taken care of due to the influx of queries that arrived before yours did.

However, please be patient and watch the future issues of **RADIO MIRROR**. I'm sure you won't be disappointed. Or will you?

**Gertrude B., Portsmouth, N. H.**—I hope this won't ruffle you, but "Tiny" Ruffner and Gus Haenschen are both married. Gus has not given us his age but take it from The Oracle, he's quite young-looking.

**Annie M. S., Washington, D. C.**—You and a lot of others have asked us for the names of the members of the Show Boat Four, so here they are:—Scrappy Lambert and Randolph Weyant, tenors; Leonard Stokes, baritone, and Robert Moody, bass. Irene Hubbard plays the part of Captain Henry's sister, Maria, aboard the Show Boat. How's that for service?

**A. E. G., Long Island, N. Y.**—So, you have fallen for "Your Lover" too! All I can say is that you address a letter to "Your Lover", care of the NBC New York studios, and if he cares to tell all, it's okay with me, but I'm not telling. Sorry, but won't you try me again?

**A. F. M., New Hampshire**—I really think Alois Havrilla is a fine announcer. He was born in Czecho-Slovakia. At this writing he is still announcing for NBC. He's on the "Hall of Fame" program Sunday nights at 10:00 P. M., over WEAJ and the Conoco program starring Harry Richman and Jack Denny on Wednesdays at 10:30 P. M., over WJZ.

**Patrick R., Jamaica, New York**—Sorry, it's against the wishes of the stars to divulge home addresses. In the case of Rudy Vallee, the address we published was his office, and not his home address. Sure am glad you liked the Jessica Dragonette story in our September issue.

**L. F. A., East Douglas, Mass.**—That was a rather difficult order. I mean wanting your question answered so quickly. Your order had to wait until I took care of those that came before. I'm sure you'll understand and forgive. Well, now you wanted to know whether Gene Arnold is married and to whom and if he has any children. Gene is married but we don't know to whom. They have no children.

**Florence M., Worcester, Mass.**—You're not the only one who's favorite tenor is Frank Parker. His parents came from sunny Italy but Frank was born right in these here United States. He's still single.

**Florence J., Penn.**—Don Ameche does play the part of Bob in the "Betty and Bob" sketches. His wife before her marriage was Honore Prendergast. Right now Don is concentrating solely on his radio work, and he's sure doing a swell job of it. Agree?

**Jim M., Crofton, Pa.**—The chap who plays the part of Buck Rogers is Curtis Arnall and please, oh please! don't ask for any more home addresses. Can I help it if all the stars got together and ruled against giving out home addresses? Try Mr. Arnall at the Columbia Broadcasting Company, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

**Lillian S., Amsterdam, New York**—Al Jolson sure knows his radio. Just when you all start missing him, he pops back on the air. If he's off now, he'll be back before long. Does he sing request songs? Just try him at the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York.

**Carmenita R., Sidney, New York**—Will I answer a couple of questions for you? With pleasure, that's what I'm here for. Kenny Sargent of the Casa Loma orchestra is 28 years young and he's married to Dorothy Morelock. Al Kavelin is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, has black hair and dark brown eyes. He's thirty years old and listen, girls, he's not married. At least not at this writing.

**H. M. G., Kerrville, Texas**  
—Jack Benny is married to Mary Liv-







# WANT TO KNOW?

secret panels of the studios.

**N. B., Port Dalhousie, Canada**  
—Ben Bernie, "The Old Maestro", is married. His wife is not a professional, and they are the parents of a fine boy of fourteen.

**Marie M., Williamsville, N. Y.**—How can I refuse when you call me such endearing names! Write Bing Crosby for his picture at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Now just cast your eyes on the opposite page and you'll find something about Al Kavelin.

**Francis E., Canastota, N. Y.**—I'm almost sure if you address a letter to Donald Novis care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York, he'll fulfill your desire for his autographed picture. As for Lawrence Tibbett, dear reader, if you tune in on WJZ-NBC some Tuesday night at 8:30 P. M., you'll hear his delightful baritone voice coming through your loud speaker.

**Jan W., Chicago, Ill.**—Do not ever hesitate to ask the Oracle a question. I'm always at your service and if I don't know the answer or can't obtain it for you, I'll just up and confess. I should judge Eddie Duchin to be 5 foot eleven inches tall. He's not married. At present he provides the musical background for Ed Wynn's Texaco program on the National Broadcasting network Tuesday nights at 9:30.

**Mary Ellen G., Solomon, Kansas.**—To obtain photographs of your favorites, James Wallington, Beatrice Churchill, Phil Harris, Don Ameche, Edward Reese and Enric Madriguera, address a letter to each one in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York.

**Bob H., Glendale, Calif.**—The two baritones you asked me about are not singing under assumed names. Their names are Mario Cozzi and Igor Gorin. Mario is Italian and Igor is Russian. Will that settle the argument?

**Jerry and Bobby, Auburn, Me.**—Please let me put your mind at ease. Lanny Ross has not gone to England. Not only is he on the Showboat Hour but he's got his own program called "Lanny Ross and his Log Cabin Orchestra."

**Roy E. D., Ocean City, N. J.**—Yes siree, Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra is back on the Camel Caravan heard on the WABC-Columbia network every Tuesday night at 10:00 and each Thursday night at 9:00. Don't forget to tune in, or have you?

ingstone and you can reach them at the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York.

**Mary M., Phila., Pa.**—Space on these pages does not leave very much room for detailed biographies, but I'll try and tell you as much as I can. Phil Harris was born in Linton, Indiana, where his father was manager of the local stock company. Phil started his musical career as a drummer, playing in several of the country's leading dance bands before he formed his own group. He also appeared in several talking pictures. Now Leah Ray, blues singer with Phil and his orchestra, hails from Norfolk, Va. She has dark chestnut hair and beautiful round blue eyes; weighs 123 pounds and is five feet, six inches tall; is quite an athlete and plays a good game of tennis. Both Phil and Leah are heard weekly on the "Let's Listen to Harris" program over an NBC-WJZ network each Friday night at 9:00 P. M. Are you contented now?

**Sally A., Chicago, Ill.**—That hard-boiled chorus girl in the "Myrt and Marge" sketch is played by Elinore Rello, and up to this writing, the Oracle can't find out if she's married or not.

**Mary C., Christensen**—John Barclay was born on May 5, 1892. That makes him—well, suppose you figure it out for yourself. He's six feet five inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has black curly hair and a fair complexion. You know, these tall, dark and handsome men can't remain single very long. So now you have the sad news.

**A. A. M., Leominster, Mass.**—The Oracle is really sorry to have fallen down on this one. By all kinds of fair and foul means I tried to get the information you wanted on Jack Armstrong and Betty Fairfield, but the identities of these two popular radio stars are being held locked in the

**Do you want to know something about your broadcast favorites? Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City**



BY CHASE  
GILES

# CHICAGO

**C**ARLOS MOLINA is sad. The tango-rumba orchestra leader who has become very popular in and around Chicago owns a huge picture. It is a memory of his days in Hollywood. It shows many of our best known film stars. On the margin are their autographs. Already death has taken four of the people in that picture. Carlos checks them off: Marie Dressler, Paul Bern who was Jean Harlow's husband, Lew Cody, A. B. Frank who was president of the Ambassador hotel and discoverer of many stars including Russ Columbo, Bing Crosby, Abe Lyman, Gus Arnheim, Donald Novis, Phil Harris, Molina himself, and finally the fourth to die, Russ Columbo.

## TONY IS HAPPY

**N**OW that Tony Wons is back in Chicago he's happy. For it was here he got his first chance. Then network radio took him to New York and now it has brought him back to the town where he first started over WLS.

When Tony Wons got the urge to try his voice at the radio, he was selling locks in a hardware company. Fortified with a volume of his beloved Shakespeare he stormed the stations of Chicago, visiting first those who cater to the sophisticated audiences. But one after the other turned him down, saying his stuff was too highbrow. Then as a last resort he tried a station that played up to farmers and the small town people, and what seemed almost a miracle, he was put on the air to do a forty-five minute spot of Shakespeare. That, in Tony's words, was one of the most trying periods of his life, for if he failed he would have to return to the lock selling business which he did not fancy; if he succeeded, he knew there was no telling how high he might go in the field of stage and radio entertainment, which he loved.

Tony remembers old timers around WLS and tells this one:

It is a safe bet to say that there is hardly a person in this country above the age of five who has not heard, or has not heard about Amos and Andy. Their rise in radio has been sensational. Tony remembers the time when he could have mentioned the name of Correl and Gosden to any ten people you met and not one out of the number could tell you who they were. Eight or nine years ago they were end men in Joe Bren's minstrels going out of WLS in Chicago. One day as they were coming to the studio for their show,



● Noble Cain, choral director, lays no claim to reaching high C with his voice, but he can reach pretty high in his own airplane. He's quite a pilot, having frequently commuted to and from the Chicago studios this summer.



# BREEZERS

Revealing sidelights on human stories that happen around the Chicago studios

a popular young minstrel man asked who those two fellows were. "That is Correll and Gosden," said the hostess. "Never heard of them." "Oh, they are the end men in our minstrel show." Then professional jealousy got the better of the young man, as he said, "Correl and Gosling! You won't hear those names a month from today. I'm going to get their job. I double in minstrel shows." Well, the name of Correll and Gosden did disappear almost from the face of the earth, but the names of Sam and Henry, and Amos and Andy are household words, and the name of the young man who wanted their job has long been forgotten.

## JEANIE STARTED HERE

**A**LTHOUGH most people think Jeanie Lang got her start with Paul Whiteman in the latter's movie "The King of Jazz", she really began well before that right here in Chicago. In St. Louis Jeanie's family and that of Brook Johns' were good friends. Johns got a chance to do stage work in St. Louis and later in Chicago. Jeanie kept pestering him for a chance to sing with his show on the stage. Finally he decided to give her that chance . . . but she was so excited that when she got out on the stage she fainted!

Later she got over that nervousness and for one summer did several jobs in Chicago at the Oriental theatre. Then she had to "retire" from the stage and go back to St. Louis because, you see, the school season was opening.

When she graduated from school her folks took Jeanie to California as a graduation present. One day they met Paul Whiteman who always likes to give ambitious kids a chance. The Langs didn't want Jeanie to sing professionally although they were proud of the work she had done in school shows.

"Do you sing?" asked Paul Whiteman.

"O, yes," replied Jeanie.

"No!" cried Mr. Lang.

"O, my goodness, no!" added Mrs. Lang.

Paul heard her, liked her voice and put her into his "King of Jazz" movie.



## HECTIC RADIO

**R**ADIO is hectic and sometimes amusing. Take for instance the day both Irna Phillips and Bess Johnson forgot they were in the "Today's Children," sketch for that day.

(Continued on page 75)

● Irene Wicker, the "Singing Lady" of nurseryland, finds time to canter through Lincoln Park on her favorite charger, Bourbon Bell. This little lady has a way all her own, and the children all love her songs and stories.



# We Have With Us—

## RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

### LIST OF STATIONS

| BASIC | SUPPLEMENTARY |      |
|-------|---------------|------|
| WABC  | WDOB          | WHEC |
| WADC  | KRLD          | KTSA |
| WOKO  | WBIG          | KSCJ |
| WCAO  | KTRH          | WSBT |
| WNAC  | KLRA          | WMAS |
| WGR-  | WQAM          | WIBW |
| WKRC  | WFLA          | WWVA |
| WHK   | WDBO          | KFH  |
| CKLW  | WDEJ          | WSJS |
| WDRG  | WTOC          | KGKO |
| WFBM  | WDAE          | WBRG |
| KMBC  | KFBK          | WMBR |
| WCAU  | KDB           | WMT  |
| WJAS  | WICC          | WCCO |
| WEAN  | KFPY          | WISN |
| WFBL  | WPG           | WLBZ |
| WSPD  | KVOR          | WGLC |
| WJSV  | KWKH          | WFEA |
| WBBM  | KLZ           | KOH  |
| WHAS  | WLBW          | KLZ  |
| KMOX  |               | WORC |
|       |               | WBT  |
|       |               | WDMC |
|       |               | WALA |
|       |               | KHJ  |
| COAST | CANADIAN      |      |
| KOIN  | KFBK          |      |
| KGB   | KMJ-          |      |
| KHJ   | KMT           |      |
| KFRC  | KERN          |      |
| KOL   | KDB           |      |
| KFPY  | KHJ           |      |
| KVI   |               | CKAC |
|       |               | CFRB |

**HOW TO USE IT:** Here is a new chart which enables you to find any of the big network programs at a glance. The list covers all broadcasts for October and November and is arranged according to the hours of the day, beginning at twelve noon and ending at twelve midnight. The time given is Eastern Standard. If you have Central Standard just cross out the hours, subtract one hour and put in the corrected time. For Mountain Time, subtract two hours and for Western Time, subtract three.

On this and the opposite page, you will find all the Columbia programs. The two pages following give you all the National Broadcasting programs which are divided into the Red and Blue networks. At the left you'll find a list of network stations belonging to CBS. If your station is not listed look for it after the Program in the columns. After each program the length is given in fractions, and the day of the week in abbreviations. Following that is a list of stations, shortened into Basic, Supplementary, Canadian and Coast, with exceptions and additions. The NBC station list includes Basic, Western, Canadian and Coast. We can't be responsible for last minute changes!

5 P.M. 6 P.M.

4 P.M.

3 P.M.

2 P.M.

1 P.M.

12 NOON

**12:00 Pontifical Mass:** Sun. ½ hr. network  
**Voice of Experience:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic. Plus Coast Plus WOKO WBT KLZ WCCO KSL WWVA

**12:15 Betty Barthell:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Network

**12:30 Tito Guizar:** Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus WOWO WMAS WORC  
**Al Kavelin Orchestra:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. Network  
**Smiling Ed McConnell:** Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic KMOX Plus Coast Plus WBT WBNS KLZ WWVA WICC WFEA WISN WCCO KSL WORC

**1:00 Church of the Air:** Sun. ½ hr. Network  
**George Hall Orchestra:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. Network

**1:30 Little Jack Little:** Sun. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBBM WHAS WOKO WCAO WNAC WEAN WSPD KMOX Plus KRLD. WBT WOWO WCCO  
**Frank Dailey Orchestra:** Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

**1:45 Pat Kennedy and Art Kessel:** Sun. Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WNAC WDRG WEAN WFBL WBBM WMOX WHAS plus WOW WGST WBNS KRLD KLZ WCCO WDSU KSL WMT Plus Coast

Rabbi Abram Hirschberg preaches on the Church of the Air . . . Sponsor of Little Jack Little is the Pinex Co.

**2:00 Lazy Dan:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WDRG WBBM WSPD KMOX WHAS Plus Coast Plus WGST WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ KFAB WDSU WMBG WHEC WIBW  
**Eaton Boys:** Tues. Fri. ¼ hr. Network  
**Emery Deutsch:** Wed. ½ hr. Network  
**Ann Leaf:** Thurs. ½ hr. Network

**2:15 Emery Deutsch:** Tues. ¼ hr. Network  
**2:30 Hill's Royal Hawaiians:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WBBM KMOX WHAS WSPD Plus Coast Plus WGST WFB KRLD KLZ KFAB WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBG WDBJ WHEC KSL WIBW WMT  
**Emery Deutsch:** Mon. Thurs. ½ hr.—Network

Lazy Dan sings on behalf of Old English Floor Wax . . . Who's going to sponsor the Eaton boys? They're swell . . . Don't miss the Royal Hawaiian Band on Sundays.

**3:00 New York Philharmonic:** Sun. two hrs. Basic minus KMBC WCAU KMOX WBBM WHAS Plus Supplementary Plus Canadian  
**Kate Smith:** Wed. one hr. Basic minus KMBC Plus Supplementary Plus Canadian  
**Philadelphia Symphony:** Fri. two hrs. Basic minus WBBM WHK WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary minus WDBJ WCCO KSL WIBW WSBT WMBR WWVA KTSA KLZ Plus Canadian

**3:30 Chicago Women's Symphony:** Mon. Tues. Thurs. ½ hr.—Basic minus WCAU WHAS KMOX WBBM Plus Supplementary Plus Canadian Plus WNOX WMBG  
**Saturday Syncopators:** Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WNAC WBBM KMOX WHAS Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY WIBW WWVA WBRG WMBR Plus Canadian Plus WAAB KOMA WNOX

The Philharmonic is back to continue its grand series of two-hour concerts . . . Kate Smith's Matinee is going over big . . . The Chicago Women's Symphony is one of the few all-women orchestras.

**4:00 Jack Brooks:** Wed. ½ hr.—Network  
**Ann Leaf:** Sat. ½ hr.—Network

**4:15 Salvation Army Band Mon. ¼ hr.—Network  
Round Towners:** Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

**4:30 Chicago Varieties:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic minus WBBM KMOX WHAS Plus Supplementary minus KGKO Plus Canadian plus WMBG  
**Dick Messner:** Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus WBBM WHAS KMOX WCAU Plus Supplementary minus KFBK WPG KLZ KFPY KVOR Plus Canadian

**Allan Leafer and his orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WKBW WBBM WHAS KMOX plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFTY WBRG WMBR plus WDSU WBNS plus Canadian

As we go to press we can't give you the schedules for the football broadcasts on Saturday afternoon. The Powers-that-beef are still wrangling over which games they will be allowed to put on the air, but we have a hopeful hunch that if you turn your dials, you'll catch your gridiron favorites in action.

**5:00 Open House, Freddie Martin:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WNAC WGR Plus a Supplementary network  
**Enoch Light Orchestra:** Sat. ¼ hr.—Network

**5:15 Skippy:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic minus WBBM WHAS KMOX WADC WNAC WFBM KMBC Plus WAAB WHEC CFRB

**5:30 Crumit & Sanderson:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WNAC WKRC WBBM Plus WAAB WICC WDSU KOMA WHEC WBNS WMAS WWVA KFH WORC WIBX KTUL  
**Jack Armstrong:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus KMOX WBBM WHAS WCAO WNAC WFBL WKRC WDSU WKRC WFBM KMBC Plus WAAB WHEC WMAS

**5:45 The Oxol Feature:** Mon. ¼ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WJAS WEAN WFBL WHP WMBG WMAS

The Open House, with Freddie Martin's band, is going to present guest personalities new to radio audiences, every Sunday . . . Skippy's quarter of an hour sponsored by Phillip's Dental Magnesia is still an every-week-day favorite . . . Gordon, Dave and Bunny are stars of the Oxol Feature, sponsored by the J. L. Prescott Co. . . . Bond Bread vouches for Crumit and Sanderson.

C O L U M B I A B R O A D



7P.M.

8P.M.

9P.M.

10P.M.

11P.M. MIDNIGHT

12

6P.M.

**5:00**  
**Music By Gershwin:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WNAC WEAN WSPD Plus Coast plus WAAB WBT WDSU WGST WBNS WHEC KRLD KLZ WCCO KSL CFRB

**Frederic William Wile:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus KMOX WHAS WADC WNAC WGR WEAN WFBL WJSV Plus Supplementary minus WBT WDOD KFBK KFPY WPG KLZ WSBT WWVA WBRC WMBR WMT WCCO Plus WDOD WACO WNAX WNOX CKAC KOMA

**Bobby Benson:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WAAB WGR WCAU WFBL WLBZ WOKO WDRC WEAN

**Smiling Ed McConnell:** Sun. ½ hr.—Network

**The Shadow:** Mon. Wed. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAU WAAB WKBW WDRC WCAU WEAN WFBL WJSV WHEC WORC WBX

**Shell Products, Eddie Dooley:** Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WBBM KMOX WHAS WADC WFBM KMBC Plus WLBZ WICC WBT WBNS WBIG WHP WFEA WMBG WDBV WHEC WMAS WBSV WDCR WDNC WDBH WDBF WBX

**Voice of Experience:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WFBM Plus WAAB WWOV WBT WCCO WWVA

**Wrigley Beauty Program:** Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WCAU WKBW WNAC WDRC WCAU WEAN

Feen - A - Mint's George Gershwin program continues to offer Louis Katzman's Orchestra with George at the piano and mike... Frederic William Wile talks from the Capitol... If you're a football fan, don't miss Eddie Dooley and his forecasts and resumés of every important college game in the country... Wasey Products offers the Voice of Experience to settle your latest love problems or haven't you?... The Shadow is bought by Blue Coal.

**7:00**  
**Myrt & Marge:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBM K M B C WBBM KMOX WHAS Plus WQAM WDOD WDAE WBT WTCO WWVA

**Elder Michaux:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WBBM K M O X WNAC WHK WEAN WHAS Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY WPG WHEC WIBW KFH WBRC WHBR KSL plus Canadian Plus WACO WNOX

**7:15**  
**Just Plain Bill:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WJSV

**7:30**  
**Ward's Family Theatre:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR WKRC WHAS WFBM KMBC WSPD WJSV Plus WLBZ WFEA WFEA WSBT WMAS WWVA WBRC WMBR WBNC WICC WORC WKBM

**Silver Dust Serenaders:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WGR WORC WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WHP WHEC WMAS WWVA WORC

**Whispering Jack Smith:** Tues. Thurs. Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS WADC WKRC WSK CKLW KMBC WSPD WBBM KMOX plus WORC

**Boake Carter:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WKRC WDRC WFBM WEAN WFBL WSPD Plus WBT WCCO

**The Lawyer and the Public:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WHK KMOX WHAS WBBM Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY WPG WBRC WMBR KSL Plus Canadian Plus KOMA WACO WNAX

Elder Michaux and his congregation meet earlier than formerly... Buddy Rogers and Jeanie Lang, together with the Three Rascals, appear on the stage of the Ward's Family Theatre... Philco presents one of your favorite news commentators, Boake Carter, English accent and all... Myrt and Marge, fully recovered from their vodvil trip in the East, again chatter amusingly at the mike—and you.

**8:00**  
**Detroit Symphony:** Sun. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary Plus WNOX WKBH WGST WBNS WDSU W N A X WBBM WACO KTUL WIBY WOWO KWO Plus Canadian

**Bar X Days and Nights:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WSPD Plus Coast Plus WBNS KLZ WCCO WHOC KSL

**Lavendar and Old Lace:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WSPD

**Easy Aces:** Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WORC WEAN WJSV Plus WOWO WCCO CFRB

**Roxy and His Gang:** Sat. ¾ hr. Basic minus WADC Plus Coast Plus Canadian Plus WGST WBRC WDOD KRLD KLZ KTRH KLRA WREC WCCO WLAC WLFC WDSU KOMA KSL KTSa WIBW WMT WORC

**8:15**  
**Fats Wallers Rhythm Club:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus WHK WSPD WBBM KMOX WHAS Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY WPG WHEC KSL Plus KOMA WACO WNAX WNOX

**Edwin C. Hill:** Mon. Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus WCCO

**8:30**  
**Atwater Kent Hour:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast Plus WQAM WRT WDOD KRLD KLZ WCCO KSL WMT WOWO WDSU

**Melodiana, Abe Lyman:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus WODO WCCO CFRB

**Everett Marshall:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHK Plus Coast Plus WOWO WBT KRLD KLA WLAC KOMA WDSU KSL WIBW

**Forum of Liberty, Liberty Magazine:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus WOWO

**True Story Hour:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBM WSPD WHAS KMOX Plus WCCO

**8:45**  
**Fats Waller:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus KMOX WHAS WDRC Plus Supplementary minus KKB KFBY KWKH W W V A W M B R WBRC KSL Plus Canadian Plus WACO KOMA W N O X WNAX

Ford has taken over the Detroit Symphony in place of Fred Waring's 9:30 program... Edwin C. Hill is the splendid master of ceremonies for the Liberty Magazine program on Thursdays... Josef Pasternack's Orchestra is the background for the Atwater Kent Hour.

**9:00**  
**Alexander Woolcott:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus KLZ WCCO KSL

**Chesterfield Hour:** Mon. Wed. Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WSFA KWKH KFOR WSBT WIBW WWVA KGKO WGLC Plus WOWO WGST WBNS WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBH

**Bing Crosby:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus WOV WBT KRLD KLZ WREC WCCO WDSU KSL KTUL

**The March of Time:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus KMBC Plus Coast plus WOWO WGST KRLD KLZ WCCO WDSU KSL

**Camel Caravan:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KDB KFPY KFOR KLZ WSBT WWVA KGKO WGLC KOH WDNC KHJ Plus WGST WBNS KFBK WREC WOWO WDSU KOMA WMBD WMGB KTUL WACO WNAX WKBH

**9:30**  
**Gulf Program, Will Rogers:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR WFBM K M O X WBBM KMBC WFBL Plus WODO WMBR WQAM WDOD WDAE WGST WLBZ WBRC WBT WDOD WBNS KRLD KTRH KLRA WFEA WRAC WLAC WDSU KTSa WTCO WALA WBIG WMBG WHEC WDBJ

**The Big Show:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic Plus WOWO WICC WBT WBNS KLZ KFBK WREC WCCO CKAC WDSU KSL

**Isham Jones, Chevrolet:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast Plus a Supplementary network

**Adventures of Gracie:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS Plus Coast Plus WBT KRLD KLZ WBIG KTRH WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL KTSa WORC WOWO

**Fred Waring:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK Plus Supplementary minus KDB KWKH WSBT WWVA Plus WGST WBNS KFBK WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBH KNOX WMBD Plus Canadian

**Hollywood Hotel:** Fri. one hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WWVA WGLC Plus Canadian Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFBK WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG WMBD KTUL WACO WNAX WNOX WIBX WKBH

**Richard Himber, Joey Nash - Studebaker:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KWKH W B R C WMBR KFPY Plus Canadian Plus KOMA W M B D W A C O WNAX WNOX WGST

**10:00**  
**Camel Caravan:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KDB KFPY KFOR KLZ WSBT WWVA WGLC KOH KSL WDNC Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFBK WREC WDSU KOMA W M B D W M B G KTUL WACO WNAX WKBH

**Byrd Broadcast:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WSPD Plus Coast Plus KFBK WGST WLBZ WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ WHP KTRH KFBK KLRA WREC WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBG WHEC KSL KTSa WIBW WACO WMT KFH WORC WNAX

**Borden's 45 Minutes in Hollywood:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WFBM KMBC WHAS Plus Canadian Plus WMBR WQAM WDOD WDAE WGST WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ KTRH WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA WHEC KSL KTSa KTUL WACO KFH

**Carborundum Band:** Sat. ½ hr. Coast Plus WABC WCAU WNAC W K B W W B B M WKRC CKLW KMBC WCAU WJAS WBT KLZ WCCO KSL

**Wayne King, Lady Esther:** Sun. Mon. ½ hr. Basic minus WNAC WEAN Plus Coast Plus WAAB WIBW WBNS KRLD KLZ KFBK WCCO WDSU KSL

**10:30**  
**Care and Feeding of Hobby Horses:** Sun. ½ hr.—Network

**Emery Deutsch:** Mon. ½ hr.—Network

**George Givott:** Tues. ½ hr.—Network

**Melody Masterpieces:** Wed. ½ hr.—Network

**Kate Smith:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WNAC WCAU WHK KMOX WBBM WHAS Plus Supplementary minus WDBJ KFPY KFBK KTSa WSBT WWVA WMBR WCCO KSL Plus Canadian Plus WAAB WNOX KOMA WMBD WACO WNAX

**Benjamin Franklin:** Sat. ½ hr.—Network

**10:45**  
**Fray and Braggiotti:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus KMOX WCAU WHK KMBC WBBM WHAS Plus Canadian Plus WAAB WNOX WACO Plus Supplementary minus WSFA WDOD KFBK WICC KFPY KWKH WWVA WMBR WMT WCCO WISN

Between nine and midnight: Cream of Wheat is responsible for Alex Woolcott's additional quarter hour, also for those ingratiating musical interludes... Martini, Ponselle, and Stueckgold are the Big Names for Chesterfield.

**11:00**  
**Henry Busse Orchestra:** Sun. ½ hr.—Net work

**Nick Lucas:** Wed. ½ hr.—Network

**Vera Van:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network

**Sylvia Froos:** Sat. ½ hr.—Network

**11:15**  
**Leon Belasco Orchestra:** Mon. Fri. ½ hr.—Network

**Frank Dailey Orchestra:** Tues. Wed. ½ hr.—Network

**Ozzie Nelson:** Sun. ½ hr.—Network

**Joe Haynes:** Sun. Thurs. ½ hr.—Network

**Ozzie Nelson:** Wed. ½ hr.—Network

**Leon Belasco:** Fri. ½ hr.—Network

More data about programs from nine to midnight: Boswell Sisters replaced the Mills Brothers on Bing Crosby's Woodbury hour... Walter O'Keefe, Annette Hanshaw, and Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra make up the Camel Caravan, Thursdays at nine, Tuesdays at ten... Presently Will Rogers will alternate with Stoopnagle and Budd... Block and Sully have their own show at last with Gertrude Niesen adding the dignity (The Big Show, Mondays)... Hur-ray for the Adventures of Gracie (and George) on Wednesdays... Fred Waring concentrates on one program a week; those Thursday broadcasts show it, too... Borden's still offers the cream of Hollywood talent on Thursdays at ten; radio audiences contented!... Some advertiser should grab Kate Smith's Friday night broadcast — she's better than ever... Tuesday's at 9:45 and Thursday's at 10:45—for the ear moderne (French); Fray and Braggiotti are Aces (American).

C A S T I N G S Y S T E M



12 NOON 1PM 2PM 3PM 4PM 5PM 6PM

BLUE NETWORK

**12:00**  
**Fields and Hall:** Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

**12:15**  
**Merry Macs:** Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

**12:30**  
**Radio City Music Hall:** Sun. Hour—Network  
**National Farm and Home Hour:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. Hour—Network

Cherie McKay is the contralto on the Merry Macs' program . . . Try the Radio City Music Hall glee club, Sundays.

**1:30**  
**Vic and Sade:** Wed. Sat. ¼ hr.—Network  
**NBC Great Composer's Hour:** Thurs. Hour—Network

**1:45**  
**Words and Music:** Wed. ¼ hr. Sat. ½ hr.—Network

Quarter hour on Wednesdays, half hour on Saturdays, Words and Music presents Leola Turner, soprano, and Frederick Bittke, baritone.

**2:00**  
**Wandering Minstrel:** Wed. Fri. ½ hr.—Network

**2:30**  
**Broadway and Hollywood Stars:** Sun. one hr.—Network

**2:45**  
**Echoes of Erin:** Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

Fine dramatic sketches by your Hollywood favorites on the Sunday hour at two-thirty . . . The Wandering Minstrel has wandered to Frisco for his broadcasts.

**3:00**  
**Radio Guild:** Mon. Hour—Network

**3:30**  
**Saturday Songsters:** Sat. ½ hr.—Network

**3:45**  
**Joe White:** Wed. ¼ hr.—Network

One of the finest afternoon programs on the air is the Radio Guild which from three to four every Monday stops bridge games in the middle of rubbers, drives eager hockey players indoors, sends enthusiastic cooks out of their kitchens to the loud speaker and holds the attention of more listening Americans than even Bing Crosby or Rudy Vallee; if you haven't listened in, don't fail to, next chance you get . . . Jack Owens and Edna Odell are the Saturday Songsters.

**4:00**  
**Betty and Bob:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus.  
**WENR KSO KWCR WREN plus Coast plus WBAP WLW WLS WTMJ KSTP KVOO WKY KPRC**  
**Kansas City Philharmonic; DeWolf Hopper:** Sun. ½ hr.—Network

**4:15**  
**Platt and Nierman:** Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

**4:30**  
**Carlsbad Products:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic Minus  
**WJR WGAR KWK Palmer Clark:** Wed. Thurs. Sat. ½ hr.—Network

**4:45**  
**General Federation of Women's Clubs:** Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

It's time some sponsor picked up Betty and Bob — they're every bit as good as they were last year and are deserving of commercial support . . . You'll enjoy the concert orchestra of Palmer Clark on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays . . . We recommend the Kansas City Philharmonic.

**5:00**  
**Roses and Drums:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WLW KTBS WKY KTHS WBAP KPRC WOAI  
**Al Pierce and His Gang:** Wed. ½ hr.—Network

**5:15**  
**Jackie Heller:** Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr.—Network

**5:30**  
**American Bosch Radio:** Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus WCKY WKBF WIBA KSTP WSMB WTMJ WEBC WDAY KFYR WSM WMC WSB WAPI WAVE plus Coast  
**Singing Lady:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus  
**WMAL WSYR WENR KWCR KSO KWK WREN KOIL — plus WLW**

**5:45**  
**Terhune Dog Drama:** Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus Coast  
**Little Orphan Annie:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus.  
**WENR KSO KWK WREN KOIL — Plus WRVA WJAX CRCT WCKY WPTF WFLA CFCF**

Let the kiddies listen to the Singing Lady every week day at 5:30 . . . and Albert Payson Terhune on Sundays.

LIST OF STATIONS

BLUE NETWORK

BASIC

WJZ  
WBAL  
WMAL  
WBZ  
WBZA

WSYR  
WHAM  
KDKA  
WJR  
WENR  
WGAR

KWGR  
KSO  
KWK  
WREN  
KOIL

WESTERN

WPTF  
WTMJ  
KSTP  
WWNC  
WKY  
WBAP

KPRC  
WEBC  
WRVA  
WJAX  
WFLA  
WOAI

COAST

KOA  
KDYL

KGO  
KFI  
KGW

WLS  
KOMO  
KHQ

RED NETWORK

BASIC

WEAF  
WTAG  
WBN  
WCAE  
WTAM

WWJ  
WLW  
WSAI  
WFBR  
WRC

WGY  
WJAR  
WCSH  
WLIT  
WFI

WBZ  
WBZA  
WEEI  
KSD  
WDAF

WHO  
WOC  
WMAQ  
WOW  
WTIC

WESTERN

KSTP  
WTMJ

WEBC  
KPRC

WKY  
WOAI

KVOO  
WFAA

WBAP  
KTAR

SOUTHERN

WIOD  
WFLA  
WWNC

WIS  
WPTF  
WRVA

WJAX  
WMC  
WJDX

WSB  
WSM  
WSMB

WAPI  
WAVE

CANADIAN

CRCT

CFCF

COAST

KHQ  
KDYL  
KOA

KGO  
KHJ  
KGW

KOMO  
KFI

NATIONAL

**3:00**  
**Talkie Picture Time:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus KSD WTIC—plus WJDX WSMB WSM WMC WSB WAPI

**Oxydol's Ma Perkins:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJAR WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW—plus WKBF WSM WSB WAPI WAVE  
**Radio Playbill:** Sat. ½ hr.—Network

**3:15**  
**Dreams Come True:** Mon. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW

**3:30**  
**Maybelline Musical Romance:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast  
**Woman's Radio Review:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr.—Network  
**Weekend Review:** Sat. Hour—Network

Don Mario Alvarez and Jimmie Fidler are the works on the Maybelline Musical Romance which comes from Hollywood . . . Barry McKinley is the baritone on the Dreams Come True program.

**4:00**  
**Pop Concert:** Wed. ½ hr.—Network  
**Master Music Hour:** Fri. one hr.—Network

**4:45**  
**Dream Drama:** Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WHO WOW  
**Adventures on Mystery Island:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

One of the very best childrens' programs on the air is brought to young radio listeners every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday under the direction of Madge Tucker. It's the "Adventures on Mystery Island" broadcast which dramatizes the most provocative wonder stories available. . . . More theatricals in Dream Drama, featuring Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. . . . The Pop Concert at four on Wednesdays is brought to you from various cities of the Eastern coast line.

**5:00**  
**Sentinel Serenade:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus WMC WSB WSM WAVE WTMJ WEBC KFYR WIBA  
**Peg La Centra:** Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

**5:15**  
**Tom Mix:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WBR WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW

**5:30**  
**The House By Side of Road:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WWNC WIS WPTF WRVA KPRC WKY WOAI KVOO WBAP  
**Our American Schools:** Sat. ½ hr.—Network

Ralston presents Tom Mix on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for your youngsters and ours. . . . Tony Wons has transferred his inflections from CBS to NBC and now is heard on Sundays in the "House by the side of the road" by those who like him. . . . Josef Koestner is the orchestra leader for the Sentinels.

RED NETWORK

**12:15**  
**Honeyboy and Sassafras:** Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

**12:30**  
**Merry Madcaps:** Sat. ½ hr.—Network

Space prohibits our giving you the before-noon programs but be sure to hear Clara, Lu 'n' Em every week day except Saturday at 10:15.

**1:00**  
**Dale Carnegie:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus WCSH KSD WOC WDAF WMAQ WFAF

**1:15**  
**Jan Brunesco:** Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network  
**Peggy's Doctor:** Mon. ¼ hr.—Network

**1:30**  
**Little Miss Bab O:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHO WFAF

"Little Known Facts About Well Known People"—Dale Carnegie's exceedingly fine half hour.

**2:00**  
**Mohawk Treasure Chest:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast minus KSD  
**Stones of History:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network

**2:30**  
**Trio Romantique:** Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network  
**Green Brothers:** Sat. ½ hr.—Network

One of the boys who's gaining popularity practically every minute is Ralph Kirbery who is the solo baritone on the Mohawk Treasure Chest.



6PM. 7PM. 8PM. 9PM. 10PM. 11PM. MIDNIGHT

**6:00**  
**Education in the News:** Wed. ¼ hr.—Network.

**6:15**  
**Spartan Triolians, Jolly Coburn:** Sun. ¼ hr.—Network.

**6:30**  
**Grand Hotel:** Sun. (check on time)—Basic plus Coast plus W T M J K S T P WEBC

**6:45**  
**Lowell Thomas:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WENR KWCR KSO KWK WREN KOIL WLW CRCT WJAX—plus WFLA CFCF WIOD WRVA  
**John Herrick:** Sat. ¼ hr.—Network

Next month in Radio Mirror: Anne Seymour's amazing Heritage—a swell feature—she's on the Grand Hotel program, hour undecided at this writing . . . Jolly Coburn is at the Rainbow Room on the 65th Floor of the RCA Building, New York . . . He's sponsored by Spartan Radios.

**7:00**  
**Jack Benny:** Sun. Hour—Network  
**Amos and Andy:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WSYR KWK KWCR WREN KSO KOIL—plus WLW CRCT WRVA WPTF WIOD WFLA WCKY  
**Flying with Capt. Al Williams:** Sat. ½ hr.—Network

**7:15**  
**Vicks with Mildred Bailey:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WGAR WREN—plus WCKY

**7:30**  
**Baker's Broadcast, Joe Penner:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus WNCN WBAP—plus WIBA WDAY KFYR WIOD WSM WMC WSB WJDX WSMB KVOO WFAA KTAR

**Red Davis Series:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJR WGAR—plus WIBA KSTP WEBC WRVA WPTF WNCN WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WSM WMC WSB WJDX WSMB WKY KTBS KPRC WTAR WAVE  
**Edgar A. Guest:** Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus WJR  
**Armand Girard:** Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network  
**7:45**  
**Dangerous Paradise:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic plus WMS WSB WSMB KVOO KTBS WKY WFAA

**8:00**  
**Yeastfoamers:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus Coast plus WLS WLW WKBF  
**Eno Crime Clues:** Tues. Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHAM WENR plus WLW WLS  
**O. Henry Dramatizations:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network  
**Irene Rich:** Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJR WGAR WENR KWK plus WLS WSM WMC WSB WAVE  
**Art in America:** Sat. ¼ hr.—Network  
**General Motors Symphony Concert:** Sun. one hr.—Network.

**8:15**  
**Legion of Decency:** Fri. ¼ hr.—Network  
**Grace Hayes:** Sat. ¼ hr.—Network

**8:30**  
**Lawrence Tibbett:** Tues. ¾ hr.—Basic minus WENR KWK plus WLS CRCT CFCF  
**Lanny Ross, Log Cabin Orch.:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WBZ WBZA WENR KWK plus WLS  
**Melodies Roman-tique:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network  
**Emerson Drug Program:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus WLS  
**Jamboree:** Sat. ½ hr.—Network  
**Shirley Howard:** Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

**9:00**  
**Sinclair Minstrels:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic Minus WMAL WENR WSYR KWCA plus Western minus WBAP KOMO KDYL KHQ KGW plus WSB WIBA WDAY KFYR WFAA WIS WIOD WSM WSMB WJDX KTBS KVOO WSOC WTAR WMC KTBS KFSD KTAR  
**Warden Lewis E. Lawes:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHAM WJR WENR plus WLS WKBF plus Coast  
**Death Valley Days:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus WLW WLS  
**Let's Listen to Harris:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WJR WENR plus WCKY WSB WOI WLS WSMB CFCF WSM WKY WAPI WFAA plus Coast  
**Radio City Party:** Sat. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus WCKY WLS plus Coast

**9:15**  
**Story Behind the Claim:** Tues. ¼ hr.—Basic minus KWK plus WCKY

**9:30**  
**Walter Winchell:** Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus WLW  
**Princess Pat Players:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus WCKY  
**Hands Across the Border:** Tues. Hour—Network  
**John McCormack:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHAM plus (Continued on last col.)

**10:00**  
**Madame Schumann-Heink:** Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus WCKY  
**Denis King:** Wed. ¼ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus WCKY WTMJ WIBA KSTP WEBC WDAY KFYR KGIR KFSD CRCT  
**Parade of the Provinces:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network  
**Molle Minstrel Show:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WGAR KWK

**10:15**  
**Madame Sylvia:** Wed. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJR plus Coast plus WTMJ WRVA KSTP WEBC

**10:30**  
**Tim and Irene:** Tues. ½ hr.—Network  
**Conoco Presents:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WBZ WBZA KDKA plus WCKY WTMJ WEBC WDAY KDYL KVOO KFYR WRVA WKY WFAA KPRC KOA  
**Economic and Social Changing Order:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network

Parade of the Provinces comes from Canada, in exchange for some of the choicest programs in the U. S. . . . Conoco Presents: Harry Richmond with Jack Denney's Orchestra.

**11:00**  
**Zig Zag Circle Ranch:** Wed. ¼ hr.—Network  
**Del Campo Orchestra:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network

**11:30**  
**D'Orsey Brothers and Bob Crosby:** Tues. ½ hr.—Network  
**Charley Davis Orchestra:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network  
**Jolly Coburn Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr.—Network

The D'Orsey Brothers, who are on the air with Bob Crosby, Bing's brother, on Tuesdays, used to accompany the Boswell Sisters for all their phonograph records . . . they're at the Riviera, in New Jersey. . . .

(Continued)  
WKBF WJR plus Coast  
**Armour Hour, Phil Baker:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WMAL WSYR KWCR plus Western minus WPTF WBAP WLS plus WIOD WSM WMC WSB WAPI WSMB WFAA KTAR WAVE  
**National Barn Dance:** Sat. Hour—Basic minus WENR plus WLS WKBF

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

**6:00**  
**Catholic Hour:** Sun. ¼ hr.—Network.

**6:15**  
**Drama Jules Verne:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

**6:30**  
**Armco Iron Master:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus WTAR WJAR WCHS WEEI WTIC plus KPRC WKY WOAI WBAP KTBS WIBA

**6:45**  
**Billy Batchelor:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WSAI WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW  
**Thornton Fisher:** Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WCAE WHO WDAF

The Armco Iron Master offers the concert band under the direction of Frank Simon. . . . Billy Batchelor stars Raymond Knight in a dramatic sketch every week day except Saturdays. . . . More fine children's entertainment in the Jules Verne dramas every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. . . . For informative data about football games, tune in on Thornton Fisher every Saturday.

**7:15**  
**Gene and Glen:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—WEAF WEEI WJAR WAG WCHS WFBR WRC WGY WBSN WPTF WNCN WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA

**7:15**  
**Religion in the News:** Sat. ¼ hr.—Network

**7:30**  
**American Radiator Program:** Sun. ¼ hr.—WEAF W T A G WJAR WCHS WRC WGY WTAM WWJ WSAI WMAQ KSD WOW  
**Martha Mears:** Sat. ¼ hr.—Network  
**Molle Minstrel Show:** Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WBN WCAE WTAM WFBR WEI WEEI WOW WTIC

**7:45**  
**Frank Buck:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WTAG WWJ WFBR WJAR WEEI WHO WTIC  
**Floyd Gibbons:** Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic plus Western minus WHO KVOO WFAA KTAR

You'll hear Al Bernard and Paul Dumont on the Molle Minstrel Show. . . . Pepsodent offers you Frank Buck in his amazing adventures every week day except Saturday.

**8:00**  
**Chase and Sanborn:** Sun. Hour—Complete except WBAP plus KFYR WIBA  
**Studebaker, Himber, Nash:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus KVOO WKY WFAA KPRC WOAI KTBS  
**Leo Reisman:** Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus WSAI WHO WDAF WOW KSD  
**Mary Pickford:** Wed. ½ hr.—Complete plus KTBS WCKY KFYR WDAY WIBA  
**Rudy Vallee:** Thurs. Hour—Complete plus KFYR WDAY  
**Cities Service:** Fri. Hour—Basic minus WMAQ plus Western minus Coast plus CRTS KOA KDYL  
**Swift Hour:** Sat. Hour—Basic minus WHO plus Western minus KVOO WFAA KTAR plus WIBA KTBS  
**Voice of Firestone:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus KSD WHO WOW plus Canadian  
**Lady Esther, Wayne King:** Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus WFBR plus WTMJ KSTP WKY KPRC WSM WSB WMC WOAI WKBF WSMB WFAA

**8:15**  
**Ben Bernie, Blue Ribbon:** Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus WLW WOV WDAF WTIC plus WTMJ KSTP WDAY KFYR WMC WSB WJDX WKY WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI KOA  
**Fred Allen:** Wed. Hour—Basic plus WIS WJAX WIOD WSB WTMJ KTBS KPRC WOAI KSTP WRVA WSMB KVOO WKY WEBC WPTF WSM WMC  
**Showboat Hour:** Thurs. Hour—Complete plus WKBF KGAL KTBS KFSD KGIR  
**Waltz Time:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WEEI  
**Song You Love:** Sat. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHO plus WTMJ WIBA WDAY KSTP WEBC KFYR

**9:30**  
**American Album:** Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus WTIC WAPI WAVE WEBC WBAP KTAR—plus Canadian  
**Colgate House Party:** Mon. ½ hr.—Complete minus WTIC WAVE KTAR WAPI WBAP plus KTBS  
**Ed Wynn, Eddie Duchin:** Tues. ½ hr.—Complete minus WSAI (Continued on last col.)

**9:00**  
**Manhattan Merry Go Round:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR WCHS WCAE WEEI plus WTMJ KSTP WEBC CFCF and Coast  
**A and P Gypsies:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus WLW WFBR WRC  
**Ben Bernie, Blue Ribbon:** Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus WLW WOV WDAF WTIC plus WTMJ KSTP WDAY KFYR WMC WSB WJDX WKY WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI KOA  
**Fred Allen:** Wed. Hour—Basic plus WIS WJAX WIOD WSB WTMJ KTBS KPRC WOAI KSTP WRVA WSMB KVOO WKY WEBC WPTF WSM WMC

**9:15**  
**Manhattan Merry Go Round:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR WCHS WCAE WEEI plus WTMJ KSTP WEBC CFCF and Coast  
**A and P Gypsies:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus WLW WFBR WRC  
**Ben Bernie, Blue Ribbon:** Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus WLW WOV WDAF WTIC plus WTMJ KSTP WDAY KFYR WMC WSB WJDX WKY WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI KOA  
**Fred Allen:** Wed. Hour—Basic plus WIS WJAX WIOD WSB WTMJ KTBS KPRC WOAI KSTP WRVA WSMB KVOO WKY WEBC WPTF WSM WMC  
**Showboat Hour:** Thurs. Hour—Complete plus WKBF KGAL KTBS KFSD KGIR  
**Waltz Time:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WEEI  
**Song You Love:** Sat. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHO plus WTMJ WIBA WDAY KSTP WEBC KFYR

**9:30**  
**American Album:** Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus WTIC WAPI WAVE WEBC WBAP KTAR—plus Canadian  
**Colgate House Party:** Mon. ½ hr.—Complete minus WTIC WAVE KTAR WAPI WBAP plus KTBS  
**Ed Wynn, Eddie Duchin:** Tues. ½ hr.—Complete minus WSAI (Continued on last col.)

**10:00**  
**Hall of Fame:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus WKBF WMC WSMB WFAA KSTP WSB WKY KTBS WSM WJDX KTBS KPRC WOAI  
**Contented Program:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KPRC WOAI WFAA KFYR WSM WMC WSB WKY

**Palmolive:** Tues. hour—Basic minus WFI WTIC plus Coast plus Canadian plus Southern minus WAPI plus WDAY KFYR WSOC KGIR KFSD KGHL WKBF

**Lombardoland:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic plus Southern minus WAPI plus WKBF WKY KTBS WFAA KPRC WOAI KTBS KVOO

**Whiteman's Music Hall:** Thurs. hour—Complete minus WMC (at 10:30) WFAA plus WDAY KFYR KTBS KTBS WIBA

**Campana's First Nighter:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus KVOO WBAP KTAR plus WSMB WMC WSM WSB

**10:30**  
**Pontiac, Jane Froman:** Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus KSD KVOO WFAA plus WKVF WSOC WIBA KTBS WDAY KTBS KGIR KFSD KFYR KGHL

**11:00**  
**George R. Holmes:** Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

**11:15**  
**Jack Berger:** Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

**11:30**  
**D'Orsey Brothers; Bob Crosby:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network  
**Paul Whiteman's Saturday Night:** Sat. ½ hr.—Network

Whiteman's Music Hall is sponsored by Kraft Cheese on Thursdays but no one has spoken for his Saturday night broadcast as yet. . . . As a result of the separation of Guy Lombardo and Gracie Allen plus George Burns, radio fans aren't angry but terribly, terribly hurt.

(Continued)  
WAPI WFAA plus WIBA WSOC KGAL WDAY KTBS KFSD KTBS KFYR KGIR WKBF  
**Pick and Pat:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WEEI  
**9:30**  
**Gibson Family:** Sat. hour—Basic minus WHO plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KHQ KDYL KOA KFI KGW KOMO KFYR WDAY WIBA



## Behind the Scenes of the Gibson Family Broadcast

(Continued from page 37)

of the show. A good time to tell all about this unique production before the play begins.

No wonder the stage is crowded. On the left we can see ten men and women—part of the chorus of eighteen. Opposite them on folding chairs, like generals reviewing a parade, sit the other eight. One man must have been late. He's in plain business suit. Voorhees' band, stretched straight across the back, number over twenty-five. Male and female lead. Juvenile leads. Father and mother. Butler. Announcer. Sound effects man. They sit down wherever they can find room.

But wait. Jack and Loretta Clemens—they became famous as a team in vaudeville—have stepped before a ribbon microphone, set in the middle of the stage, and a little up front. Directly in line and ten feet in back is another to pick up the music of the orchestra. The two actors, script in hand, are wisecracking.

**T**HOSE wisecracks have been written by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Recognize the name? He's a Saturday Evening Post author, Hollywood scenario writer, writer of boys' stories, author of animal tales. He was a press agent for a circus in his younger days. That's why he knows all about animals. He learned the modern slang which is being used by eavesdropping on young couples in Park Avenue bars.

The sponsors of this program have certainly spared no expense. They have Arthur Schwartz, short, swarthy, composer of hit songs which featured such Broadway shows as *The Bandwagon*, *Three's a Crowd*, and *Flying Colors*, on the job. And what a job! He and Howard Dietz, his collaborator, have to compose four new songs every week for this program. Dietz once wrote short humor for Judge, until he found that doing lyrics for songs was more profitable. He's the publicity director of one of the biggest movie companies.

Back to the stage. Bobby Gibson—that's Jack Clemens—looks over his shoulder. He's not very tall, looks the part of the juvenile, like a prep school boy in his first tux. Dot Marsh—she's Loretta Clemens in real life—holds his hand.

Bobby's parents—Jack Roseleigh and Ann Elstner, old timers on the radio—stand up, walk carefully to the mike. They're reproaching Bobby for the slang he uses.

"Don't mind that empty top," Dot advises them. The parents look properly shocked. Dot is wearing a black velvet dress, without back or sleeves. Mrs. Gibson has a simple white evening gown. When she walks you can see green slippers.

Now Bobby and Dot have the center of the stage alone. They begin to sing, and there's a stirring in the audience. They know that these young voices are already filling a million homes with their melody. It's the miracle of radio again. We shiver a little. Perhaps Ad-

miral Byrd at the south pole is tuning in.

When is the star of the show going to sing? We try to find Conrad Thibault—lead in the *Show Boat* hour, formerly co-star with Albert Spalding. There he is. Seated in the first row of the chorus on the left side of the stage, well back from the footlights. First the quartet. They're getting ready now.

Voorhees waves his baton, a queer baton it is, no longer than an ordinary pencil, and steps on the squat soap box called a podium. The music begins. The quartet, all in tuxedos, have advanced to the microphone.

They swing into "I'm Absent-Minded," first of Schwartz's new songs. The baritone puts his right hand to his ear. That's an old mike trick which David Ross employs. No one knows what good it does.

The music dies away. Before the quartet can find their seats, Sally Gibson has taken their place. She's Adele Ronson, who doubles for Lois Bennett in the talking parts of the play. That white dress is in perfect contrast to her tanned skin. She is speaking now to her mother about a cowboy. Her blue eyes sparkle with happiness.

"Do you think Dad'll be at Jack's rodeo?" she asks. This is real acting. Sally is no more conscious of the mike than if it had been swallowed up by the floor.

What's next? Before we can lose interest a mixed octette has advanced front and center. The women are elaborately dressed. Black. White. Red. Peach.

Don Voorhees has come with them. He brushes the hair away from his eyes and leads them in the cowboy song. Eyes left. Thibault stands up, slim, straight, six feet tall. Across in front of the octette and on the opposite side of that ribbon mike, which could be a match box, if it were six inches shorter, he takes his position.

At a signal from Voorhees he is singing. His clear voice fills the studio. He sings with his hands at his side, head thrown back. He is about three feet from the mike. That's unusual in radio. His voice must have volume.

**N**OW the octette is seated. Thibault is taking part in the play. He holds hands with Sally. They are in love, all right. Sally has eyes only for him. You might easily be in a Broadway theater. The illusion is perfect.

"Goodbye, Sally. I'll see you at the rodeo?" Sally nods. Thibault waves and steps away from the mike. A whirling on the right. Fritz Street, sound effects man, is at work on a machine the size of a phonograph. To all listeners-in, it is the sound of a powerful automobile starting up.

Now for the duet. Thibault comes back and Lois Bennett, young, red haired, blue eyed, stands beside him. She is a newcomer to radio. Had her first start less than a year ago, but her

voice hasn't a technical flaw in it.

She is wearing a blue velvet chiffon evening gown. The shoulders are bared. She cocks her head to one side and sings directly into the mike while Thibault moves closer. He is singing softly. The melody swells. Voorhees waves the band into louder action. Six women and four men advance, singing. It is the finale to the first act.

Wallington steps forward and speaks into the mike on behalf of Ivory. This afternoon when we caught the dress rehearsal for pictures, he was sporting a heavy beard. It's really a joke on him, because the minute he saw the camera man set up his apparatus, he disappeared. Five minutes later he was back—without the beard. He must have an electric razor just outside the studio.

We expect the curtain to go down, but no, as Wallington finishes his last word, Voorhees gives the baton a wave and the overture starts.

The second act seems shorter. Now the characters have been established—that's all important in radio—and the action can be speeded up.

More singing. Thibault is in front again. The brasses in the band stand up. Warm light catches on the French horns—hot sun on burnished gold. When the orchestra is seated it is barely distinguishable against the blue back drop. Then sudden quiet. The center of the stage is taken by the principals in the play.

"Jack, at last I can tell you. Darling, I do love you."

**S**ALLY is prettier than ever. She doesn't need any jewelry. Her blue eyes have all the sparkle in the world. But why is she frowning? The plot must be thickening.

Mr. Gibson, Sally's father, comes up front. He has been sitting by the piano with Wallington. Now he's frowning. His heavy set face looks stern. For all the world the disapproving father.

"Dad, what is it?"

None of these actors seems hampered by the mike. Although they are grouped around it, one on each side, you forget that they talk into it.

Suddenly everything stops. You start in surprise. What's wrong? Then you realize. Wallington is forward, inviting the million listeners to attend next Saturday evening at the same hour. The show is over. Fritz Street cranks what looks like an old windlass. The creaking signifies the drop of the curtain. The component parts of the show stand up and bow, stretch wearily, and file slowly out a rear exit.

As you step outside the studio, you realize the magnitude of this program. Four new songs each week. An hour script. An orchestra and six leads in the play. More to see than any Broadway show in town.

How does it sound? We've been so busy watching, we aren't sure. That will be our week's resolution. Next Saturday we'll bear the Gibson Family Broadcast.



# Why is one of these girls winning and the other losing this private **BEAUTY CONTEST**



**B**OTH GIRLS have smart clothes and wear them smartly. Both have attractive figures, lovely hair. Yet one is getting all of the attention and all of the compliments.

One is winning, while the other is losing one of those little beauty contests which are a part of the daily life of every woman.

You cannot avoid these contests, for everyone you meet judges your beauty, your charm, *your skin*.

The daily use of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, can change a

dull, drab skin into a fresh, lovely complexion, and help *you* win *your* beauty contests.

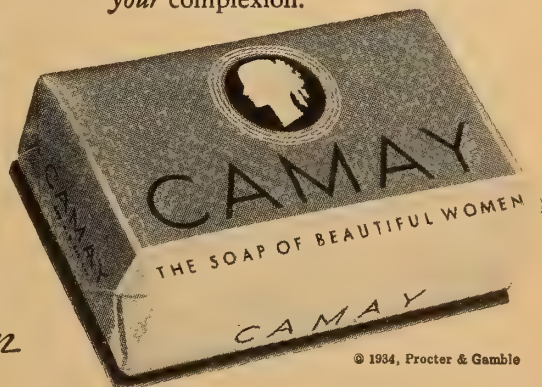
Camay's delightfully perfumed lather is smooth and rich, made up of millions of tiny Beauty Bubbles that cleanse and refresh your skin.

#### WOMEN EVERYWHERE PRAISE CAMAY

Thousands of women have written recently praising the mildness of Camay. "It is as gentle as cream," says a girl from New England. "The lather is

wonderfully smooth and soothing," writes a young matron from the South, "and it keeps the skin smoother and clearer than any other soap."

Try Camay yourself. Just see how much this pure, gentle, creamy-white beauty soap can do for *your* skin. See how much it can improve *your* complexion.



## CAMAY

*The Soap of Beautiful Women*

© 1934, Procter & Gamble



# Xmas Shopping for Babies

(Continued from page 19)

wives also are adopting babies. In fact, this one gentleman's wife," indicating the Baron, across whose face swept a modest and deprecatory smile, "is adopting two babies. Now we have been trying to make up a Christmas list for these four babies, and not having had a great deal of experience in such matters, we didn't seem to be getting anywhere, so we came here to see you. Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

"Perfectly," replied the saleslady, incisively. "Come with me, please." She led them to a small, well appointed upstairs office. Three quarters of an hour later, the three comedians emerged, looking like a comedian's public would expect three noted comedians to look. Each wore a smile from ear to ear. They hailed another taxi, and were driven home.

"My bill will be \$241.50. Not bad, what?" exulted Burns.

"I got away on \$262.30," contributed Benny.

"Mine was—let's see," the Baron figured. "Oh, yes, it was \$302.10."

"Always topping everybody else with a taller story," Benny derided. The Baron's glance was a rebuke.

"You vas dere, wasn't you?" he demanded.

**I**N Chicago, Winnie Pearl, Mary Livingstone, wife of Jack Benny, and Gracie Allen sat in the living room of a suite in a Loop hotel. Lines of weariness marked their attractive faces. They slouched tiredly in their chairs.

"What a soft snap we left for those boys!" Winnie exclaimed. "Nothing to do but buy a few presents. Say, girls. I'm dead on my feet."

"My feet hurt," Said Mary plaintively.

"Your feet hurt, do they?" chorused her companions mockingly.

"Well, the really tough part of it was that they all looked so sweet, it was just too much," Mary reminisced softly. "You just wanted to take them all home with you, didn't you?"

"The little darlings!" Gracie cried rapturously.

The Jack Bennys had adopted a cute little raven tressed girl of six months. George Burns and Gracie Allen became the adopted parents of a dimpled, wriggling little mass of pink humanity at the same time. And Jack and Winnie Pearl, not to be outdone, selected for their very own a boy and a girl. The children came from The Cradle, famous Chicago orphanage under the direction of a prominent group of society women.

Winnie and Gracie and Mary had been entrusted by their respective spouses to fly by plane to Chicago, make the selections, attend to the necessary legal formalities that would ensure the patter of tiny feet in the Pearl, Burns, and Benny Menages before the magic of Christmas cast its spell over the world.

Each of the three couples claims to have had the idea of adopting a baby

first. So sharp is the divergence of their opinions on this matter that it is unlikely it will ever be settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. But here, as closely as careful and painstaking investigation could determine, is how it all came about.

Jack Benny and Mary had talked of adopting a baby. Mary assures me, long before either George and Gracie, or Winnie and Jack, both couples bosom pals of the Bennys, ever broached the subject.

"Jack has always been crazy about children," Mary explained. "He stops them in the street and talks to them. It's a wonder to me he hasn't been taken for a kidnapper before this. When we visit where there are children, Jack drives the mothers wild by giving them ice cream and things. He isn't going to get away with that stuff with little Joan, though," she added as an afterthought.

"I love children, too, but we never felt that we could care for a baby properly, you see, because one of the penalties of being in show business is that you never know today where you're going to be tomorrow. Even when Jack and I came to radio, our contract was always for thirteen weeks, and if it hadn't been renewed, we'd have been back in vaudeville. And backstage in a vaudeville theater is no place for a nursery, not to mention that awful travelling about all the time from place to place. But when Jack got a contract for a whole year—well, then things looked a little different."

Mary told me this a few days before she and Winnie Pearl and Gracie flew to Chicago to take their choice from among the tots at the Cradle. She had waited for the return of Winnie and Gracie from Europe, so the three friends might go together. She was bubbling over with joyous anticipation as we talked.

**"YOU** should see Bebe Daniels' baby!" she exclaimed. "It's the *loveliest* thing! Bebe had fits at a party at her house when she caught Jack feeding the baby bacon from canapes. Every time Jack gave the baby a piece of bacon, the baby would give Jack a kiss, and there would have been a case for the doctor if Bebe hadn't caught him. And Edward Robinson! I wish you could hear him! You know, he always vowed he'd never 'go Hollywood' and buy a house. But when the baby came, he was the real estate agent's dream. He'd have bought a house put together with glue as long as it had a big backyard for the baby to play in."

"You know," Mary added thoughtfully, "I've been thinking about that, too. So has Jack. A house, I mean. We'll probably take a house out in the suburbs somewhere, because an apartment isn't any place to raise a child. Gracie says if we do, she and George will take one next door, so we can run back and forth to tell each other things about the babies."

There's a tip on a budding young real estate boom.

"It's wonderful just to think about it," Mary said. "You know, it's going to mean real home life for me and Jack. I'm glad I'm not in 'Bring on the Girls' with him." ("Bring on the Girls" is the Broadway production in which Jack is starred). "I want to be at home when Jack gets home from work, and have him tell me all about it, just like other husbands do when they come in from the office. And then we'll tip-toe into the nursery . . . oh, it will be . . . will be . . . well, you know what I mean."

Mary says she will retire from professional work in a few years.

"When Joan is about three," she blushed, "perhaps we'll have a little brother or sister for her."

**I**T all started with Gracie and George when they went to Hollywood several months ago to make a picture. They met all the stars of the screen. And of what did the Hollywood notables talk, morning, noon, and night? Blasé, sophisticated Hollywood talked of nothing but babies. Babies at luncheon. Babies at tea. Babies at dinner. Babies at the swanky previews. Pretty soon George was talking of babies, although his fund of information was rather limited, and among those experts his style was cramped. Gracie was talking of babies, too, and although her fund of information was also limited, her style was not cramped in the least. For Gracie talked about babies regardless. It wasn't long before George and Gracie were talking to one another about babies.

"George, let's adopt a baby of our own—a little girl," Gracie finally suggested enthusiastically.

"Okay about a baby," George assented, "but let's adopt a boy."

There the discussion started. It continued during their stay in Hollywood. Gracie wanted a girl; George held out for a boy. Finally they compromised; George agreed that perhaps a girl would be better, after all.

Now comes the Baron and Winnie. As usual, the Baron tops 'em all with his story.


"Winnie and I had the idea first," he insists. "We were the first of the three couples to go to Hollywood, you see, and that's where we got the notion. Our pals out there are Joe E. Brown and his wife, and they had a baby, you know, that died shortly after it was born. Mrs. Brown was grief-stricken, and Joe suggested she adopt another. They had three children already, but they adopted another to take the place of the little one that died. When we were out there, we saw that they loved it almost more than their own."

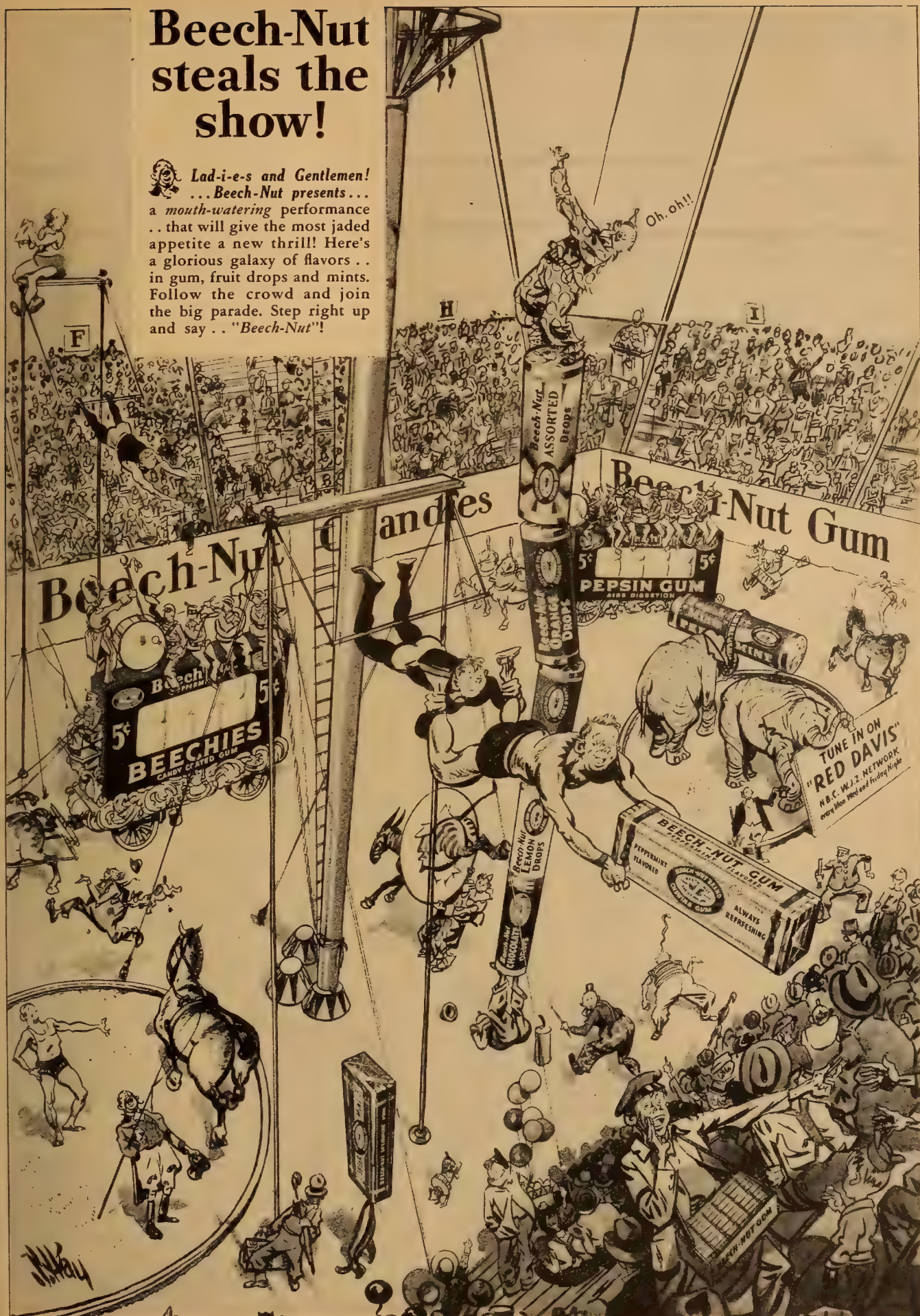
"Then Winnie and I decided that we'd adopt a baby, and Winnie heard about The Cradle in Chicago. And say, you ought to see the questionnaire they

(Continued on page 64)



# Beech-Nut steals the show!

 *Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen!*  
...Beech-Nut presents...  
a mouth-watering performance...  
that will give the most jaded  
appetite a new thrill! Here's  
a glorious galaxy of flavors...  
in gum, fruit drops and mints.  
Follow the crowd and join  
the big parade. Step right up  
and say... "Beech-Nut"!







## NOW—Relief From Ugly Skin Blemishes, "Nerves" and Constipation

**with Yeast in This Pleasant, Modern Form**

**D**O UGLY pimples and other skin blemishes embarrass you? Does constipation drag you down, rob you of strength and vivacity? Do you often feel nervous, fidgety and irritable?

For all these troubles doctors recommend yeast. Science has found that yeast contains precious nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and eliminative organs and give tone to your nervous system. Thousands of men and women have found this simple food a remarkable aid in combating constipation, "nerves," and unsightly skin eruptions.

And now—thanks to Yeast Foam Tablets—it's so easy to eat yeast regularly. For here's a yeast that is actually delicious—a yeast that is scientifically pasteurized to prevent fermentation. You will enjoy munching Yeast Foam Tablets with their appetizing, nut-like flavor. And because they are pasteurized they cannot cause gas or discomfort. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. See, now, how this corrective food helps you to *look* better and *feel* better.

## YEAST FOAM TABLETS

**FREE**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

*You may paste this on a penny post card*

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. RG-18  
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

(Continued from page 62)

make you fill out before they accept your application. It looks like a script for a two hour radio show! Winnie and I took a boy and a girl; the boy to be George named after Winnie's father, and the girl Anna, after my mother.

"We've already taken a ten room apartment so we'll have lots of room for the nursery and everything. Move out to the suburbs with Bennys and George and Gracie? I should say not! It wouldn't be fair to the neighbors. Four babies and three comedians in the same neighborhood! But no matter where we live, you can bet that Winnie and Gracie and Mary will be always getting together and comparing notes. You think Baron Munchausen can tell tall stories? Say, wait until you hear those three women about their babies!"

The Bennys and the Pearls and the Burnses are radio's inseparables. They play bridge together, dine together, and Gracie and George occupy an apart-

ment just above the Bennys, while the Pearls live nearby.

The three closely attached couples are not alone in radio as "adopted parents." There's little Davy Jones, adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Isham Jones.

Only Kate Smith's intimates know that she is the "adopted mother" of three boys and a girl, ranging in ages from four to twelve. Kate was singing last year at a Christmas party in a private orphanage. A matron called her attention to the four youngsters who, after the holidays, were to be sent to a public institution because their sole relative could no longer afford to let them remain in the private home. Kate did not hesitate for an instant. "Keep them here, where they are happy," she directed simply, "and send me the bill. Every month since, she has sent a check for the support of the four, who swear their undying devotion.

## "Don't Be Afraid to Fail!" by Roxy

(Continued from page 23)

used nothing but new voices. They aren't microphone trained, haven't been made tense by exhortations to "watch that second hand on the clock".

That is really the trouble with radio today. Technically, there have been wonderful advancements, but programs have not kept in step. There is too heavy a tendency for air productions of the spectacular type. The result is that they have become too fast-paced and are entirely too sketchy.

There isn't the ease and naturalness so desirable in an artist's performance. He is warned that the stopwatch is the god of the show and that he is merely its slave.

Back twelve years ago, when the old crystal set was depended upon to bring in all the programs, everything was taken more easily. It was a much better approach when informality was the keynote. It gave a strong flavor of adventure.

My Castoria shows aren't following any definite form, except in this one respect: they are all built against a musical background. Music, in its interpretation and presentation, still stands predominant in popularity with radio audiences.

But otherwise I want to experiment with every new broadcast. There are always ways of improving the program, and I don't want the show built on such rigid lines that it can't be changed when a new idea comes along.

It was a great many years ago that I first learned how valuable experiments can be and how much a different idea can be of assistance in striving for more perfect entertainment.

The year before I was married, I was working in the small town of Forest City, Pennsylvania. My prospective father-in-law was insistent that I have a good bank account before I marry his daughter.

In order to make some pin money in

addition to my regular salary I began to run motion pictures in the back room of a bar. The admission charge was five and ten cents. There were always big audiences at first, but soon they began to dwindle. I knew that something had to be done. Then I hit on an idea that brought the customers back. With two sponges, a bottle of rose-water, and a small electric fan, I managed to keep the small, stuffy room pleasantly filled with this rather exotic perfume. It was my first real attempt at showmanship.

Thus it is easy to see just how long it took me before I could feel sure that I was a success. There are so many young artists today whose careers develop much too rapidly. They shoot up like a skyrocket, make a beautiful display, and then just as quickly they burn out and fade away.

**M**Y advice to anyone starting out on a radio career is to take plenty of time. Even when the talents are exceptional, it pays to turn down big offers at first. Slowly, surely, he will climb higher and last longer.

John Evans, whose voice you hear on my program, studied for a year and a half while he was unemployed and had barely enough money to buy his meals. His teacher sent me a letter about him and I gave him an audition. The result? He has a bright future ahead of him now. But it won't be tomorrow or next week, if I have anything to say about it. Later, much later, he will be a permanent success.

In closing, may I add one word of advice? Even if you feel that you are a person of average ability, that you aren't of the stuff from which stars are made, don't be content with average ambitions. Cast aside fears, inhibitions and shoot for the moon. Don't be afraid to fail.

Goodbye, and God bless you.



NEXT TUES. NIGHT *at* 9:30 E.T.

THE *Funniest and Brightest* PROGRAM

*Laugh with Fire-Chief*

ED WYNN

*and*

GRAHAM M<sup>c</sup>NAMEE



*Enjoy the Charming Music*  
*of*

EDDY DUCHIN



*N. B. C. Coast to Coast*





# Kills a COLD "Dead"!

—Does this Amazing  
4-Way Treatment!

**D**IRECT and definite treatment is what you want for a cold. For, a cold may develop serious "complications".

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies the treatment needed because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is *internal* in effect.

## What It Does

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

That's the four-fold treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. Comes in two sizes—30c and 50c. The 50c size is by far the more economical to buy as it gives you 20% more for your money.

Always ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and reject a substitute.



World's  
Standard

**GROVE'S LAXATIVE  
BROMO  
QUININE**

## Let Santa Bring a Radio

(Continued from page 48)

hattitude, we'll glance at some of Stromberg-Carlson's offerings. At the top of the list is a twelve-tube model which includes an electric phonograph that automatically changes its records. It sells for \$592.50, and for an additional \$131.50 you can have a remote control tuner and volume control attached. Should you not care to go that high, a half-dozen other models are available at prices from \$148.50 upward. The auto set, with steering column control, is \$79.50.

Of especial interest to the short wave fan is the new Stromberg-Carlson short wave adapter. It costs as much as the average complete short wave set but has the advantage of adding its four tubes to those already employed in your receiver and of using the audio channel which you have. This converter covers the band from 1500 to 25,000 kilocycles—and that's pretty nearly everything you're likely to want.

**P**ICKING up some more leaflets, we find the RCA stressing "perfected" foreign reception, improved tone, and more beautiful cabinets. All but seven of their twenty-eight models will pick up the police calls, and with but two exceptions, all the "Globe Trotter" and "Duo" (phonograph combinations) will get one or more foreign bands. A few of the sets are able to cover all signals from 140 to 410 kc, and from 540 to 36,000 kc, which means practically everything on the air. Others offer somewhat more limited frequency ranges. Automatic record changers on the "Duos", automatic volume control on all but two consoles, band indicators and vernier tuners are other features. RCA, it is said, also plans to produce high fidelity equipment, affording a wider range of musical response than heretofore possible.

Pilot, a prominent manufacturer of moderately priced equipment, will be ready for Santa with four lines of table models and two consoles. These, for the most part, will go all the way from the broadcasting stations to the 16 meter (18,800 kc) foreigners, and one reaches 21,400 kc. There are A.C. models, D.C. models, some that work on both and some that work on batteries. Most all manufacturers are providing this sort of electric power range this year.

Models being put out by American-Bosch are of ten different types ranging in price from a five-tube midget, which gets the police alarms as well as the broadcasting stations, and costs \$29.95 to a ten-tube console at \$149.50, which reaches all the way from 540 to 22,500 kc. This and another of the models has a convenient tilted tuning panel, which you can see when you're standing up. It's covered by a drop leaf arrangement when not being used.

There's a lot of news in the new Atwater Kent line. First, they offer a set with a clock mechanism and automatic tuner combined, enabling the user to "plug in" his set for whatever programs

he plans to hear on as many as seven different stations. Then all he has to do is sit back and listen, while the set tunes itself from program to program automatically. Known as the Tune-O-Matic, it will retail for \$190. It has eleven tubes and covers the 5500 to 15,500 kc band in addition to the regular radio stations.

This line of sets affords an extremely wide choice, from a little four-tube midget at \$22.50 including a police band, to a big twelve tube "high fidelity" console which tunes all the way from 540 to 18,000 kc, and costs \$180. A-K, too, has an antenna of the doublet type, designed to reduce interference. Its principal difference from the others I have seen is that its two lead-ins are kept parallel and about two inches apart, while others are "transposed" (that is, crossed over) every two feet, or are simply twisted together or are enclosed in a grounded metal sheath.

If you decide that Christmas won't be complete unless you give or get a new aerial, consult a reliable dealer who stocks all types before deciding which is best. Each has features which recommend it.

Perhaps the most complete line of all is being offered by Philco, which announces forty-nine different sets, ranging in price from \$20 to \$600. Five of these are midgets, three feature remote control, and six include phonographs. A high fidelity receiver is also found in this line.

Nearly every Philco, if not all, will tune to one or more short wave channels in addition to the American broadcast band.

**G**RUNOW Radio is out with nine sets and a new antenna system. Each set includes at least one of the police alarm channels, and several of them tune to 21,700 kc. In size, the sets range from midgets using four tubes to a remote control console with eleven. Oddly enough, this, the largest set in the Grunow line, makes no provision for any short wave reception save police calls, while many of their smaller models do.

Crosley, too, offers a wide choice from its line of twenty-six models, ranging in price from \$19.99 to \$99.50. All but a few of their cheapest sets will afford police alarms; most will tune to 15,500 kc, and two of the models are even more truly "all-wave", including frequencies from 530 to 24,000 kc.

A word on how to choose a radio set might not be amiss, for the pamphlets are filled with so many mystifying phrases and coined trade names that they leave most of us feeling a bit bewildered and helpless. No matter whether you're buying a set, a tube or an antenna, patronise either a reliable local dealer or a reliable mail order house. In other words, buy from a merchant who you have every reason to believe will still be in business should you ever need to demand service on your purchase.



General Point Number Two is "Buy only merchandise made by a reputable manufacturer." It is useless to have a guarantee from a concern which is likely to be out of business should you wish an adjustment made on defective apparatus.

No matter what else you may do, those two points will keep you from straying very far afield.

In choosing a set, decide what you want to hear. If you will be satisfied with only the broadcasting stations, there is no use in paying more to get one which will bring in Europe. But if you want to have a lot of fun that you couldn't have with American programs alone, by all means get an all-wave set.

Then, too, when a dealer tells you that a set will get the police, make him explain *what* police. There are three police bands, and only sets which have a reception band from 1500 to 2506 kc will get all of them. Other bands are at 1574 and 1712 kc (included in the above), and sets tuning to 1750 kc will receive only those two. Find out what frequency is used by your local cops—it's more fun listening to their calls than to the more remote ones.

There is an amateur voice band at 1800 to 2000 kc and another at 3900 to 4000 kc. Still another lies between 14,150 and 14,250 kc. The foreign stations are scattered all the way from 4250 to 36,000 kc.

**C**ONSIDER tone quality important when making your choice. Have the dealer demonstrate the sets on a good orchestra, and compare several, to make sure that the bass of the drums, cellos and tubas is heard, in addition to checking on the highs of the violins and fifes or piccolos. Hear some talk over it, to make sure that speech will be easily understandable.

If you're interested in foreign reception, have a test made to see how some of the European stations are heard. Don't judge for mere loudness of signal alone; compare the volume of the signal with that of the interference. And, when thus comparing two sets in this way, make your tests only a few instants apart if they cannot be made simultaneously, for interference comes and goes without warning.

Remember, too, that a set may perform differently in your home than in the shop. It may be either better or worse than you heard it, for performance depends largely upon local conditions. See if you can get your dealer to let you try the set of your choice subject to exchange if unsatisfactory.

A new radio set, kit of tubes, or improved antenna will greatly increase your year-round pleasure from broadcasting. So why not give (and, if possible, receive) radio equipment this year? It's one of the few gifts that makes the recipient think of you with pleasure daily.

And a Merry Christmas to you!

"73 O M"—"Your sigs R9 with plenty QRM"—  
"A couple of Y L's send you 88s!"—  
Have you ever been puzzled by such cryptic remarks of the amateurs? If so, read next month's RADIO MIRROR for a translation of "Ham Slang"—in addition to the regular Short Wave Department.



## *I've Broken the Habit* **OF TAKING HARSH ALKALIES FOR** *Acid Indigestion!*



"That half-tumbler of harsh household alkali after dinner was a habit with me. I felt I had to have it—yet I feared I was actually abusing my stomach—tying my digestion in knots. Now what a difference with Tums! Such pleasant relief! So quick and thorough—so gentle and safe."

### **TUMS End Sour Stomach... Gas ... Heartburn New Safe Way!**

**E**VERY sufferer from heartburn, gas, acid stomach, fullness after eating, will be glad to know about the new, advanced remedy—TUMS. And you'll be glad to be delivered from the need for a dose of *raw water-soluble alkali*.

There was always a question of how much to take with safety—and a serious question, too. Because too much water-soluble alkali can easily go too far in neutralizing stomach acids. If the stomach becomes over alkaline, digestion is actually impaired instead of assisted. The excess of soluble alkalies gets into the blood, and alkalosis may be caused if the habit is kept up.

TUMS, the new, advanced treatment for "fussy stomachs" contains an antacid compound that is soluble only in the presence of acid. When the acid condition is corrected, the action of TUMS stops! No excess to seep into the blood and affect the system generally. TUMS release just enough antacid to give you quick, thorough relief—the unused portion passing on, undissolved and inert.

TUMS are dainty candy-like mints. Quite an improvement over the old, messy, mixing method. Millions of people keep TUMS handy in pocket or handbag—easy to take, quick to bring relief. Munch 2 or 3 TUMS next time you are distressed by acid indigestion.

**FREE**

1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 14TLL, St. Louis, Mo.

# TUMS

FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE  
ANTACID  
NOT A LAXATIVE



### **3-Roll Carrier Package**

Contains 3 rolls Tums and handy pocket carrier. Only 25c. Money refunded if liberal test packet attached doesn't satisfy you.



## What's New on Radio Row?

(Continued from page 11)

**gift SUGGESTIONS**  
*from the House of Deltah*

Quality known and recognized the world over; packed in exquisite containers and priced for economical yet fine gift giving.

**Parfum Deltah**  
L'Heure de Minuit  
(Midnight Hour)

4 oz. SIZE **1000**  
2 oz. 7.50  
1 oz. 5.00

The Gift supreme for the woman of discrimination.



**Eau de Cologne**  
Deltah-Minuit

8 oz. SIZE **300**  
4 oz. 1.80  
2 oz. 1.20

Fittingly bottled in "crystal-polished" flacon with gold plated neck and stopper.



**Powder-Parfum Combination**

**110**

Designed to introduce Deltah Parfum Gardenia and Deltah Powder to appreciative women. Powder in Golden Boudoir container.



**Deltah DeLuxe Gift Set**  
Parfum Gardenia; Golden container of face powder; matching golden lipstick and compact.

**335**

At Drug and Department Stores



**Deltah DeLuxe Powder**

**110**

the supreme silk sifted face powder that women are talking about—in Golden finish metal box.

**THE HOUSE OF DELTAH**  
NEW YORK PARIS



let the selling of stocks and bonds interfere with his radio business. He has a partner who attends to the Wall Street affairs . . . *Nick Kenny*, kilocycle expert of the *New York Daily Mirror*, is the biggest-hearted radio editor in the country. Last year he and his Radio gang played over three hundred benefit performances. This year he will exceed even that number.

Is *Mme Frances Alda* a secret bride? . . . *Rosemary Lane* has grown a full inch during the past year . . . Ever since *Muriel Wilson* and *Fred Hufsmith* sang a love duet on the Palmolive program gossips have it that a full-fledged romance has developed . . . *Henry Taylor*, of the Three Radio Rogues, is the defendant in a \$100,000 breach of promise suit brought by *Vera Grove* (née *Snellgrove*). Their blighted romance began, according to *Vera*, last spring when both were employed at the Casino de Paree, New York.

*Tamara* and *Jess Fish*, furrier with plenty of fish, may be altar-bound . . . It's a boy at the *Ward Wilsons* . . . Other blessed events: A boy in the home of *Carlyle Stevens*, Columbia announcer, and a girl to *Hugh Conrad*, who acts as well as announces at CBS . . . *John Mitchell*, of Carson Robison's Buckaroos, and Miss *Louise Sparrow*, of Columbia, Tenn., may be bride and groom when this appears . . . And *Martha Mears* and *Sid Brokaw*, violinist of *Ozzie Nelson's* ork, are also said to have serious intentions.

Seven thousand dollars in cash and a trust fund of \$13,000 settled *Arthur* (*Street Singer*) *Tracy's* alimony troubles with his wife, according to papers filed in the New York Supreme Court.

\* \* \*

**WHEN** a band leader announces that he is about to play a certain number "by request", didja ever stop to wonder who made the request? Well, we have and so also has *Lennie Hayton*, the maestro, for he has forwarded to this desk a neatly typed statement bearing on the matter. "Nine times out of ten"—*Hayton speaking*—"the request is made by a song plugger anxious to have his number exploited on the air". Thus we live and learn.

\* \* \*

*Rowene Williams*, who plays the part opposite *Dick Powell* on the "Hollywood Hotel" series, formerly sang under the name of *Neno Williams*. A numerologist once told her that the latter name was lucky. Yet it was as *Rowene Williams* that she won the "Hollywood Hotel" assignment after nation-wide auditions, thus winning what was supposed to be a 20,000 to 1 chance . . . Wonder if it was a numerologist who suggested to the new Swedish singer that she use the name of *Anka Lundh*. It is the most confusing tag of any girl vocalist on the air and if a number expert is responsible—well, *Anka* ought to consult one who speaks English.

**BETTY BARTHELL** played a mean trick on an unknown admirer. For weeks she received ardent letters from a man signing himself "Colonel John Marshall." They were postmarked Louisville, Ky., and the Colonel reported that he had fallen in love with *Betty* hearing her voice come through his loudspeaker. Finally came an epistle announcing the time of his arrival in New York and making an appointment to meet and marry *Betty*. But she, not even curious about the Colonel, hired a girl to impersonate her at the rendezvous. And enlisted the services of the homeliest girl she could find. The Colonel gave one look at "Betty" and fled without a word. Strangely enough no more letters have come from him, either.

\* \* \*

### BORI—WITH HIGH FIDELITY

**WHEN** *Lucretia Bori* introduced the new Philco high-fidelity receiver over the CBS, a new era in radio reception was established, although the test was meaningless as far as the average radio listener is concerned.

It's not that Miss *Bori's* test wasn't fair to you—it wasn't fair to the high fidelity set through which she sang. True, her voice sounded just the same as when she sang directly into the microphone, but so would it have if she had sung through an ordinary good set.

To appreciate a high fidelity receiver you must use it to listen to a broadcast from a high fidelity transmitting station, and must then compare it with the same program heard over the best sets previously obtainable.

What a difference!

\* \* \*

### SUPPRESSED DESIRES

Pry into the personalities of radio folks and you would be surprised at their suppressed desires. Here is what some of them would like to do if broadcasting didn't forbid:

*Jimmy Melton* would like to go on a world cruise in his yacht "Melody".

*Jane Froman*, a graduate of journalism from a mid-western university, would like to combine singing with a job on a newspaper writing "sob-sister" stories.

*Frank Black*, NBC's general music director, would like to set up a chemical laboratory. He studied chemistry in his youth.

*Lawrence Tibbett* cherishes a secret ambition to be starred in a Broadway drama.

*Lois Bennett* would like to retire to a New England farm.

*Joe Cook*, believe it or not, wants to conduct a radio bed-time story series for children. He thinks he is experienced along this line with his own two youngsters.

*Al Pearce* wants to visit every town in the United States and Canada to develop amateur talent.

*Roxy* would like to invent a television set which would take care of



light and color as well as sight and sound.

Barry McKinley, the Ohio baritone, yearns to become an automobile racer.

Willard Robison wants to found an artists' colony where promising young composers can work under proper subsidy.

Frank Parker would be the happiest man in the world if he could quit singing and devote all his time to playing polo.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Mabelline Musical Romances found a tenor lead for the shows when a radio scout in his tour of Hollywood followed movie stars to their favorite rendezvous. He stumbled on Don Mario and learned that he was the night club's biggest drawing card. Now he's being billed as the most promising West coast recruit to the air waves. The blood that flows in his veins is authentic Spanish, which accounts for his accent and the warm tonal qualities of his voice. It takes a band vocalist, it would seem, to thrill filmdom. Perhaps he'll do the same for radio audiences.

\* \* \*

**J**UST as Amos 'n' Andy make frequent visits to New York's Harlem to absorb "color", so do Pat Padgett and Pic Malone, of the team of "Molasses and January". They make it a point to dine at least once weekly in that section. They credit Harlem with furnishing them with many of their most amusing gags and situations.

\* \* \*

**E**VE SULLY of the comedy team, Block and Sully, heard Mondays on Columbia's "Big Show", returned from Hollywood with several awe inspiring tales of filmland idiosyncracies. Here's one: The day-before they were to shoot the scene in "Kid Millions" where Eddie Cantor pushes her into a pool of water, the director asked Eve if she minded. She told him, not if the water were tepid. Orders were given for the pool to be filled with warm water and early the next morning everyone was on the set almost at the crack of dawn, ready for the shooting.

Just as the camera was focussed, Eve had a sudden inspiration to test the water to make sure it wasn't icy. She withdrew her hand quicker than you could say the proverbial "Jack Robinson." It was 130 degrees—boiling temperature. For hours the cast sat around in their hot, bulky costumes while the local ice company brought huge cakes of ice to cool off the pool.

\* \* \*

#### POSTSCRIPTS

Annette Hanshaw is now one of the highest salaried girl vocalists on the air. She gets \$1400 a broadcast on her new cigarette program . . . Dave Rubinoff is seriously thinking of retiring from radio to go on the concert stage. Then again he may desert for the movies . . . Dave Apollon, just back from London, reports American artists are the best paid in European radio . . . Pat Barnes, "Lombardo Land" narrator, has a black walnut



Posed by professional models

TELL US YOUR  
SECRET—HOW  
DID YOU GAIN  
WEIGHT SO  
FAST?

## NEW WAY ADDS 5 to 15 POUNDS —in a few weeks!

**S**TOP being ashamed of your figure—so "skinny" you lose all chances of making friends. This new easy treatment is giving thousands solid flesh and shapely attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

#### Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new scientific process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add tireless energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear—you're a new person.

#### Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with results of very first package, money back instantly.

#### Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely **FREE** offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2212, Atlanta, Ga.





# Everyone looks at your *Eyes* first



Make them attractive  
with  
*Maybelline*  
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



BLACK, BROWN AND BLUE



BLACK AND BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

● You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is so easy to make them so instantly with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto—your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!

Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream—to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

cane 150 years old. . . Pearl is the only married one of **The Three X Sisters**. Each girl of this NBC trio maintains a separate home.

**AND**-then-the-fight-began note: **Reggie Childs**, the Columbia maestro, claims married men make the best and most reliable musicians. . . **Del Campo**, NBC orchestra leader and vocalist, fears tonsillitis with the same horror many people regard death. . . **Jerry Cooper** is superstitious about the number, "Pal O' Mine", and can't be induced to sing it. . . There will be big doings in Baltimore this Christmas, **Mary Small**, the child artist, is giving a Yuletide party to her schoolmates.

**THE** coming marriage of **Grace Hayes** and her accompanist-composer, **Newell Chase**, may be solemnized over the air for the benefit of listeners-in. . . **Frank Knight**, former Columbia announcer, is now doing his stuff for WMCA and associated stations of ABS. . . **Johnny Green**, youthful musical director and composer, wrote the musical score of two current London hits—"Mr. Whittington" and "Big Business". . . **Harry Horlick**, leader of the A. & P. Gypsies, still has

six of the original musicians who started with him on the series 11 years ago.

The New York State Department of Education is conducting free evening classes in both radio and film work in New York. . . As we gallop to press word comes that **Jack Pearl** and **Cliff Hall** ("Wuz you there, Sharlie") have split after nearly two years association on the air. . . **Arthur Bagley, Jr.**, son of Arthur Bagley, director of the Tower Health Exercises, one of NBC's oldest sponsored programs, was among those rescued from the ill-fated *Morro Castle*. Young Bagley was an able seaman on the vessel. . . **Ann Butler**, the vocalist, is the wife of **Art Landry**, the orchestra leader. . . **Sally Parker**, appearing with Jay Mills in a new comedy program on Columbia, was the foil of the late Richy Craig, Jr., in vaudeville.

**VIVIENNE SEGAL** told a girl interviewer for a high school paper that she attained good posture by walking about with a book balanced on her head. . . "What book?", inquired the young reporter. . . "A book of philosophy by Freud," replied Miss Segal. . . "Oh," exclaimed the miss, "that would be over my head!"

## "I'm Not Crying Over My Smashed Marriage," says Helen Morgan

(Continued from page 26)

wrong, too. I've heard lawyers and judges say that the law is a jealous mistress. Buddy's a lawyer. There's no doubt in my mind that he should have stayed in Cleveland and practiced his profession. He is well connected there—it's the old home town. He should have struggled toward the top before he ever thought of marriage. And during the climb he shouldn't have been hampered with a wife. After all, it takes all a young man's time these days to get a foothold. Well, he's not hampered now. And he has plenty of time on his hands. I hope he makes the best of it.

"Would I return to him? Who can tell? I'm sure now I never shall. But some day if he makes good, if he can support me, if I quit radio and pictures and stage. . . ! Looks like too darned many 'ifs' doesn't it?"

And Helen knocked the little piece of wood hanging as a bangle at her wrist. Whether she did so to guard against the possibility of reconciliation, or in the hope of one, only the white ivory cats perched grinning sardonically on her mantel can tell.

That seemed to be the story. Nothing more to record. Just a couple of kids that lost their way to happiness along the road of romance. The difference between them and a million more is that Helen is too clear-headed to become more than occasionally maudlin over a matrimonial mis-cue. Most love lingers too long. Heartaches and heart-breaks are kept fresh with tears. It takes courage to cut clean and free. Helen has that kind of grit. She ain't

goin' to carry no torch! No siree!

In Hollywood, even under the worst conditions and with all the breaks against her, she made two pictures that the Coast is raving over. One is "Marie Galante," producer Winnie Sheehan's favorite film tale. The other is "You Belong to Me," which sent a reviewing press and public simply mad about Morgan. It is in these that she sings "I Ain't Goin' to Carry No Torch" and "I'm Not Blaming You."

**DON'T** be surprised if you meet a new Morgan on the air, in the theatre and on the screen. It's really news when Helen sings without sitting on the piano, and that's what happens in her new films. Moreover she has a new type of aerial repertoire that you'll be tuning-in on. The world's most famous sobbie may turn comedienne on us any time. And Helen's comedy should be the most effective sort. The kind that has brought Chaplin fortune—for behind her laughter there is sure to lurk at least the suspicion of a tear to trouble your heart even while you're laughing loudest.

As I was leaving, she called my attention to a very silly toy dog prominent amid the scented, feminine litter of the room.

"Like my dog?" she asked like a very little girl. "His name is 'Annie'—that's short for anniversary. Buddy gave him to me when we'd been married a year!"

I didn't like the dog much. As I went down the hall I heard Helen humming, "I ain't goin' to carry no torch."



## Are Radio Stars Snooty?

(Continued from page 39)

is just about as versatile in his social existence. Stephen doesn't like parties—at least not the soup and fish affairs. Rather, he is a connoisseur of interesting people—aside from radio personalities—delighting in assembling strange groups. He recalls with particular pleasure the evening he seated Strangler Lewis, Tulio Carminati, Louis Ans-pacher, and a Bolivian Consul-General at the same table and gave them all beer to drink.

Alexander Woolcott, the raconteur with the old maid's delight in telling on other people, took to the radio but not to its stars. He continues a social life which embraces all other public entertainers from Bernard Shaw to Clifton Webb. A host of hosts, his invitation to a Sunday Morning breakfast is a coveted prize.

Colonel Stoopnagle, having acquired a brand new motor boat, Mr. Bopp, has proceeded to invite Budd and other less antagonistic individuals aboard the boat which is anchored on Long Island Sound. The usual evening program calls for a marauding stop at every yacht club wharf on the Sound.

**A**NOTHER yachting lover is Jimmy Melton, who stalks proudly by Mr. Bopp in his cruiser "Melody". He even runs down to Washington and points south on the coast when he gets the chance for a personal appearance down that way.

Ted Husing is a man who attends every radio "opening"—that rare occasion when celebrities on the air collect to witness the first night of some new club. His friends are those in every branch of the theater and vaudeville. Any time he can spare from sports he whiles away at Lindy's, or some other famous Broadway eating rendezvous.

Jane and Goodman Ace, too, when they come to New York, seek out smart bar newsmen and authors along the Broadway spots. Goody was once dramatic editor of the Kansas City Journal Post, which accounts for his love of the smell of printer's ink.

Jacques Fray and Mario Braggiotti, rather than gaining notice by appearing in public with other radio professionals, get mention in the society pages. Their cronies are social registerites, from blue, blue Boston. Mario's even a grandson of a prominent family up that way. He frequently travels to fashionable Bar Harbor and Northampton, which doesn't leave him much time for his partners in crime.

In Washington, political commentators and news hawks like Frederick William Wile, attend all the embassy functions and diplomatic affairs—a far cry from the informal gatherings on Broadway!

Many, on the other hand, who are in the radio spotlight, live a secluded life away from the hustle and bustle of Manhattan, commuting to town for their programs.

# HELP KIDNEYS



*.. don't take drastic drugs*

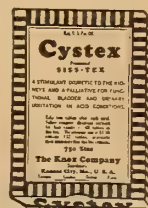
**Y**OU have 9 million tiny tubes or filters in your Kidneys, which are at work night and day cleaning out Acids and poisonous wastes and purifying your blood, which circulates through your Kidneys 200 times an hour. So it's no wonder that poorly functioning Kidneys may be the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic Pains and other troubles.

Nearly everyone is likely to suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys at times because modern foods and drinks, weather changes, exposure, colds, nervous strain, worry and over-work often place an extra heavy load on the Kidneys.

But when your Kidneys need help, don't take chances with drastic or irritating drugs. Be careful. If poorly functioning Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, Acidity, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Loss of Vitality, Dark Circles under the eyes, or Dizziness, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex). See for yourself the amazing quickness with which it soothes, tones and cleans raw, sore irritated membranes.

Cystex is a remarkably successful prescription for poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder. It is helping millions of sufferers, and many say that in just a day or so it helped them sleep like a baby, brought new strength and energy, eased rheumatic pains and stiffness—made them feel years younger. Cystex starts circulating through the system in 15 minutes, helping the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out the blood and removing poisonous acids and wastes in the system. It does its work quickly and positively but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. The formula is in every package.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success, the Doctor's prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.



**W. R. George**  
Medical Director

of Indianapolis, and Medical Director for insurance company 10 years, recently wrote the following letter:

"There is little question but what properly functioning Kidney and Bladder organs are vital to the health. Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with aching back, weakness, painful joints and rheumatic

## City Health Doctor Praises Cystex

pains, headaches and a general run-down exhausted body. This condition also interferes with normal rest at night by causing the sufferer to rise frequently for relief, and results in painful excretion, itching, smarting and burning. I am of the opinion that Cystex definitely corrects frequent causes (poor kidney functions) of such conditions and I have actually prescribed in my own practice for many years past the same ingredients contained in your formula. Cystex not only exerts a splendid influence in flushing poisons from the urinary tract, but also has an antiseptic action and assists in freeing the blood of retained toxins. Believing as I do that so meritorious a product deserves the endorsement of the Medical Profession, I am happy indeed to lend my name and photograph for your use in advertising Cystex."—Signed W. R. George, M.D.





**A**N affliction so painful it almost drives you mad, yet one so delicate you can scarcely bring yourself to talk to your doctor about it!

That's Piles!  
Bad as it is, pain is not the worst thing about Piles! They can take a malignant turn and become something very serious.

Whether Piles be internal or external, painful or itching, real relief is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching and checks any bleeding. But more important, Pazo tends to correct the condition of Piles as a whole. This is because Pazo is threefold in effect.

First, it is *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *healing*, which repairs the torn and damaged tissues. Third, it is *absorbing*, which dries up any mucous matter and tends to shrink the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Pazo comes in two forms—in tubes and tins. The tubes have a special Pile Pipe for insertion in the rectum. All drug stores sell Pazo at small cost. Mail coupon for free trial tube.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.  
Dept. 32-Mc, St. Louis, Mo.

**FREE**

Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, trial size of PAZO Ointment.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE .....

## Get UNIVERSITY FORMULAS for Beautiful Hair!

Products in successful use for three years by select group of scalp sufferers now released to public under trade names Halmore and Glo-More. Perfected by head of science department of a famous Western university. Halmore is treatment for falling hair, dandruff, dry scalp and premature baldness. Glo-More, an antiseptic shampoo, rejuvenates dry, lifeless hair and properly cleans scalp. Many cases of baldness successfully checked. Verification on request. Products now at drug and department stores. Write for free scientific treatise "Care of the Hair."

Gilmore & Burke, Inc. Dept. 251, Seattle, Wash.



**L**OWEL THOMAS, commentator extraordinary, sneaks away into upper New York state where he has a home at Pawling, Robert Montgomery's native town. He and his wife seldom venture from this haven other than the times he drives in for his broadcasts.

Which is the case of Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, when they're in New York. Scarsdale is their safe retreat, where they hide out in their enormous new home. Albert Spalding commutes from his home at Great Barrington, which has a tennis court that gives his famous supple wrist some real exercise.

Clara, Lou 'n' Em, whose broadcasts originate in Chicago, live in Evanston, one of its suburbs, with husbands who don't even turn on the radio at night, unless President Roosevelt is making a speech. Their home existence, aside from this, is typical of the thousands who are neighbor-commuters. They wouldn't live in New York, even if you

paid them for the doubtful privilege.

Then there are those more rare radio stars who have practically no social life at all, even with old friends. Kate Smith is one whose only recorded appearance at a party was in Hollywood when she was honored for the picture which she was making at the time. Instead of goings-on at night she lives quietly in her three-room Park Avenue apartment, content with an occasional visit to the home of Ted Collins and his wife.

Isham Jones is another. Although he conducts an orchestra in the center of the world's popular and crowded dance floors, he forgets the tag he has earned for himself—the millionaire band leader—and spends Saturday nights playing with his baby, Davie. No Harlem stuff for him, a view which Ruth Etting shares. She goes to movies with her husband or remains home with a book.

Radio stars ain't snooty, they just ain't quite friendly.

## The Real Reason Mary Pickford Turned to Radio

(Continued from page 13)

precious minutes dicking. She signed immediately.

The news of her radio contract fell like a bombshell in news circles. Why? What was her motive? Everyone wanted to know. But not until she sat forward, her eyes sparkling with anticipation, and related her afternoon with Marconi, did the story of her abrupt capitulation to radio and her plans for television become evident.

This isn't the first time that Mary has been on the air, although her other minutes before the microphone were never nationally broadcast.

"Too many years ago to admit," she related, "I was scheduled for fifteen minutes on the radio. I have never suffered such stage fright in all my career of acting.

"The studio was full of people, and thinking it would help, I ordered them all out of the room. But the sudden silence was worse than before. I tried to call them back, but I was already on the air. I lived through it somehow and when it was over I vowed it would be movies or nothing from then on."

But to go back to television.

"What effect will such cheap entertainment as television provides have on the movies? Not half as much as people believe," she declared. "There's good reason why it won't, too.

"Young people will want to get away from home at night. The easiest way for that is a ride downtown to a moving picture theater. Married women, too, who are tired out from a day's work will want relaxation away from home. They'll continue their attendance at the theater.

"And then comedies, too, require a screen and a big audience. Who wants to sit by himself and laugh at a funny scene? I'd much rather have someone

next to me with whom I can share my mirth.

"For myself, I can't see why I shouldn't continue my movie career as long as possible. I have two offers under consideration right now. One is for a play which I wrote and which the producer wants me to enact.

"The other is from Edmund Golding who has a story, Miss Smith, which he bought with me in mind. Perhaps I'll accept one or the other of the parts, if I find time.

"No, I'm not afraid that my going into radio will make me lose out when the time comes for television. It is such good experience, invaluable for television training.

"That's another reason I signed on the radio. I was offered what I thought was excellent dramatic material. What could be better than a chance to act before the mike? That's exactly what we'll be doing in television."

**S**INCE Mary's advent on the air was such a short time ago, there has been no chance as yet for an adequate criticism of her half hour sketches, but it is not too early to make a forecast about her future in television, should that become an entertainment medium.

If, as Mary flatly states, television will come with the arrival of another radio season, it means that this star who held sway in films for two decades will really have another field to conquer, a field which other entertainers have scrupulously avoided so far.

When—and if—the curtain is rung down on radio and the way paved for television in the home, new stars will brighten the entertainment heavens. But shining brightly as ever will be the radiant personality of America's screen sweetheart.



## James Melton—He Always Took a Chance

(Continued from page 40)

where and how, in heaven's name, did he come off, expecting to earn his food and lodging, to pay for his books, his courses? And did he for a minute think he could do passable work in his studies if he worked his head off earning money to pay his way?

"Give me a chance," Jimmy pleaded with them, and though they shook their heads they let him have his own way about it, and he showed them.

The first thing he did was to organize a dance orchestra, and he rushed around getting the band engagements. The smooth tongue and friendly, guileless ways that had helped persuade the college officials, helped him now too. It was pretty hard to refuse this darn nice-looking, clean-cut young man who was so terribly in earnest.

**T**HEN one day he took another gamble, a reckless impudent one such as only a foolhardy youngster would undertake. And he got away with it!

His school was scheduled to play the University of Georgia football team at Tampa. If his alma mater won, there'd be a big celebration, and it would be a swell opportunity to make some money running a Victory dance. And if they lost? That idea never occurred to Jimmy. Of course they'd win.

On the strength of that he hired a car and bundled his boys into it, went to Tampa, rented a huge hall, put up the announcements and acted as chief ticket seller. He was all set for the rush. And did the home team win? Of course it did. In that one night Jimmy cleared \$700, enough to pay for his tuition and lodging for a year.

You'd think that if a fellow established a band and made good, he'd stick to the college where he'd built up a reputation, wouldn't you? And almost any other boy in his right mind would have, but not Jimmy. By this time he'd made up his mind that a singer he would be and he heard that there was a very grand and very expensive vocal teacher in Nashville, Gaetana de Luca. So just like that he switched to Vanderbilt College, which is in Nashville. Of course he could organize another dance band and support himself in grand style.

Oh, yes? But this time the Fates took him for a sleighride. It seemed that Vanderbilt wasn't waiting for a yodler who could lead a dance band, and quite often Jimmy walked the streets looking for any kind of a job, wondering where his next meal would come from. Young singers were a drug on the market in Nashville and it was only after a year of the most bitter, disheartening poverty that Jimmy finally got a job as director of the concert orchestra at the Hotel Hermitage in Nashville.

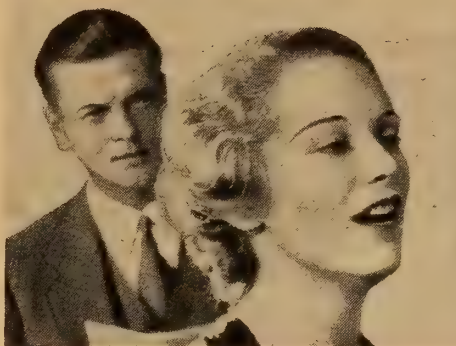
But even then the take-a-chance spirit in him hadn't been dampened, in spite of the shabby poverty he had known.

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He stayed at the job for only two  
years, long enough to save \$300. Surely  
that was enough with which to storm  
New York, to fling open wide the gates  
of the Metropolitan, for opera he had  
decided would be his forte. So he fired  
his job and went to New York, where  
he was laughed at for his pains.

None of the big producers would see  
him. There were thousands of young  
men pleading for a chance, and the  
name of a dizzy college youngster from  
Nashville meant nothing to them.

Of course you've heard how he finally  
did get his chance by storming Roxy's  
Theatre and demanding that he see  
Roxy. For eight days he practically  
lived at Roxy's office, but all he heard  
was, "Mr. Rothafel is in conference.  
Mr. Rothafel is out of town." And you  
also know how he finally attracted  
Roxy's attention by going up and down  
the halls singing at the top of his lungs,  
till Roxy ran out of his office to see  
where the molten flood of music was  
pouring from. But perhaps you didn't  
realize that this whole incident was  
just one more illustration of Jimmy  
Melton's philosophy of life, "If people  
try to stop you from doing what you  
want to do, go ahead and do it any-  
way."

And that philosophy has stood him  
in good stead in radio, that crazy-quilt,  
glamorous field, where if you don't take  
cockeyed chances you're likely never to  
get anywhere.

It's meant a lot in his personal life,  
too, for his marriage was the craziest  
gamble you ever heard about. He met  
blue-eyed, golden-haired Marjorie Mc-  
Clure at a house party where he sang  
to six hundred guests.

The concert over, all six hundred  
guests, it seemed, rushed up to pump  
his hand, to congratulate him. He was  
limp but happy.

**R**EALLY only five hundred and  
ninety-eight people had joined the  
rush. The other two guests, Miss Mar-  
jorie McClure and her mother, had  
watched the procession. "Let's go home,"  
said Marjorie finally, "he doesn't want  
to meet us. See how tired he looks." But  
of course someone dragged them  
over to be introduced.

"The minute I saw Marjorie I knew  
she was the girl for me," Jimmy con-  
fessed. "How old are you?" were his  
first words of greeting to the startled  
girl. And then in rapid succession, "Are  
you engaged to someone? In love with  
someone? Do you go to school?"

As soon as they left the party Mar-  
jorie's mother turned to her and said,  
"Marjorie, what are you going to do  
the next time you see that young man  
and he proposes to you?"

Marjorie blushed. "Oh, mother,  
you're always cooking up matches,"  
she laughed. "I bet I'll never see him  
again."

While in the Melton home a very  
similar scene was taking place. "Re-  
member the little blonde in the red  
dress, the last girl to be introduced?"  
Jimmy asked his brother. Sleepily, his  
brother nodded. "Well, I'm going to  
marry her." Rolling over in bed, his  
brother said in disgust. "Don't be a

damn fool. Go to sleep."

The next time Jimmy saw Marjorie  
he did propose, and though they had  
barely spent an hour together, she ac-  
cepted him. "And believe it or not,  
Marjorie was willing to take a chance,  
too," Jimmy told me. "It seemed she  
felt the same way I did."

They've been married five years now,  
and act as if they were still on their  
honeymoon.

**T**WO years ago Melton fulfilled an-  
other of his dreams, when he bought  
the sixty-foot twin-screw cruiser, *The*  
*Melody*, which is equipped like a pala-  
tial home. But it wasn't till a few  
months ago that he bought a radio for  
it, and behind the purchase of that  
radio is the story of one of the most  
desperate chances Jimmy ever took.

Last summer, in September to be  
exact, Melton decided to take a lazy  
man's holiday, and cruise, along Long  
Island Sound. So he bundled his wife  
and their guests, his father-in-law, his  
brother-in-law and his nephew into the  
yacht and off they went.

When they were out for a few hours,  
the sea became rocky. For two days  
*The Melody* lay at anchor off Shelter  
Island, waiting for the storm to abate.  
Since there was no wireless equipment  
aboard, there was no way of communi-  
cating with other ships. But storm or  
no storm, Jimmy was due back in the  
city the next day for a broadcast.

So off for Port Jefferson they started,  
some forty miles away. Three miles  
out, they were struck by a hurricane,  
that dashed against the boat with such  
a blinding force the yacht was almost  
lifted out of the water.

"The sea was so rough I couldn't  
steer with the rudder, but had to re-  
sort to the motor direct. The boat  
reeled like a roller-coaster, and it took  
us seven hours to get to Port Jeffer-  
son, a distance of forty miles, Melton  
told me. "And just as we got there, the  
engine started spitting, for we were out  
of gas! I was quaking inwardly, be-  
lieve me, but I wouldn't admit it. I  
hummed gaily most of the time. When  
my wife timidly suggested we put on  
life-preservers I told her she ought to  
be ashamed of herself. The psychologi-  
cal effect, would have been pretty bad."

How they got into port, Jimmy still  
doesn't know, but they made it, safely.  
That very same day the Meltons had a  
radio and full wireless equipment in-  
stalled aboard the boat. Now at least  
they have a means of communication,  
in time of danger.

"If there is something you want, do  
your best to prepare yourself for it and  
then take a chance," is Jimmy's advice.  
He's all set to take another chance soon.  
By the time you read this you'll know  
whether or not he's won again. He  
hasn't forgotten his original ambition,  
to be a grand opera star. Pretty soon  
he'll take a chance on an audition with  
Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan.

But I'm wise to Mr. James Melton.  
I'm beginning to believe that a chance  
like this is no chance at all, but a sure  
thing. Perhaps one of the tricks in tak-  
ing chances and coming out on top is  
knowing that you can make the grade.



## Chicago Breezes

(Continued from page 55)

The show went on the air as usual, but not until Walter Wicker had done some frantic last minute re-writing of the script to make up for the absence of Irna Phillips and Bess Johnson from the cast.

The thing began the night before when Irna, who writes the scripts and plays the rôle of Kay, packed up for an out-of-town trip, under the impression that she wasn't in the script the next day. Wicker, who plays Bob Crane, told her that she was, but volunteered to re-write the script so that Freddy Von Ammon could take her lines. All went well until the cast arrived for rehearsal that morning, when it was learned that Bess Johnson, who had a major rôle in the script, was suffering from laryngitis and couldn't be there.

Then Walter put in some fast work. He re-wrote the entire script so that he, Von Ammon and Irene Wicker, who takes the rôle of Eileen, would have all the lines and still advance the plot as far as the original version would have done. To lengthen the script he had Von Ammon play the piano while Irene sang. While announcer Louis Roen was reading his opening lines, Wicker was still working on the script, which went on the air without previous rehearsal or timing.

The thing went off perfectly, however, ending on the head, and the show was no sooner off the air than several telephone calls came in, congratulating Von Ammon and Irene on their musical ability.

\* \* \*

## THE GRIK HEMBESSADOR

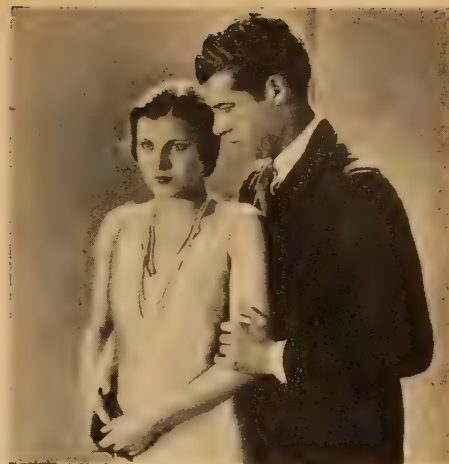
**T**O all radioland George Givot has become the Grik Hembessador. But there's nothing really Greek about the Russian kid who came from the old country to Omaha, Neb., and then to Chicago and then to radio fame. Out in Omaha, where George decided to become a diplomat and his parents decided he'd be a lawyer, was a Greek candy store. The proprietor's name was Sanaposopilos or something like that. Just to hear the old man talk George kept asking him questions. But before George turned Greek he started out in another character. His work as an entertainer actually began as a gag in Chicago . . . you know that old saying about giant oaks growing from little acorns. Givot was attending a night journalism class at the Schurz high school in Chicago. The instructor was Col. Oscar N. Taylor, better known as Yank Taylor, Chicago newspaper radio editor. Givot was a wise-cracking, gangling kid. Whenever Yank would leave the room George would stop all work by getting up in front of the class clowning, singing, telling stories, and mimicing Yank. One night Yank caught him at it and decided to teach him a lesson.

"So, Givot, you think you're funny, huh?" said Yank. "Well, we'll fix that. Here!" And Yank wrote him out a note of introduction to Steve Trumbull.

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•

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**W**HAT abject misery for a young bride of a few months to have to admit to herself that she has married the wrong man—that they are incompatible spiritually, mentally, physically—that the future stretches away drab and gray and hopeless to—who knows what?

Deep in their hearts millions of American women know they are in exactly this predicament but not knowing what to do about it, keep the silence, scarce daring to admit, even to themselves, that it is true. It may be that you are one of them. If so, you will be deeply interested in the autobiography of an unhappy wife, now beginning in *Physical Culture*, the great personal problem magazine. Entitled "Starved Wives," it is a complete record from the woman's side of an unhappy marriage. With complete frankness and a wonderful depth of understanding she analyzes the causes, the progress and the final denouement of her unhappiness. Written anonymously, for reasons that will become apparent as the story progresses, it is not only an absorbingly interesting human document but one that will enable thousands of other unhappy wives to see and understand their problems—and perhaps eventually win happiness as, in the end, the author of this story won happiness. You will find it in the December issue of *Physical Culture* now on sale at all news stands. Get your copy today.

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## In the December Issue

Will the Future American Be a Weakling? by Albert Edward Wiggam • This Matter of "Sudden Death," by Charles A. Clinton, M.D. • So That's What Worry Is, by Lawrence Gould • Sinus Trouble and How I Licked It, by Austin Drake • Sitting Pretty, by Norman Bates • Love, Honor and Support, My Fifty-fifty Marriage, Anonymous • My Phantom Lover, Personal Problem Department • My Fifty Years of Physical Culture, by Bernarr Macfadden • I Lived My Own Life, But Now, Anonymous • The Divorced Woman's Dilemma, by the Voice of Experience • The Body Beautiful • The Very Young Girl's Beauty, by Carol Cameron • Who Says Exercise Shortens Life? by David Arnold Balch • Our Bodies' Need for Iodine, by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, M.D. • Is There a "Nerve Food"? by Milo Hastings • Do Starchy Foods Cause Acid Stomach? and many other helpful features and departments.

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Steve, who has been in charge of radio broadcasting at the world's fair this summer, was then the boss of a midnight to 3 a. m. spot on KYW. It was a free for all spot in radio back in the days when radio really was free for all. Anyone could get on. Yank figured Steve would put Givot on once, prove to George how lousy he was and that would be the end of that. But it wasn't. George went on. And the next day the fan mail started coming in. It seems people liked Givot. That was the beginning. George gave up journalism and next showed up with Paul Ash, as a wide-trousered, sweated, freshman collegian who sang and danced to local fame when Ash was in his heyday. Came the depression for the Ash popularity. George dropped his college character and went into vodvil as a doldrums act. For a time he was lost to sight. Then an unannounced person did the speaking part of Rubinoff on one of those shows which Eddie Cantor broadcast from Florida. The dialect made a hit. It was Givot once more. A bit later on radio gave him another chance and this time he stayed with the dialect but changed it from Rubinoff to a Greek restaurant owner. The Grik Hembessador has been going on ever since.

\* \* \*

## THE MIGHTY MIDGET

**J**ACKIE HELLER, the midget of melody, has a new car. It's a big slinky, convertible Packard coupé. He was telling us about it at the College Inn the other night while we listened to Buddy Rogers' music. He was telling us what a time he is having making a car that is big, fit a little guy who tops a five-foot scale by just one inch.

But Jack isn't sensitive about his diminutive stature. In fact he had a swell time at the Midget Village of the World's Fair this summer. He went with his new girl. She's not quite as tall as he is but will soon pass him. She is just 6 years old and has pigtails dancing behind her back.

\* \* \*

## DEMON RUM

**H**AL KEMP has one of the most popular bands in the country. Most of the time for the last couple of years his music has been heard over WGN from the Blackhawk Café in Chicago. Now Chicago loses him to New York. One of his most popular effective novelties is one in which the boys blow into colored bottles. Every bottle is filled partly with water and every one gives off a different musical note. In a dark room they light up the bottles and it's a pretty sight to watch as they play.

That bottle number was once almost fatal to one member of the band. It was while they were playing in London, England. Quick to see the advertising possibilities London distillers besieged Hal with offers of as many bottles as he could use. So Hal sent one of his boys around to the liquor houses to try out the bottles for musical tones. This was in the afternoon. The chap was due back before dinner time to play with the band. But he didn't come

back. The band worked that night without him. The next day he came back and reported that not all the bottles he'd tested the day before had been empty ones.

\* \* \*

## TWO DOCTORS

**F**EW of the midwest radio fans don't know Drs. Pratt and Sherman. Russell Pratt and Ransom Sherman have been clowning on the air for many a long year, first over WMAQ and now on KYW. Just recently they moved down to St. Louis to work on KMOX. And it begins to look as if Ransom's young son is going to be very air-minded, too. Once Ransom brought young George a toy violin. It was the usual type of fiddle worth all of fifty cents. But the child was so enthusiastic over it and spent so much time sawing out its terrible tones that Sherman decided to get him a real fiddle. He has it now, a real violin, although pint size. And every now and then Ransom brings it to the studio and uses it on the air.

Young George likes to hang around the studios. The fiddle was just the beginning. Before Ransom had finished he fixed George up with not only a fiddle, but also a toy microphone and a smock just like the studio musicians wear. George also noticed how the studio crowd ganged around the soft drink cooler in the lobby between broadcasts to guzzle cooling draughts from the bottles in the machine. He wanted to drink that stuff, too. Of course mama wouldn't stand for that. But they hit upon a happy compromise. It was just at that stage of his development that George was refusing to drink his orange juice. Ransom got some of those soft drink bottles and took them home. They filled them with orange juice and left them in the ice box. Now George will play his violin in front of his toy microphone and then when the job is over, amble out to the ice box and get a bottle of orange juice. In fact the Shermans have trouble now keeping enough orange juice on tap for the youngster who wouldn't drink it at all before. And when he's finished the bottle he flips the empty into the wastebasket. That's what the big guys in the KYW studio do.

\* \* \*

## A REDUCING TIP

**T**AKE a tip from Alice Joy, if you want to reduce—eat bananas and skimmed milk.

Alice, radio's Dream Girl heard over NBC networks, volunteered to confine her eating to scientific diets prepared by Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, president of the Chicago Board of Health and health adviser to millions through his Horlick's Adventures in Health program.

Alice lost three pounds the first two days. She eats six bananas and drinks three glasses of skimmed milk daily. And that's all.

\* \* \*

## DID YOU KNOW?

**D**ID you know that Chicago was really the starting point for the Boswell Sisters? Of course, way back



when the girls had formed a trio down in their home town of N'Awlins . . . and it was an instrumental trio, not a vocal. When the girls signed for a tryout in Chicago they wired Biggie Levin who was managing them. They were to play two theatres, the Belmont and the Englewood. They wired Biggie to find them a hotel between the two theatres. The theatres are at least ten miles apart on opposites of Chicago's loop and of course there are actually hundreds of hotels between . . . So they received an answering wire: "I'll hire a houseboat. Levin."

\* \* \*

**A**N errant rabbit almost broke up the show recently for Heinie and his Grenadiers, heard over NBC from WTMJ, NBC affiliate in Milwaukee. The orchestra was appearing at a Wisconsin lake resort when the rabbit appeared upon the floor. It wasn't until Willie, the German trumpeter, caught the animal and escorted it outside that the music could continue.

\* \* \*

**T**O Charles Previn doing three radio shows a week is a rest after four and five shows a day in theatres like the Roxy. Now he can really develop the music matters he wanted to all those years.

\* \* \*

#### DUST TO DUST

**Y**OU may have noticed the lovely music Clyde Lucas and his orchestras get from those marimbas of theirs. But Mrs. Lucas can remember when the marimbas were nothing but pieces of wood and sawdust in her basement when brothers Clyde and Lynn made the instruments themselves.

\* \* \*

#### IRENE'S FIRST JOB

**I**RENE BEASLEY'S first professional engagement was at WHT (William Hale Thompson) in Chicago in fall of 1924. "Received \$2.50 for several songs. Carried large ukelele which I couldn't play but I tried awfully hard. Was my ambition to see how many stations in Chicago I could play in one night. Did as many as four. Those were the days when radio was new and station directors could be lenient with amateurs."

\* \* \*

**T**HE King's Jesters who have been working with Gale Page and Jackie Heller on those swell Climalene Carnivals in the morning, are the same King's Jesters who sang with Paul Whiteman for three years.

\* \* \*

#### DAUGHTER BORN

**C**ARL DAVIS, of the WLS Cumberland Ridge Runners, and Mrs. Davis, are the parents of an 8 pound nine ounce daughter, Diana Jean. It may be remembered that Carl's marriage to his childhood sweetheart, Jean Harris, of Winchester, Kentucky, last summer, surprised even his fellow Ridge Runners. They were asked to play for a "charity affair" in McHenry, Illinois, which turned out to be Carl's wedding.

# Are You A Colds-Susceptible?

## Do You CATCH COLD Easily?

At the first sneeze, or nasal irritation, quick!... A few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol. This unique aid in *pre-venting* colds is especially designed for nose and throat *where most colds start*. Its timely use helps to *avoid* many colds—and to throw off colds in their early stages.



## Do Your Colds Hang On AND ON?

Don't take chances with half-way measures. Massage throat and chest with Vicks VapoRub—standby in 26 million homes for *relieving* colds. Two generations have learned to depend on its famous *direct double action*—by stimulation and inhalation—to end a cold sooner.

### To Help PREVENT Colds



VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

### Follow Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds

These twin aids to *fewer and shorter* colds give you the basic medication of Vicks Plan for *Better Control* of Colds. Full details of this clinically tested Plan are in each Vicks package.

### To END a Cold Sooner



VICKS VAPORUB

## WE BUY Lincoln Head PENNIES

Will pay up to \$2.00 each if over ten years old. Indian Head pennies worth up to \$51.00 each. Send 10c for BUYING CATALOG. **CONTINENTAL COIN CO., Inc. LD-111** W. Jackson, Chicago.

## BLACKHEADS-BLEMISHES

disappear like magic. Clear Healthy Skin in a few days. Complete guaranteed method postpaid 75c. C.O.D. orders sent 75c plus postage. **MELLS COSMETICS** 4773 1/2 WAYNE ST., TOLEDO, OHIO



I was so lonely and friendless with only long, dreary evenings in store for me. Then one day I read about a new way to learn music that had made popular musicians of thousands.

The Free Demonstration Lesson proved that this way of learning was as easy as A-B-C . . .

Then came Janet's party a few months later. How flabbergasted they were all when I played. I thought they'd never let me stop. No more lonesome evenings now.

## Learn MUSIC this Quick, Easy Way

—shortest road to friends, popularity, good times

The interesting story told above is not just one unusual case. It is typical of the experiences of more than 700,000 other folks who have learned music—who have become socially popular—this quick, modern, easy as A-B-C way.

You, too, can learn to play—to entertain others—to pep up any party. And you can do this without the expense of a private teacher—right in your own home. You don't need to be talented. You don't need previous musical training. You don't have to spend hours and hours playing monotonous scales and hum-drum finger exercises. You start right in playing real little tunes. And sooner than you expected you find yourself entertaining your friends—having the best times you ever had.

### LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano Violin  
Guitar Saxophone  
Organ Ukulele  
Tenor Banjo  
Hawaiian Guitar  
Piano Accordion  
or any other instrument

### Easy as A-B-C

The U. S. School method is literally as easy as A-B-C. First, it tells you how to do a thing. Then it shows you in pictures how to do it. Then you do it yourself and hear it.

What could be simpler? And learning this way is like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun instead of a bore as it used to be with the old way.

Prove to yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for Free Demonstration Lesson and Explanatory Booklet. See the simple principles around which this method is built. If you really want to learn music—enjoy good times—mail the coupon below. Don't delay—act NOW. U. S. School of Music, 30612 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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30612 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

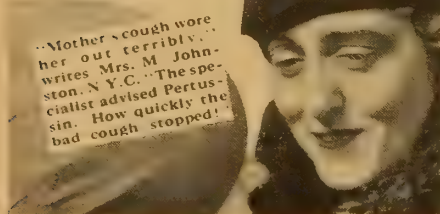
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Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....



# The Doctor said "MOIST-THROAT" METHOD WOULD STOP COUGH QUICKLY— IT DID



*Extract of famous medicinal herb stimulates throat's moisture*

WHEN you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands clog. Their healthy secretions change. Throat dries, sticky mucus collects. A tickling... then a cough! PERTUSSIN stimulates your throat's moisture. Phlegm loosens—is "raised." Relief! Pertussin is safe. Contains no drugs. Tastes good.

● Doctors have used Pertussin for over thirty years because it is always safe and sure.

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WHEN YOU CATCH COLD,  
THEN COUGHING STARTS!



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**BORO-PHENO-FORM**

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162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me trial package of Boro-Pheno-Form. Directions and Booklet. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps).



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Address \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## MERRY MACS CLICK

THE Merry Macs—Cheri McKay and the McMichael brothers, Joe, Judd and Ted—popular NBC novelty quartet—have gained a nice reputation in Chicago radioland. Joe, Judd and Ted, who hail from Minneapolis where they made their radio debut five years ago, first became popular as the Personality Trio, the name they took while touring with Joe Hayman's orchestra.

Cheri began her radio career in 1926 as the Golden Voiced Contralto of the South. She sang over southern stations and toured in vaudeville before coming to Chicago in 1931.

A little over a year ago, while the McMichaels and Miss McKay were appearing at the same studio, they hit on the idea of teaming up as "The Merry Macs" and after their first audition were put under contract.

## "Change Our Radio Laws!"

(Continued from page 21)

shunted back and forth from the bridge, time and again, pleading without success with Captain Warms for an order to send the S.O.S.

All around, Rogers heard the hoarse cries and prayers of dying men and women, the curses of crazed people, trapped in the flames, fighting for life preservers, for a chance to get to a lifeboat. Every minute was precious, every minute decided human lives, and here he was, powerless to send out the vibrant appeal.

In a panic, he tried the telephone connection. It didn't work! Then he tried the speaking tube. That didn't work. He was isolated from everyone. And without orders from the bridge, he could do nothing.

Suppose Alagna had been unable to make the perilous trip through the flames to the bridge? Suppose the flames had prevented his returning to the radio room? Even when Alagna did get the order for the S.O.S. he was driven off the bridge, gasping for air, and he stumbled through the smoke, passing the radio room in the darkness and confusion. If he had not been able to grope his way back with that precious order, the S.O.S. might never have been sent!

"The blaze, which I think started about two o'clock, was almost centrally located under the emergency lighting rooms which housed the wires of the fire-fighting equipment, the electric contacts, the emergency radio equipment,"



Presenting Jerry Cooper! This young man from New Orleans takes part with Johnny Green, Cliff Edwards, and the Lee Stevens Harmonies, as well as two sustainings of his own. Not only that, but he'd like very much to be Jack Benny, his favorite comic.



Rogers explained. "That's why all the fire-fighting apparatus, the lights and the main transmitter of my radio set went floey at the same time, for the flames were creeping up from below."

George Alagna, Rogers' assistant, goes even further than Rogers.

"Most of the investigators blame the disaster on the failure of man power," he says. "They say the boat had the most modern equipment only it wasn't used properly. Man power did fail, it's true, but failure of machinery helped gum the works.

"If you're changing the radio laws, here are a few that could stand altering. The radio room should be fireproofed and all the equipment in it heavily insulated and the furniture of fire-proofed materials. Yet you'll recall how the flimsy curtains blazed on the Morro Castle, and the wind, tossing them around, set the sofa ablaze, and the whole room became a mass of flames.

"Every light went out when Rogers sent his second CQ at about 3:19 A. M., and the main transmitter stopped with a bang. The emergency lighting equipment which should have turned on automatically, failed to work at all.

"IN the middle of the S.O.S. the auxiliary transmitter stopped; the connecting wires had been soldered, and the heat had melted the solder, breaking the wires.

"Doesn't it seem strange that the wireless room, the one connecting link between the world and the distressed ship, should have burnt up? Why should the lights have gone out? Why isn't there adequate provision for fire-proof wiring so that it would be impervious to flames? Then, an emergency radio could stand up in an emergency. Of what value is a set when soldered with a metal that melts? Even third-rate hotels on land must use high-resistance insulating wires, according to our laws.

"Why not put teeth in our laws of the sea, making it compulsory to use fire-proof equipment? A bank vault carries only papers and jewels and documents, yet it is absolutely fire-proof. Are the lives of hundreds of human beings aboard ship any less valuable?"

If Rogers' and Alagna's words are heeded, out of this terrible disaster may come safer, saner, fool-proof radio laws. The two men risked their lives and did the best they could to save the helpless victims aboard the steamer. And they were kept from saving more lives by the very laws which are supposed to make ocean traveling safe. Change our radio laws!

**Subject: Frances Langford**  
**Object: Matrimony!**

One of radio's most attractive stars has her heart set on marriage. In the January issue of RADIO MIRROR, Mary Watkins Reeves tells you the fascinating details. Don't miss it!



Above is photo of Eddie East, writer of "Sisters of the Skillet"

**ONLY \$1.00** Post-paid  
**Nothing Else To Buy**

Eddie East deliberately put the low price of only \$1.00 on this marvelous book . . . he wants everyone who is sincere and anxious to enjoy the same success which is his to realize their ambition . . . that is why you get the complete course of instructions which is complete from cover to cover . . . tells you everything you will want to know . . . gives you names and addresses of radio stations and advertising agencies where you can offer your script for sale.

**Rush Coupon . . . FREE OFFER**

Sign your name and address to the coupon and mail it today along with your remittance for \$1 or C.O.D. plus postage. Act at once and receive free of charge autographed 5x7 photograph, suitable for framing, of the famous team of Eddie East and Ralph Dunke, "Sisters of the Skillet" . . . money back if not 100% pleased . . . mail the coupon now before you forget and miss this exceptional money making opportunity which might be the turning point in your entire life.

**Radio Script Mart, Inc.,**

Dept. 212,

Radio City, 1270 6th Ave., N. Y.

**\* B E W A R E**  
**of Dandruff**

Excessive dandruff (seborrhea capitis), say skin specialists, often causes baldness. If you have dandruff, be sure your hair is not getting thin at the temples and behind the crown—where baldness begins.

The ingredients of Japanese Oil are recommended by doctors for stimulating the scalp and encouraging hair growth. It removes loose dandruff thoroughly and checks baldness so long as the hair roots are still alive.

Keep that good growth of hair, so essential to youthful appearance. Get rid of every speck of dandruff and keep your scalp healthy and tingling by massaging with Japanese Oil—only 60¢ at all druggists. Economy size \$1.

**FREE:** Valuable book, "The Truth About the Hair." Write National Remedy Co., 56 W. 45th St., Dept. 28A, New York.

**JAPANESE OIL**

\* This advertisement was written by a registered physician.



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**PIMPLES**  
AFTER SUFFERING for 15 YEARS

I know what it is to suffer the embarrassment of unsightly skin caused by pimples. I, too, know that for years I tried nearly everything to get rid of them. I now know the joy of a clear skin brought about by an easy-to-use home treatment.

**A POSTCARD BRINGS THIS BOOK**

Tells in plain language how this wonder treatment was discovered and how it works. Simple to apply. The first application usually stops the pain and itching. Send your name and address for complete information. Do this today. Address

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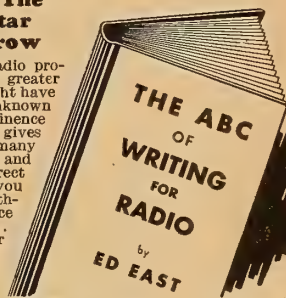
**LET EDDIE EAST TEACH**  
**You How to Write Radio**  
**Programs for Profit...**

**Easy to Make Up to \$500**  
**a Week**

You have all heard Eddie East, writer of "Sisters of the Skillet," scripts for Rudy Vallee Varieties, Major Bowes and Texaco over the N B C network . . . haven't you wished that you could write that kind of stuff and sell it for real big money? Now make that wish come true. Eddie East has just completed a book of instructions which tells you everything about writing radio programs. It takes you step by step in simple language, telling what to write and how to write it. It covers the entire field down to the style of musical comedy. "The Gibson Family" . . . also tells where and how to sell what you write . . . a true short-cut for you to enter the radio program writing profession . . . to rise to fame, fortune and popularity.

**Now You Can Be The**  
**Radio Program Star**  
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The demand for good radio programs is indeed much greater than the supply. You might have hidden writing ability . . . unknown writers are gaining prominence every day . . . Eddie East gives you the full benefit of his many years activities on the air and as a writer. This is a direct short-cut which enables you to get all the facts and without any previous experience to start writing at once . . . and to immediately offer your script for marketing so that you can earn at once.



**Radio Script Mart, Inc.,**

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Radio City, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Send copy of "The A.B.C. of Writing for Radio by Ed East." Also enclose free autographed photo. I enclose \$1 in full payment. (If you prefer C.O.D. shipment mark X [ ] here and pay postman on arrival.) It is understood if I am not 100% satisfied I will return within 5 days and you will refund my \$1.

Name.....

Address.....

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**LAMP**  
TURNS NIGHT AIR INTO  
BRIGHT HOME LIGHT!

The scientific, new wickless lamp revolutionizing home lighting! Actually gives 20 times light of old wick lamp at fraction of cost. Floods home with 300 candlepower of brilliant, soft, white light, yet burns 96% free air, only 4% cheap kerosene (coal oil).

**LIGHTS WHOLE HOUSE FOR A FEW PENNIES** Now you can light up the whole house for hours for only a few cents! No smoky chimneys to clean or break. No wicks to buy or trim!

**30-DAY TRIAL IN YOUR HOME!** This amazing, new light is built into beautiful, new art lamps. Have your choice on 30-day no-risk trial right in your home! Enjoy this wonder-light for a whole month! Write today for illustrated description and TRIAL OFFER!

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A big money-making opportunity (part or fulltime). Write at once!

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**Compare YOUR Figure**  
WITH  
**Lovely Lilian Bond's**  
Height, 5'4" Weight, 116 lbs.  
Bust 34" Waist, 25"

## Start To-Day and REDUCE!

● Don't envy the lovely, slender figures of the beautiful movie stars—you, yourself, can now safely banish excess fat—enjoy better health—look and feel years younger—just take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water first thing in the morning.

● Kruschen is not just one salt as some people ignorantly believe—Kruschen is a superb blend of six separate healthful salts based on an average analysis of over 22 European Spas whose splendid medicinal waters physicians for years have prescribed for overweight patients. Kruschen, being first of all a health treatment—it can't possibly harm you and a jar that lasts 4 weeks costs only a few cents at any drugstore.



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AT ALL DRUGGISTS  
"It's the LITTLE DAILY DOSE that Does It"

**Wear this DIAMOND 30 days FREE**

The most outstanding offer ever made. We actually send you your choice of a genuine Certified, Perfect Blue White Diamond for 30 days' inspection in your own home **WITHOUT a PENNY DOWN**—or C.O.D. to PAY! Be the envy of your friends. Wear a beautiful diamond in one of the newest white or yellow gold mountings for either ladies or gentlemen. Take a Year to Pay—Your Credit is good with Helzberg. Write today for special bargain bulletin and free trial offer—a postal will do.

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ELGINS  
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ON FREE TRIAL

**HELZBERG'S DIAMOND SHOP**  
Dept 1804 Kansas City, Mo.

**THIS BLONDE NOW CALLS 'BOY FRIEND' 'HUBBY'**



**BLONDES** have a lure that never fails—when they keep that ethereal golden shimmer in their hair. Don't, please, let blonde hair streak and darken. Be careful about shampooing. Use the shampoo that was made especially for blondes. Blondex keeps hair silken-soft. Not drying, not harmful in any way. Contains no dye or harmful chemicals. Marvelously cleansing—Blondex leaves hair clear and bright. Scalp feels simply wonderful. Costs only a few cents a shampoo! At any good drug or department store. Two sizes, the economical \$1.00 bottle and inexpensive 25¢ package.

## He Opened the Door of Fame for Them

(Continued from page 35)

and Julia. Do you remember?" "Oh, yes. I was coming to that," he said. "About that time, I was going out with a lady. I was forty-five then, and still a bachelor, and I guess I didn't have much nerve. I just couldn't seem to get around to asking her to be Mrs. Witten. But say, miss, when I saw Mr. Crumit and Miss Sanderson, and how happy they were, why I went out to this lady's house that very same night, and I said—Well, never mind what I said, but anyhow, it came out all right, and she and I have been married eight years now.

"There's one fellow I like to listen to on the radio," he went on, "and they tell me he's a big star, too. I always said he'd go places because he was so determined to succeed. I watched him climb to the top in show business, just as I always said he would. And I'm mighty glad he's climbed even higher in radio. That's Harry Richman. When he first came here, he was a piano player for the Dolly Sisters. A couple of years later, he was doing a single. Next thing I knew he was in the star's dressing room, and heading the bill. Always when he came in, Mr. Richman would ask me: 'Has Santy Claus left anything for me?' and I would tell him: 'No, but before the week's out he will.' And say, I'll tell you something about Mr. Richman."

**H**ERE Louie leaned toward me, and lowered his voice to a confidential pitch.

"What a time I used to have with ladies when Mr. Richman played our house!" he recalled. "One would come to see him, and I'd show her in. Before she'd left, along would come another. I'd have to keep that one outside while I went in and told Mr. Richman. I'd be worried to death, but it never seemed to bother him. I guess he knew he could depend on me. You see, he'd always told me he'd never marry until he'd retired from the stage, and I knew none of these affairs were serious. But the ladies just wouldn't stay away from the stage door when he was in the theater, and he was too gentlemanly and courteous to refuse to see them. Generally, I'd get one out by another exit, while the second one was coming in.

"And say, there's another young fellow who's going great guns on the radio who used to be here often. Joe Penner. I always liked Joe. He was the shyest and quietest of all the performers I've ever known—and I've known about all there are, I guess. Joe was a Number 2 act when he played here, and when he first hit the Palace, even in Number 2 spot, he thought he had just about reached the height of his ambition. When he finally graduated into Number 4 spot—that's just before the intermission, you know, and almost as important as Number 7, the feature—he came rushing back to me, just like a school kid, and put his arm around me

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**FREE** With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today. UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY, 100 S. Jefferson St., Dept. W-1554, Chicago, Ill.



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EARN steady income each week, working at home, coloring photos and miniatures in oil. Learn famous "Koeine Method" in few weeks. Work done by this method in big demand. No experience nor art talent needed. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home."

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and said: "Gee, Louie, they liked me!" But not as a boast, understand. He was just glad about it. Sometimes at an opening show, before the audience would warm up, and applause would be sort of scarce, Joe would say: "Gee, Louie, I ought to have stuck to selling violins." He was a hard worker, too, Joe was. He'd work over new lines, and when he'd hit on one, sometimes he'd come and try it out on me. If I liked it, into his act it would go. And let me tell you this about Joe Penner—this is important. Since he's been on the radio, and become a great star Joe's been back here. But you wouldn't know things were any different with him. He's the same likeable boy he was when he was tickled pink to be in the Number 2 spot.

**T**HAT reminds me, speaking of Number 2 spot, of another act. They first came here in Number 2. They said the Palace was 'the biggest feather in their cap' when they first came. They were made here at the Palace, for after that first time in Number 2, they were always billed as stars. They were a devoted couple. Right after the show, they used to rush off together to Gerson's next door for a bite to eat and to meet their friends. I mean Burns and Allen. Gracie was a great girl. Everybody's pal. And what a joker! I'll never forget the time she came running up to me and said: 'Here, Louie. Here's your turban.' I said: 'What's a turban?' There was a girl on the bill that week who was an Indian Princess, and Gracie told me while she was there all the employees had to wear turbans, which are the hats they wear in this Princess' country. And Gracie said when the Princess came in, I was to extend my arms out, and bow down. It sounded screwy to me, and also it's pretty hard for me to keep bowing down all the time, as you can see, miss, but if the Princess liked it, it was okay with me. So when she came in, I bowed 'way down with this white towel around my head, and then Gracie and pretty nearly everybody else on the bill, who had hidden to watch me, let out a laugh you could hear all the way to Columbus Circle. And not only that, but when I straightened up, the Princess said: 'Hyah, Louie.'"

Louie chuckled at the recollection. There were a lot of jokesters in this business, he observed, and then again, a lot of serious folks.

"Take Jimmy Durante," he offered in illustration. "Now there's a fellow—the only one I know—who's exactly the same off stage as he is on. Jimmy always used to tease me about getting married. And always he'd say: 'Hello, Louie. How're things? Getting any worse?' and when I'd start to answer, he'd pull out a big cigar and stick it in my mouth. 'Here's a cigar,' he'd say. 'Stick it in your mouth and keep it shut.' And he used to ask all kinds of crazy riddles, and get me all mixed up with his nutty cracks. Like sometimes, he'd ask me on his way in: 'Louie, do you know the difference between midnight in 46th street and midnight in 47th street?' Well, while he was in the

theater, I'd be trying to figure it out, and when the show was over, and Jimmy came out, he'd say: 'Well, Louie, have you doped out the answer to that one yet?' and when I'd say I hadn't, he'd laugh, and say: 'Stop trying, Louie. There isn't any.' Always plenty doing when Jimmy was around.

"Now Fred Allen was just the opposite type. He's another who used to play here a lot who's gone a long way in radio. Mr. Allen was always just the opposite offstage to what he was on. I've never heard him pull a wise crack, but he was one of the most obliging men I've ever seen. Always willing to help others. Lots of times, when an act wasn't going so well, I've seen Mr. Allen sit down and help some actor rewrite his material. Generous, too. Once I happened to remark that a tie he was wearing was pretty, and at the end of the week when he was leaving he handed me a package. When I opened it, there was the tie. Lots of times, I've seen people to whom he'd lent money come to pay it back. But he'd never take it without first saying: 'If you're short, let it go for a while. Forget it until you have enough so you won't miss it.'"

"Ed Wynn was another comedian who was never a comedian offstage. Mr. Wynn was always business-like. He used to clown around imitating the other acts on the bill, and once I remember there were some jugglers here and he juggled like they did, only of course to make it comic he kept dropping the balls, and getting all mixed up. But here's the joke—Mr. Wynn could juggle better than any of those real jugglers, because he used to be a juggler himself, they tell me, and a wizard at it, too."

**L**OUIE digressed to tell me of other friends in the theatrical world, but I reminded him that they weren't in radio, and that it was radio stars I was interested in.

"Oh, that's right," he recalled. How about Jack Pearl? He used to come here often. Jack is nearly as crazy offstage as he is on—nearly as many laughs. Whenever he came in, he would greet me with 'Salute Louie the Door-man,' and then he'd salute and make me stand up and salute back. 'How's your mother? How's your father? How's your brother? How's your sister?' he would always ask me, although I always used to remind him, every time, that I haven't any sister or brother. Jack loved to show a picture he always carried, of his nephew in military school. 'He's so smart, Louie,' he would say, 'that he might be my own son.' Jack was always accompanied by his wife and father, and he would consult them in everything he did. He was a happy-go-lucky fellow, Jack was. And speaking of happy-go-lucky fellows—say, Miss, do you ever listen to Jack Benny?"

I said that I did, and that I liked him; that he was one of my especial favorites.

"Mine too," Louie agreed. "He's another big star who came here first as a Number 2 act. That old Number 2 was



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a lucky starting place, wasn't it? I remember how Mr. Benny used to walk up and down, up and down, backstage, mumbling his lines to himself before he went on. Sometimes he'd come to me and try out a line and then ask me how I liked it. He thought a lot of my judgment, too, I guess, because if I didn't like it, he wouldn't use it. He was a lot like Mr. Allen in one way. Even after he became a big star, he was never too busy to help out another act with material.

"Like I told you, Mr. Benny started with us as a Number 2 act. Each time he played here after that, he had a better spot. Finally, he landed in Number 7, with the star's dressing room. I showed him into room Number 1, (that's the star's) and he looked around and said: 'My gosh, Louie, it's taken me five years to get into this room, and now that I'm here, I can't see that it's much better than the others.' But just the same, I think Mr. Benny got a big kick out of that day."

I mentioned other great names. Louie knew them all, knew little intimate facts of their characters that have been revealed to few even of their intimates. He knew George Givot when the Greek Ambassador was just breaking into show business, long before radio called him. He told me how Jesse Block and Eve Sully, in the intensity of their eagerness to make good, used to quarrel over their routines, and then make up joyously over cups of Gerson's coffee.

"And Phil Baker, the accordion player. Why he—"

"But Louie," I interrupted, "Phil Baker isn't an accordion player. Of course, he *does* play the accordion, but he's a great star. He is a famous comedian on the radio. Phil Baker is—"

This time Louie interrupted me for a change.

"Sure, miss, sure. I know all that," he admitted. "I listen to him myself. But to me, he's always Phil Baker, the accordion player. I know he's a great comedian, but that's how I always remember him—Phil Baker, the accordion player."

He was silent for a moment. "He can play one, too," he added, with an air of finality.

## On the Pacific Airwaves

(Continued from page 47)

Bay auditors recall his work at several stations before the present KYA berth. His two youngsters, a boy and a girl, are both musically inclined. Cy is in the middle thirties... six feet tall and about 150 pounds in weight... with dark hair and eyes and a trim mustachio.

\* \* \*

**THOUGH** Harry McClintock has reached the age when he looks better with his hat on, bay district fans are pleased to know he is back on the air again. "Haywire Mac" is a real radio character. He was on KFRC for years with his haywire, hayseed orchestra. And his "Bum Song" and "Fifty

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Years from Now" went over big on Victor discs. For some reason or another, he was off the air a couple of years but his friends are still legion. Mac was in the Spanish-American war; played on a professional ball team; studied at the Chicago School of Fine Arts and finally started in radio in '25. He is married and has one daughter. KQW is his affiliation at this writing.

\* \* \*

**ORVILLE KNAPP**, young Los Angeles dance maestro, is a brother of Cinemactress Evelyn Knapp. You can hear the girl in the talkies, and the boy over the air . . . just now on the coast CBS chain with his dance group. Orville was born in Kansas City twenty-five years ago. Southern California radio critics say that as a vocalist the boy is lousie . . . But as a band leader he has plenty of possibilities. He has played with the original Coon-Saunders' Nite Hawks and in New York with Vincent Lopez' group. Seems to me he then got together his own orchestra for the Park Avenue Club and the Silver Slipper, a couple of New York swankies. Then to Los Angeles a year or so ago. Maestro Knapp is about six feet in height; blonde wavy hair and blue eyes. For hobbies he is a better-than-fair golfer and is studying aviation. He is also an amateur fisherman.

\* \* \*

**XAVIER CUGAT** seems to be getting along fine via NBC in New York these days. Out here he used to be known as the "Aristocrat of the Violin". He was born in Barcelona 35 years ago as the chimes ushered in the New Year . . . studied and played in Berlin, Paris and Madrid . . . recitals with Caruso during the last two years of the singer's career.

Caruso, as a matter of fact, started Cugat out as a caricaturist for a hobby. Some of his works are signed as Cugat . . . others with his pen name of De Bru.

Before going to New York he was on KFWB in Hollywood and has also been heard via KFI, KHJ and KMTR. His group was known variously as his Spanish Orchestra, Gypsy band and gigolo orchestra. Xavier has five brothers and one sister. His wife is known professionally as Carmen Castillo and is a vocalist.

\* \* \*

**WE** didn't meet all of Al Pearce's NBC troupe last month. Here's about the "Three Cheers," boys' trio which still believes in Santa Claus. If you don't believe it, take a peek into the window of a Xmas eve and see their socks pasted on the mantle place. Before the depression there were but two Cheers . . . E. J. Derry and Travis Hale. They were chums in high school at Kansas City . . . hits on WDAF . . . and the last five years 'round about Los Angeles area including the past two with the Pearce menagerie. In '29 they added Phil Hanna, then a junior college student, to the group.

**DERRY** has been married a long time, so long in fact he doesn't remember when it happened. Hale was married in the fall to Al Pearce's secretary. Hanna is still lookin' around.

**AND**, still on the Pearce troupe biographies, maybe you don't know who radio's Gandhi is . . . "Yogi Yorgesson," the great Hindu mistake who hears all, sees everything and tells anything. Still but twenty-five years old, his real name is Harry Stewart, and he used to announce in his home town, Tacoma, Washington. Five years ago he ambled to Los Angeles, but none of the stations wanted him as an announcer. So he twisted a towel around his dome, pinned a big diaper around his middle, bought a fish bowl, and tried out as a Swede comic doing a Hindo crystal gazing act. He's still gazing, and the audience is still laughing.

**HARRY** is of Scotch descent . . . blonde . . . five feet ten, a bachelor, and hasn't taken on much weight since he was seriously ill a year ago.

**MEET** Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin. In case you don't recall the gentlemen, they are a couple of prize winning song writers at the Paramount lot. But they are also known to radio-land through coast guest artist appearances, and on one of the Shell NBC programs some time ago the program was dedicated to the two boys.

Ralph Rainger, who writes the music, was born in New York a bit more than thirty years ago. He is married, lives happily in Hollywood and was expecting a blessed event in the family as this was written.

Leo Robin, about the same age, was born and brought up in Pittsburgh, studied law at the University of Pittsburgh but gave it up to be a news-scribe and scoop-hound. Though it is a dark, deep secret, he ran one of those advice-to-the-lovelorn columns for awhile. He studied drama at Carnegie Tech for awhile and went to New York to be an actor. But song lyrics brought ready dough for an empty stomach. "Hallelujah", from "Hit the Deck" was one of his earliest successes.

Robin came to Paramount in '29 with Rainger following a year later. The one has a yen to write and produce a music-drama epic for the talkies, while the other nurses a secret ambition to write a symphony. Rainger looks studious and scholarly . . . but boxes, won Paramount's handball tournament and swims. Robin looks tougher and like a professional gate crasher . . . but likes artichokes, reads prolifically and collects Persian rugs. Being a bachelor, he knows all about love and does the lyrics for the Rainger music.

The boys did a good deal of the music for the last two or three Crosby pictures. Some of their best tunes . . . "Park in Paree," "I'll Take an Option on You," "Love in Bloom," "Please," "Here Lies Love," "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Love." They also did the lyrics and music for Mae West's first picture. "She Done Him Wrong."

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"The maid let me in and told me Ruth was in the library. I took a step toward her and all the pent-up emotions that raged within me burst their bounds!

"A long time later I became aware that Ruth was crying, her face buried in the folds of my coat. 'I love you, too, Garry. I've loved you for months and months,' she was saying. Then her voice trailed off into silence as she remembered Basil."

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**HIS, in Garry Trevor's own words, describes the situation that confronted him and Ruth and Basil Valentine, her husband. Both men were madly and sincerely in love with the girl who was married to one of them. Garry had saved Valentine's life in a mine accident. Valentine had given Garry his one great opportunity in business. Valentine was middle-aged. Garry was young and impetuous. Could they calm the fires of jealousy and work out a sane solution of this problem or must one or more of them suffer a soul-searing wound? You will find Garry's account of what actually resulted as Fate took matters out of their hands one of the most stirring true-life stories ever to tug at your heart-strings. It is love. It is life. It is the inscrutable balancing of nature's scales. It is titled "I Wrecked Four Lives."

True Story Magazine paid a cash prize of \$1,000.00 for the manuscript "I Wrecked Four Lives." As you read it in the new November issue you will agree that they selected a masterpiece of graphic realism. Begin this powerful story on page 19, the first story in another great issue.



# TRUE

NOVEMBER

THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS





"Perhaps I should have rung before I came in but as this happens to be my own house I hardly thought it necessary. Will neither of you say anything?"

**MORE ABOUT AMERICA'S GREATEST MENACE**

## **SPOILERS OF WOMEN**

**E**VEN if you thrilled to the opening episodes in this amazing account of a new type of danger that is threatening American womanhood, you will find this month's revelations even more exciting. If you missed the opening chapters they are pungently summarized and you can pick right up today without losing a single throb of the story's rhythm. Only from actual life could Spoilers of Women be reported. Only cloaked by the anonymity guaranteed to all TRUE STORY'S authors could a man be persuaded to put it in writing. Turn to page 34, November TRUE STORY, and read about Spoilers of Women today.

# **STORY**

**OUT NOW!**

## **ALSO IN NOVEMBER TRUE STORY**

**MY OWN LOVE TRAP  
HALF SAVAGE**

**WAS I GUILTY OF MURDER?**

**TWO KINDS OF LOVE**

**SPOILERS OF WOMEN**

**WHAT ELSE COULD A MOTHER DO?**

**THE MAN IN CONVICT 1116**

**TOO YOUNG TO KNOW BETTER**

**THE NIGHT I PLAYED CUPID**

**UNDER COVER OF MARRIAGE**

**BECAUSE I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND MEN**

**Many Interesting Departments**

**FRIDAY NIGHT COAST TO COAST C. B. S. STATIONS!**



## "So Glad I Learned About These Clopay" 15¢ WINDOW SHADES"



WHAT a welcome discovery when I learned about Clopay Window Shades! I never dreamed such low-priced shades could be so lovely, so durable or have so many features found in no other kind. Their patented creped texture makes them hang straight, roll straight, and wear amazingly. Won't crack, fray or pinhole. So easily attached to rollers, too, by moistening patented gummed strip. \*Trim only one side, too, to fit narrow windows. \*Wide choice of solid colors or distinctive chintz patterns by leading American designers. And to think—only 15¢ apiece! At all 5¢ and 10¢ stores, and most neighborhood stores. Send 3¢ stamp for color samples.

CLOPAY CORPORATION  
1337 York St., Cincinnati, O.

New FABRAY Looks...Feels...Wears Like OILCLOTH Yet Costs 1/2 to 1/3 Less At Your Favorite 5¢ and 10¢ Store

## Gray Hair

### Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

## ODORLESS HAIR REMOVER



Not a razor, liquid, paste or powder 25¢

Baby Touch Hair Remover is the new, amazing way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly and safely. Used like a powder puff. Odorless, painless, better than a stores youth and beauty to the skin. Should last a month. Satisfaction guaranteed. At drug and department stores or send 25¢ for one or \$1.00 for five in plain wrapper. BABY TOUCH HAIR REMOVER CO., 2321 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

## Check Your Ailment!

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. Sleeplessness <input type="checkbox"/>  | 4. Acid Indigestion <input type="checkbox"/>     |
| 2. Nervousness <input type="checkbox"/>    | 5. Chronic Constipation <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Gassy Fullness <input type="checkbox"/> | 6. Nausea <input type="checkbox"/>               |

If you have to check one or more of these symptoms, you may be a victim of Gastro Hyper-Acidity.

For, while many things may cause stomach trouble, any doctor will tell you that most of the above painful symptoms are due to Gastro Hyper-Acidity.

Four things are necessary to control this acidity. First: stimulate the flow of alkaline gastric mucus. Second: soothe the sore, inflamed stomach lining. Third: check putrefaction in the intestinal canal. Fourth: rid your intestines of foul, poison gases.

No mere indigestion remedy or laxative can do all four things—but there's one prescription which can! *Magnesia Oxoids*—safe tablets which release pure oxygen.

Take two *Magnesia Oxoids* after each meal—drink plenty of water—and soon new health—new vigor! Get *Magnesia Oxoids* today from your druggist. Eton Products, Inc., Newark, N. J.

## Reflections in the Radio Mirror

(Continued from page 5)

their own. Personally, I have little criticism to make. But there are some things that should be done about radio.

More dramas should be presented, preferably "adult" ones with less censorship.

All announcers who spell out the simplest words should be guillotined.

Lengthy advertising is tiresome, and sponsors should strive for more convincing boasts if they expect to appeal to the buying public.

Quips we heard years ago become boring, after awhile. Wits should know all radio fans are not nit-wits. (This brickbat is not intended for Jack Benny or Fred Allen).

Radio Mirror should be in every home.

W. M. Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

RADIO being a medium of free entertainment brought into one's home where at a twist of the dial you may get excellent drama, music and comedy, I think it objectionable for broadcasters to feature movie personalities on their programs.

If I wish for entertainment by Hollywood talent, I pay for it at the nearest box office. One doesn't think of the movie folk giving free entertainment, and besides, their voices seem out of place coming through the loud speaker when there is no screen where you may see them as well.

The radio talent on the air lanes today have really made broadcasting a necessity for home enjoyment. The radio audience is a vast majority, and the average listener perceives an awe for those persons behind the microphone whom they hear but cannot see.

We are not accustomed to seeing radio stars in their performances, but we are accustomed to seeing the movie stars. So, let the movie folk stay in Hollywood on the picture sets and permit the radio stars to remain behind the microphones doing their appreciated bit towards the continuation of free entertainment in the American home.

Bob Smith, Fort Wayne, Ind.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

I SHOULD like to unburden upon you some of my "pet Radio Peeves". They are:

Announcers who use, "in his own inimitable way", when introducing a singer.

Child singers trying to put on adult airs.

Advertising spiels between every recording on smaller stations.

Studio audiences when they laugh at things that I can't see, hear, or appreciate.

Vocalists who can't vocalize.

Political speeches.

While I'm at I might add that another peeve is that RADIO MIRROR comes out only once a month. I wish it were a weekly.

Thomas R. Hughes, Teaneck, N. J.

## NOW, IRON A WHOLE WASHING 1¢

The amazing new Diamond Self-Hoisting Iron actually runs 5 to 6 hours for only 1¢, and cuts ironing time in half. Beats high priced electric and gas irons for speed and economy yet costs less. No tangling wires—no trailing tubes or hoses—entirely self contained. Quick, regulated, uniform heat. Burns 96% air-only 4% common kerosene (kerosene). Gleaming CHROMIUM finish assures handsome appearance and long life—to see it is to want it instantly. **HOME TRIAL.** Write for complete description and opportunity for trial offer.

**Golden Harvest for Agents!**  
Wynne made \$16—Jamison \$15 in one day! Write at once for sensational proof of big easy earnings by agents everywhere.

AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO., 372 Iron St., Akron Ohio

## Learn Photography at HOME

Make money taking pictures. Prepare quickly during spare time. Also earn while you learn. No experience necessary. New easy method. Nothing else like it. Send at once for free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*, and full particulars.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY  
Dept. 1389, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

## Learn Public Speaking

At home—in spare time—20 minutes a day. Overcome "stage-fright," gain self-confidence, increase your salary, through ability to sway others by effective speech. Write now for free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*.

North American Institute, Dept. 1389  
3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## GOING BALD?

Don't waste money on medicines, etc. If you are bald—your hair is beyond restoring. But you may save your hair if it has not fallen out yet. My book on baldness—CAUSE AND PREVENTION—tells how. This book is result of 35 years practical experience as a physician in Europe and the Orient, as well as the U. S. Sent FREE. Write Dr. B. L. Dorsey, M.D., Dept. 25, Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

## VOICE

**100% Improvement Guaranteed**  
We build, strengthen the vocal organs—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct *silent exercises*. . . and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100% . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 79-19  
308 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

## LOOK! MAGIC CASE

**HANDS YOU A LIGHTED Cigarette**  
Take a beautifully enameled Case from your vest pocket. Press a magic button! Automatically there is a spark flame. Your favorite brand of cigarette is delivered LIGHTED . . . right to your lips. You PUFF and SMOKE. A new, revolutionary invention . . . patented . . . guaranteed . . . amazingly low priced.

**15-Day Trial Order**  
Say the word and we'll send you a Magic Case for 15 Days' Trial at our risk. Get details of this offer.

MAGIC CASE MFRS., Dept. W-4669  
4234 Cozens Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

## Clearskin GETS UNDER YOUR SKIN

Yes and it clears up those ugly, repulsive pimples and blackheads that have been making you stay at home alone, and unhappy when you should be enjoying yourself. Make yourself attractive to the opposite sex with a clear, healthy complexion. It's so easy. Do what so many others have done. Send for your jar of CLEARSKIN, follow the directions, and you will see in your mirror a complete change. Your pimples and other skin blemishes will vanish and your face will be clear, soft and alluring. Now a full size \$1.25 jar for only 79¢ if you act promptly. You may send the money direct or pay the postman, plus a few cents for postage. Your money back if you are not delighted with your new complexion.

A. & T. Laboratories  
270 Broadway, N. Y. C.  
Send me a jar of CLEARSKIN. I enclose 79¢ ( ). I will pay postman plus postage ( ).

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....State.....



## \$1.00 PRIZE

It seems to me that people as a whole enjoy complaining. Either they don't like comic artists on the radio, or they don't like jazz singers, or maybe they don't like "blues" singers. Well for goodness sakes why listen to anything you don't like and don't judge all people by yourself. There are hundreds of stations on the air each featuring something. If KOKA is featuring a jazz band and you don't like jazz just turn the little dial on your radio to a station that has something you do like. That is one of the marvels of radio and everyone can be pleased. By turning a dial just a fraction of an inch a new person or group of people enter your home to entertain you.

You can't please all the people all the time and the sponsors of the programs don't try to. Please yourself by finding the program that you want to listen to and listen to it. Radio Mirror gives us so much help in picking our programs. In the section entitled "We Have With Us" you may look up the different kinds of entertainment and what hours they are scheduled for. Radio Mirror owes a vote of thanks from all radio fans

for such a fine magazine that just fits the public needs.

It is true that we have a lot of advertising on the radio, but when a company spends millions of dollars on programs for our entertainment we can listen for a minute or two to a little sales talk, I hope.

Carolyn Loewit, Youngstown, Ohio.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

MAY I say just a word or more on a class of radio listeners the officials seem to have entirely forgotten? I'm speaking of those whose ages are just "in-between" those children who long ago grew out of the "Skippy" period but haven't as yet reached the age of Eno Crime Clues (maybe they have but parents don't think so).

Why isn't there some dramatic program for us? "Harold Teen" used to be just about right, but that too was taken off the air in favor of some other program. Today Buck Rogers isn't so bad (even Dad lends half an ear to that), but that's only one compared to the deluge of "Little Orphan Annie".

Best wishes to RADIO MIRROR. One magazine the entire family reads.

Dorothy Bernhardt, Cudahy, Wisc.

## PHIL BAKER'S HONEYMOON FOR THREE

A fascinating slant on one of radio's most popular entertainers. Be sure to get the January RADIO MIRROR which contains this and many other exciting features

## U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS

Start \$1260 to \$2100 a year

MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. Many winter examinations expected. Qualify now. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE  
Dept. K179 Rochester, N. Y.

## Ride 'Em Cowboy!

(Continued from page 45)

he said, "though I was born and raised in the west, and I've got a little place up in Pleasant Valley where I do a bit of farming."

Those are typical Robison understatements. His first job was driving cattle from the range to the loading pens in Kansas. His "little" place has 141 acres, and his "farming" includes raising oats, timothy and a herd of cattle.

"You could call me a Westerner," he continued. "I was born in Chetopa, a little town in the Southern part of Kansas, just a mile and a half from the Oklahoma border. Father was conceded to be the champion fiddler in that part of the country. He wasn't a professional musician; he just played for fun.

"Pop used to carry the mail on horseback between Coffeyville, Kansas, and Pawhuska, Oklahoma, in the days when Oklahoma was the Indian Territory. He had some mighty interesting experiences with the Indians, too, let me tell you.

"Once when he was riding along his route, a whole passel of Indians rode up to him and threatened him with their tomahawks. They got pretty mad when he couldn't understand what they were talking about, but finally let him go. Later he learned they were after

# Be a RADIO EXPERT



**Learn to Make \$40, \$60, \$75 a WEEK**  
*I'll train you at home in spare time*



**\$500 A Year in Spare Time**  
"Doing spare time Radio work only. I have averaged about \$500 a year in addition to my regular income. Full time Radio work would net me many times that amount."  
Edward B. Fawcett, Slough Rd., Ladner B. C., Canada.



**\$6000 in 2 Years**  
"Soon after the depression started, I found myself without a job, but I was well protected with N. R. I. training. I went right to full time Radio servicing and made over \$6,000 in a little over 2 years."  
William Spartz, Sparty Radio Service, 95 Broadway Newark, N. J.



**\$50 to \$75 a Week**  
"The National Radio Institute put me in a position to make more money. I am in the Radio service business for myself, where it is possible for me to make from \$50 to \$75 a week."  
Bernard Costa, 150 Franklin St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Get my FREE book about the opportunities in Radio. Mail the coupon now. Get the facts about this field with a future. N.R.I. training fits you for jobs making, selling, servicing short and long wave Radio sets, to have your own business; to operate Radio apparatus on board ships, in a broadcasting or commercial land station; for television, aviation, police Radio, and many other branches. My FREE book gives full information and tells how you quickly learn at home in spare time. Stop struggling along in a dull job with low pay and no future. Start training now for the live-wire Radio field. I have doubled and tripled salaries of many.

## Many Make \$5, \$10, \$15 a Week Extra While Learning

Hold your job. I'll train you in a few hours of your spare time a week. The day you enroll I'll send you instructions which you should master quickly for doing 28 Radio Jobs common in most every neighborhood. I give you Radio equipment that teaches you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. Fred J. Dubuque, 19 Church St., Oswego, N. Y., wrote: "I have made about \$1200 in a little over two years' spare time Radio work."

## Get My Book—FREE—Now

My book has shown hundreds of fellows how to make more money and win success. It's FREE to any ambitious fellow over 15 years of age. Investigate. Find out what Radio offers; about my Course; what others who have taken it are doing and making; about my Money Back Agreement, and the many other N.R.I. features. Mail coupon NOW.

J. E. SMITH, Pres.  
National Radio Institute  
Dept. 4NT  
Washington, D. C.

## MAIL NOW for FREE PROOF

J. E. SMITH, President  
National Radio Institute  
Dept. 4NT  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith:  
Without obligating me, send free book about spare time and full time Radio opportunities, and how I can train for them at home in spare time. (Please print plainly.)

NAME.....AGE.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY.....STATE.....



**LEARN TO PLAY PIANO BY EAR\***  
NO NOTES—NO SCALES—NO EXERCISES / COURSE  
If you can whistle, sing or hum—you have Talent. Let a popular radio pianist train your hands in THIRTY DAYS. TEN LESSON METHOD sent postpaid for \$1.00 or pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. NOTHING MORE TO BUY. Be your own TEACHER! Results Guaranteed. Accordion charts included free.  
MAJOR KORD Dept. M-1 Del Rio, Texas COMPLETE

**Lighten Your Hair Without Peroxide**  
... to ANY shade you Desire  
... SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes  
Careful, fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste, it cannot streak. Eliminates "dry" look. Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application.  
24-page booklet "The Art of Lightening Hair FREE Without Peroxide" Free with your first order.  
ERWIN F. LECHLER, Hair Beauty Specialist  
563 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.



tobacco, and from then on you bet he always carried some-with him!

"And here's another— You know, whenever an Indian chief died, the braves of the tribe tried to capture a white man's scalp for the chief to take with him to the Happy Hunting Ground. Well, a friendly Indian tipped my father off that a chief's death had occurred, and advised him not to ride the mail route for a few days. Father took the advice and laid off, but another fellow scoffed at the story and volunteered to substitute. They found his body a week later."

Robby never "rode the mail" with his father.

"That was long before I was working," he says. "My first job was with him, though. He was a cattle buyer then, and I used to go out and help him bring back herds of cows across the prairies. Let me tell you a funny story about my first trip:

"A smart cow pony, in case you didn't know, works automatically. If a cow busts loose from the herd, the pony takes after it without having to be told. Well, that happened on my first drive, and my pony went right after it. Suddenly the cow came up to a barbed wire fence and took a short turn to the left. So did my pony. But I didn't. I kept on going, right over the fence. Boy, was I mad, sitting there on the ground with my father laughing at me!

"My horse came back and I got on him again. I decided to get square with that cow, and picked up my black-snake whip—that's a whip with about six inches of handle and twelve feet of lash; if you don't know how to use it, you're likely to have some trouble. Well, I took an awful wallop at the cow with that whip, trying to use it just like my father could, and the lash wrapped itself around my neck and I mighty near yanked my head off.

"After I'd practiced a few months, I got to handle the whip pretty good—could knock a fly off a horse without touching the horse at all—but I never got very expert with the lariat.

"When I was about fourteen, I left home and went down to Vinita, Oklahoma. I did all sorts of work there. A little riding, a little clerking in the general store—everything. After that I got a job on the railroad and started

to write some music. My first composition was an anthem, for the choir in my home town."

That first composition was sung entirely by Robisons—a quartet of them, in fact. Carson played the organ, and admits to having had the worst case of stage fright of his entire career.

During the war, Robby was in the army, but after the armistice devoted himself entirely to music, specializing in hillbilly and western airs. "You can't tell some of 'em apart," he says, "because sometimes hillbillies went west and became cowboys, and other times cowboys moved to the mountains and turned into hillbillies."

**A**MONG his numbers that have won world notice are "Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie" and "I Left My Gal in the Mountains." All in all, he has written some two hundred and forty songs. "Barnacle Bill" is one that he wrote in collaboration with Frank Luther, with whom he shares an office. He and Frank have the same birthday, by the way—August 4—but Frank is thirty-four and Robby, forty-four. Many of the songs, designed for mountaineer consumption, deal with current news events—one of the biggest sellers was all about the sinking of the *Vestris*. "There's a regular formula for those songs," Robby said. "You start out with some colorful descriptive material, then you get as gruesome as possible, and finally finish up with a strong moral—like 'you may be killed at any moment; be prepared to face the here-after'."

He broke into radio via WDAF, of Kansas City, Mo., in 1923, and the following year Wendell Hall, the Red-Headed Music Maker, suggested that he come to New York. He did so, but didn't start radio work in the East until 1930. In the meantime he made dozens of phonograph records, wrote scores of songs, and took a six months' trip to England, where he made the stolid Britishers Hillbilly-minded.

He has been broadcasting for the Health Products Corporation ever since November 4, 1933, advertising first one product and then another. For example, he was plugging Feenamint when this was written, but by the time it gets into print, he'll be putting in a good word for the same manufacturer's

Aspergum, and on the first of January, 1935, he expects to change to something else.

Robby has no desire to go back to the Little Grey Home in the West when he retires.

"It's too blame hot there," he says. "I wouldn't want to stay in New York City, though. People here put too much emphasis on the dollar—not that I haven't made some mighty fine friends. But what I really want to do is settle on my farm in Pleasant Valley, up state, where I can take it easy with the wife and kids."

"The Wife" was formerly Catherine A. Barrett, and it's a real radio romance, for she was secretary to Band-leader Nat Shilkret before Young Robison had Come Out of the West. They have two children—Patricia Ann, going on six, and Robert Arnold, nearly three.

And Robby isn't the only Westerner in the program, either. Mrs. Bill Mitchell was born in Lebo, Kansas, where her father had a ranch. Besides being an expert horsewoman and cow girl, Pearl was educated abroad, sings German and speaks four languages. Bill and John both come from Columbia, Tennessee, and John Battle, who plays the youthful leads in the dramas, is a native Texan. Anne Elstner, opposite him in the leading feminine parts, comes from Texas, too. She's been with the program since the start. Ken Daigneau, specializing in big, bad villains, spent years on the Mexican border, as a member of the U. S. Cavalry.

**S**OME of their dramas have been radio versions of actual occurrences, such as the fall of the Alamo, various covered wagon journeys and so forth. But lately they've been purely fictitious, the brain-children of Finis Farr, of the William Estey Agency. Farr may write 'em, but Robison edits 'em, keeping them true to Western life. For example, he removes any modern or eastern slang. Cowboys in the Old West never said "Step on it, kid" or "You said it." When skeptical they might remark "Yeah!" says Robby, but never, "Oh, yeah?", which is purely modern.

And, just in case you want to know, it takes thirty-eight pages of script, besides the songs, to get them through a half hour's broadcast.

## In the Stars' Kitchens

(Continued from page 51)

egg and enough flour to knead. Allow to rise until double in bulk, turn on to slightly floured board. Knead and shape into short thin forms about 3 inches in length. Cover with cloth and cooky sheet and let rise until double in bulk. Bake in hot oven 425 degrees F. for 15 minutes.

### FRUIT CAKE

¾ cup wine  
¾ cups seeded raisins  
2½ cups currants

4 oz candied cherries  
4 oz candied pineapple  
1½ cups mixed candied peel  
2½ cups flour  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
2 teaspoons cinnamon  
½ teaspoon mixed nutmeg  
Allspice  
¼ teaspoon salt  
1 cup chopped almonds  
juice and rind of 1 lemon  
1 cup butter  
1¾ cups brown sugar  
5 eggs

Soak fruit and chopped peel over night in wine. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and spices together. Add fruit, candied peel and almonds to other ingredients. Cream butter, add sugar, beat well; add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add dry ingredients, lemon juice and rind. Mix thoroughly, pour into a large greased paper-lined cake tin. Steam 6 hours and bake in slow oven 250 degrees F one hour to dry out.



THOUSANDS ARE *Enthusiasing* OVER THE *New*

1935 MIDWEST-16

**Thrill to UNEQUALLED and  
GUARANTEED World-Wide  
Performance  
with this..**

**Amazing  
New  
MIDWEST  
1935  
SUPER  
Deluxe**

# 16 TUBE ALL-WAVE Radio

**30 DAYS FREE TRIAL**

OVER 110,000 SATISFIED  
CUSTOMERS SAVED 1/3  
TO 1/2 BY BUYING DIRECT

**World-Wide Entertainment**



Hollywood, Calif.—  
Until I received my  
Midwest radio, I had  
never thought it pos-  
sible to bring in en-  
tertainment from half  
around the world so  
clearly. It has been a  
source of constant  
pleasure to me.

**JEAN HARLOW,**  
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star)

**Amazing All-Wave Reception**

Hollywood, Calif.—  
I have tried many  
radios but believe my  
Midwest the best set I  
have ever heard. It  
gives me super foreign  
reception and new ra-  
dio adventure. Its per-  
formance on all five  
wave bands abso-  
lutely amazes me.



**RICHARD ARLEN,**  
(Paramount Feature Star)

**Thrilling Foreign Reception**



Hollywood, Calif.—  
Not until I tried out  
my Midwest 16 did I  
really appreciate  
what radio reception  
was. It thrills me to  
bring in distant for-  
eign stations as clearly  
as local programs.

**CLAUDETTE COLBERT,**  
(Paramount Star)

**NEW STYLE CONSOLES**



The new, big  
Midwest 36-page  
1935 catalog pic-  
tures a complete  
line of beautiful,  
artistic de luxe  
consoles and  
chassis...in four  
colors...a model  
for every purse.  
Hand made by mas-  
ter craftsmen, they  
harmonize beau-  
tifully with any fur-  
niture arrangement.  
Write for new FREE  
catalog TODAY!

**B**EFORE you buy any radio, write for FREE copy of the  
new 1935 Midwest "Fifteenth Anniversary" catalog. See for yourself the many reasons why over 110,000 satisfied  
customers have bought their radios direct from Midwest  
Laboratories... and saved from 1/3 to 1/2. Learn why Mid-  
west radios out-perform sets costing up to \$200 and more.  
**NEVER BEFORE SO MUCH RADIO FOR SO LITTLE MONEY**  
You, too, can make a positive saving of from 30% to 50%  
by buying this more economical way. Why be content  
with ordinary "Dual Wave," "Tri-Wave," or so-called  
"All-Wave" receivers when Midwest gives you more  
wave lengths in today's most perfectly developed 16-  
tube Super De Luxe ALL-WAVE radios that are proven  
by four years of success... that carry an iron-clad guar-  
antee of foreign reception! These bigger, better, more  
powerful, clearer-toned, super-selective radios have  
**FIVE** distinct wave bands: Ultra-short, short, medium,  
broadcast and long. Their greater all-wave tuning of 9  
to 2400 meters (33 megacycles to 125 KC) enables you  
to tune in stations 12,000 miles away with clear loud-  
speaker reception. Write today for new FREE catalog.

**NOW ENJOY DX-ING HOBBY**

Now, you can enjoy super American, Canadian, police,  
amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts... and  
derive new delight and new excitement from unequalled  
world-wide performance. Now, you can enjoy the DX-ing

hobby and secure verifications from some of the world's most  
distant stations. Thrill to the chimes of Big Ben from GSB,  
London, England... tune in on the "Marsellaise" from FYA,  
Pontoise, France... hear sparkling music from EAQ, Madrid,  
Spain... delight in lively tangos from YVIBC, Caracas, Vene-  
zuela... listen to the call of the Kookaburra bird, from VK2ME,  
Sydney, Australia, etc. Send TODAY for money-saving facts.

**DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES**

Increasing costs are sure to result in higher  
radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance  
... **NOW...** while you can take advantage of  
Midwest's sensational values... no middle-  
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from the new Midwest catalog with as much  
certainty of satisfaction as if you were to se-  
lect it in our great radio laboratories. You save  
30% to 50% when you buy direct this popu-  
lar way... you get 30 days FREE trial... as little as \$5.00  
down puts a Midwest radio in your home. Satisfaction  
guaranteed or money back. Write for new FREE catalog.



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address on postal card... NOW!... TODAY!**

**SAVE  
UP TO  
50%**



**9 TO  
2,400 METERS  
(12,000 MILE  
TUNING  
RANGE)**

**WORLD'S GREATEST  
RADIO VALUE**

**\$57.50**  
with  
**New  
Deluxe Auditorium-Type  
SPEAKER**  
... LESS TUBES ...

**TERMS AS LOW AS \$5.00 DOWN**

**50 ADVANCED 1935 FEATURES...**  
and 16 tubes make this radio today's most powerful long  
distance receiver. The many exclusive Midwest features  
include: A large airplane-type, modernized dial which is  
triple calibrated in frequencies, wave lengths and call  
letters. This exclusive feature, together with simplified  
tuning guide lights, enables you to tune your Midwest as  
quickly and accurately as an expert. Among the other  
features are: Controllable Expansion of Volume, Select-  
ivity-Sensitivity (Micro-Tenuator)... Fidel-A-Stat...  
Triple Calibration... Pure Silver Wire... Ceramic Coil  
Form... Separate Audio Generator... Simplified Tun-  
ing Guide Lights... Compact Synchronized Band Switch  
... Amplified Automatic Volume Control... 7 KC Select-  
ivity... Power Driver Stage... 16 Latest Type Tubes, etc.  
Read about these and other features in the new 4-color  
FREE Midwest catalog. Fill in and mail coupon NOW!

**FREE 36 PAGE  
4-Color CATALOG**

We will send you this FREE catalog  
and copies of letters like those shown  
at left of page. They'll convince  
you that Midwest radios are sensa-  
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30 days before you decide. Midwest  
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Dept. 744  
Cincinnati, Ohio.**

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FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order.

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Make Easy  
Extra Money  
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for  
Details**

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Address.....  
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**MIDWEST RADIO CORP.**

**DEPT. 744 - CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.**

Established 1920

Cable Address Miraco.... All Codes



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NOW ONLY \$1.88 a month \$1975

JK-4 The most beautiful engagement ring we've ever shown at such a moderate price! Richly designed, 14K Solid White Gold set with a certified, fine quality, very genuine diamond. Only \$1.88 a month.



Both Now only \$2975

\$2.88 a month

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A Royal Sensation! \$2475 5 GENUINE DIAMONDS \$2.38 a month

JK-3 A dazzlingly beautiful engagement ring of 14K Solid White Gold set with a certified genuine center diamond and 2 matched fiery diamonds on each side. Looks worth double this low price. Only \$2.38 a month.



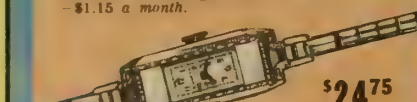
2 Diamond LADIES STONE RING Only \$1.10 a month \$1195

JK-6 A lovely gift at a very low price! Fashionable ladies ring of 10K Solid White Gold set with a very genuine diamond on each side, and a simulated Ruby, Sapphire, Emerald, or Amethyst. Specify Choice \$11.95, Only \$1.10 a month.



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JK-7 BULOVA'S most popular, slenderized Baguette at BULOVA'S lowest price. Daintily engraved; guaranteed BULOVA "radio time" movement. Lovely tubular bracelet. Only \$2.38 a month.



6 Diamond BAGUETTE WRIST WATCH Only \$2.88 a month \$2975

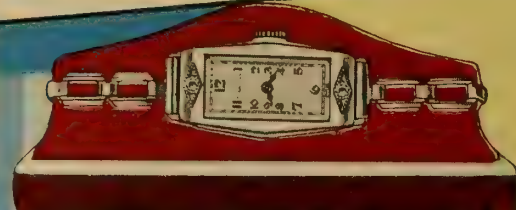
JK-9 The last word in dainty elegance! Exquisitely engraved, slenderized Baguette Wrist Watch adorned with 6 brilliant genuine diamonds. Fully guaranteed dependable movement. New barrel-link bracelet to match. A feature value! Only \$2.88 a month.



A beautiful gift for only \$1.39 a month \$1495

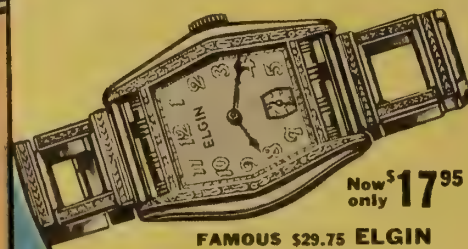
JK-8 Extraordinary value! Smart looking Baguette effect ladies wrist watch, white "streamlined" case, fully guaranteed movement. Latest link bracelet to match. Only \$1.39 a month.

FREE To Adults! New 32 page catalog featuring hundreds of money saving specials in certified first quality genuine diamonds, standard watches, fine modern jewelry and silverware offered on 10% CASH LIBERAL TEN PAYMENT PLAN. Adults: hand for your copy to-day.



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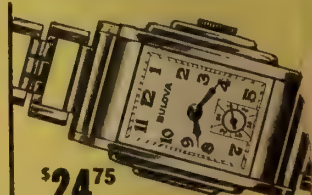
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\$2475

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# Radio MIRROR

JANUARY



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GRACIE ALLEN

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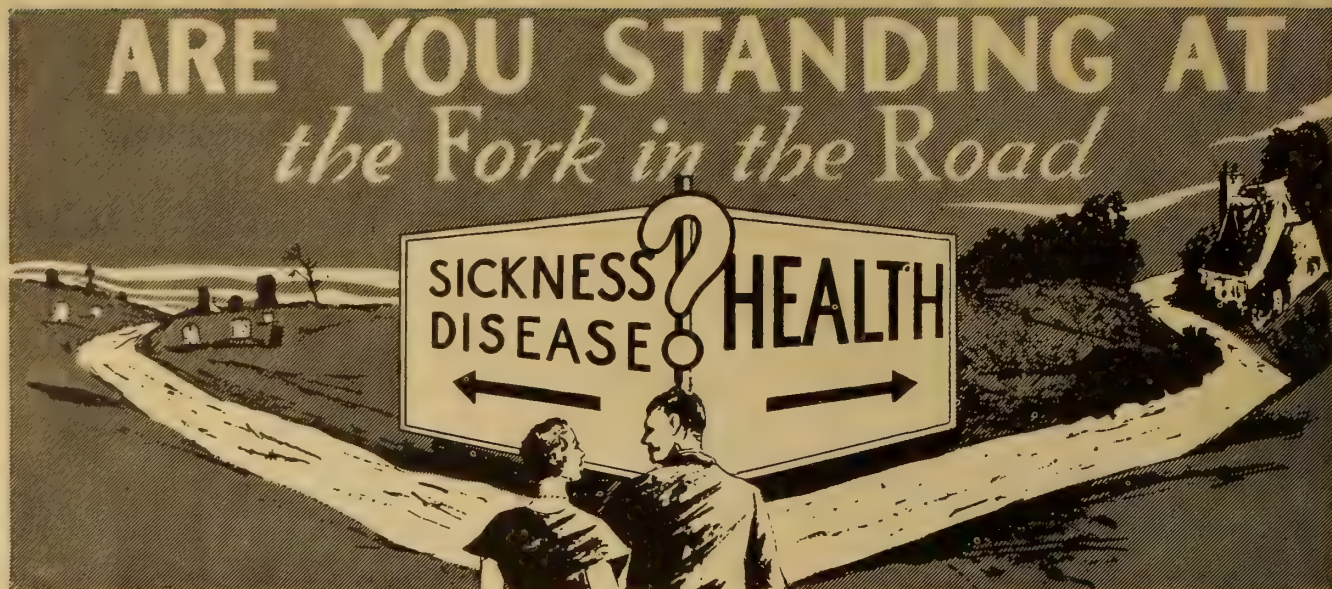
Why

**CAP'N HENRY**  
Really Quit the  
**SHOWBOAT**

**FRANCES LANGFORD**  
Wants A Husband

**PHIL BAKER'S HONEYMOON** for **THREE**





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THROUGH the proper care and understanding of your body, you can add as much as 15 years to your life. For you can rule your health just as surely as you can rule your actions. Today you may be standing at the fork in the road. Will you go ahead in a haphazard way or will you make up your mind now to insure yourself against sickness and disease?

If you choose the road to health you must first of all be able to understand and act upon the advance warnings of disease. For the most deceiving and dangerous thing about all serious illness is that it usually entrenches itself before you even realize you are sick.

## DEADLY DISEASE Is Always Lurking Near You

Your body always warns you of approaching illness in some way. And it is the most trivial symptom that often points to the approach of the most serious disease. The occasional headache, that tired feeling, loss of appetite, a casual cold and other slight disarrangements are the danger signs of impending sickness. If you do not know what these danger signs mean and understand what action to take—then you are very likely to blunder into some one of a hundred fatal diseases which are always lurking near you.

Almost a million people will die this year from preventable diseases such as bronchitis, pneumonia,

kidney trouble, tuberculosis, intestinal diseases, stomach disorders, influenza, etc.

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You need not be one of them. In fact you now have the opportunity to insure yourself and your whole family against the ravages of disease.

This you can do very easily through the use of Bernarr Macfadden's great new Home Health Library. By following its simple advice and instructions you can quickly learn to recognize symptoms and take the necessary corrective measures before it is too late.

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with your every health problem. This great



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Vol. IV—Modern curative methods—water, sunlight and electric treatments—Milk diet—First aid in accidents—Nursing during illness—Children's diseases.

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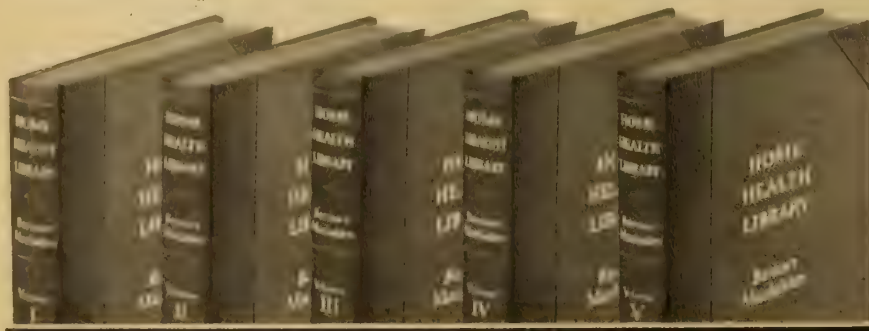
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# THOUSANDS *Thrill* TO GUARANTEED *High-Fidelity* WORLD-WIDE PERFORMANCE WITH THIS AMAZING NEW SUPER *Deluxe* 1935 **MIDWEST 16-TUBE** *All-Wave* RADIO!

**Australia Comes in Easily!**



Springfield, Ill.—I investigated all makes of radios, and chose the Midwest. No radio made can equal it. I logged with ease and good volume: LSX, LSN, HJLABB, HJ5ABD, YVIBC—VK2ME. Australia—GSC, GSB, MSA, England—DJA, DGC, Germany—EAQ, Spain, etc. W. C. Geiser, 2260 Yale Blvd.

**12,000 MILE TUNING RANGE**

**BEFORE** you buy any radio write for the new **FREE 1935 Midwest "Fifteenth Anniversary"** catalog and see for yourself the many reasons why 110,000 satisfied customers bought their radios direct from the Midwest Laboratories and saved from  $\frac{1}{3}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Why pay more than the direct-to-you laboratory price?

You, too, can make a positive saving of from 30% to 50% by buying this more economical way. Learn why Midwest outperforms sets costing up to \$200.00 and more. Never before so much radio for so little money! Midwest gives you triple protection with: **One-Year Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee, Money-Back Guarantee.**

## 50 ADVANCED 1935 FEATURES

Many exclusive features include: Micro-Tenuator...Fidel-A-Stat...Separate Audio Generator...Ceramic Coil Forms, etc. Only Midwest covers a tuning range of 9 to 2400 meters (33 Megacycles to 125 KC)—enabling you to easily and successfully tune in even low-powered foreign stations up to 12,000 miles away with crystal-clear, loud-speaker reception. All 5 Wave Bands enable you to enjoy today's finest High Fidelity American programs. In addition, you get Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts and derive new delight and new excitement from unequalled world-wide broadcasts...England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia, Australia, etc. Send today for money-saving facts!

## DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance...NOW...while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values...no middlemen's profits to pay. You can order your 1935 High Fidelity radio from the new Midwest catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to select it in our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50% when you buy this popular way...you get 30 days FREE trial...as little as \$5.00 down puts a Midwest radio in your home. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for new **FREE** catalog today.



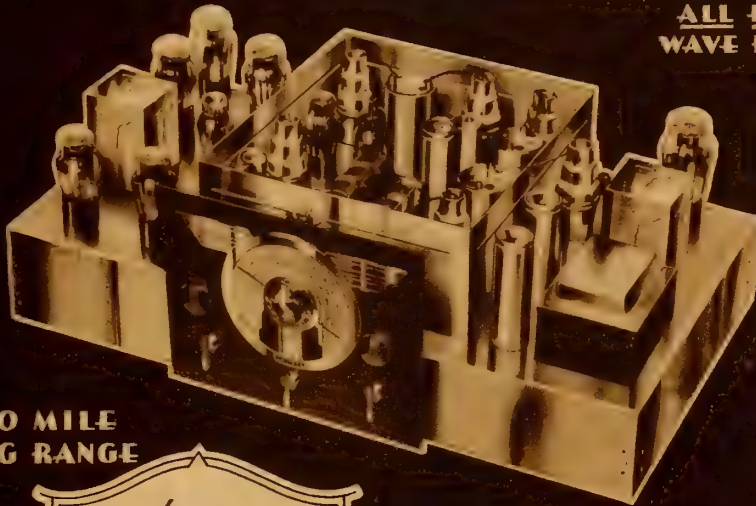
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Established 1920 Cable Address Miraco . . . All Codes

*The Only Radio Covering*  
**9 TO 2,400 METERS**

**ALL FIVE WAVE BANDS**



**Listens to World-Wide Reception**



Middletown, Ohio—Here are some of the stations I have heard: EAQ, Madrid, Spain—DJR, Zeesen, Germany—GSB, GSF, Davenport, England—VK3ME, Melbourne, Australia—VK2ME, Sydney, Australia—HJ2AFA, HJ4ABF, HJ4ABF, Colombia, S. A., and many more. Golden Hatfield, 2202 Grand Avenue.

**WORLD'S GREATEST RADIO VALUE**

**\$57<sup>50</sup>**

*with New Deluxe Auditorium Type*  
**SPEAKER**

• LESS TUBES •  
**30 DAYS FREE TRIAL**

## Only Midwest Gives You Multi-Function Dial

This dial was designed in keeping with the trend of the times, yet it is not an airplane dial! It is a many-purpose dial that performs many functions. Now, Midwest guarantees that inexperienced persons can secure good foreign reception. Send for **FREE** miniature of actual rotating dial which clearly shows these outstanding advantages:

1. Dial calibrated in Kilocycles, Megacycles and Meters;
2. Call letters of American Broadcast Stations printed on dial and illuminated;
3. Slow-Fast, Smooth-Acting Tuning;
4. Station Group Locator;
5. Simplified Tuning Guide Lights;
6. Automatic Select-O-Band Indicator;
7. Illuminated Pointer Indicator;
8. Silent Shadow Tuning—Improvement on Meter Tuning;
9. Centralized Tuning.

## SENSATIONAL HIGH FIDELITY RECEPTION

This bigger, better, more powerful, clearer-toned, super selective, 16-tube radio gives you absolute realism—assures you of life-like, crystal-clear tone—unlike anything you have ever experienced before. You will hear one more octave—overtone—that cannot be brought in with ordinary radios. Now, hear every instrument, every voice, every shade and inflection of speech.

Take advantage of the amazing 30-day **FREE** trial offer. Send coupon for **FREE** catalog.



## NEW STYLE CONSOLES

The Midwest 36-page catalog pictures a complete line of beautiful, artistic de luxe consoles and chassis in four colors. Write for new **FREE** catalog today! **Midwest long-range radios are priced as low as... \$27<sup>50</sup>**

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Dept. 813  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

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**User-Agents Make Easy Extra Money**

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Address.....  
Town..... State.....



# Radio MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

VOL. 3 NO. 3  
JANUARY • 1935

## In February RADIO MIRROR:

What you never knew before about Amos and Andy, told by the woman who knows them better than anyone in the world . . . The famous writer, Adele Whitely Fletcher, reveals the romance of John Barclay . . . A swell new slant on Jessica Dragonette.



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WHICH ED WYNN DO YOU KNOW?

The gay, coo-coo yodeling comedian or the human being with problems and suffering like yours and mine? Watch for the story in **RADIO MIRROR** which gives you the lowdown on The Fire Chief.



# Very Important IN A LAXATIVE FOR WOMEN



## It must be Gentle!

**S**TRONG, powerful "dynamite" laxatives are bad for anyone. But for you women...they're unthinkable!

Your delicate feminine system was never meant to endure the shock of harsh, violent purgatives or cathartics. They weaken you. They often leave bad after-effects. *Madam, you must avoid them!*

Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for every member of the family, but it is particularly good for women. That's because while Ex-Lax is thorough, it works in a mild and gentle way. Why, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

And Ex-Lax checks on the other important points, too: It won't cause

pain. It won't upset digestion. It won't nauseate you. It won't leave you weak. And what's very important—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

And Ex-Lax is so easy to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate.

All the good points of Ex-Lax are just as important for the rest of the family as they are for women. So millions of homes have adopted Ex-Lax as the family laxative.

Keep a box of Ex-Lax in the medicine cabinet—so that it will be there when any member of the family needs it. All druggists sell Ex-Lax—in 10c and 25c boxes.

When Nature forgets—remember

# EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE





# Reflections in

BY THE EDITOR

**L**ISTEN carefully next Saturday night at 9:30 to the theme song of the Gibson Family broadcast and hear one of the most exquisite pieces of popular music written this year—with delightful lyrics that are unfortunately lost in the choral presentation. To Arthur Schwarz, composer, and Howard Dietz, collaborator and impresario, who accomplish the mammoth task of writing original songs each week for the first musical serial story, my hat is off for their creation of the most deserving and least appreciated song that's heard on the air, "Under Your Spell."

**W**ANT to see a news-reel in your own home? Or a comedy? Or a full-length drama starring Joan Crawford or Bing Crosby or Clark Gable? It won't be long now. Pull up the top of your new-fangled radio, turn the dial, and in a moment, reflected in that shaded glass screen, you'll see motion pictures, hear perfectly synchronized talking, singing, sound effects. . . .

I saw it myself the other day, in the studio of William Hoyt Peck, who has invented the apparatus that will bring movies into a million homes before many months are passed. Mr. Peck showed me a news-reel—and although I had to sit pretty far back to avoid the flicker and dimmed vision that obscured the picture up close, I was amazed by the comparison between this demonstration and one I saw two years ago which was hailed as nothing short of miraculous, imperfect though it was.

The transmission in the recent

"broadcast" was by wire, but Mr. Peck tells me that transmitting motion pictures by radio waves is even easier! This apparatus will be part of your regular radio and won't prevent you from hearing your favorite ether stars in between showing of movies, which will be broadcast from studios devoting themselves entirely to this form of entertainment.

And don't let my matter-of-fact description of this new development blind you to the wonder of this modern miracle which will one day be taken for granted quite as blithely as radio itself is today.

**I**'M grateful to Lester Grady for the story of the Hollywood quickie producer who came on the set to see a group of concerned assistants trying to revive a dancing girl who had fainted. In answer to his query, the director said, "We're giving her artificial respiration."

"Artificial respiration!" cried the producer. "Give her the real thing—we can afford it."

The story is not entirely but sufficiently appropriate for my Campaign Against Inappropriate Applause. When we recently sat in the studio listening to the rounds of éclat which followed an advertising plug for Maxwell House Coffee over the Showboat Hour my whimsical companion remarked, "Ah, good to the last drop of the applause card!"

Gentlemen, gentlemen, listeners lose faith in programs that allow applause after advertising skits or announcements. Don't give home listeners artificial respiration. Give them the real thing. You can afford it.



Here he is, folks, at the right—the guy on the Showboat Hour who raises his li'l card—and gets applause—even if it's an advertising plug.

*Ernest V. Heyn*





Photographic Composites by Charles Sander

## BY THE READERS

**W**E asked for it, and we got it! But we can take it. Come on, the water's fine!

Letters containing brickbats of all descriptions arrived last month, and many contained violets. Radio officials and sponsors are going to sit up and take notice when they read some of our prize-winning letters. Maybe they'll do something about it. So keep on writing, and some time when you have a bright idea tell us about it. You may win one of the prizes.

Here are the lucky ones this month:

### \$20.00 PRIZE

**I**'M sending violets this morning to the following radio broadcasters:

1—To the singers who sing music and words of their songs with little variation from the composer's copyrighted copy. It grows more and more annoying to listen to singers who change tempo and words, and put in so many original interpretations that the listener gets the jitters when his favorite songs are presented.

2—To the singers who do not moan and groan over memory songs, as if every memory was sad and heart-breaking. Most memories are lovely, and should not be remembered with sadness. Mother songs are not sad. The memory of a good Mother should be joyous. Bless her heart! She played her part nobly and has passed on to her reward. A good son or daughter should not be selfish about it.

3—To the announcers who remember they are giving a radio program, not a vaudeville skit. (Studio chatter may be most amusing to the studio listeners but not to the radio audience.) Consequently, there is little handclapping and loud laughter to break the continuity of an air program.

Violets to the real radio broadcasters, and poison ivy to the rest!

EMEROI C. STACY,  
Portland, Oregon.

On the opposite page, the editor tells you his frank, personal opinions on radio and radio stars. On this page you've a chance to express yours. \$20.00 is paid for the best letter, not exceeding 200 words, sent before Jan. 22, \$10.00 for second best, \$1.00 each for the next five. Write today to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and give us your ideas.

### \$10.00 PRIZE

**I** WANT to take this opportunity to manifest what I believe to be an odious practice which is found prevalent in all radio broadcasting systems—although not in every program.

It is logical to estimate that applause by clapping the hands is the approbatory reaction of the listening public; however, you will note that the finest programs on the ether waves have resorted to the infamous practice of self-commendation.

I have not had the opportunity to witness a radio broadcast, but have learned from authentic sources that the directors of programs have definite signals for such procedures. Besides being an unpardonable nuisance to the listener, it is an obtrusive gesture on the part of the broadcaster.

If the radio chains are sincere in making their programs appealing to the listening public, I think this cause is worthy of their consideration.

In conclusion, I trust that this letter and the RADIO MIRROR will be instrumental in allaying such proceedings at the microphone.

JOSEPH I. PERRY, JR., Philadelphia, Pa.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

**R**ADIO has given me a great deal of pleasure, but an inadequately small amount of time is devoted to the broadcasting of fine music. Broadcasters in general seem to have the idea that people do not care for music of this type, but there is a growing public which is eager to hear and ready to appreciate it. The highly successful concerts of the Chicago and Detroit Symphony Orchestras this past summer prove this. The broadcasting of concerts like these is a step in the right direction.

I freely admit that there is much good music on the air every day, ensembles and  
(Continued on page 70)







# Reflections in the Radio Mirror

Photographic Composites by Charles Sander

## BY THE EDITOR

**L**ISTEN carefully next Saturday night at 9:30 to the theme song of the Gibson Family broadcast and hear one of the most exquisite pieces of popular music written this year—with delightful lyrics that are unfortunately lost in the choral presentation. To Arthur Schwarz, composer, and Howard Dietz, collaborator and impresario, who accomplish the mammoth task of writing original songs each week for the first musical serial story, my hat is off for their creation of the most deserving and least appreciated song that's heard on the air, "Under Your Spell."

**W**ANT to see a news-reel in your own home? Or a comedy? Or a full-length drama starring Joan Crawford or Bing Crosby or Clark Gable? It won't be long now. Pull up the top of your new-fangled radio, turn the dial, and in a moment, reflected in that shaded glass screen, you'll see motion pictures, hear perfectly synchronized talking, singing, sound effects. . . .

I saw it myself the other day, in the studio of William Hoyt Peck, who has invented the apparatus that will bring movies into a million homes before many months are passed. Mr. Peck showed me a news-reel—and although I had to sit pretty far back to avoid the flicker and dimmed vision that obscured the picture up close, I was amazed by the comparison between this demonstration and one I saw two years ago which was hailed as nothing short of miraculous, imperfect though it was.

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"broadcast" was by wire, but Mr. Peck tells me that transmitting motion pictures by radio waves is even easier! This apparatus will be part of your regular radio and won't prevent you from hearing your favorite ether stars in between showing of movies, which will be broadcast from studios devoting themselves entirely to this form of entertainment.

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# What's New on Radio Row

by Jay Peters

**W**OMEN seemed to have come from every walk of life for the first Mary Pickford broadcast. The tiny room in the RKO studios that serves as the Western headquarters for the National Broadcasting Company was packed and breathless as the lights dimmed for America's first Sweetheart to make her radio debut. There were women of the press there, a few women stars, many scenario writers, and a large group of women who were just people, the women of the little homes and a couple of children, who looked as though they might very well be wondering about what to have for dinner.

The stage was banked with flowers and everyone was aware that the moment was an occasion. The announcer clipped forth his statements and Mary stepped forth.

She wore a little black dress, the type of dress that the hungry young stenographer she was portraying in "The Church Mouse" might very well have worn. Her golden hair was freshly cut and coiffed. Her eyes looked very tired.

Later she changed to an evening gown of black and sequins, with almost no back. Her face lighted up as she got into the comedy and love scenes of the little playlet. The men playing opposite her followed her with devoted eyes. The lights came up between intervals to let you know when individual scenes were (Continued on page 8)



Eddie Cantor felt so good about getting back on the Chase and Sanborn Hour he tried his luck on this bass horn. It doesn't seem to be so good.

Xavier Cugat, New York's rhumba exciter, has new fancy dances up his sleeve that he'll pull out of his hat this winter.

Captain Henry and the rest of the Showboat cast recently celebrated the second anniversary of the Show Boat program in the big Radio City studio.





# The GIBSON FAMILY



Sally Gibson, 22 years ago when she had been using IVORY SOAP for 11 months.

**WHO CAN BLAME JACK HAMILTON** for adoring lovely Sally Gibson?

Sally's complexion is rave-worthy. It's been treated to pure Ivory Soap—and nothing else but—ever since she frolicked around in shirt-and-booties.

Sally pooh-poohs thrilling soap advertisements that talk of wonderful ingredients and beauty oils.

Time and again Doctor MacRae has told her, "Soaps can't feed your skin with magic oils or ingredients. The smoothness and fine texture of your skin depend largely upon thorough, gentle cleansing. Use IVORY, it's the best soap for sensitive skins."

IVORY SOAP, pure enough for a baby's skin, will keep your complexion smooth and fine-pored, too.



**SALLY GIBSON TODAY.** Her skin can stand a "close-up" because it still has that "Ivory-baby" look. You, too, can win that

baby-clear, baby-smooth complexion with

**IVORY SOAP • • 99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE**



"**AH SAYS TO MAHSELF,**" says Theophilus ("Awful" for short). "Ah says—Mr. Gibson, he madder dan a wet rooster if he have to use dat smelly soap of Mr. Bobby's—so ah brung some Ivory up."

"O.K., 'Awful,'" grins Mr. Gibson. "Give me one Ivory—save the rest and I'll have good clean-smelling baths for months."

**PURE ODORLESS IVORY BATHS SOOTHE THE NERVES**



"**C'MON, BOBBY GIBSON,** help me 'out!" puffs the girl friend. "Has this sweater shrunk!"

"Tut, tut," reproves Bobby. "Come 'round sometime, Dot, and let sister Sally show you how bright little girls wash their sweaters in cool Ivory suds. That keeps 'em right." Bobby's right, too—

**FINE STORES SAY, "PURE IVORY FLAKES FOR WOOL"**



over. The whole playlet took exactly half an hour. Little blue signal lights at the back of the stage showed how the time was ebbing.

The final lights blazed up. Chairs were moved and people were hustled about to make way for Lanny Ross who was going on next.

Some of us went back to congratulate Mary. But she had already gone. It seems she was anxious to catch a scene played by Katharine Hepburn, the movie actress, who was working on the RKO lot.

**ALBERT KAVELIN** and his orchestra have been engaged by the Columbia Phonograph Co. to produce

of asking him questions in the same lingo!

**THE** friendliness that exists between the Eton Boys and the CBS engineers isn't hard to explain. Art Gentry and Charlie Day have a keen knowledge of the engineers' problems—both are licensed radio engineers.

They were originally the Note Boys when they appeared in vaudeville. They simply spelled the name backwards for radio.

**THOUGH** Ruth Etting has been doing her network singing from New York, 'tis rumored she leaves the first of the year to do six more shorts at the

CBS and later NBC, but who is now on a bay region hook-up, did a floppo in the early days. The owner of KFI brought him to Los Angeles at \$1,000 a month for a morning-setting-up program. And it proved an awful dud. But when he went back home the 'Frisco folks thought a lot more of him and he has been "in the money" for a long time on radio.

**BILL ROBSON**, who is the producer for the much talked about "Calling All Cars" from KHJ to eight California stations every week, did a novel stunt a few years ago when he broke into radio. He asked the late Don Lee for a writing job and the radio magnate asked for samples. "Just go down to Loew's State," said Bill, "And see my screen adaptation of 'Private Jones' for Universal." Mr. Lee liked the picture and gave young Robson a job which lasted several years until he went with an agency to produce the "crime special." Incidentally, Bill was a classmate of Lanny Ross at Yale . . . and he led his own orchestra in gay Paree one summer vacation, but doesn't like to be reminded of it.

**NEW YORK's** bright White Way isn't always a strong magnet, it would seem. Al Pearce, whose sensational gang of entertainers has made such a hit on the Pacific Coast, refuses offers every week to come East. There's a swell reason for his refusals, though. The cold, hard facts in the matter are that Al has a waiting list of sponsors, which ought to start another gold rush to California among radio stars.

**I**N the November issue of **RADIO MIRROR** Mercury made a statement to the effect that the Soconyland Sketches have gone off the air. We wish to correct this erroneous statement by announcing that the sketches are still coming over the air via the Columbia network on Saturday evenings at seven o'clock (EST) with Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly.

**THE** Red Davis series is gaining popularity every week, and the sponsors have a tousle-headed youngster to thank. He's Burgess Meredith, who stepped from the Broadway production of "She Loves Me Not" to take over the starring role in the radio serial. He even had Madge Kennedy, one of the best known young legitimate actresses, with him in three of his programs.

**A** BIG hand to Columbia Broadcasting in its efforts to stress the importance of afternoon programs. The first move was to put Kate Smith on a sustaining payroll and build an hour show around her ample proportions. Now CBS has inaugurated three more

## What's New on Radio Row

Continued



When Burgess comes, entertainment is not far away. Meredith and Betty Wragge put over the Red Davis show over the NBC network with a bang.

Charlie Henderson (left) shares responsibility for those musical biographies that Andre Kostelanetz features on the Columbia air Wednesday nights.

a series of dance records prior to Kavelin's departure on a musical tour the latter part of this month.

**GRACE HAYES**, NBC songstress, has sung at banquets in honor of President Roosevelt on three occasions. She is said to be one of the few singers whom the President prefers to have entertain at dinners in his honor.

**WHEN** Paul Whiteman wants to relieve the monotony of giving his orchestra instructions in English during rehearsals, he uses pig-Latin. And do the musicians get a kick out

RKO studios in Hollywood. Her husband-manager, Col. Snyder, will accompany her. The coast radio editors like Ruth a lot, but are thumbs down on the colonel. After ranting 'round one of the transcription studios while La Etting was doing a disc for the community chest last fall, the colonel apologized to the boys by saying "We've had a busy day." Which got a guffaw out of the scribes because Ruth had been doing all the work.

**CAPT. DOBBSIE** (Hugh Barrett Dobbs), who used to do an inspirational program out on the coast via





Virginia Verrill, Orville Knapp and his band can be caught in the Silver Palm Room in Santa Monica every Saturday evening over CBS.

full hour shows, two of them in the cold grey hours of early morning. Housewives who have had to beat rugs and son junior to the tune of poor daytime programs have already written in their thanks.

**CLIFF HALL**, whose role as stooge to the Baron catapulted him into fame, is being whispered about these days. A rift with Pearl is imminent, so they say. What's more, to continue rumors, he may step into a well known Sunday night coffee hour, which would let Jimmy Wallington spend more time on his other programs.

**WHEN** the Forum of Liberty was being planned on paper, it didn't look much like sure fire appeal to the public. Having leaders of industry talk was all well and good, but it needed a punch. So Edwin C. Hill was lured into taking the master of ceremonies job. He has, the sponsors claim, turned the trick.

**I**N September it was announced that Buddy Rogers—you can tell it's him by his theme song—was about to pack up, leave the Windy City and hie himself to Hollywood for another crack at the movies. He stayed on, though, as the co-star with Jeanie Lang of the Ward family Theater. Now reports wing their way East that he is once

**D**ON'T radio artists ever get temperamental?" asks a correspondent of *Mercury's*. "I never see anything in your department about fights and feuds like they have in the movies." Of course they do, dear reader. Why, only the other day Vivienne Segal and Abe Lyman were so mad they wouldn't speak to each other. Being on the same program, they had plenty to talk about, but had to do their conferring through Frank Munn, who got dizzy carrying messages back and forth. Others in the studios thought it pretty petty of these two fine artists.

**E**XECUTIVES of rival networks are not above pettishness, either. There's the recent experience of David Ross, one of Columbia's pet announcers. Richard Himber's orchestra is projected from CBS Sundays nights and from NBC Monday nights for the same sponsor. Ross does the announcing in the Madison Avenue studios and the advertising agency handling the account assigned him the same job at Radio City. But when the poet and medal-diction winner arrived at NBC to do his stuff, he found John S. Young, a National institution, in charge of the microphone. Young—he's the only mikeman in captivity with L.L.D. tacked on to his name—explained to Ross his network didn't like the idea of a Columbia man announcing from its studios. Ross retreated gracefully from the scene, but when he reported the incident to his Columbia superiors there was much indignation. In fact, they are still indignant.

# I WAS SLUGGISH AND A MARTYR TO BILIOUSNESS



• My skin was pasty and even after 8 hours sleep I'd get up tired. I looked every day of my 35 years and then some. For 6 years I'd been a continuous sufferer from biliousness, sour stomach caused by constipation. I think I spent hundreds of dollars on medicines. Then the wife of our druggist told me about FEEN-A-MINT. It is the only laxative I have used for 2 years and it has worked marvels. My husband says I'm like a different person. FEEN-A-MINT has done wonders for my little girl, too—now she eats like a child should because it keeps her regular as a clock.

**Pleasing taste makes FEEN-A-MINT easy to take**

Another experience typical of the hundreds of people who write us gratefully about the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given them. FEEN-A-MINT is not only positive in its purpose but a pleasing and delicious chewing gum. That is why it's so easy to take—children love it. And because you *chew* it the laxative works more evenly through the system and gives more thorough relief without griping or binding. Next time you need a laxative get FEEN-A-MINT. 15 and 25¢ at your druggist's. Used by over 15,000,000 people.



**CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE**  
FOR MORE EFFECTIVE RELIEF. THE CHEWING MIXES THE LAXATIVE WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS IT NATURALLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM... THAT'S WHY FEEN-A-MINT IS SO THOROUGH.

**FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF  
CHEW YOUR  
LAXATIVE**

**FEEN-A-MINT**  
THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE



# What's New on Radio Row Continued

**P**OOOR old Rubinoff. Just when he had everyone convinced that he was a maestro, Eddie Cantor began pricking his bubble with well aimed gags. Now sponsors are angling to have him the star stooge on another program, and they don't care whether he brings his violin with him or not, as long as he keeps his Russian accent.

**W**ILLARD ROBISON probably led as colorful a life in his earlier days as any two-fisted, two-handed drinking cowboy of the old West. Here's one story he told us the other day.

"I stopped off in a town in Mexico while I was sort of troubadouring my way around. The town consisted of two saloons and a hotel. I made the mistake of picking a saloon run by some cattle rustlers.

"Each rustler, as the evening wore on, turned out to have his own favorite he wanted me to sing, and he had a big, well worn six shooter to back up his request.

"As I recall that songfest, it lasted until noon the next day. I'd lost a good night's sleep, my voice and darn near my life."

**I**T was reported here by Mercury last September that Hollywood celebrities were preparing to take radio sponsors for all the tariff would bear for appearances on the air. "Advertisers will have to reward the flicker favorites with sums equalling a King's ransom" was what we said right in this space. Well, what has happened in the interval? Just what Mercury told you would happen.

Figures, they say, don't lie, so let's consult the records:

Mary Pickford collects \$5,000 every time she does a tabloid drama. That puts her in a class with Will Rogers, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn and Jack Benny, some of whom receive as much as \$6,500 a broadcast but have to pay for material and other talent out of that.

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone divided \$5,000 for a single air appearance. Jeanette MacDonald went on the Atwater Kent program one night and banked \$4,000 the next day. (Not so long ago Miss MacDonald was content with \$600 per broadcast.) Clark Gable got \$3,500 for a solo performance. Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore each nicked sponsors for \$6,500. Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland oblige for \$2,500 for the team. You can hire Irene Dunne, Adolphe Menjou and Leslie Howard at the same amount.

But you ain't heard nothin' yet—that's only the beginnin', as Captain Henry puts it. Greta Garbo has been offered \$25,000 for a 15-minute broadcast of a scene from one of her photoplays. And Mae West says \$10,000

would induce her to come up to the studio and do a broadcast some time. Gloria Swanson is asking \$6,000 a session and Shirley Temple, the child wonder, can be heard on the kilocycles any time a sponsor kicks in with \$5,000.

**L**ESSER lights like Lupe Velez, Bebe Daniels, Colleen Moore, James Dunn, Cary Grant, Adrienne Ames, Bruce Cabot, Ricardo Cortez and Douglas Montgomery may be lured to a microphone upon receipt of \$1,000. Then there is still a larger group whose broadcast salaries run from a few hundred to just short of \$1,000 a showing. Among them may be listed Ginger Rogers, Reginald Denny, June Knight, Ralph Bellamy, Genevieve Tobin, Stuart Erwin, Alice White, Ralph Forbes, Paul Lukas, Marian Nixon, Bob Armstrong, Gene Raymond, Gloria Stuart, Heather Angel and a host of others.

With such sums as these to be picked up for a few minutes pleasant work on the air—all supplementary, of course, to already substantial picture incomes—is it any wonder that the Hollywood stars still believe in Santa Claus? They



Above, Joe Penner fell for Patricia Ellis' charms when he journeyed to Hollywood for work in Paramount's "College Rhythm."



Right, what's time to an Ace? Jane and Goodman don't think much of pushing it back in their Easy Aces program.



Left, Mary Pickford, Warren William, Louella Parsons, Dick Powell, Claudette Colbert were at the premier of "Hollywood Hotel" on the coast not long ago.



Right, The Studebaker 'Champions' bandleader, Richard Himber, shows one of his featured singers, Peg La Centra, a thing or three about the tricky job of putting over a song.



Jack Benny (below) finds a moment of leisure from his work in a Broadway show and his own Sunday night hour. Home sweet home has lost most of its meaning for the busy humorist these winter days.



Left, Bing Crosby had a guest on a recent Woodbury program. Vincent Lopez, when he went to Hollywood, looked up his old companion in arms the first thing.

to make another "fireside chat" to the nation is Colonel Louis McHenry Howe, his confidential aide and adviser. "Little Louey," as he is affectionately called by the Washington correspondents, is a former newspaper man who nominally is a member of the President's secretarial staff. Colonel Howe, a past master of publicity, has found the radio, properly used, is the Administration's greatest instrument in acquainting the country with its plans and purposes. But the little Colonel is very careful to space the "fireside chats" so that Roosevelt's visits to the home are not too frequent. He is taking no chances on the President wearing out his welcome as a visitor.

**WHICH** reminds Mercury of an incident throwing a sidelight on the personality of the Radio President. The other day Colonel Howe and David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America and as such the Big Boss of the National Broadcasting Company, were descending in an elevator in Radio City.

"Please stop at the mezzanine," Sarnoff directed the operator.

"Can't, sir," returned that worthy; "we don't stop there—it's our orders."

"And it's my order that you stop," said Sarnoff, somewhat sharply.

The elevator man paid not the slightest heed but took his car through to the ground floor, much to the chagrin of Sarnoff but to the amusement of Colonel Howe.

Two days later Mr. Sarnoff received a letter from F. D. R. "I should be very glad, indeed," was what the Chief Executive said in substance, "to use my influence as President of the United States to persuade your elevator attendants to obey your instructions as



know that benevolent old gentleman, without his whiskers, is none other than A. Radio Sponsor.

**GEORGE F. McClelland**, former vice-president and general manager of the National Broadcasting Company, shocked Radio Row by sending a bullet crashing through his brain. McClelland, one of the ablest and best liked of radio executives, was trying to form another national network at the time of the tragedy. He was the originator of the American system of broadcasting; 'way back in 1922 he secured the first sponsor for a commercial program when he was in charge of Station WEAJ, then owned by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

**THE** man who decides when it's time for President Franklin D. Roosevelt

president of the Radio Corporation of America, if you so desire."

#### SOCIETY CHATTER

**VIRGINIA REA**, once known to listeners as "Olive Palmer" when she sang with Frank Munn whose nom de song was "Paul Oliver," is a recent bride. She married Edgar Sittig, a radio 'cellist. This is Virginia's second adventure into matrimony. . . . Jeanie Lang and the young man she introduces as her brother, Arthur, seem very devoted. So devoted, in fact, that a Radio Row rumor that Artie is really her hubby finds credence in many quarters.

Kenneth Roberts, the CBS announcer, and June White are severing the ties that bind, via the divorce courts. The gossip is that June will wed John Brown, the air actor, as soon as the decree becomes (Continued on page 67)



# SCOOP!

## Why CAP'N HENRY Really Quit the SHOWBOAT

**W**HY has the most popular program in America—a program with over a million enthusiastic followers—lost its most popular star? Why did Captain Henry leave the Showboat? And has he quit radio for good?

In the answers to these questions which Captain Henry himself gave as he sat backstage of the new Amsterdam Theater in New York lies one of the most significant stories in radio.

The genial, ruddy faced master of ceremonies has deserted the microphone and has gone back to the legitimate stage on which he was starred for so many years.

Gone back because, in comparison to the theater, he found radio a baby which was unwilling to grow up as he thought it should grow up. Yet, happy in his new work, he still nourishes a burning desire to do in radio what he has planned and worked for since his advent on the air more than two years ago.

With grievances against microphone practices he has observed and objected to tumbling from his lips, he still maintained the major theme of his complaints, which was—to go back to radio and present a show of his own making, under his own name, Charles Winninger, with talent that he himself has selected, and with directorial guidance from proven geniuses of the theater.

"I quit radio," he began his explanation, "because I could no longer resist the temptation of returning to stage work which is still my first love, and because, naturally enough, I was offered more money.

"But," he went on, "the prime consideration was not the salary involved. It was, rather, because there were so many things I wanted to do in radio which I could not carry out under the terms of my then existing contract with the Showboat.

"I know what I think should be done with programs over the air. Until I can go back and present such programs, I am more happy on the stage, where I feel that entertainment is still better presented than in radio.

"It is my own belief—shared with others from the theater, I am sure—that radio is today just as stubborn as Hollywood was ten years ago in regard to legitimate stage talent. 'We don't want any of the stars from the theater' radio officials say. 'What do they know about radio?'

"But radio is going to do a complete turnabout. It can't be long before audiences will begin to demand such im-

proved entertainment as the Lux Radio Theater provides. There will come a time when money will have to give way to artistry, as was the case in movies, when talent from the stage will be accepted at its face value."

This interview was taking place in the dressing room one rickety flight up from the stage of the theater. The air was heavy with the smell of grease paint, and from the distance came a faint rumbling as scenery was hoisted into place.

Charles Winninger was no longer the booming, romantic figure of a showboat captain whose calls for "Curtain" rang down Thursday night radio programs for two years. He was, instead, once more simply an actor. A worn, grey wool, crew necked sweater, grease stained brown pants, and scuffed boxing shoes testified to the work in which he was plunged.

"One more thing I want to do in radio," he began again, after a momentary pause to light a cigarette, "is to keep the character of Captain Henry alive for all the Showboat fans who continue to write in about him.

**W**HEN I first went to my sponsors and gave them my sixty-day notice that I was leaving, the plan was to let Captain Henry die, but the protests from the first program I missed flooded in so rapidly, the plan had to be changed.

"Then the script men hit on the idea of having Captain Henry married. You see, all of us Henrys are supposed to be descended from Patrick Henry. That way, my brother George Henry can be substituted in my place.

"Remember that Lanny Ross came from Hollywood to share in the marriage celebration over the air? Well, according to the script, Captain Henry is now back on the farm in the mid west with his bride, Nancy. That way, the character is kept alive.

"The Maxwell House people are even planning to bring a microphone into my dressing room so that I can say 'Howdy' to the Showboat listeners every few weeks and convince them that Captain Henry has not been lost to them.

"I have learned in my broadcasts (*Continued on page 76*)



While breaking down and confessing his reasons for leaving the air, Charles Winninger discloses what's wrong with radio today

By NORTON RUSSELL

Puzzled by the mistakes studios insist on making, Cap'n Henry has gone back to his first love, the stage. Inset shows him at the happy celebration of the Showboats' second birthday before anyone knew he was soon to desert radio.





# SUBJECT: OBJECT:

Leap on your fiery steeds,  
you Galahads — for this  
dainty Southern lady sits  
at home with her knitting  
(no kidding) and dreams!





# Frances Langford Matrimony


**I**T'S eight p. m. at the Langford's.

Panic In A Penthouse would be putting it too mildly. Swain Dumped On Head Off Fortieth Floor Terrace is a little more like the spirit of the thing. For you see, the Princess in the Tower, who happens to be star songstress for NBC's Colgate House Party program, is also a mite of a Florida gal with her very own, determined idea of what a Sir Galahad ought to be. And until He charges up on his fiery steed the rest of the boys may as well take their marbles and play somewhere else, so far as she is concerned.

Witness the priceless pandemonium about to take place in the former Arthur William Brown penthouse, which houses Mrs. Langford, big brother Jimmy and shy little Frances of the torch-blue notes. Just as sure as the sun plops down behind the Hudson River skyline the chaos sets in as a regular nightly procedure. Langford mère assigns herself to one of the 'phones, a tortoise-rimmed secretary to another. A maid and an extra elevator man hound the main entrance. With gesticulations akin to those very ones the Spider used to invite the Fly into the parlor, brother Jimmy warms up in case the show requires a special bouncing act. Bells, buzzers, knocks, buzzers and bells—until

finally you are forced to retreat to the roof garden and shut yourself under the black velvet awning of Manhattan to hear yourself talk.

Riot? Reds? Cops? Oh no, none of those, even if the tamest one of them would afford a delightful change any



NBC's soloist on those Colgate House Party programs is all set, hope chest 'n' everything, for the man who'll come along. So we've arranged a wedding ring for her.

old night. It's just the usual 8 p. m. trek, so help me, of New York's young eligibles Who Met Miss Langford At The So And Sos And Would Like To Speak To Her, or Come Up or Witness Her Broadcast. Or Just Tell Me If She's In. Or When Do You Expect Her Back? Or Well, I'll Leave My Number, Please—even that. Merely several dozen young men trying desperately to date up the keenest eye-ful they've seen come out of the South yet.

All of this time, as calmly as though nothing at all were going on, Frances has been curled up in her favorite white leather armchair, a narrow blue ribbon tied about her mop of black curls to keep them out of her eyes. She puts two fat wooden knitting needles through their paces at a leisurely rate, counting thoughtfully the pattern of one perl and two straights. Finally, in sheer amazement at her complete tranquility and unconcern, you ask her, by way of conversation, where she ever located such a gorgeous shade of aquamarine bouclé.

**S**HE placidly comments without looking up, "Oh, I found it in a funny little shop in Greenwich Village. Only two more rows of pineapple crochets on this and I'll have the skirt finished."

As unperturbed as that a glamorous lady simply knits and talks, for all the chaos going on via telephone and door. As calm as that—when you or I would have left that chocolate ice box cake just *stranded* on the table after dinner in order to grab some fresh mascara before The Onrush.

Don't misunderstand Frances Langford. There's not a really snobbish, indifferent fibre in the whole weave of her warm personality. Bright lights and gay places and the companionship of men have their quota of her life. They always have occupied a large portion of her time. But suppose, for three years now, you'd wanted oh! so desperately to fall in love—and all the arrows you rated from Cupid were a bunch of substitute brands! Nice, handsome, clever brands indeed—but not The Real Thing. You'd be a little peeved yourself, now wouldn't you? And you'd be tired of the Merry-Go-Round, even as La Langford is. For somewhere along the course of fame and glamour there comes enough of such dates as these. And a girl begins to think of bedspreads and tea towels and living-room drapes.

Frances is waiting for Him she says. Furthermore she's very sure she'll know him the first time she meets him. Right now, if she's seemingly unconcerned with love, it's because she *knows* she's not yet found him. And all the rest, try as she will, fail to matter a great deal.

A lady cloisters herself high over New York and looks about a wee bit impatiently. For, the truth be out, the lady had decided a career's not everything—*Frances Langford wants to get married!*

She told me about it while we waited in Studio 8-G for the Colgate House Party principals to begin rehearsal.

I had watched her cross the room to speak to the production man on the show. Such a little thing she is to have so much fame heaped about her! (Continued on page 66)

by MARY WATKINS REEVES









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by MARY WATKINS REEVES



# IM

Do you ever regret your sins  
of commission and omission?  
The radio stars do—plenty!

by MARY JACOBS



"If only I hadn't  
left Jack Benny—"  
Mary Livingstone  
wails shamefacedly.

**I**F only I hadn't left Jack Benny and run home to mother," Mary Livingstone wails.

"If only I hadn't sworn at the Benton and Bowles executive who handles radio stars' contracts," Fred Allen confesses sadly.

"If I hadn't lost my temper completely——" Gladys Swarthout says.

"If I hadn't been so pigheaded and refused to listen to my wife, I'd be \$15,000 wealthier," Phil Dwyer admits shamefacedly.

Forlorn regrets all? Bitter confessions of past mistakes they've made that cause them to blush with shame today? Yes. For the stars, being only human, have made the same mistakes you and I have: they have lied and cheated and been cowards, too.

There was a time, eight years ago, when Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone came back from their honeymoon. Jack was touring the West Coast in vaudeville and Mary, well, she was spending her days sitting alone in a hotel, wondering what Jack was doing, whether he loved her, what show-girl was making eyes at him. In other words, she was making herself perfectly miserable.

Now you can't be unhappy without taking it out on someone and Jack was the goat. Every day he'd come home to a scrap and he'd leave in the morning puzzled why any man was fool enough to get married.

One night when he got home Mary was particularly peevish, just aching for an argument. Her eyes alighted on



Tony Wons (center)  
wanted to become a  
Shakespearean actor but  
when his opportunity ar-  
rived—he was a coward!

Was Fred Allen's face  
red that morning he lost  
his temper when he heard  
that strange voice on the  
other end of the phonel



# SO ASHAMED OF MYSELF!

his tie. "Where did you get that horrid thing?" she asked.

Tired and angry, Jack snapped back at her: "If you don't like my ties you don't have to wear them. I've been buying my own ties for almost thirty years and I think I can pick them without your help."

"I wouldn't wear it to a dog show," Mary said heatedly. "I wouldn't insult our porter by offering him it."

That was enough, too much. One word led to another and it ended by Mary's packing her grip and leaving for home and mother in Los Angeles. "If you gave me the moon and the stars, Jack Benny, I wouldn't come back to live with you," was her parting shot.

Back home she had plenty of time to think things over. How silly she had been, and what a horrible wife she had made Jack. Instead of encouraging him she had nagged, scolded, flared up if he as much as smiled a greeting at one of the girls in his troupe. Mary saw her conduct with detachment for the first time, and was thoroughly ashamed. When Jack followed her home at the end of his booking, she was more than ready to kiss and make up and start things all over again—and to behave differently. They did—and neither has regretted it since.

## SAY FAMOUS RADIO STARS

**P**HIL DUEY, the Philip Morris baritone, still squirms when you mention his famous "get-rich-quick" business venture. Back in the pre-stock-crash days, when everything was booming and money seemed just made to be invested, one of Phil's friends introduced him to an advertising man whose specialty was inventing novel showcards and boxes. Undoubtedly the man was a genius, for several big companies like Heinz and Kraft-Phoenix were bidding for his ideas.

The one flaw was that the inventor, like most geniuses, was a very poor business man and never could keep his hands on money. Now he needed \$15,000 to go ahead with his orders. The sky was the limit on their profits, if Phil would invest that \$15,000 and come in as a partner.

His glowing accounts of the future thrilled Phil and he ran home to tell his wife, Catherine, of the proposition. She wasn't convinced. "I don't care how much money he says you can make," she insisted, "you admit he isn't a good business man and you don't know anything about business. You've never tried to run a plant. (Continued on page 57)

Speaking of that incident, fifteen years ago, Ralph Kirbery says, "Let me tell you, I feel mighty cheap about the whole business. That's one time I fell plenty short."

Her husband, Frank Chapman, has an interesting explanation for Gladys Swarthout's strange actions at Central City, Colorado.





# Phil BAKER'S



**A** MAN and woman leaned over a crib in a luxuriously appointed room. Their hands touched. The woman smiled sweetly; the man's glance flitted from her pretty golden head to the little, pink, gurgling bundle of humanity, clutching tightly a big brown teddy bear. "Good night, sweetheart. Sleep tight," the mother murmured. Hand in hand, silently, the couple tip-toed from the room.

Miles away, over the sea, twinkling lights like a long necklace of iridescent gems marked the shore of Long Island, receding in the distance. The stillness was broken by the rhythmic splash of the ship's prow, as the *Conte de Savoia* cut through the waves.

"It was a long time, Phil—but it's been worth waiting for, hasn't it?" the woman said tenderly.

"Two years—lovely years," the man responded. "Are you happy darling?" She snuggled closer to him in reply, and together they looked out over the black ocean.

**P**HIL and Peggy Baker had waited two long years for this, their honeymoon. A honeymoon for three now, for asleep in their suite on the huge liner, carrying them off to sunny southern Italy, lay little ten-months-old Margot Eleanor Baker.

Months of planning, many disappointments, disappointments bravely borne, had gone before this voyage. From the day when lovely Peggy Cartwright, talented British actress, had whispered a shy "yes" to the ardent wooing of the famous comedian, over a cozy after-the-theatre midnight supper, the two had hoped and planned for this trip to Italy. Together they had pored over steamship folders, computed costs, talked of places they would visit, the sights they would see. Together they rehearsed over and over

again, the magic weeks which lay before them, wandering hand in hand through quaint streets, gazing at the splendors of ruined Rome, lying close together on warm, sunny Italian sands, beneath a benign sunny Italian sky—alone, just the two of them, far from the prying eyes and gossiping tongues of Broadway.

For the gossiping tongues of Broadway had been cruel to the fresh young love of Peggy and Phil. Along New York's Main Stem, the whimsical Baker was known to fellow Broadwayites as a confirmed bachelor, if something of a Don Juan. Theatre doormen prepared for an influx of fair visitors back-stage when Baker was booked into their houses, but seldom was he seen twice with the same girl. When his first marriage to a Follies girl crashed with a splintering noise which broke out in an epidemic of sensational Page-One notoriety, Broadway stood behind the sad-eyed jester to a man, and applauded loudly when the courts of justice exonerated him from all stigma. And when Phil emerged from the wreckage with a devil-may-care smile, tinged with the bitterness of disillusionment, his erst-while companions welcomed him back joyously to the bachelor fold.

And when Phil said: "Maybe I'll get married some day, when I'm ready to settle down, but when I do, it won't be a girl in show business. You can take all the one to two you can find on that," those same companions chorused

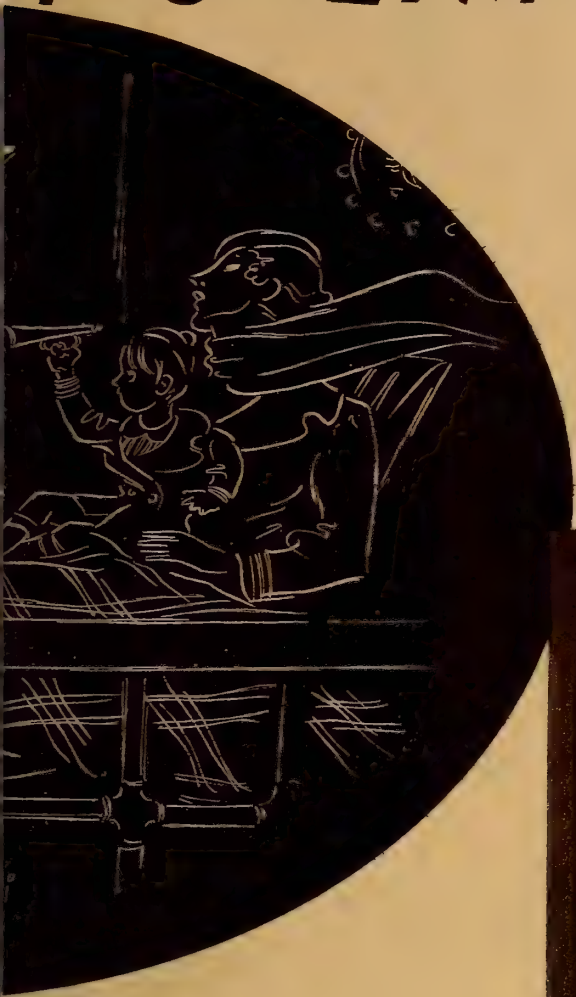


# HONEYMOON FOR THREE

A belated honeymoon,  
but to Peggy and Phil it  
was worth waiting for

by RUTH GERI

Opposite page, baby Margot Eleanor  
seems to be following in her father's foot-  
steps; below, Phil and his wife, Peggy.



approval of such well conceived plans.

And when Phil Baker, out on a party with Clayton, formerly one of the trio of Clayton, Jackson and Jimmy Durante, and Ben Bernie dropped in one night to "catch" the newest Broadway show, the musical comedy success *Americana* and promptly became stricken with a burning desire to meet the one glamorous girl he had singled out from all the beauteous creatures there on the stage, his friends merely winked knowingly and thought: "Just another one of Phil's crushes—Phil's in the follies again."

But when Phil sought out the producer of *Americana* and persuaded him to give him a part in the show and when Phil joined the cast, accepting one half of the figure he had been receiving in vaudeville, his friends began to worry and sophisticates along the White Way to whisper. And when Baker managed to be introduced to the Miss Cartwright and fanned their acquaintance-ship into a budding romance with his attentions, gossips set their tongues a-wagging in earnest. Phil was called a "sucker" and "a fool."

(Continued on page 58)











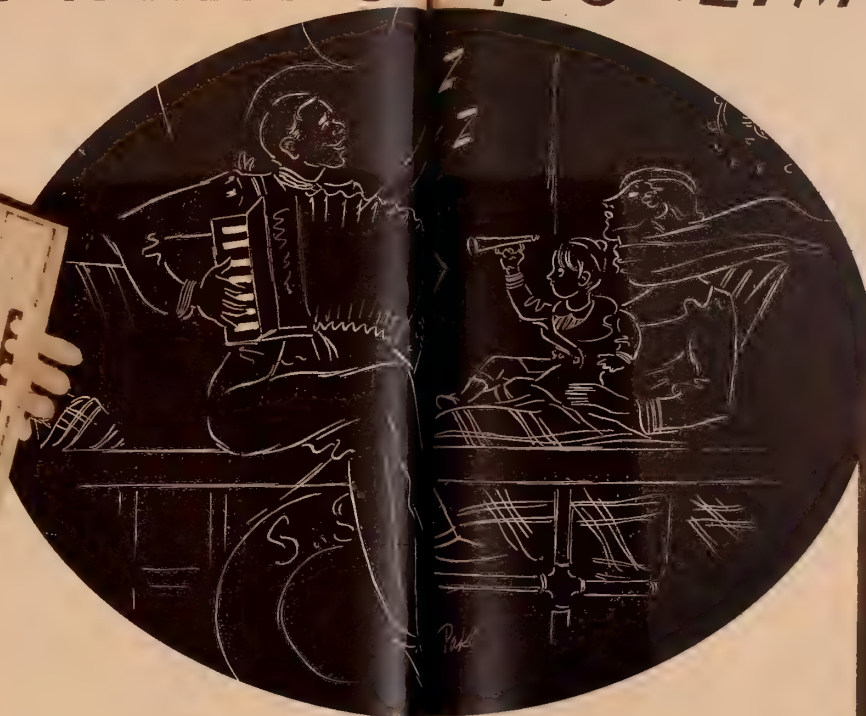
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(Continued on page 58)







ILLUSTRATION  
by CARL  
LINK

# My Own SPY Stories

By Captain TIM HEALY

This popular radio star reveals his secret adventures when he served as a British Intelligence Officer combatting espionage

*Editor's Note: In this first of a series of romantic adventures which the star of the Ivory Stamp Club has recalled for RADIO MIRROR readers, can be found the key to the man himself, the personality of a war-time spy who still had time to keep alive his burning interest in stamp collecting. The easiest way to understand a person is to let him talk. Here Captain Healy will set down true tales which he lived through during the grey days of the Great War. Glamorous, exciting, but not all blood and thunder was the life of a man attached to Intelligence Headquarters, and, as he explains in his first spy story, a life filled with amusing incidents, queer quirks of fate, and lucky breaks.*

**O**UR company in 1916 was luckier than most. We were billeted in the northern part of France, comfortably away from the front lines, at Thiennes, a village which had escaped the ravage and destruction which had come to the rest of the country. Soft meadows, stately old trees, and grazing herds still greeted the eye, and, strangest of all, for those who had full pockets—good champagne.

Not a shell had fallen within five miles of us, until today, and that was all the distance that separated





Thiennes from the front lines. Now, suddenly, this day late in November, all hell broke loose without warning.

Five point two's, or Crumps, as we called them because of the peculiar sound they made when they hit, began exploding on all sides. They're big shells, as big as any that were used those days, and the funny part of it is, the fire seemed concentrated on one spot.

The wrong spot, too, for us. We'd barely completed work on a secret group of shiny, menacing long range guns which threw a shell a good ten miles. Neatly camouflaged they were, completely hidden from observers in the air. Unknown to the enemy, they would lie there until the day the attack should swing in this direction, when they would rise to view and deal out sudden death.

Then Wham! These Crumps came along and wiped out the fruit of our labors and our hopes of taking the Germans unawares. Of course, those direct hits might have been lucky shots, but it didn't look that way. It seemed more like the work of some spy in Thiennes who had managed to tip off German gunners about the location of that battery.

But how was the spy, if there was one, operating? Those of us attached to Intelligence, at least those of us not on duty, went to work. If there was a spy in our ranks, we'd have to ferret him out.

Spying is a funny thing. An outsider always considers it the most dangerous sport in the world. As a matter of fact, I've never thought it any more dangerous than walking down the main street of your home town. You can never tell when someone might jump out of a window on top of you. It's the same way in the spy game. You can never tell when you might run into someone with an itching trigger finger. But the odds are all in your favor. That is, if you're half way careful.

That first night when the shells boomed over the lines

and smashed our new battery, we gathered in the village inn to talk it over. It was no secret among the villagers as to what had happened. Most of them had seen us at one time or another hard at work building the big guns into place.

Five of us there were, with our beer or wine: Tomlinson, Johnson, Connor, Jacques Renee, and myself. Those aren't their real names, but they'll serve the purpose of the story.

Johnson and Renee were the two closest friends I had just then. Johnson and I had been in the Dardenelles at the battle of Gallipoli where we won our Gold A's which designated us as Anzacs. Anzacs were Australians who had come out alive from that fight.

I'd heard that there was a well-known stamp collector in the village and I looked him up shortly after our arrival in Thiennes. He turned out to be Jacques Renee. Jacques was a courteous, richly dressed old Frenchman, whom I liked immediately. I've never seen a better book of old French stamps than he showed me. We'd sit around discussing them by the hour.

I was interested in stamps even then. I had been, in fact, since I was a kid in Australia. To me, it's the most fascinating hobby in the world. That's why I'm so pleased with my present Ivory Stamp Club program, since it gives everyone writing in to me a free album with fifty free stamps to get him started.

**A**S I was saying, five of us were talking about that mysterious shelling of our secret battery and how the Germans could have learned of it and its exact location.

"Maybe someone has been signalling at night with a

**Making my way to the welcome shelter of the cold wall of the hut, I peered through the cracks in the tar-covered door. The spy was inside. Now my job was to take him alive!**



lantern," Connor suggested. I'd already thought of that. It was an old trick. If you practiced long enough, you could use the Morse code with a lantern.

"Or perhaps clothes out to dry," Jacques added. I'd also been warned of that. Clothes hung on the line in a certain pattern often meant a prearranged signal to a German plane flying over the village.

They were both possibilities, yet it didn't seem possible to me at the time that it was a villager who was doing the spying. I knew most of them personally and had investigated them all without finding any clues.

In the next few days, we moved the location of the battery twice and tried rounding up any strangers in the village. A day or two after each new gun was hoisted in position it was smashed into tiny pieces. Our commander appeared on the verge of insanity. Those long rangers the Germans were destroying were costing plenty of money, and trouble was brewing for us, unless we located the source of the German information and shut it off.

**T**HE afternoon after the third bombing, having nothing better to do, I headed out along a back lane that led sometimes toward the front, sometimes toward nowhere.

Even in late fall, the countryside was beautiful. Splashes of green showed clear in the soft light, and the poplars swayed gracefully in the wind, their bronzed leaves swirling aimlessly as they fell. Winter clouds raced along the sky, heavy with a promise of rain. It was as peaceful a spot as I'd found since leaving Australia.

Half dreaming, I walked as far as a canal which sauntered through the fields, a good two miles from Thiennes. Eventually, it found its way into the German lines, but here it was only used by fishermen and idlers.

I turned to go back—it was already growing chilly—when the flicker of sunlight on a wet oar caught my attention and I stopped out of idle curiosity to see who was coming.

A moment later, around a bend in the canal, my old friend Jacques popped into view. He was rowing leisurely in a flat bottomed skiff he'd found somewhere. I waved to him, and called a greeting which he answered. Then I



**Captain Tim Healy, born in 1892 in Australia, enlisted at twenty-two for the World War, served with distinction at Gallipoli, Egypt, Belgium, Flanders, and France. Decorated by King George the Fifth with the Order of the British Empire. Since has traveled in every country in the world. Radio career began on a single New York station, netting nearly a million fan letters over a period of a year. Spent his time during the war tracking down enemy spies and doing spy work himself.**

turned again to go.

I'd taken about twenty steps when I heard the deep throated roar of an airplane. It was flying low. Probably one of our boys looking for a landing place in one of the nearby fields. I shrugged my shoulders and glanced up to see who it was.

Muffling a shout, I dove full into a ditch at the side of the road, not caring just then about the rocks and thorns which filled it. And none too soon. As I lay partly shielded by the weeds, the shadow of a black cross flitted over me. An enemy plane!

Risking a burst of machine gun fire, I raised myself on one elbow and gaped at this daring aviator. What was he doing over Thiennes, in-

side our lines? Would he see Jacques rowing down the canal? From my vantage spot I watched him as he leaned over the left side of the fuselage, a small bundle in his hand.

This might be the answer to my questions. I sat upright and saw the package drop like a plummet. The plane swerved into a vertical ascent. Then he hadn't seen me! I drew a deep breath and watched for the package to hit the ground. One, two, minutes passed. The package had mysteriously disappeared, seemingly in mid air.

I lay quiet for a moment, afraid that perhaps the plane might return. Then, before I could make certain, I heard the creaking of oar locks. It was my friend again.

Choking back my first instinctive cry of warning, I wormed up closer to the canal. Directly opposite me, Jacques pulled up to the shore, threw a rope around a small tree, and clambered out. A moment later he was rapidly pulling himself into the upper foliage of a large poplar.

While I was dizzily wondering what Jacques was up to, he came back down, a package clutched firmly to his chest. I saw then that it was the same package the German aviator had dropped overboard a few minutes ago!

Without a backward glance, Jacques jumped into the skiff and pushed off. I waited until he was a safe distance up stream before following him. It was hard going, half crawling, half running, taking advantage of every bit of cover that he might not detect me.

Finally I saw him pull up again and row into shore. Grounding his boat, he leaped (Continued on page 77)





# WHAT THE SHADOW REALLY LOOKS LIKE

When it comes to producing eerie sounds, radio has few rivals. Perhaps the weirdest and most effective so far is the blood curdling heh-hehs of The Shadow who mocks and snarls for CBS audiences. This is the first portrait of him. At first we thought of publishing just the cloak without The Shadow, but those bright eyes you can't see were too intriguing.

*Portrait by  
Bert Lawson*





## WILL ROGERS

Will has just finished his first fall series of programs as salty Sunday commentator for Gulf Oil. He withdraws in favor of Stoopnagle, Budd and the organ, but he will star again in another six-week period. Of course, that's the Missus with him, left, his most able critic.





## GRACIE ALLEN

The Lombardos are gone, but Gracie goes on forever —now in the swell "Adventures of Gracie." The same old husband and a lot of new jokes make Gracie very happy about having so wisely chosen as smart a partner and husband as George Burns for herself.



## VERA VAN

No one expects more of a blonde than a trim figure and pretty features, but Vera is the exception. CBS took this songstress to its ample bosom some few years ago and hasn't let her go since.







## LORETTA POYNTON

Loretta came straight from the middle west to install herself in *The House By the Side of the Road*. Now you can hear her dramatize when Tony Wons isn't reciting. A swell microphone voice!



The old musical ghost writer came out of darkness into light when he threw up his job as Paul Whiteman's arranger and seized a baton instead. His band is so good even Ferde, Jr., doesn't criticize.

## FERDE GROFE and SON







## BOAKE CARTER

The only buzzing Philco does these days is done by none other than English speaking, news commentating Boake Carter. Boake's popularity, clipped accents and all, is growing with every broadcast.





# 'I Can't says BING

The ever popular Bing was snapped in an off-moment when he managed to break away from the movie and radio studios. The lady is his wife, Dixie.

a grand guy, that can be done almost endlessly.

Take this matter of his success, for example. Success does, say what you will, spoil most people. For one thing, it protects them from having to be

polite, from having to conceal that they're bored when they are, from having to be considerate of the other person's feelings, even when the other person is over-sensitive and a little silly about getting hurt. It makes them a little hard, and a little grand, and a little showoffish.

It's done just the opposite to Bing. He's twice as kind hearted, and much quieter, and infinitely simpler now that he knows he's rich for life, and everlastingly famous.

What's the secret of it? His shrewdness, I think, and his good heart.

Bing will be the first to tell you that transgression used to be his middle name. He went out night after night and got a nose full and ended up mornings with a bitter taste, a bitter outlook and not one red cent. The only happiness he knew was the actual moments when he was singing, when he gave forth through song the pent-up unhappiness within his soul. He signed with this manager and that. He sang with bands and made records by the score. One night he even signed himself up to one man's management for life. He could hardly see to affix his wobbly signature, but the agent saw, and later a court saw, and it cost Bing more than \$50,000 to regain his freedom. He was young and he was heartsick and he was getting nowhere at all until he met a little blonde with the face of a child and the heart of a mother. Her name was Dixie Lee.

**D**IXIE was much more important than Bing in those days. She was ambitious, too. But after one look at Bing she decided she wanted him more than she wanted a career. And when Bing looked at her he decided he wanted her more than he wanted a drink, particularly since Dixie seemed not to care for him being unconscious about the place.

When they married the usual patter was written about how Dixie had reformed Bing, which is plain silly.

What happened to Bing was what happens to every one when love really comes to him. Bing's love reaffirmed the ideals he had once known, the illusions he still believed in but feared he had lost. He had been a very good little boy, brought up in the Church, who had confessed and taken many a communion, who had prayed and made novenas to the saints. With his marriage he returned to the simplicities of his Faith and the proven pattern of his childhood, with this change.

For the first time he sang, not alone with his heart, but with his head.

He began hunting not for new (Continued on page 69)

**B**ING CROSBY isn't retiring, either from the screen or the air, no matter what you hear.

For one thing, he loves to sing too much, and for another, "I've got family responsibilities now," he says and grins, thinking of the new twins.

Bing hasn't any radio rivalry with anyone, either, not even the much talked about hunting-for-distance-stations rivalry with Richard Arlen. His studio wanted to have a contest about that and Bing hunted around for a couple of nights for Honolulu, and points west, but then he let his search die into nothingness.

"All I really know about a radio is to stand before a mike and make a noise," Bing explains, "or sit home in the garage and plug the set into a wall socket. I didn't always have to sit in the garage, not until Dixie and the twins came home from the hospital. Then I was banished out with the cars because they said I was too much of a nuisance in the living room. Well, being put in the garage is better than being put in the dog house."

The reason stories like these, more or less without foundation, have been circulated about Bing is undoubtedly because papers feel they must have something to write about one of the most popular men on earth. The Crosby voice on the air waves stirs a million hearts, mostly feminine, to ecstasy. The Crosby pictures line them up at the box-offices in rows as deep as those for the Great God Gable. The Crosby records are the pet platters in a thousand parlors and moan nostalgically from scores of little radio stations across the continent all day long.

Bing is one of the biggest shots in three big worlds, but for those actions that mean space in the papers, for fits of temperament, or spending orgies, or wild life, you must look to a man more complex.

It is hard to make headlines of a happy man. But when it comes to rave stuff, to piling up stories that make Bing



# Quit Now!"

## CROSBY

You've heard that Bing intended to retire, but when you have read this grand story of his life today you'll know why he can't

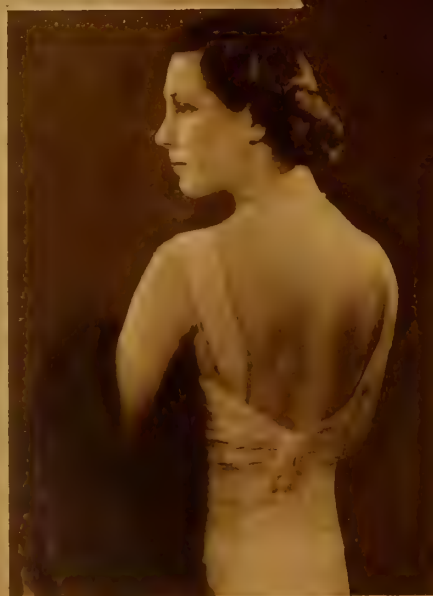
by RUTH WATERBURY





# gladys swarthout's own wardrobe

The glamorous star of NBC's Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre heard Tuesday nights, wears this simple afternoon frock of tobacco brown wool. It's an Elizabeth Hawes creation. Note the Russian influence in the wide sleeves and cowl neck. How do you like that new roof-top hat?



Photographs made  
Exclusively for  
RADIO MIRROR  
by  
NATIONAL PICTURES





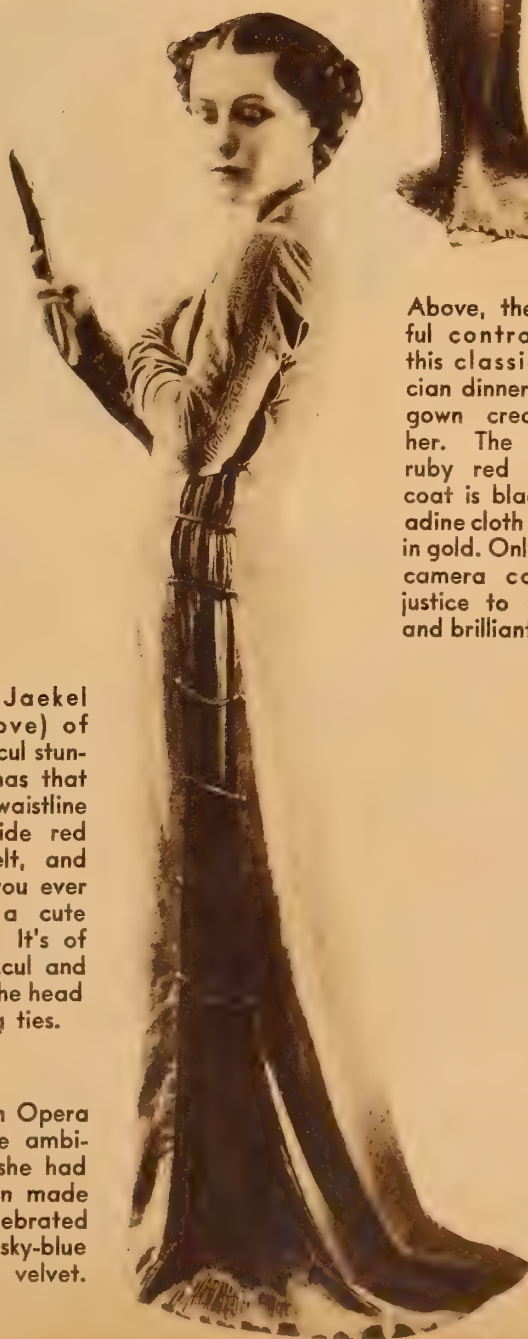
On the opposite page, Gladys Swarthout's newest evening gown of chartreuse pebbly crepe. It has a low bodice, a graceful train and is worn with a sable cape. Below it is a view showing the low square back. It's a Saks Fifth Ave. model.



Isn't her Jaekel coat (above) of black caracul stunning? It has that new snug waistline with a wide red leather belt, and (top) did you ever see such a cute little hat? It's of black caracul and is held on the head with long ties.



Above, the beautiful contralto had this classical Grecian dinner and tea gown created for her. The dress is ruby red and the coat is black Grenadine cloth stamped in gold. Only a color camera could do justice to the rich and brilliant shades.



Right, the Metropolitan Opera star realized a lifetime ambition this season when she had this medieval tea gown made for her by the celebrated Fortuny. It's a pale sky-blue shade of brocaded velvet.



# What Marriage



In Anita Fuhrmann, Jimmy has found everything he had ever dreamed about. It's a swell romance, folks. Read it!

## JIMMY WALLINGTON

**"This isn't a thrill marriage—  
I want a home and children,  
not a wife who works"**

**BY DORA**

**T**HE tall, slim man with blue eyes and light brown hair and the girl with melting brown eyes and dark hair came out of the theatre together. They walked side by side down the street, and anyone who had seen them together would have sighed, "what a perfect couple!"

The girl was perfectly dressed in immaculate sport clothes. Not a speck of dust marred the perfection of her ensemble. Her dark brown hair was beautifully arranged in a becoming wave. Not a hair was out of place.

Suddenly on the street before them passed a little ragamuffin, the dirtiest urchin you ever saw in your life. His clothes were in tatters, and covered with mud. He was bawling loudly, and the tears splashing down his cheeks left two streaks of white on his dirty little face.

The girl didn't hesitate a minute. She stopped before the little urchin, said something to him, then pressed his dirty, tear-stained cheek to her own olive cheek, and held out her arms to him. In a few minutes the urchin was standing there in the circle of her arms, and his bitter sobbing had ceased. The man stood by watching his eyes proudly fixed on that lovely girl.

The man was Jimmy Wallington, the announcer on Rudy Vallee's program and a half dozen others and straight man on Eddie Cantor's program, and the girl was Anita Fuhrmann, whom he recently married. The little urchin was a stranger to both of them, and the incident is a true one and happened during the days of their courtship.

"I don't remember what the child was crying about," Jimmy told me, "and I don't remember what Anita said to him, but whatever it was, it worked like magic and he

stopped crying. She handled the situation just as she does everything else, perfectly."

From which it's easy to guess that Jimmy Wallington is madly, overwhelmingly in love, and that at last he believes he has found the secret of all happiness.

Jimmy Wallington and Anita Fuhrmann were both married before they met each other. But in their previous marriages neither found that which they now find in each other. Long before they met each other, they knew that their marriages were hopeless.

"Though Anita has been on the stage all her life, that wasn't what she really wanted out of life," Jimmy told me. "She wanted the same things I want. Though she was in show-business, she has the least professional attitude of any girl I've ever met. She isn't (Continued on page 64)



# Means to:



Wide World

Do Don and Juliette look "washed up"? Take a good look at their beaming faces! Then read this revealing story about them.

## DON NOVIS

"Divorce? Why ridiculous!  
We just happen to believe  
in separate vacations"

### ALBERT

**L**IKE a bombshell the news hit Broadway.

"The Donald Novises have exploded!!" Ed Sullivan's column, "Broadway", in a newspaper with a circulation of over a million, broadcast the tidings.

Along Broadway people who knew Don Novis and his lovely titian-haired wife shrugged their shoulders, shook their heads.

"That's Broadway for you," they laughed cynically, "Broadway which goes to a man's head and gives him delusions of grandeur." And they wondered why the Don Novises had finally exploded. Had Don really gone high-hat? Was he deserting the woman who had helped him climb to success, who had gone through years of bitter struggle and poverty with him? Or was it Juliette's fault? Had she given him too darn much advice, tried to direct

his destiny more than any man with a man's pride could stand?

Here is the truth as Donald himself told it to me.

"The rumors are absolutely false," he said, his blue eyes blazing with indignation. "I went to visit an uncle in Canada and Juliette went to visit some relatives in Chicago. Right after that the newspapers announced that we were exploding. It's ridiculous. We happen to believe in separate vacations. This isn't the first time in our married life that we've taken them. I think it's a good thing for a husband and a wife to spend a couple of weeks a year away from each other, no matter how dearly they love one another. If you've ever been married you'll understand. If you haven't, when you do get married, try it sometime. It's a swell idea."

Donald Novis hates to see his marriage exposed to the pitiless glare of publicity. Time and again he has begged writers not to write about his marriage, for he feels the same superstitious dread that most people in show business feel of tempting the fates by boasting of their happiness.

Cruel and unjust are the rumors which intimate that Donald Novis has changed, that his success in radio has made him waver in the affection he feels for Juliette. There isn't an inch of high-hat about Donald. I think there never will be, because life branded him to deeply with the brand of poverty and struggle for him ever to forget. He has been too close to reality, and to the ragged edge of hunger.

Perhaps you know that his father was a poor shoe cobbler who journeyed from Hastings, England, where Donald was born, to Chapleau, in the wilds (Continued on page 65)





# BEHIND THE *Kate* MATINÉE

**F**LASH! It's ten to three and you're now standing outside Studio 4, on the top floor of Columbia Broadcasting, finishing a last cigarette, before going in to watch a Kate Smith matinee.

Today you're walking behind the scenes of an entirely different show. Today you're going to learn broadcasting secrets. For this is the new full-hour Wednesday afternoon program of which CBS is so proud, and no guests are allowed. But you're going in anyway.

Just push open that heavy, sound proofed door at the head of those steep stairs. Now step inside. You see violent, last-minute preparations that aren't in any radio script. The clock in the control room registers two minutes to three.

You hold your ears to shut out the bedlam and look around. This isn't like the enormous Columbia Playhouse or NBC guest studios at Radio City. A sign over the door warns that capacity is only 45 artists and guests. It's full already, then.

There's Kate Smith, smiling, shouting, frantically going over sheet music.

"Oh, Ted, what number are we playing after the waltz group?" she calls to her manager, Ted Collins, who is in his shirt sleeves and who seems very, very worried.

"It's not a song, it's a skit with Josephine," he calls back.

But it's three o'clock and no time to find out if Kate made the change in her script. Better get into the control room. See it? At the end of the studio, that wide, heavy glass panel separates it from the performers. Don't pay any attention to the engineer with the earphones. You won't bother him, unless you forget to whisper. He regulates the volume.

You slip into the narrow room and peek out. You can get a perfect view of the studio now. Kate and Ted are standing on the left side of the studio. A five-foot mike and a music rack just like the ones back in school are in front of them.

Past Kate and backed up a little stands Jack Miller, director of the twenty-piece orchestra down in front of him. He stands on the regular podium. (Continued on page 60)



HERE'S JUST ONE OF THE MANY THRILLS



# SCENES OF *Smith's* HOUR

Let's step inside studio 4 of  
CBS and learn some real  
secrets of this afternoon show

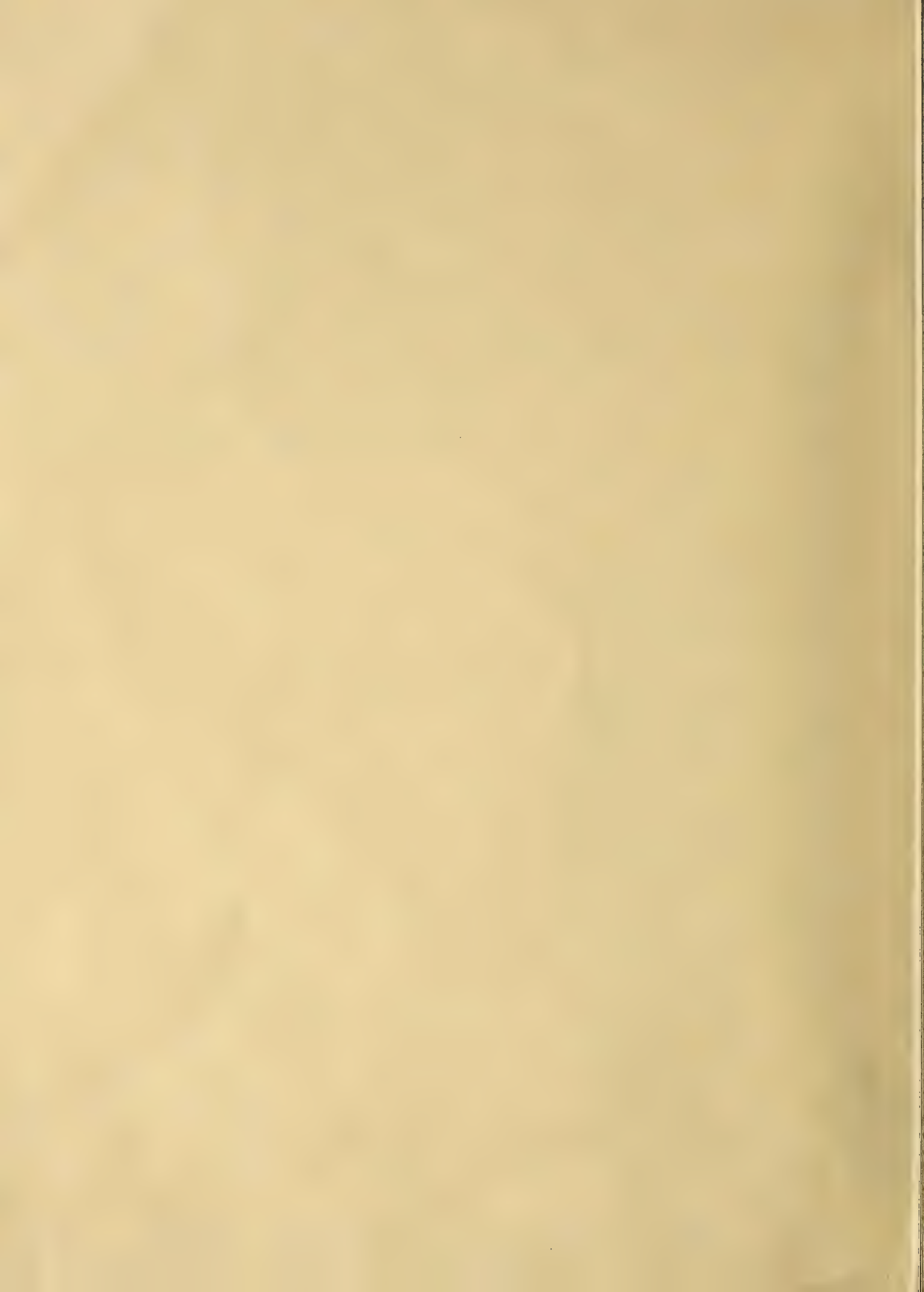
by FRED SAMMIS



● Upper left, Adelaide Moffet and Jack Smith. Adelaide is genuine society stuff, Park Avenue glitter and all. The choral group (upper right) snapped in action. Last and not least, Director Jack Miller, Kate herself and part of this most impressive orchestra.

THAT RADIO OFFERS FROM DAWN TO DUSK!









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HERE'S JUST ONE OF THE MANY THRILLS THAT RADIO OFFERS FROM DAWN TO DUSK!



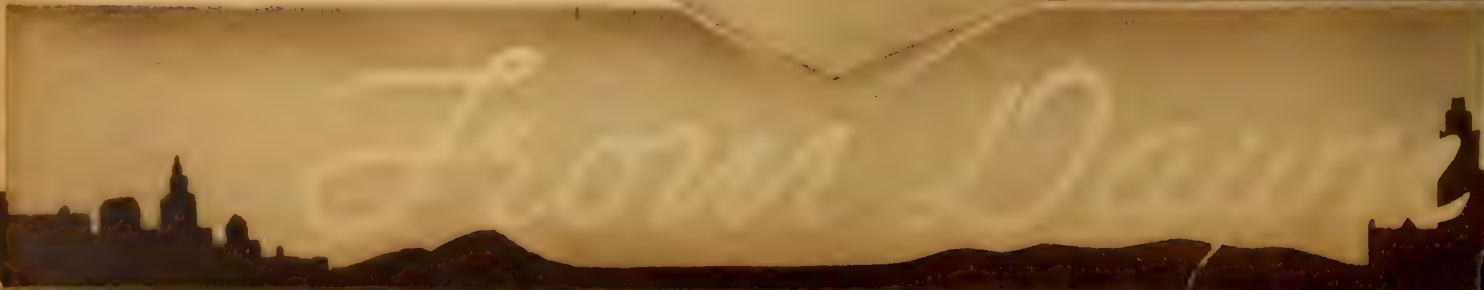
Clara, Lu an' Em,  
NBC's best morning  
bet for the winter,  
write their scripts at  
home and pay a mes-  
senger boy a dollar  
a day to carry them  
to a typist. They live  
in Evanston, a quiet  
suburb of Chicago.



Mary Small (right) is  
Little Miss Bab'O to  
thousands of fans who  
have voted her radio's  
best master of cere-  
monies. She sings, too,  
at every opportunity.



Above, Oxydol's own Ma  
Perkins, whose afternoon  
sketches set a comfort-  
able home note for listen-  
ing housewives, week days.





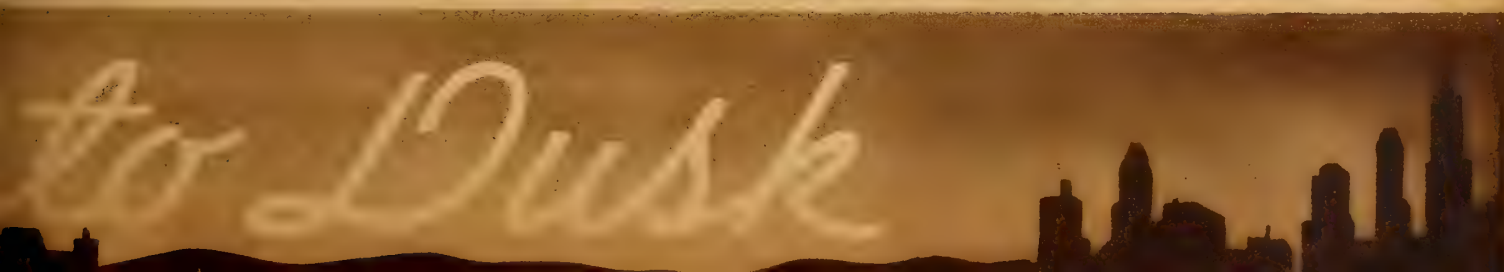
Emery Deutsch, as popular a violinist as draws bow to fiddle, plays several afternoons a week and just as often at night for late listeners-in. He has his own orchestra.

Below is part of the large cast of NBC's Radio Guild, Monday afternoon's hour feature for dramas.

## Learn to Know Your Day-Time Favorites as Brought to You by Radio Mirror's Cameramen Every Month

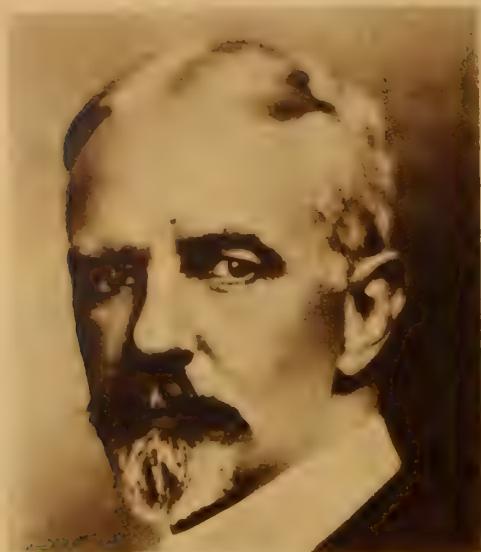
**O**LD-TIME minstrelsy is in full swing again. Between the hours of 9 and 10 on Mondays, over CBS, **Harry Von Zell** leads end men in their antics. . . . It won't be news if the popular morning team of **May Singhi Breen** and **Peter De Rose**, one of radio's oldest duets, breaks up before long. . . . The Mystery Chef is back for another winter season. You can catch him at 9:30 on a WEAF network. . . . Philadelphia must be waking up earlier these days. A CBS program, featuring Quaker City stage and screen personalities, sends a full hour show on Tuesdays between 9 and 10. . . . On Sundays at two, the Lux Radio Theater engages Broadway and Hollywood stars for hour dramas. It got off to a smashing start last month with **Miriam Hopkins** and **John Boles** playing "Seventh Heaven". . . . The Columbia Variety Hour has been switched to three o'clock, Tuesdays, in order to bolster up afternoon programs. . . . Marie, The Little French Princess, has brought back her troubles and joys to CBS at two in the afternoon.

Roses and Drums (right) has just as much action as this every Sunday when the North and South clash again in the dramatic War of the States.





# Is Radio Menacing



## "YES," says DR. CHARLES G. SHAW

Professor at New York University, and  
contributing author to Science-History of  
the Universe and Encyclopedia Britannica.

**I**S radio menacing civilization?

"Yes!" says Dr. Shaw. "By lowering our cultural standards, by affecting our health, and by menacing our property and lives, it presents a decided danger.

"Of course, it is mighty pleasant to sit before a fireplace on a cold night and relax while the radio entertains us without a bit of effort on our part. But think for a minute: what do you listen to, night after night? The few brain-building talks on the air? No. It's the crooning Bing Crosbys, the Your Lover sketches, the nitwit comedians that rank first.

"Yet listening to them repeatedly tends to dull one's power of concentration, to make flabby mental fibre.

"As to our health, even the doctors who utilize radio waves in surgery to cut away diseased tissue admit certain radio waves are dangerous to handle.

"General Electric Company engineers, while experimenting with short radio waves a few years ago, noticed that their temperature went up to 102 degrees, and they became feverish. And Dr. E. E. Manning, of the General Electric Company's research laboratory at Schenectady, said they could 'broadcast such a short wave length that the people in the neighborhood would have their blood temperature raised.' And he admitted the ray could be used to induce a high fever in human beings that would result in death." How can we foretell the effect of these radiations on you and me, and the man in the street, or when they will be used for destroying us in case of war?

"Navy experts claim that radio waves bring a new men-

ace to the sky," said Dr. Shaw, "for when powerful radio waves strike metal buildings, dirigibles, and ships, it is believed they produce sparks powerful enough to ignite the structures, under certain conditions.

"Perhaps you remember the ill-fated Akron, the huge show dirigible built by the United States Army, and how it flamed into a torch in the heavens, without any apparent cause? Or the British dirigible R-101, which fell a burning mass in France? Since the R-101 was fireproofed throughout, one of the theories for the disaster was that loose radio waves had struck the airship and set it afire.

**B**UT there is still another way that radio damages us, and that is through increasing noise around us. A physician's or a psychologist's opinion isn't needed to convince us that noise ruins our nerves, lowers our resistance, and makes it harder for us to think.

"Many of the ills of the big city are laid directly at the door of radio noises: they rush at you from all sides, from apartment houses, shops, restaurants, and taxis. Dr. E. E. Free, the expert on sounds, recently made a study of city noises. His conclusion was that while radio noises weren't the loudest of city noises, they were the most irritating. And experiments have shown that even (Continued on page 78)

ILLUSTRATION BY

## ARE RADIO WAVES DANGEROUS TO OUR WELFARE?



# cing Civilization?



## "NO," says DR. NICOLA TESLA

One of the world's most famous living inventors, and father of our system of transmission of power without wires.

**I**S radio menacing civilization?

"No!" says Dr. Tesla. "Wireless, or radio as it is now called, has already conferred benefits upon us so great that they are inestimable. And as it progresses, it will perhaps become the chief force driving Man onward."

Does it lower our cultural level? Affect our health disastrously? Does it menace our lives and property? Stuff and nonsense, according to Dr. Tesla.

"For the past thirty years," this man who has had more experience with wireless waves than any other living expert, told me, "I have maintained the chief cause of trouble on the earth is its immensity, which makes it so difficult for people to contact each other, to reach a mutual understanding. Anything that annihilates distance and time can't help but advance our civilization. And radio is the best time and distance killer we've ever had."

"And you can't blame lowering our culture on radio," he insists, "blame it on yourself and myself. The type of program that comes over the air is the type you and I want to listen to."

"There are several programs on the air today that can increase our knowledge. I myself have often profited from broadcasts, learned things I hadn't known before. If radio does anything at all, it should raise our cultural level, rather

than lower it. However, that depends upon the individual.

"As to the chance of your and my being hurt by radio waves, of the man in the street's being endangered by them, it is so infinitesimal that it is not worth considering. On the contrary, far from being harmful, short radio waves are often beneficial. One must be very dull indeed not to observe that the continuous use of high frequency currents stimulates the mind so much that the younger race of wireless experts already shows unmistakable signs of superiority."

**D**R. TESLA frankly admits that radio waves, highly concentrated, can be dangerous unless they are carefully handled. "But every form of energy we harness must necessarily be dangerous, if it gets loose," he says.

"With the radio equipment we use today, you and I listening to a radio program wouldn't be hurt if the energy were increased a billion-fold. That is because the waves are so weak when they reach us."

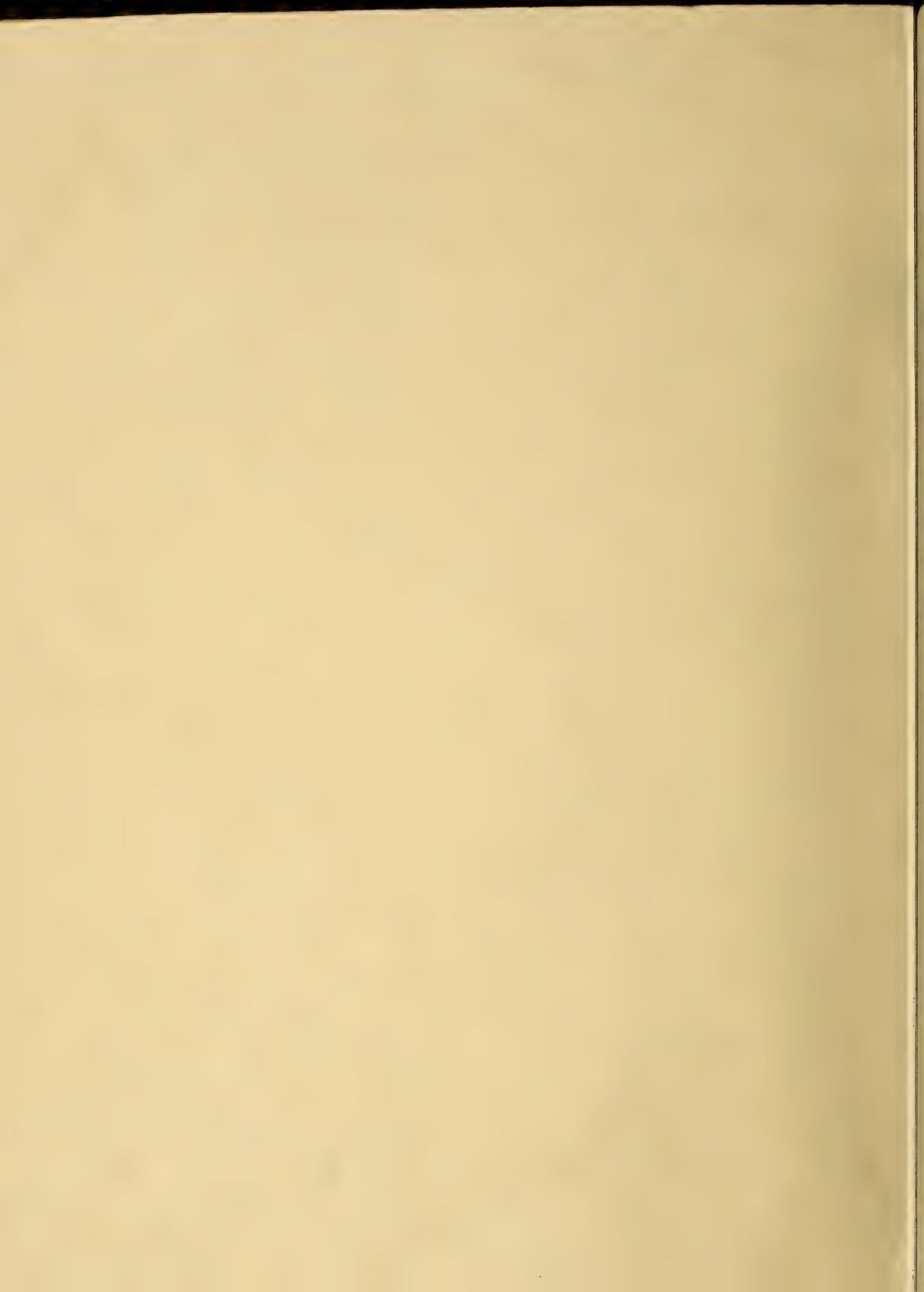
"Electricity for supplying light, heat and power," he continued, "is also dangerous, unless properly handled. Yet eighty billions of dollars are invested in them today. Wouldn't it be ridiculous to say that because this electricity can kill, the entire system is a destructive force in the world? Should we stop working with X-rays because they can prove harmful? X-rays and radio rays, too, in the hands of experts, prove a mighty powerful weapon against disease."

"Sunlight is life-giving, healthful, (Continued on page 79)

**HUBBELL REED McBRIDE**

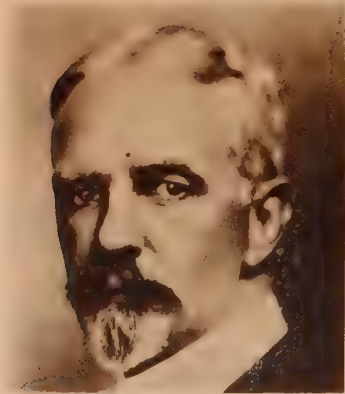
TWO POWERFUL ANSWERS TO THIS DARING QUESTION







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Professor at New York University, and contributing author to Science-History of the Universe and Encyclopedia Britannica.

**I**S radio menacing civilization?

"Yes!" says Dr. Shaw. "By lowering our cultural standards, by affecting our health, and by menacing our property and lives, it presents a decided danger.

"Of course, it is mighty pleasant to sit before a fireplace on a cold night and relax while the radio entertains us without a bit of effort on our part. But think for a minute: what do you listen to, night after night? The few brain-building talks on the air? No. It's the crooning Bing Crosbys, the Your Lover sketches, the nitwit comedians that rank first.

"Yet listening to them repeatedly tends to dull one's power of concentration, to make flabby mental fibre.

"As to our health, even the doctors who utilize radio waves in surgery to cut away diseased tissue admit certain radio waves are dangerous to handle.

"General Electric Company engineers, while experimenting with short radio waves a few years ago, noticed that their temperature went up to 102 degrees, and they became feverish. And Dr. E. E. Manning, of the General Electric Company's research laboratory at Schenectady, said they could 'broadcast such a short wave length that the people in the neighborhood would have their blood temperature raised.' And he admitted the ray could be used to induce a high fever in human beings that would result in death." How can we foretell the effect of these radiations on you and me, and the man in the street, or when they will be used for destroying us in case of war?

"Navy experts claim that radio waves bring a new men-

ace to the sky," said Dr. Shaw, "for when powerful radio waves strike metal buildings, dirigibles, and ships, it is believed they produce sparks powerful enough to ignite the structures, under certain conditions.

"Perhaps you remember the ill-fated Akron, the huge show dirigible built by the United States Army, and how it flamed into a torch in the heavens, without any apparent cause? Or the British dirigible R-101, which fell a burning mass in France? Since the R-101 was fireproofed throughout, one of the theories for the disaster was that loose radio waves had struck the airship and set it afire.

**B**UT there is still another way that radio damages us, and that is through increasing noise around us. A physician's or a psychologist's opinion isn't needed to convince us that noise ruins our nerves, lowers our resistance, and makes it harder for us to think.

"Many of the ills of the big city are laid directly at the door of radio noises: they rush at you from all sides, from apartment houses, shops, restaurants, and taxis. Dr. E. E. Free, the expert on sounds, recently made a study of city noises. His conclusion was that while radio noises weren't the loudest of city noises, they were the most irritating. And experiments have shown that even (Continued on page 78)

**ILLUSTRATION BY**



**"NO," says  
DR. NICOLA TESLA**

One of the world's most famous living inventors, and father of our system of transmission of power without wires.

**I**S radio menacing civilization?

"No!" says Dr. Tesla. "Wireless, or radio as it is now called, has already conferred benefits upon us so great that they are inestimable. And as it progresses, it will perhaps become the chief force driving Man onward."

Does it lower our cultural level? Affect our health disastrously? Does it menace our lives and property? Stuff and nonsense, according to Dr. Tesla.

"For the past thirty years," this man who has had more experience with wireless waves than any other living expert, told me, "I have maintained the chief cause of trouble on the earth is its immensity, which makes it so difficult for people to contact each other, to reach a mutual understanding. Anything that annihilates distance and time can't help but advance our civilization. And radio is the best time and distance killer we've ever had."

"And you can't blame lowering our culture on radio," he insists, "blame it on yourself and myself. The type of program that comes over the air is the type you and I want to listen to.

"There are several programs on the air today that can increase our knowledge. I myself have often profited from broadcasts, learned things I hadn't known before. If radio does anything at all, it should raise our cultural level, rather

than lower it. However, that depends upon the individual.

"As to the chance of your and my being hurt by radio waves, of the man in the street's being endangered by them, it is so infinitesimal that it is not worth considering. On the contrary, far from being harmful, short radio waves are often beneficial. One must be very dull indeed not to observe that the continuous use of high frequency currents stimulates the mind so much that the younger race of wireless experts already shows unmistakable signs of superiority."

**D**R. TESLA frankly admits that radio waves, highly concentrated, can be dangerous unless they are carefully handled. "But every form of energy we harness must necessarily be dangerous, if it gets loose," he says.

"With the radio equipment we use today, you and I listening to a radio program wouldn't be hurt if the energy were increased a billion-fold. That is because the waves are so weak when they reach us.

"Electricity for supplying light, heat and power," he continued, "is also dangerous, unless properly handled. Yet eighty billions of dollars are invested in them today. Wouldn't it be ridiculous to say that because this electricity can kill, the entire system is a destructive force in the world? Should we stop working with X-rays because they can prove harmful? X-rays and radio rays, too, in the hands of experts, prove a mighty powerful weapon against disease.

"Sunlight is life-giving, healthful. (Continued on page 79)

**HUBBELL REED McBRIDE**

**ARE RADIO WAVES DANGEROUS TO OUR WELFARE?**

**TWO POWERFUL ANSWERS TO THIS DARING QUESTION**



# Anne Seymour's amazing heritage

The inherited talent of seven generations of theatrical forebears is brought to radio by Anne Seymour, star of NBC's "Grand Hotel." Picture (1) shows May Davenport Seymour, Anne's mother, who played with Lillian Russell and Ethel Barrymore; (2) Fanny Vining, Anne's great-grandmother who played with Edwin Booth; (3) Anne's grandmother, May Davenport Seymour, noted actress of her day; (4) Fanny Davenport, Anne's great aunt who was a very famous actress; (5) Jack Johnston, great-great-great grandfather, noted Irish comedian; (6) James Seymour, Anne's great grandfather, also well known Irish comedian; (7) Edgar L. Davenport, Anne's great uncle, matinee idol of the late '90's; (8) Edward L. Davenport, a great-grandfather; (9) Anne's grandfather, William Seymour.





# Radio Mirror's ROLL OF HONOR



Conquering her great fear of the microphone, working way into the night to develop the most difficult of all acting techniques, this gallant lady has emerged as the surprise star of the air

waves. Already beloved, she now becomes, through her fine performances, a beloved radio actress. Mary Pickford, here's your well-deserved place on Radio Mirror's Honor Roll.



# THE BUSIEST





# MAN IN RADIO

**T**HERE is a miracle about broad shouldered, dapper, six-foot Edwin C. Hill—the miracle of hard work.

The gentleman from Indiana who was fishing at his ease in the hot summer sun of Maine three years ago, contentment creeping into his soul, has been thrust this fall into a tumultuous seventeen-hour work day. His hair is a whiter shade of grey, his blue eyes are a little dimmed from constant reading, yet he churns on unceasingly, as near the perfect dynamo as human frailties will allow.

This stalwart Irishman who is driving ahead, his nervous, lashing energy flickering about him, prodding him along, wants to retire—and so, paradoxically, he has become the busiest man in radio.

Some day, Ed Hill prays, the endless chain of business offers will break, releasing him from the harness of routine that is binding him in so completely. Some day, perhaps, conscience free, he will be able to complete the last proposition laid before him, forget work, and go back into the sun and the Maine woods.

This winter, that moment when duty and necessity will fall away, a gladly discarded cloak, looks hopelessly far in the dim future for Ed Hill. He has, on top of his already gargantuan schedule of work, two new jobs that promise to last indefinitely.

The first of October he weakened in his resolve to accept no more responsibilities and became the commentator for Metrotone News, one of the biggest newsreel companies in the field. A few weeks later, he stepped into the program sponsored by Liberty Magazine as the master of ceremonies of the Forum of Liberty hour. He is also desperately trying to fulfill his contracts for articles which he has promised national periodicals.

Life has changed for Ed Hill. With the addition of his new tasks, his daily existence ceased to be that of an ordinary business man commuter, who could come home at night to a quiet home in Scarsdale, twenty miles from New York. Chained to a daily round of broadcasts and visits to the Metrotone studio, he has had to move his family into Manhattan, back into the roaring traffic of upper Fifth Avenue, a few steps from Columbia Broadcasting Headquarters which houses the studio in which he works.

Trace an average day of work for Edwin Hill and learn for yourself why he has become the busiest man in radio, why he cannot live more than a few feet from the scene of

**Master of Ceremonies on the Forum of Liberty, heard Thursday evenings at 8:30, Columbia Network.**

**News Commentator Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 8:15, presenting The Human Side of The News.**

**Rebroadcasting The Human Side of The News for West Coast audiences at 11:15, CBS.**

**Metrotone News Commentator for newsreel release twice every week to largest theatres in America.**

**Writing numerous articles and stories for the biggest national weekly and monthly magazines.**

**Writing daily column of human interest features, syndicated to a nation-wide newspaper chain.**

by FRED RUTLEDGE

his numerous day-time activities.

I spent a full afternoon a few weeks after Hill had started his broadcasts on the Liberty program talking with the one man in close daily touch with Hill, H. B. Schaad, his personal representative, and learning the secrets of routine which Hill has never revealed.

So come on and we'll try to dog Hill's footsteps from morning until the wee small hours of the night. How does he get his work done in a day? What magic formula is his? The curtain is about to be lifted.

It's eleven o'clock in the morning. He's eating breakfast, alone. The table is piled high with newspapers still wet with printer's ink. Ten minutes and he pushes the coffee away. Already his trained and alert eye is scanning the papers, watching for any human features that might be broadcast material.

Soon it is one o'clock. Throwing down the last paper, he hurries to the front closet. His English cut coat, his derby, his cane, are laid out. Now he is ready to leave for his office high above Madison avenue, a block from CBS.

His secretary opens the door of his office. There are two plain, unostentatious rooms. Hill's is lined with pictures of famous men who

were his friends. Mussolini's, twice as wide as any other, frowns down at you.

Clippings from every important foreign and American periodical lie neatly bundled on the desk. Let's wade through them. One, two hours pass, digesting this newest batch. Now it's time to write the day's broadcast.

**D**ASH, O, dash. The newspaperman's sign that the end of the story has been reached. That's ready. It's four o'clock. Down to the street in an express elevator. His limousine isn't waiting, as usual. The chauffeur, it seems, couldn't learn a fast way of getting over to Tenth Avenue and the movie studio.

"He must be Dutch," Hill explains. "He always insists on driving through Central Park and wasting five minutes, so I've left him home."

So it's into a cab today. Warm afternoons it's a swift walk. Twenty minutes and we're at the studio. More work here than can possibly be cleaned up by dinner time.

The gathering of newsreels is a tedious job. First they're developed, then they're cut, then they must be edited. Finally they're flashed on the (Continued on page 62)

Edwin C. Hill



# COAST-TO-COAST

## C H I C A G O

BY CHASE GILES

**D**OROTHY PAGE, titian-haired contralto now heard over NBC networks, is a life saver literally.

Eight years ago Dorothy, who already at 16 had passed Red Cross life saving tests with a 98 point rating, saw a nine-year-old girl fall into the swollen Lehigh river. She plunged in after her and succeeded in bringing the child safely to shore after an hour's struggle, landing more than a mile below the point where she had fallen in. The rescue was effected by Miss Page singlehanded.

Known as a "natural born swimmer" and "a regular tomboy" as a child, Dorothy has been swimming in lakes, rivers, pools and the ocean, as long as she can remember. She once swam the length of Saylor's Lake, Pennsylvania, a distance of four miles, to win a box of candy. For four years she served as Red Cross examiner in the Middle Atlantic states.

She was featured feminine soloist for two years with Seymour Simon's dance orchestra, having been offered the job after winning a Paul White-

man audition. Previously, while employed in Philadelphia, Dorothy won a beauty contest sponsored by the Curtis publications and as a result received contracts to model for covers on the Saturday Evening Post and the Ladies Home Journal. She also was chosen to pose for the Red Cross nurse on anti-tuberculosis posters.

\* \* \*

### FROM THE STAGE

**E**DITH DAVIS, who has been playing the role of Mrs. Marston in Howard McKent Barnes' "Wings of Dawn" on WBBM at 1:15 daily except Sunday, is well known to Chicago theatrical audiences by the name of Edith Luckett. She played opposite Spencer Tracy in "The Baby Cyclone" in New York and Chicago and with Walter Huston in Ring Lardner's "Elmer the Great" at the Blackstone Theatre. She now devotes all her time to radio roles and in private life is the wife of Dr. Loyal Davis, famous physician and surgeon.



From out of the Chicago studios comes Dorothy Page's contralto voice along with Jan Garber and his Yeastfoamers.



The Olsens in action! George and his lovely singing wife, Ethel Shutta, rehearsing at the College Inn in Chicago.

**L**ITTLE did the listeners realize, when they heard the organ music of Larry Larsen recently, that Larry was going through some of the most intense pain he has ever had. For Larry's back was as stiff as a board, and his face went through all sorts of contortions as he fingered the keys and the stops. It all came about from the fact that Larry is such an ardent wrestling fan. He insisted on going to see the matches, though he had been in bed the evening before with a bad cold. Add to all this a ringside seat with a cold draft coming from the back, and you have one organist who can only sit in the studio all day because his work is more important than a mere sore back.

(Continued on page 71)



# HIGHLIGHTS

## PACIFIC

BY DR. RALPH L. POWER

**S**EVERAL hard working radio stars go on the air in New York and Chicago studios a second time late at night with their programs, in order that West Coast listeners can hear them at a decent hour. Here they are:

CBS rebroadcasts include (all time given is Pacific Standard):

8:00 P.M.—Myrt and Marge on Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri.; Richard Himber and Studebaker Champions on Sat.

8:15—Edwin C. Hill on Mon., Wed., Fri.

8:30—The Voice of Experience on Wed.; The Camel Caravan on Thurs.; True Story Court of Human Relations on Fri.

NBC rebroadcasts include (all time given is Pacific Standard):

8:00 P.M.—Amos 'n' Andy on Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.; Frank Buck on Fri.; National Barn Dance on Sat.

8:15—Gene and Glenn on Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri.

8:30—Jack Benny and Don Bestor on Sun.; Voice of Firestone on Mon.; Leo Reisman and Phil Duey on Tues.;

Lanny Ross on Wed.; The Intimate Revue on Fri.

9:00—Silken String Program on Sun.; Ben Bernie on Tues.; Town Hall with Fred Allen on Wed.; The Headline Hunter, Floyd Gibbons, on Sat.

10:15—Red Davis, Mon., Wed., Fri.; The Story Behind The Claim, Tues.

Helen Musselman, blue-eyed and blonde, is heard on many West Coast NBC dramas. Believe-it-or-not, she was a school marm.



### BLUSTERINGS FROM OUT THE NO'WEST

**R**UTH MESSMER, KOIN singer, is called "Blonde Flame of the West," which, you must admit, is a lot better than dubbing her another radio sweetheart. KVI says it has the world's youngest chain announcer in

the person of Morris Webster, aged nineteen . . . and maybe they're right. Birt Fisher, KOMO owner, has finished his quite ritzy beach home and estate at Three Tree Point on the sound south of Seattle. Richard Steel, who does the news for KXL in Portland, Ore., collects firearms, likes the

Here are the "Fiorettes", Mae and Dee Gohlke who sing on the Hollywood Hotel program with Fiorito's band.

outdoors, paints landscapes and is fond of dogs and horses. His 17-year-old daughter, Betty, helps him write radio continuities. His private studio is a hodge-podge of curios collected from all over the world. Clarence Tolman, KGW tenor, is a real cowboy . . . raised on the Idaho plains . . . with the Shuberts in New York and once with Dobbie on NBC stations. He teams with Glenn Shelly, staff organist, for an early day "good morning and cheer up" program these days.

(Continued on page 72)



## Dialing the



# TIPS for TUNERS

**Technical tricks  
every short wave  
fan should know**

Here's what the new RCA noise reducing double doublet antenna system looks like. It's described in the story.



**U**NLESS you are one of radio's veterans—an old set-builder from the 1920s—you're probably not getting full efficiency out of your short wave or all-wave set. There are lots of simple little kinks and wrinkles that will enable you to get more satisfactory performance. And, possibly, help you eliminate much interference which you now blame upon poor Old Man Static.

For example, how long is it since you looked over your antenna? If you're at all like the rest of us, it's been too long. So—

Radio currents travel on the surface of a wire. Bare copper wires tend to become corroded when exposed to the elements, increasing their surface resistance. It doesn't make much difference when you're listening to powerful locals, but every microwatt counts if you want to hear Australia or Japan. It might be a good idea to replace that old antenna with a new one. Shellacked, stranded wire is good, and usually costs only about a half a dollar for a hundred feet.

Better, get one of the new doublet antenna kits which many of the leading manufacturers are offering at prices ranging from \$5.00 upward. Somewhat more signal strength and a whole lot less interference will result if the doublet is properly installed, and if your present lead-in picks up motor noises and other man-made electrical disturbances.

**Y**OUR local dealer is the best man to advise you on your antenna problems. He should have a real radio expert for you to confer with; if he hasn't, change dealers.

Be sure your lead-in is

SOLDERED to the antenna. A joint which is merely twisted is sure to become noisy sooner or later. If you use a single antenna, it's a good plan to use the same piece of wire for antenna proper and lead-in, thus avoiding all joints. The shielded lead-in is very good in short lengths, but there is a certain amount of condenser effect between the lead-in wire and the shield which surrounds it. This means that long shielded lead-ins will cause a loss of energy, which may be noticeable on weak signals. Of course, if all you want is the locals the regular straight L-type antenna with a shielded lead gives satisfaction, and costs less than the doublet.

Doublets are out with three types of lead-ins. One is the transposed sort, in which the wires are kept about two inches apart, being crossed over every couple of feet through transposition blocks. The other uses a twisted pair, like lamp cord, for the lead. And some run this pair through metal sheathing.

The first is the most efficient—and most expensive. The second has a slight loss due to capacity between the wires, though this is said to be negligible. The third is probably the most free of interference, but introduces the greatest capacitive loss of signal strength. And remember, all of your antenna must be located out of the range of the interference which you are trying to eliminate. Up on the roof, on 20- or 30-foot poles, and well away from telephone or power lines should be satisfactory.

The point where the antenna enters the house is another item to check. If you use a lead-in strip, make sure it isn't broken  
(Continued on page 79)

by **TERRY MILES**  
the **Globe Twister**



# \$500.00

## CASH PRIZE JUMBLED NAMES GAME FINAL LIST

### DO NOT SPEND TIME OR MONEY ON ELABORATE PRESENTATIONS

#### UNSCRAMBLE THESE NAMES

TOCLOWTO

REWINING

PLINDSAG

ELSJES

DAMURAGRIE

BLAHUTTI

PATOSNOLEG

MENACEM

SINERAM

RAILDIHL

#### THE RULES

1. Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish a list of ten scrambled names of prominent performers, announcers or characters in leading programs.

2. To compete, copy the scrambled names and opposite each write the name with the letters in correct order, and the classification of his or her work. Example—

PEZOL—Lopez, band leader

3. In case any name has more than one radio application either or any correct identification will rate equally in this contest.

4. When you have unscrambled and identified all thirty names write a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of these thirty personalities you enjoy most on the air and why.

5. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled and identified and accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best. The prizes scheduled below will be awarded to entries in the order of their excellence on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. When your set of thirty names is complete mail it, accompanied by your statement of preference, to JUMBLED NAMES, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, January 16, 1935, the closing date of this contest.

8. The judges will be the contest board of Macfadden Publications and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

**H**ERE you have them, Ladies and Gentlemen, the final group of scrambled names in Radio Mirror's \$500.00 cash prize contest. If you have managed to unscramble the names in the two previous groups these final names should give you no unsurmountable difficulty. When you have the jumbled letters arranged into what you consider their proper sequences it will be time to study your entire list of thirty names in order to prepare the statement of preference required in Rule 4.

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE:

There was a typographical error in the first list of scrambled names in this contest. Every competitor should note and make this correction. The name scrambled incorrectly appears as GUSHINE. To correct, strike off the terminal letter E. The scrambled name will then be GUSHIN which is correct. There is ample time for every contestant to note and apply this correction before the contest ends on January 16th.

Simplicity is best in preparing your entry. Watch for the announcement of winners in an early issue.

### ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES MAY BE YOURS!

|                                |          |
|--------------------------------|----------|
| FIRST PRIZE.....               | \$200.00 |
| SECOND PRIZE.....              | 100.00   |
| FIVE PRIZES, Each \$10.00..... | 50.00    |
| TEN PRIZES, Each \$5.00.....   | 50.00    |
| FIFTY PRIZES, Each \$2.00..... | 100.00   |
| TOTAL 67 PRIZES.....           | \$500.00 |

### PRIZE CHECKS WILL BE MAILED OUT PROMPTLY



## We Have With Us—

RADIO MIRROR'S  
RAPID  
PROGRAM  
GUIDE

## LIST OF STATIONS

| BASIC | SUPPLEMENTARY |      |
|-------|---------------|------|
| WABC  | WDOD          | WHEC |
| WADC  | KRLD          | KTSR |
| WOKO  | WBIC          | KSCJ |
| WCAO  | KTRH          | WSBT |
| WNAC  | KLRA          | WMAS |
| WGR   | WQAM          | WISW |
| WKBW  | WSFA          | WWVA |
| WKRC  | WLAC          | KFH  |
| WHK   | WDBO          | WSJS |
| CKLW  | WDBJ          | KGKO |
| WDRG  | WTOC          | WBRC |
| WFBM  | WDAE          | WMBR |
| KMBC  | KFBK          | WMT  |
| WCAU  | KDB           | WCCO |
| WJAS  | WICC          | WISN |
| WEAN  | KFPY          | WLBZ |
| WFBL  | WPG           | WGLC |
| WSPD  | KVOR          | WFEA |
| WJSV  | KWKH          | KOH  |
| WBBM  | KLZ           | KSL  |
| WHAS  | WLBW          | WGRG |
| KMOX  |               | WBT  |
|       |               | WDNC |
|       |               | WALA |
|       |               | KHJ  |
| COAST | CANADIAN      |      |
| KOIN  | KFBK          | CKAC |
| KGB   | KMJ           | CFRB |
| KHJ   | KMT           |      |
| KFRC  | KWG           |      |
| KOL   | KERN          |      |
| KFPY  | KHJ           |      |
| KVI   |               |      |

HOW TO USE IT: Here is a new chart which enables you to find any of the big network programs at a glance. The list covers all broadcasts for November and December and is arranged according to the hours of the day, beginning at twelve noon and ending at twelve midnight. The time given is Eastern Standard. If you have Central Standard just cross out the hours, subtract one hour and put in the corrected time. For Mountain Time, subtract two hours and for Western Time, subtract three.

On this and the opposite page, you will find all the Columbia programs. The two pages following give you all the National Broadcasting programs which are divided into the Red and Blue networks. At the left you'll find a list of network stations belonging to CBS. If your station is not listed look for it after the Program in the columns. After each program the length is given in fractions, and the day of the week in abbreviations. Following that is a list of stations, shortened into Basic, Supplementary, Canadian and Coast, with exceptions and additions. The NBC station list includes Basic, Western, Canadian and Coast. We can't be responsible for last minute changes!

5 P.M.

6 P.M.

4 P.M.

3 P.M.

12  
NOON 1 P.M.

2 P.M.

12:00  
**Salt Lake City**  
Tabernacle: Sun.  
1/2 hr. Network  
**Voice of Experi-**  
ence: Mon. Tues.  
Wed. Thurs. Fri.  
1/2 hr. Basic. Plus  
Coast Plus WOKO  
WBT KLZ WCCO  
KSL WWVA

12:15  
**Betty Barthell:**  
Mon. Wed. Fri. 1/4  
hr. Network  
**Connie Gates,**  
songs: Tues. 1/4  
hr. Network  
**The Instrument-**  
alists: Thurs. 1/4  
hr. Network  
**Along The Volga:**  
Sat. 1/4 hr. Network

12:30  
**Tito Guizar:** Sun.  
1/4 hr. Basic minus  
WBBM WHAS  
KMOX Plus  
WOWO WMAS  
WORC  
**Allan Leifer Or-**  
chestra: Mon. 1/2  
hr. Network  
**Smiling Ed Mc-**  
Connell: Thurs.  
1/4 hr. Basic Plus  
Coast Plus WBT  
WBNS KLZ  
WWVA WICC  
WFEA  
WISN WCCO  
KSL WORC  
**Abim Chasins,**  
Piano Pointers:  
Sat. 1/2 hr. Network

12:45  
**George Hall Or-**  
chestra: Thurs. 1/2  
hr. Network

1:00  
**Church of the Air:**  
Sun. 1/2 hr. Network  
**George Hall Orches-**  
tra: Mon. Tues. Wed.  
Fri. Sat. 1/2 hr. Network  
**Just Plain Bill:** Mon.  
Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.  
1/4 hr. Western Network

1:15  
**Frank Dailey Orches-**  
tra: Thurs. 1/2 hr.  
Network  
1:30  
**Little Jack Little:**  
Sun. Wed. Fri. 1/4 hr.  
Basic minus WBBM  
WHAS WOKO WCAO  
WNAC WEAN WSPD  
KMOX Plus KRLD  
WBT WOWO WCCO  
**Savitt Serenade:** Mon.  
1/2 hr. Network  
**Esther Velas Ensem-**  
ble: Tues. Sat. 1/2 hr.  
Network

1:45  
**Pat Kennedy and Art**  
Kassel: Sun. Mon.  
Thurs. 1/4 hr. Basic  
minus WADC WOKO  
WNAC WDRG WEAN  
WFBL WBBM  
WMOX WHAS plus  
WOW WGST WBNS  
KRLD KLZ WCCO  
WDSU KSL WMT  
Plus Coast  
**The Romany Trail:**  
Wed. 1/2 hr. Network  
**Esther Velas Ensem-**  
ble: Fri. 1/4 hr. Network

The Chicago program of Art Kassel and Pat Kennedy, sponsors the Grove Laboratories, is catching on overwhelmingly in the middle west.

2:00  
**Lazy Dan:** Sun. 1/4 hr.  
Basic minus WDRG  
WBBM WSPD KMOX  
WHAS Plus Coast Plus  
WGST WBT WBNS  
KRLD KLZ KFAB  
WDSU WMBG WHEC  
WIBW  
**Marie, The Little**  
**French Princess:**  
Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.  
1/4 hr. WABC WNAC  
WBBM WKRC WHK  
CKLW WCAU WJAS  
KMOX WJSV KRLD  
KLZ WDSU WHEC  
KSL KHJ KFRC  
**Dan Russo Orchestra:**  
Sat. 1/2 hr. Network

2:15  
**The Romance of**  
**Helen Trent:** Mon.  
Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.  
1/4 hr. WABC WNAC  
WKRC WHK CKLW  
WCAU WJAS KMOX  
WJSV KRLD KLZ  
WDSU WHEC KSL  
KHJ KFRC

2:30  
**Hill's Royal Hawai-**  
ians: Sun. 1/4 hr. Basic  
minus WBBM KMOX  
WHAS WSPD Plus  
Coast Plus WGST WBF  
KRLD KLZ KFAB  
WCCO WLAC WDSU  
KOMA WMBG WDBJ  
WHEC KSL WIBW  
WMT

2:30  
**The School of the**  
**Air:** Mon. Tues. Wed.  
Thurs. Fri. 1/2 hr. Network  
**The Round Towners:**  
Sat. 1/2 hr. Network

3:00  
**New York Philhar-**  
monic: Sun. two hrs.  
Basic minus KMBC  
WCAU KMOX WBBM  
WHAS Plus Supple-  
mentary Plus Canadian  
**Skylights:** Mon. 1/2  
hr. Network  
**Columbia Variety**  
**Hour:** Tues. 1 hr. Network  
**Kate Smith:** Wed. one  
hr. Basic minus KMBC  
Plus Supplementary  
Plus Canadian  
**Metropolitan Parade:**  
Thurs. 1/2 hr. Network  
**Philadelphia Sym-**  
phony: Fri. two hrs.  
Basic minus WBBM  
WHK WHAS KMOX  
Plus Supplementary  
minus WDBJ WCCO  
KSL WIBW WSBT  
WMBR WWVA KTSR  
KLZ Plus Canadian  
**Chansonette:** Sat. 1/2  
hr. Network

3:30  
**Marine Band:** Mon.  
1/4 hr. Network  
**Dansant:** Thurs. 1/2  
hr. Network  
**The Captivators:** Sat.  
1/2 hr. Network

Afternoon broad-  
casts are back in  
full swing, what with  
Marie, The Little  
French Princess,  
romancing in our  
country again and  
another dramatic  
serial under way—  
The Romance of  
Helen Trent. Both  
are sponsored by  
Affiliated Products,  
Inc.

4:00  
**Visiting America's**  
**Little House:** Mon.  
Tues. Thurs. 1/4 hr.  
Network  
**National Student**  
**Federation Program:**  
Wed. 1/4 hr. Network  
**Ann Leaf:** Sat. 1/2 hr.  
—Network

4:15  
**Carlile & London:**  
Mon. 1/4 hr. Basic  
minus WCAU WBBM  
WHAS KMOX Plus  
Supplementary minus  
WDAE KFBK KDB  
KFPY WPG WBW  
KGKO WCCO Plus  
Canadian Plus WHP  
WMBG WOC  
WNOX WDSU WBNS  
WREC  
**Curtis Institute of**  
**Music:** Wed. 1/4 hr.  
Network  
**Salvation Army Band**  
Thurs. 1/4 hr. Network

4:30  
**Chicago Varieties:**  
Mon. 1/2 hr. Basic minus  
WBBM KMOX WHAS  
Plus Supplementary  
minus KGKO Plus  
Canadian plus WMBG  
**Dick Messner:** Thurs.  
1/2 hr. Basic minus  
WBBM WHAS  
KMOX WCAU Plus  
Supplementary minus  
KFBK WPG KLZ  
KFPY KVOR Plus  
Canadian  
**Allan Leifer and his**  
**orchestra:** Sat. 1/2 hr.  
Basic minus WKBW  
WBBM WHAS KMOX  
plus Supplementary  
minus KFBK KFPY  
WBRC WMBR plus  
WDSU WBNS plus  
Canadian

The football season'll be over the first week of December, and you can begin again tuning in dance orchestras such as Allan Leifer's. . . . To keep up with Chicago, listen Mondays at 4:30. You'll be given a variety show.

5:00  
**Open House, Freddie**  
**Martin:** Sun. 1/2 hr.  
Basic minus WNAC  
WGR Plus a Supple-  
mentary network  
**Adventure House:**  
Mon. Wed. Fri. 1/4 hr.  
WABC WAAB CKLW  
WJAS WCAO WBNS  
WKRC WGR  
**Dick Messner Or-**  
**chestra:** Tues. 1/4 hr.  
Network  
**Loretta Lee:** Thurs.  
1/4 hr. Network  
**Little Jack Little Or-**  
**chestra:** Sat. 1/2 hr.  
Network

5:15  
**Skippy:** Mon. Tues.  
Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic  
minus WBBM WHAS  
KMOX WADC WNAC  
WBBM KMBC Plus  
WAAB WHEC CFRB

5:30  
**Crumit & Sanderson:**  
Sun. 1/2 hr. Basic minus  
WNAC WKRC WBBM  
Plus WAAB WICC  
WDSU KOMA WHEC  
WBNS WMAS WWVA  
KFH WORC WIBX  
KTUL

**Jack Armstrong:**  
Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.  
Fri. Sat. 1/4 hr. Basic  
minus KMOX WBBM  
WHAS WCAO WNAC  
WFBL WKRC WDSU  
WBBM KMBC Plus  
WAAB WHEC WMAS  
5:45  
**The Oxol Feature:**  
Mon. 1/4 hr. WABC  
WOKO WCAO WJAS  
WEAN WFBL WHP  
WMBG WMAS  
**Robinson Crusoe:**  
Tues. Thurs. Fri. Sat.  
1/4 hr. WABC WOKO  
WKBW WFBL WGLC  
WHEC WIBX

For those lucky enough to be on the small network, Og, Son of Fire, comes with the compliments of Libby, McNeill, and Libby three times a week. . . . Another eastern program is Robinson Crusoe whose adventures with goats and cannibals are recalled by the New York State Bureau of Milk Publicity.

C O L U M B I A B R O A D



7 P.M.

8 P.M.

9 P.M.

10 P.M.

11 P.M. MIDNIGHT

12

## 6 P.M.

6:00

**Music By Gershwin:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WNAC WEAN WSPD Plus Coast plus WAAB WBT WDSU WGST WBNS WHEC KRDL KLZ WCCO KSL CFRB

**Buck Rogers:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WBNS WHEC H. V. Kaltenborn: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WNAC WKRC WHK WFBM WEAN WHAS KMOX Plus a Supplementary Network

**Pinaud's Something Old, Something New:** Sat. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WAAB WGR WBBM CKLW WDRS WHAS WCAU WFCL WSTD WADC

**Bobby Benson:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WAAB WGR WCAU WFBL WLBZ WOKO WDRS WEAN

**Smiling Ed McConnell:** Sun. ¼ hr. Network

**The Shadow:** Mon. Wed. ¼ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WDRS WCAU WEAN WFBL WJSV WHEC WORC WIBX

**Shell Products, Eddie Dooley:** Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBBM KMOX WHAS WADC WFBM KMBC Plus WLBZ WICC WBT WBIG WHP WFEA WMBG WDBJ WHEC WMAS WJSV WDRS WDNB WDBX

**Understanding Music, Howard Barlow:** Tues. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WKBW WHK CKLW WDRS WJAS WEAN WSPD WAAB Plus a Supplementary Network

**Voice of Experience:** Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WFBM Plus WAAB WWOV WBT WCCO WVVV Wrigley Beauty Program: Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WKBW WNAC WDRS WCAU WEAN

H. V. Kaltenborn on Fridays at 6:00 has taken over Frederic William Wile's mike place at the Capitol. . . . A new program in the form of Something Old, Something New comes at the same time Saturdays.

7:00

**California Melodies:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR CKLW WCAU WJAS WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus WDSU WORC WBIG KLZ WDAE KTRH WLBW WBNS WCCO WFEA WPG WJSV WMT WHK KLBZ KWKH KLRZ WREC WDBJ KDB WNAX WHP WDBO

**Myrt & Marge:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBM KMBC WBBM KMOX WHAS Plus WQAM WDBO WDAE WBT WTCO WVVV

**Soconyland Sketches:** Sat. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WNAC WGR WDRS WEAN WLBZ WICC WMAS WORC

**Just Plain Bill:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WJSV

**Ward's Family Theatre:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR WKRC WHAS WFBM KMBC WSPD WJSV Plus WLBZ WFEA WSFA WSBT WMAS WVVV WBRD WMBR WBNS WICC WORC WKBM WBNS

**Silver Dust Serenaders:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WGR WORC WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WHP WHEC WMAS WVVV WORC

**Whispering Jack Smith:** Tues. Thurs. Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus WLAS WADC WKRC WHK CKLW KMBC WSPD WBBM KMOX Plus WORC

**Boake Carter:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WKRC WDRS WFBM WEAN WFBL WSPD Plus WBT WCCO

**The Lawyer and the Public:** Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHK KMOX WHAS WBBM Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY WPG WBRD WMBR KSL Plus Canadian Plus KOMA WACO WNAX

We go to press not just sure what will become of the Ward Family Theatre. If our information is as reliable as it should be—you can never really be sure—Buddy Rogers will be on his way to England by the time you read this. . . . If you like quest soloists in the form of movie personalities, then listen in Sundays at 7:00, when Raymond Paige and his orchestra and Joan Marsh present California Melodies.

8:00

**Detroit Symphony:** Sun. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary Plus WNOX WKBH WGST WBNS WDSU WNA X WKBM WACO KTUL WIBY WOWO KWO Plus Canadian

**Bar X Days and Nights:** Mon. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WSPD Plus Coast Plus WBNS KLZ WCCO WHOC KSL

**Lavender and Old Lace:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WSPD

**Easy Aces:** Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WORC WEAN WJSV Plus WOWO WCCO CFRB

**Roxy and His Gang:** Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC Plus Coast Plus Canadian Plus WGST WBRD WDOD KRDL KLZ KTRH KLRA WREC WCCO WLAC WLFC WDSU KOMA KSL KTSa WIBW WMT WORC

8:15

**Fats Wallers Rhythm Club:** Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC WGR WFBL WHEC

**Edwin C. Hill:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WKBW Plus WCCO

8:30

**Atwater Kent Hour:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast Plus WQAM WRT WDOD KRDL KLZ WCCO KSL WMT WOWO WDSU Melodiana, Abe Lyman: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus WODO WCCO CFRB

**Everett Marshall:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHK Plus Coast Plus WOWO WBT KRDL KLA WLAC KOMA WDSU KSL WIBW

**Forum of Liberty, Liberty Magazine:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus WOWO True Story Hour: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBM WSPD WOWO WHEC WORC Plus WCCO

8:45

**Musical Revue, Robert Armbruster's Orchestra:** Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus WACB WHAS Plus WAAB WGST WBT WCCO WBNS WDSU WSBT KFH

The Easy Aces, now the plaything of Jad Salts, sponsors of the comedy team this year, have resumed work on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, at 8:00 sharp. . . . Everett Marshall's tonsils have gone the way of all troublesome flesh. His operation over, Everett is back on his program, Broadway Melodies.

9:00

**Alexander Woolcott:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus KLZ WCCO KSL

**Chesterfield Hour:** Mon. Wed. Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WSFA KWKH KVOR WSBT WIBW WVVV WGBL WGLC Plus WOWO WGST WBNS WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBH

**Bing Crosby:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus WOW WBT KRDL KLZ WREC WCCO WDSU KSL KTUL

**Camel Caravan:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KDB KFPY KVOR KLZ WSBT WVVV WGBL WGLC KOH WDNB KHJ Plus WGST WBNS KFBK WREC WOWO WDSU KOMA WMBD WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBH

**The March of Time:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus KMBC Plus Coast plus WOWO WGST KRDL KLZ WCCO WDSU KSL

9:30

**Gulf Program, Will Rogers:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR WFBM KMBC WBBM KMBC WFBL Plus WOWO WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE WGST WLBZ WBRD WBT WDOD WBNS KRDL KTRH KLRA WFEA WRAC WLAC WDSU KTSa WTCO WACO WAMS WORC WALA WBIG WMBG WHEC WDBJ

**The Big Show:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic Plus WOWO WICC WBT WBNS KLZ KFBK WREC WCCO CKAC WDSU KSL

**Isham Jones, Chevrolet:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast Plus a Supplementary network

**Adventures of Gracie:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS Plus Coast Plus WBT KRDL KLZ WBG KTRH WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL KTSa WORC WOWO

**Fred Waring:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK Plus Supplementary minus KDB KWKH WSBT WVVV Plus WGST WBNS KFBK WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBH WMBD Plus Canadian

**Hollywood Hotel:** Fri. one hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WVVV WGLC Plus Canadian Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFBK WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG WMBD KTUL WACO WNAX WNOX WIBX WKBH

**Richard Himber, Joey Nash - Studebaker:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KWKH WBRD WMBR KFPY Plus Canadian Plus KOMA WMBD WACO WNAX WNOX WGST

10:00

**Wayne King, Lady Esther:** Sun. Mon. ½ hr. Basic minus WNAC WEAN Plus Coast Plus WAAB WIBW WBNS KRDL KLZ KFBK WCCO WDSU KSL

**Camel Caravan:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KDB KFPY KVOR KLZ WSBT WVVV WGBL WGLC Plus WDNB Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFBK WREC WDSU KOMA WMBD WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBH

**Byrd Broadcast:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WSPD Plus Coast Plus KFBK WOVW WQAM WDAE WGST WLBZ WBT WBNS KRDL KLZ WHP KTRH KFBK KLRA WREC WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBG WHEC KSL KTSa WIBW WACO WMT KFH WORC WNAX

**Borden's 45 Minutes in Hollywood:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WFBM KMBC WHAS Plus Canadian Plus WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE WGST WBT WBNS KRDL KLZ KTRH WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA WHEC KSL KTSa KTUL WACO KFH

**Carborundum Band:** Sat. ½ hr. Coast Plus WABC WCAO WNAC WKBW WBBM WKRC CKLW KMBC WCAU WJAS WBT KLZ WCCO KJSL

10:30

**American Universities Program:** Sun. ½ hr. Network

**Mobilization For Human Needs:** Mon. ½ hr. Network

**George Givot:** Tues. ½ hr. Network

**Melody Masterpieces:** Wed. ½ hr. Network

**Kate Smith:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WNAC WCAU WHK KMOX WBBM WHAS Plus Supplementary minus WDBJ KFPY KFBK KTSa WSBT WVVV WMBR WCCO KSL Plus Canadian Plus WAAB WNOX KOMA WMBD WACO WNAX

**Johnny Green's Dance Time:** Sat. 1 hr. Basic minus WNAC WHK WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY WBRD WMBR KSL Plus WAAB WHP KOMA WMBD CFRB WACO WNAX WNOX WDSU

10:45

**Fray and Braggiotti:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus KMOX WCAO WHK KMBC WBBM WHAS Plus Canadian Plus WAAB WNOX WACO Plus Supplementary minus WSFA WDBO KFBK WICC KFPY KWKH WVVV WMBR WMT WCCO WISN

Between the hours of nine and midnight: Woolcott for Cream of Wheat is earning the reputation of being the most gruesome story teller on the air.

11:00

**Little Jack Little Orchestra:** Sun. ½ hr. Network

**Jerry Cooper, Baritone:** Mon. ¼ hr. Network

**Leon Belasco Orchestra:** Wed. ½ hr. Network

**Vera Van:** Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

**Ozzie Nelson Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr. Network

**Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra:** Mon. ¾ hr. Network

**Harry Salter Orchestra:** Tues. ¼ hr. Network

**Little Jack Little Orchestra:** Thurs. ½ hr. Network

**Leon Belasco Orchestra:** Sun. ½ hr. Network

**Henry Busse Orchestra:** Tues. ½ hr. Network

**Ozzie Nelson:** Wed. ½ hr. Network

**Harry Salter Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr. Network

**Benjamin Franklin Sketch:** Sat. ½ hr. Network

More of the same about the nine to midnight programs: Walter O'Keefe, to the pleasure of his fans, has gone back to singing hill billy songs like The Bearded Lady. . . . We don't like to say uncomplimentary things, but something could be done to the Hollywood Hotel program to help it out. Maybe just a dash more simplicity and a dash less movie chatter. . . . Block and Sully—it was a publicity stunt, but you ought to hear it anyway—called in what were supposed to be the 25 crabbies, meanest, most disagreeable men in New York to supervise their rehearsal the other day. Anyone of the audience who laughed lost his job. Otherwise he earned a dollar an hour, if he looked sour enough. . . . The roar of Niagara Falls booming in on the Carborundum Band program has become the most popular theme signal of any CBS show, according to the sponsors who are proud of this trick.



12 NOON 1PM. 2PM. 3PM. 4PM. 5PM. 6PM.

BLUE NETWORK

12:00  
"The Ailing House": Sun. ½ hr. Network  
Fields and Hall: Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

12:15  
Charles Sears, tenor: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Network  
Merry Macs: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network  
Genia Fonari-ova, soprano: Sat. ¼ hr. Network

12:30  
Radio City Music Hall: Sun. Hour—Network  
National Farm and Home Hour: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. Hour—Network

1:30  
National Youth Conference: Sun. ½ hr. Network  
Wc and Sade: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Network

1:45  
NBC Great Composers Hour: Mon. Thurs. Hour Network  
Beulah Croft, songs: Tues. ¼ hr. Network  
Words and Music: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Sat. ½ hr. Network

Vic and Sade are heard every day in the week (a correction for last month).

2:00  
Anthony Frome, the Poet Prince: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHAM plus WKBF  
Wandering Minstrel: Wed. ½ hr. Network

2:15  
Bob Becker's Fireside Chats About Dogs: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic

2:30  
Lux Radio Theater: Sun. one hr. Basic plus Western minus WTMJ WNCB WBAP WJAX plus Coast plus WLW WIBA KFYR WDAY KTHS WFAA KTBS WTAR CFCF

2:45  
Echoes of Erin: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

3:00  
Radio Guild: Mon. Hour—Network  
Charlie Davis Orchestra: Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. Network  
The Ramblers Trio: Wed. ¼ hr. Network  
U. S. Marine Band: Fri. one hr. Network

3:15  
Concert Favorites: Wed. ½ hr. Network

3:30  
National Vespers: Sun. ½ hr. Network  
Music Magic: Tues. ½ hr. Network  
Roy Shield Orchestra: Thurs. ½ hr. Network  
Saturday Songsters: Sat. ½ hr.—Network

3:45  
Joe White: Wed. ¼ hr.—Network

Several new programs are now heard between 3:00 and 4:00 in the afternoon: Charlie Davis' Orchestra, the Ramblers Trio, the United States Marine Band, Concert Favorites, National Vespers, Music Magic and Roy Shield's Orchestra. Not a poor show in the whole list. . . . Make a point of hearing National Vespers at 3:30 Sundays.

4:00  
Temple of Song: Sun. ½ hr. Network  
Betty and Bob: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WENR KSO [KWCR WREN plus Coast plus WBAP WLW WLS WTMJ KSTP KVOO WKY KPRC  
Don Carlos Orchestra: Sat. ¼ hr. Network

4:15  
Songs and Stories: Mon. ¼ hr. Network  
Platt and Nierman: Tues. ¼ hr. Network  
Dorothy Page, contralto: Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Network  
High and Low: Sat. ¼ hr. Network

4:30  
The Land of Beginning Again: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WJR WGAR KWK  
Stanleigh Malotte, News Rhymer: Mon. ¼ hr. Network  
Rochester Civic Orchestra: Wed. one hr. Network  
Palmer Clark: Thurs. Sat. ½ hr. Network  
Three C's, vocalists: Fri. ¼ hr. Network

4:45  
Archie Bleyer Orchestra: Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network  
General Federation of Women's Clubs: Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

We take it all back. General Mills is sponsoring Betty and Bob, and so they're not without commercial support, as we previously stated.

5:00  
Roses and Drums: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WLW KTBS WKY KTHS WBAP KPRC WOAI  
Al Pearce and His Gang: Mon. Fri. ½ hr. Network  
Your Health: Tues. ¼ hr. Network  
Stanleigh Malotte: Thurs. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

5:15  
Jackie Heller: Mon. Tues. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network  
The Three Scamps: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

5:30  
American Bosch Radio: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus WCKY WKBF WIBA KSTP WSMB WTMJ WPEC WDAY KFYR WSM WMC WSB WAPI WAVE plus Coast  
Singing Lady: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WMAL WSYR WENR KWCR KSO KWK WREN KOIL—plus WLW  
Platt and Nierman, piano duo: Sat. ¼ hr.

5:45  
Terhune Dog Drama: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus Coast  
Little Orphan Annie: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WENR KSO KWK WREN KOIL—plus WJAX WJAX CRCT WCKY WPTF WFLA CFCF

LIST OF STATIONS

BLUE NETWORK

BASIC

WJZ  
WBAL  
WMAL  
WBZ  
WBZA

WSYR  
WHAM  
KDKA  
WJR  
WENR  
WGAR

KWCR  
KSO  
KWK  
WREN  
KOIL

WESTERN

WPTF  
WTMJ  
KSTP  
WWNC  
WKY  
WBAP

KPRC  
WECB  
WRVA  
WJAX  
WFLA  
WOAI

COAST

KOA  
KDYL

KGO  
KFI  
KGW

WLS  
KOMO  
KHQ

RED NETWORK

BASIC

WEAF  
WTAG  
WBEN  
WCAE  
WTAM

WWJ  
WLW  
WSAI  
WFBR  
WRC

WGY  
WJAR  
WCSH  
WLIT  
WFI

WBZ  
WBZA  
WEEI  
KSD  
WDAF

WHO  
WOC  
WMAQ  
WOW  
WTIC

WESTERN

KSTP  
WTMJ

WEBC  
KPRC

WKY  
WOAI

KVOO  
WFAA

WBAP  
KTAR

SOUTHERN

WIOD  
WFLA  
WWNC

WIS  
WPTF  
WRVA

WJAX  
WMC  
WJDX

WSB  
WSM  
WSMB

WAPI  
WAVE

CANADIAN

CRCT

CFCF

KHQ  
KDYL  
KOA

COAST

KGO  
KHJ  
KGW

KOMO  
KFI

RED NETWORK

12:00  
Al and Lee Reiser: Wed. ½ hr. Network  
Mohawk Treasure Chest: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast minus KHJ  
Armchair: Quartet: Sat. ¼ hr. Network

12:15  
Honeyboy and Sassafras: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

12:30  
University of Chicago Discussions: Sun. ½ hr. Network  
Merry Madcaps: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

1:00  
Dale Carnegie: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus WCSH KSD WOC WDAF WMAQ WKAF

1:15  
Peggy's Doctor: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Network  
Jan Brunesco: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

1:30  
Little Miss Bab O: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHO WKAF  
Master Music Hour: Tues. one hr. Network  
Russ Lyons Orchestra: Wed. Sat. ½ hr. Network  
George Duffy chestra: Thurs. ½ hr. Network

2:00  
Mohawk Treasure Chest: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast minus KSD  
Revolving Stage: Mon. ¼ hr. Network  
Two Seats in the Balcony: Wed. ½ hr. Network  
Stones of History: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network  
Magic of Speech: Fri. ½ hr. Network  
Rex Battle's Ensemble: Sat. ½ hr. Network

2:30  
Gene Arnold's Commodores: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WWJ WLIT KSD WDAF WHO

2:45  
Gus Van, songs: Mon. Tues. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Network

3:00  
Sally of the Talkies: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WTIC plus WJDX WSMB WSM WMC WSB WAPI  
Oxydol's Ma Perkins: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJAR WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW—plus WKBF WSM WSB WAPI WAVE  
Radio Playbill: Sat. ½ hr.—Network

3:15  
Dreams Come True: Mon. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW  
The Wise Man: Tues. Fri. ¼ hr. Network

3:30  
Maybelline Musical Romance: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast  
Woman's Radio Review: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr.—Network  
Weekend Review: Sat. Hour—Network

Sundays at 3:00 you now hear Sallie of the Talkies, serial about an Iowa girl trying to crash the movies in Hollywood. Luxor, Limited is the sponsor. . . . Young Barry McKinley—age, twenty-one—is getting as much fan mail as any other baritone on the air these cold, unromantic winter days.

NATIONAL

4:00  
Kansas City Philharmonic: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WCAE KSD WHO WOW plus Southern minus WWNC WIS plus Coast minus KHQ KHJ plus WIBA WEBC WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI  
John Martin's Stories: Mon. ¼ hr. Network  
Chick Webb Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. Network  
Pop Concert: Wed. ½ hr.—Network  
Blue Room Echoes: Thurs. ½ hr. Network  
Master Music Hour: Fri. one hr.—Network

4:15  
Gypsy Trail: Mon. ¼ hr. Network

4:30  
Looking Over (The Week: Sun. ¼ hr. Network  
Roxanne Wallace, songs: Mon. ¼ hr. Network  
The Jesters Trio: Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. Network  
Arlene Jackson, songs: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network  
Our Barn; children's show: Sat. ½ hr. Network

4:45  
Dream Drama: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WHO WOW  
Adventures on Mystery Island: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

Children should tune in Saturdays at 4:30 for Our Barn program, arranged especially for the kiddies.

5:00  
Sentinel Serenade: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast plus WMC WSB WSM WAVE WTMJ WEBC KFYR WIBA  
George Sterney's Orchestra: Mon. Sat. ¼ hr. Network  
Meredith Willson Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. Network  
Chick Webb Orchestra: Wed. ½ hr. Network  
N'l Congress Parents, Teachers Program: Thurs. ½ hr. Network

5:15  
Tom Mix: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WFBW WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW

5:30  
The House By Side of Road: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WWNC WIS WPTF WRVA KPRC WKY WOAI KVOO WBAP  
The Sizzlers Trio: Mon. ¼ hr. Network  
Radio Charades: Tues. ¼ hr. Network  
Alice in Orchestra: Wed. ¼ hr. Network  
Tales of Courage: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network  
Our American Schools: Sat. ½ hr.—Network

5:45  
Ivory Stamp Club Captain Tim Healy: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WLW WLIT plus WTMJ WIBA KSTP WEBC  
Nursery Rhymes: Tues. ¼ hr. Network



6PM. 7PM. 8PM. 9PM. 10PM. 11PM. MIDNIGHT

**5:00**  
**Heart Throbs of the Hills:** Sun. ¼ hr. Network  
**U. S. Army Band:** Mon. ¼ hr. Network  
**Xavier Cugat Orchestra:** Tues. ½ hr. Network  
**Education in the News:** Wed. ¼ hr. Network  
**Jack Berger Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr. Network  
**Angelo Ferdinandio Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr. Network  
**5:15**  
**Spartan Triolians, Jolly Coburn:** Sun. ¼ hr. Network  
**Tom Coakley Orchestra:** Thurs. ¼ hr. Network  
**5:30**  
**Grand Hotel:** Sun. Basic plus Coast plus W T M J K S T P W E B C  
**5:45**  
**Lowell Thomas:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WENR K W C R K S O K W K W R E N K O I L W L W C R C T W J A X—plus W F L A C F C F W I O D W R V A  
**Flying With Captain Al Williams:** Sat. ¼ hr. Network  
Stations on the Joe Penner program Sundays at 7:30 not listed are: WIBA, WDAY, KFYR, WIOD, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX.

**7:00**  
**Jack Benny:** Sun. Hour—Network  
**Amos and Andy:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W S Y R K W K K W C R W R E N K S O K O I L—plus W L W C R C T W R V A W P T F W I O D W F L A W C K Y  
**7:15**  
**Vicks with Mildred Bailey:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W G A R W R E N—plus W C K Y  
**Fox Fur Trappers Orchestra:** Tues. ¼ hr. Network  
**Gems of Melody:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus W J R W G A R K W K plus K T B S  
**7:30**  
**Baker's Broadcast, Joe Penner:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus W W N C W B A P  
**Red Davis Series:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W J R W G A R—plus W I B A K S T P W E B C W R V A W P T F W W N C W I S W J A X W I O D W F L A W S M W M C W S B W J D X W S M B W K Y K T B S K P R C W T A R W A V E  
**Edgar A. Guest:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus W J R  
**Armand Girard:** Thurs. ¼ hr. Network  
**7:45**  
**Dangerous Paradise:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic plus W M S W S B W S M B K V O O K T B S W K Y W F A A

**8:00**  
**General Motors Symphony Concert:** Sun. one hr.—Network  
**Yeastfoamers:** Mon. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W E N R plus Coast plus W L S W L W W K B F  
**Eno Crime Clues:** Tues. Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus W H A M W E N R plus W L W W L S  
**O. Henry Dramatizations:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network  
**Irene Rich:** Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W J R W G A R W E N R K W K plus W L S W S M W M C W S B W A V E  
**Art in America:** Sat. ¼ hr.—Network  
**8:15**  
**Dick Liebert's Musical Revues:** Fri. ¼ hr. Network  
**8:30**  
**Lawrence Tibbett:** Tues. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W E N R K W K plus W L S C R C T C F C F  
**Lanny Ross, Log Cabin Orch:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus W B Z W B Z A W E N R K W K plus W L S  
**Melodies Romantic:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network  
**The Intimate Revue, Dwight Fiske:** Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W E N R plus W L S W K B F  
**George Olsen Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr. Network

**9:00**  
**Melodious Silken Strings Program:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus W T M J K S T P W B A P W E B C W O A I plus W L W W T A R W I O D W A V E W S M W S B W M C W J D X W S M B W F A A K T B S K T H S  
**Sinclair Minstrels:** Mon. ¼ hr.—Basic Minus W M A L W E N R W S Y R K W C A plus Western minus W B A P K O M O K D Y L K H Q K G W plus W S B W I B A W D A Y K F Y R W F A A W I S W I O D W S M W S M B W J D X K T B S K V O O W S O C W T A R W M C K T H S K F S D K T A R  
**Warden Lewis E. Lawes:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus W H A M W J R W E N R plus W L S W K B F plus Coast  
**Death Valley Days:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Basic minus W E N R plus W L W W L S  
**Let's Listen to Harris:** Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W J R W E N R plus W C K Y W S B W O A I W L S W S M B C F C F W S M W K Y W A P I W F A A plus Coast  
**Radio City Party:** Sat. ½ hr.—Basic minus W E N R plus W C K Y W L S plus Coast  
**9:15**  
**Story Behind the Claim:** Tues. ¼ hr.—Basic minus K W K plus W C K Y  
**9:30**  
**Walter Winchell:** Sun. (Continued on last col.)

**10:00**  
**Armand Girard:** Sun. ¼ hr. Network  
**America in Music:** Mon. ½ hr. Network  
**Seven Seas, Cameron King:** Tues. ½ hr. Network  
**Denis King:** Wed. ¼ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus W C K Y W T M J W I B A K S T P W E B C W D A Y K F Y R K G I R K F S O C R C T  
**Parade of the Provinces:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network  
**Molle Minstrel Show:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus W G A R K W K  
**10:15**  
**L'Heure Exquise:** Sun. ¼ hr. Network  
**Madame Sylvia:** Wed. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W J R plus Coast plus W T M J W R V A K S T P W E B C  
**10:30**  
**An American Fireside:** Sun. ½ hr. Network  
**Tim and Irene:** Tues. ½ hr.—Network  
**Conoco Presents:** Wed. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W B Z W B Z A K D K A plus W C K Y W T M J W E B C W D A Y K D Y L K V O O K F Y R W R V A W K Y W F A A K P R C K O A  
**Economic and Social Changing Order:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network  
**The Jewish Program:** Fri. ½ hr. Network  
**Hal Kemp Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr. Network

**11:00**  
**Roxanne Wallace, songs:** Sun. ¼ hr. Network  
**Hal Kemp Orchestra:** Mon. ½ hr. Network  
**Del Campo Orchestra:** Tues. Thurs. Sat. ½ hr. Network  
**Kings Guard Quartet:** Wed. ¼ hr. Network  
**Willard Robison Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr. Network  
**11:30**  
**Henry King Orchestra:** Sun. ½ hr. Network  
**Jolly Coburn's Orchestra:** Mon. Fri. ½ hr. Network  
**Art Kassel Orchestra:** Wed. ½ hr. Network  
**Eddie Duchin Orchestra:** Thurs. ½ hr. Network  
**Freddie Martin Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr. Network  
(Continued)  
¼ hr.—Basic plus W L W  
**Princess Pat Players:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic  
**Hands Across the Border:** Tues. Hour—Network  
**John McCormack:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast  
**Musical Keys:** Thurs. ½ hr. Network  
**Armour Hour, Phil Baker:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western  
**National Barn Dance:** Sat. Hour—Basic  
**9:45**  
**Tastyest Presents:** Sun. ¼ hr. Basic.

# BROADCASTING SYSTEM

**6:00**  
**Catholic Hour:** Sun. ¼ hr.—Network  
**Xavier Cugat Orchestra:** Mon. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network  
**Thrills of Tomorrow:** Fri. ¼ hr. W E A F W T A G W J A R W R C W G Y W C A E  
**6:15**  
**Drama Jules Verne:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Network  
**Mid-week Hymn Sing:** Tues. ¼ hr. Network  
**6:30**  
**Armco Iron Master:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus W T A G W J A R W C S H W E E I W T I C plus K P R C W K Y W O A I W B A P K T B S W I B A  
**6:45**  
**Billy Batchelor:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W S A I W H O W D A F W M A Q W O W  
**Thornton Fisher:** Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W C A E W H O W D A F  
Probable programs between seven and eight which are not listed are as follows: Martha Mears on Sundays; Gould and Sheffer, Tuesdays and Fridays; The Pickens Sisters, Wednesdays; Religion in the News, Saturdays. . . . One Man's Family is now heard Wed. at 10:30 p.m. from the East.

**7:00**  
**Ray Perkins:** Mon. ¼ hr. Network  
**Jack and Loretta Clemens:** Thurs. ¼ hr. Network  
**7:15**  
**Radio Station E-Z-R-A:** Sun. ¼ hr.—W E A F W R C W G Y W T A M W S A I W M A Q W H O W O W W C S H  
**Gene and Glenn:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Network  
**Jamboree:** Sat. ½ hr. Network  
**7:30**  
**American Radiator Program:** Sun. ¼ hr.—W E A F W T A G W J A R W C S H W R C W G Y W T A M W W J W S A I W M A Q K S D W O W  
**Molle Minstrel Show:** Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W B N W C A E W T A M W F B R W F I W E E I W O W W T I C  
**Radio Station E-Z-R-A:** Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—W E A F W R C W G Y W T A M W S A I W M A Q W H O W O W W C S H  
**7:45**  
**The Fitch Program:** Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W E E I W D A F plus C F C F W K B F  
**Frank Buck:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W T A G W W J W F B R W J A R W E E I W H O W T I C  
**Floyd Gibbons:** Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic plus Western minus W H O K V O O W F A A K T A R

**8:00**  
**Chase and Sanborn:** Sun. Hour—Complete except W B A P plus K F Y R W I B A  
**Studebaker, Himber, Nash:** Mon. ¼ hr.—Basic plus K V O O W K Y W F A A K P R C W O A I K T B S  
**Leo Reisman:** Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus W S A I W H O W D A F W O W K S D  
**Mary Pickford:** Wed. ½ hr.—Complete plus K T B S W C K Y K F Y R W D A Y W I B A  
**Rudy Vallee:** Thurs. Hour—Complete plus K F Y R W D A Y  
**Cities Service:** Fri. Hour—Basic minus W M A Q plus Western minus Coast plus C R T C K O A K D Y L  
**Swift Hour:** Sat. Hour—Basic minus W H O plus Western minus K V O O W F A A K T A R plus W I B A K T B S  
**8:30**  
**Voice of Firestone:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus K S D W H O W O W plus Canadian  
**Lady Esther, Wayne King:** Tues. Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus W F B R plus W T M J K S T P W K Y K P R C W S M W S B W M C W O A I W K B F W S M B W F A A  
Another correction from last month's list of programs: Wayne King is also heard on Wednesdays at 8:30, for half an hour. . . . Mary Pickford is gaining popularity.

**9:00**  
**Manhattan Merry Go Round:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus W B E N W C S H W C A E W E E I plus W T M J K S T P W E B C C F C F and Coast  
**A and P Gypsies:** Mon. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W L W W F B R W R C  
**Ben Bernie, Blue Ribbon:** Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus W L W W O W W D A F W T I C plus W T M J K S T P W D A Y K F Y R W M C W S B W J D X W K Y W B A P K T B S K P R C W O A I K O A  
**Fred Allen:** Wed. Hour—Basic plus W I S W J A X W I O D W S B W T M J K T B S K P R C W O A I K S T P W R V A W S M B K V O O W K Y W E B C W P T F W S M W M C  
**Showboat Hour:** Thurs. Hour—Complete plus W K B F K G A L K T B S K F S D K G I R  
**Waltz Time:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus W E E I  
**Songs You Love:** Sat. ½ hr.—Basic minus W H O plus W T M J W I B A W D A Y K S T P W E B C K F Y R  
**9:30**  
**American Album:** Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus W T I C W A P I W A V E W E B C W B A P K T A R—plus Canadian  
**Colgate House Party:** Mon. ½ hr.—Complete minus W T I C W A V E K T A R W A P I W B A P plus K T B S  
**Ed Wynn, Eddie Duchin:** Tues. ½ hr.—Complete minus W S A I (Continued on last col.)

**10:00**  
**Hall of Fame:** Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus W K B F W M C W S M B W F A A K S T P W S B W K Y K T B S W S M W J D X K T H S K P R C W O A I  
**Contented Program:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus K S T P W T M J W E B C K P R C W O A I W F A A K F Y R W S M W M C W S B W K Y  
**Palmolive:** Tues. hour—Basic minus W F I W T I C plus Coast plus Canadian plus Southern minus W A P I plus W D A Y K F Y R W S O C K G I R K F S D K G H L W K B F  
**Lombardoland:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic plus Southern minus W A P I plus W K B F W K Y K T H S W F A A K P R C W O A I K T B S K V O O  
**Whiteman's Music Hall:** Thurs. hour—Complete minus W M C (at 10:30) W F A A plus W D A Y K F Y R K T B S K T H S W I B A  
**Campana's First Nighter:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus K V O O W B A P K T A R plus W S M B W M C W S M W S B  
**10:30**  
**Pontiac, Jane Froman:** Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus K S D K V O O W F A A plus W K V F W S O C W I B A K T H S W D A Y K T B S K G I R K F S O K F Y R K G H L

**11:00**  
**The Grumitts, Senator Ford:** Mon. Wed. ¼ hr. Network  
**Willard Robison Orchestra:** Tues. ¼ hr. Network  
**Jack Berger:** Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network  
**George R. Holmes:** Fri. ¼ hr.—Network  
**Guy Lombardo Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr. Network  
**11:15**  
**Jesse Crawford, organist:** Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network  
**Voice of Romance:** Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. Network  
**11:30**  
**Carl Hoff Orchestra:** Tues. ½ hr. Network  
**Jolly Coburn Orchestra:** Wed. ½ hr. Network  
**D'Orsey Brothers, Bob Crosby:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network  
**Freddie Martin Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr. Network  
**Paul Whiteman's Saturday Night:** Sat. ½ hr.—Network  
(Continued)  
W A P I W F A A plus W I B A W S O C K G A L W D A Y K T H S K F S D K T B S K F Y R K G I R W K B F  
**Pick and Pat:** Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W E E I  
**9:30**  
**Gibson Family:** Sat. hour—Basic minus W H O plus K S T P W T M J W E B C K H Q K D Y L K O A K F I K G W K O M O K F Y R W D A Y W I B A



# In the Stars' Kitchens

**N**OW that your radio favorites are in the full swing of their winter broadcasts, they are concentrating on entertaining their relatives and friends at home as well as bringing you enjoyment over the airwaves.

While some of them like to potter around in their own kitchens and prepare the food for their guests, others plan and supervise the arrangement of the dishes and leave it to their expert cooks to fashion them.

I know that our readers like to eat and enjoy the same foods that the ether stars prefer. So I have made it my business to scout around and discover just what particular dishes they are fond of and will tell you how to prepare them each month. And every recipe will be thoroughly tested before I recommend it to you.

Helen Morgan, one of the most fascinating types of stage, screen and radio personalities, frequently serves this menu for one of her famous dinners.

## CROWN ROAST (for six persons)

Twelve ribs of lamb. Have the butcher tie properly and stuff with meat trimmed from the ends of the roast. Remove stuffing and mix with chopped onions; brown meat and onion in a pan. Then combine with three medium sized mashed potatoes, about ten rolled saltines, one tablespoon Bell's poultry dressing and salt and pepper to taste. Add about one cup of milk so that dressing will hold together. Restuff roast, garnish top with mushrooms. Bake about one and a half hours in a slow oven. Make gravy with flour and water paste.

## SALAD

Sliced oranges with lettuce and French dressing. Sometimes Helen serves this before the main course.

## VEGETABLES

The vegetables with the roast are very simple. Fresh peas cooked in a small quantity of water, seasoned with salt, pepper, and melted butter. Spinach is prepared as follows: in the pot put just enough water to keep the spinach from burning. When it is cooked down add chopped crisp bacon and soy (Chinese) sauce and one-half tablespoon of sugar. Then cook a little longer and serve.

## DESSERT

For dessert Miss Morgan usually (*Continued on page 63*)

## RADIO MIRROR HOMEMAKING DEPARTMENT By SYLVIA COVNEY



Josef Koestner, conductor of the Hoover concert orchestra heard each Sunday in the "Sentinels Serenade"(NBC), is a very busy man. He doesn't always have time to eat regular meals, but manages a quick snack on his Toastmaster hospitality tray.



# Eating

## for BEAUTY and HEALTH

**Do You Want a Trim Figure?  
Are You in Need of Energy?  
Try Miss Covney's Advice**

It's a rare opera star who manages to keep as svelte as lovely Rose Bampton, singer on NBC's "Songs You Love". It's done with proper diet!

**E**VERY season a new fad in dieting, new regulations for eating one's way into health and beauty come along from the experts to upset all our accepted theories and to confound those who had just about decided they knew all there was to learn about the selection of foods which are good for the body and the curtailment of those which are bad for the figure.

We know now, goodness knows we've been told enough times, that food does play an important part in every woman's search for a pleasant appearance, or the retention of her charms, as well as in the conservation of everybody's strength and energies. With all the new fangled notions that are being sprung on us every day, some of which may be all right and many undoubtedly harmful, we are sure of one thing. We know definitely that our bodies need a rest, a thorough overhauling and that abstaining from food for a short time at stated periods throughout the year is the best reconditioning process we can devise.

There is one radio star, not so young as she looks, who a few months ago decided age must be telling at last. She was always tired, distressed after meals and even her voice was failing her. Her skin had that old look and she couldn't rouse enough energy for all the demands on her time.

She took one weekend off, spent it entirely in bed and lived for those few days on the strained juices of a vegetable broth her cook had compounded. It consisted of turnips, string beans, carrots, leeks, split peas, lentils and potatoes. She took from six to eight cups of this on each of

the three days of her fast. And in the morning she started off with a purge, followed in half an hour by a cup of hot black coffee. This regimen lasted from Friday morning to Monday noon and for the following week she lived on boiled vegetables, a baked potato (without butter) and uncooked fresh vegetables. She felt so much better when she got back to what is now normal eating for her that she wanted to pass a word of advice on to RADIO MIRROR readers.

Another singer on the air tried out the milk and orange juice diet, taking a glass of one or the other (alternating regularly) every hour for a week. After the first two days she didn't mind it at all and she's quite enthusiastic about the results she obtained. She emphasizes the necessity of a glass of the liquid  
(Continued on page 79)







# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

**G**OODNESS gracious, what a time I had last month! The question box was brimming over. But that didn't phase the Oracle. There's nothing I enjoy more than to appease the inquisitive appetites of interested radio-ites. The harder the question the better I like it. However, may I ask one favor of you? Paleeze, please do not request personal replies to your queries! These pages were provided just for that purpose and if you look hard enough you may find just what you want to know this month. If you do not find it this month, don't be cross with the Oracle. Try me again next month. You know, I said the question box was brimming over! So here goes!

**Helen F., Oklahoma City, Okla.**—You weren't altogether wrong, Helen, Jimmy Wallington's first marriage was one of those things. Oh, you know what I mean. However, if you want the facts, turn to page 34 and find out how happy your Jimmy is now.

**The Steady Listener, Phila., Pa.**—Sure enough, Guy Lombardo is Italian. For a picture of Guy and his brother, address a letter to him care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York.

**June Parmenter**—Why, haven't you heard Dick Powell on the swell

"Hollywood Hotel" program broadcast over the Columbia network every Friday night? Try not to miss it next Friday night. Dick's original moniker was Richard E. Powell. He's thirty years old and I have a hunch he'll send you his picture if you write to him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Hollywood, Calif.

**A. M. W., Auburn, R. I.**—Lanny Ross will have a birthday this January, the nineteenth. Lanny's a busy lad these days, flitting back and forth from Hollywood to New York. However, by the time you read this he'll be back in New York and you can address him at the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York. By the way, some one told me that Lanny is swell when it comes to answering his mail.

**Beth I., Dallas, Texas**—You sure picked out some famous ones, all right. For pictures of Russ Columbo, James Wallington, Lowell Thomas, Jackie Heller and Alice Joy, address your letters in care of the National Broadcasting Company, New York, and for a picture of Bing Crosby and Kate Smith address the Columbia Broadcasting System, New York. Did you see the grand gallery picture we had of Lowell Thomas in last month's issue? And be sure and turn to page 34 for a story on Wallington in this issue; page 30 for one on Bing Crosby and Kate Smith on page 37.

**Joy D., Troy, New York**—I know Bing Crosby will appreciate your good wishes for his twins, and if you address your letter to Paramount Pictures in Hollywood, he'll get it all right. His next picture will be "Here Is My Heart" and his leading lady will be Kitty Carlisle who teamed up so well with him in "She Loves Me Not." Remember?

**Sim K., Houston, Texas**—Didn't you know that "Lazy Dan, The Minstrel Man" was Irving Kaufman? He really is. You can hear him over the Columbia Broadcasting chain any Sunday afternoon at one o'clock, your time.

**L.S.S., Glenlyon, Pa.**—Do you remember Vaughn De Leath too? She's one of radio's veteran songbirds. Vaughn has been singing on one of New York's local stations, WOR. I too hope that one of the big chains will soon recognize her fine voice.

**Cecelia McG. Roscoe, Pa.**—Address your letter to Mother Schumann-Heink in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

**Lawrence L., St. Louis, Mo.**—Just you write to Eddie Peabody in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York, and tell him just what you think of his (Continued on page 80)

**Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and have your questions about players and programs answered**



## I'm So Ashamed of Myself!

(Continued from page 17)

Besides, you're a singer and haven't time to monkey around with advertising signs. Just forget his hair-brained scheme. Why should we borrow trouble?"

Just like a woman, Phil thought bitterly. And for a week they argued back and forth, till Catherine refused to discuss the matter any more. Well, he'd show her he was right. After all, he was the boss.

Though he had to sell his stocks and bonds for much less than they cost him, he did it and raised the \$15,000.

"I might just as well have thrown it into the Atlantic Ocean," he said ruefully. We lost everything—and all because I was a silly, pig-headed fool who didn't have brains enough to take good advice from my wife when she offered it."

**B**UT we don't only aggravate our mates in doing things we are ashamed of. Often it is not doing something that hurts, a sin of omission that makes us want to kick ourselves forever after. It's miffing a chance, being a plain coward sometimes: that is Tony Wons' regret.

Tony, as a young up-and-coming dramatic student in his twenties, dreamed of the day when he would play Shakespeare before an admiring, gasping audience. Meanwhile, he earned his living as a ticket agent, spending all the money he could save on Shakespearean plays, public speaking texts and the like.

One September, Robert Mantell, the great Shakespearean actor, was appearing at the Olympic Theater in Chicago with his company. An actor became ill, and Tony heard of the opening. He vowed he'd get that job, if he died in the attempt.

So the next morning, dressed in his Sunday finery, he appeared at the theater. Most of the night had been spent in rehearsing his favorite scenes from Shakespeare, with which he hoped to convince Mantell of his capability.

Finally Mantell arrived—a tall, oldish, tired-looking gentleman with a slight limp. Wons stood there and gaped, his heart beating like a Gatling gun. He found he was afraid to approach the master!

The cast began to rehearse, Mantell coaching them. Plenty of chance for Tony to walk over and speak to him—goodness knows Mantell seemed kind enough. Here was the opportunity Tony had dreamed of for years. And he was afraid to talk to Mantell!

"I stood there for hours and they certainly must have wondered who I was. But I just couldn't scare up the courage to talk. Yes, in spite of the courses in public speaking, the training in dramatics I had had. When Mantell began to rehearse his part and his voice boomed out, I became so frightened I just ran out of the theater.

"For the two weeks he played in Chicago I didn't miss a performance, and each time I tried to nerve myself

to go up to see him. It was no use. At home I just ate myself up alive for my cowardice. It was the most unhappy period of my existence. It wasn't till almost ten years later that I got the chance to present Shakespearean rôles.

**S**OMETIMES there are other kinds of mistakes that stars regret. Ralph Kirbery, the Mohawk Treasure Chest soloist, for example, still feels all cut up about this incident in his life, though it happened over fifteen years ago. Ralph, you know, is an eligible bachelor in his thirties, and the story concerns a double loss he suffered: the girl he loved and the most precious thing he ever had—the palship of his childhood chum. All because of his own suspicion and lack of trust and his conceit.

Let's call his friend Tommy. Tommy and Ralph were raised together in Paterson, New Jersey. They went from kindergarten through high school together, sharing each other's toys, swimming and fishing together. A good deal alike in character, they both fell in love with the same girl.

Naturally that put a strain on their relations, which was unavoidable. They both agreed to be fair about the matter and let the young lady choose for herself. For awhile she seemed to prefer Ralph. And then, quite suddenly, she grew cold and reserved with him and spent all her time with Tommy.

It was then that Ralph committed

the most foolish deed he has ever done. His acquaintances hinted that Tommy had been spreading lies about him to win over the girl. And Ralph, his ego wounded and bleeding from her snubbing, swallowed the story—fish, bait and sinker. He didn't ask Tommy if it was true, and refused to give his chum a chance to explain. He definitely terminated their friendship.

Tommy enlisted and went overseas; Ralph enlisted, but his regiment stayed in this country. A few months later Tommy was killed at the front. And it wasn't till long after he was dead that Ralph discovered the truth from his ex-fiancé: that Tommy had really bent over backwards in pointing out Ralph's good habits to her. She just naturally had preferred the dead boy.

"There isn't a thing in the world I can do about it now," Ralph told me, "but let me tell you I feel mighty cheap about the whole business. You see, I've always tried to follow my code, and that's one time when I fell plenty short."

**A**LL of us, like Kirbery, have codes of conduct. And when we deviate from them, much to our chagrin, we feel as if we'd betrayed ourselves. Gladys Swarthout, of the lovely golden voice, can't forgive herself for a certain childish action, about a year ago.

She and her husband, Frank Chapman, were singing the leading rôles in a revival of "The Merry Widow", given under the direction of Robert Edmond Jones at Central City, Colorado.

Usually sweet-tempered, during her stay at Central City Gladys was a holy terror. From the moment she awoke to the moment she went to bed she complained of everything—either her coffee was too hot or too cold, the natives were unfriendly or inquisitive. Nothing was right.

Came the day of the opening, with its dress rehearsal. Because the gown she wore as the Merry Widow was of lovely, fragile lace, the management requested her to appear for dress rehearsal in her plain black cotton rehearsal dress.

A group of fellow-singers, dressed to the eyes in full war-paint, met her angry gaze as she swept on the stage. She went right up in the air for a mile. She stamped her foot like a spoiled baby, began to cry hysterically, and pull at the hated dress.

"Why am I a stepchild?" she inquired of the astonished manager. "Why should I come out here looking like a freak when everyone else is dolled up?"

Coaxings, pleadings, explanations were in vain. For ten full minutes production was held up while she had her cry and abused everyone roundly. Then, as suddenly as her temper had arisen, she became calm and went on with her performance. She's still heartily ashamed of the show she made of herself before all those people—and over such a trifle.

## Your Announcer Is:



### ALOIS HAVRILLA

The voice of Firestone, on the Colgate House Party, Conoco Presents, and Spartan Triolians. Birthplace is Austria-Hungary. Boyhood was passed in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he sang alto in church choirs. Later, he sang bass, as a soloist in the same churches. Married Marion Munson of Mayflower lineage. Met Elliott Shaw, baritone, at a Carnegie Hall musicale, who interested him in radio. He obtained his present post with NBC while teaching.



Just before the group of songsters left for New York, her husband had a chat with one of the natives of Central City. And he learned that occasionally people of high-strung temperament reacted the same way his wife did while they were in Central City. "It's over 9,000 feet above the sea level here," the old man explained, "and for some reason these people can't stand the high altitude. My wife was like that when she first came here, but now she's O. K. Got used to it, I guess."

**I**T took the Town Hall Tonight funster, Fred Allen, of the glum face, to show himself up. He has spent several unhappy, embarrassed moments thinking of the faux pas he committed—and on whom.

It had been a pretty tough day in Boston for him. There were business conferences to attend to, his old friends to visit, for Fred hails from Massachusetts. Besides, a headache annoyed

him and he could hardly wait to get home and rest. About midnight he boarded the sleeper for New York.

He took a cab straight to his hotel from the railroad station, early in the morning. "Don't let anyone disturb me till noon," he directed the room clerk. And to the telephone operator, "Please disconnect my phone and tell anyone who calls to phone me in the afternoon."

Just as he was dozing off, the telephone rang. Sleepily, he turned over and covered his head with a pillow. The phone kept up its interminable clanging sound. "Drat the operator," he said as he looked at his watch. "It's only ten o'clock. Can't I ever get any rest?"

The jarring ring continued. Finally Fred grabbed the mouthpiece. "... why the xxx?! can't you let a man sleep, you damn fool?" he began. "But," said a strange voice.

"Don't *but* me," Allen yelled angrily. "I'm entitled to a little sleep, anyway. I bet you had your beauty sleep last night, you fathead. Didn't the operator warn you I wasn't to be disturbed?"

"Yes," the man said, "but I assured her it would be all right..."

"You did, did you; well, it's not. Of all colossal crust," Allen countered. And he hung up.

Again the phone rang. Beside himself with rage, he picked up the receiver. It was still the same man. "I'm sorry you feel that way about it, Mr. Sunshine Spreader," said an angry voice at the end of the line. "I'm calling for the Benton and Bowles agency, which handles your radio broadcasts. We've got you a thirteen-week renewal and a raise in salary, and the contract has to be signed by noon today. Thanks a lot for your appreciation and courtesy to me." With that he hung up.

And was Fred's face red!

## Phil Baker's Honeymoon for Three

(Continued from page 19)

Peggy and Phil faced the music bravely with complete confidence in each other and so their romance burgeoned into marriage despite the withering blasts of columnists and Broadway, and when the show closed prepared to leave immediately for the haven of distant Italian shores.

But fortune was unkind. A telephone call came from Baker's agent. He had been chosen for the Armour radio program. Overjoyed, he hastened to tell Peggy the good news. Suddenly, his face clouded. It meant postponing the honeymoon. Cheerfully, uncomplainingly, Peggy donned her honeymoon dress for what was to be a hurried business trip by aeroplane instead of the planned wedding trip. Apologetically, Phil consoled his bride. He had responsibilities now, and the lucrative radio program in Chicago meant security, wealth, freedom from the uncertainties that beset the lives of stage folk.

"It's all right, Phil," Peggy reassured him. "Don't worry. We'll go later."

Her words were brave, but there were tears in her big blue eyes. Phil fondly kissed the tears away, and told his bride once more that the trip, when they took it, would be bigger and better than they had planned. Of course, neither Phil nor Peggy knew then it would be two years before he could find the time for a honeymoon; least of all did either guess that when they finally set sail for Italy, there would be three instead of just the two of them.

**F**ROM the very start, Baker's broadcast went over. Credited with being one of vaudeville's pioneers in the use of the "stooge", Phil added the ubiquitous "Bottle" in the person of Harry McNaughton, and the haunting "Beetle", in private life. Hank Ladd, as foils for his original wit, Phil basked in prosperity that eclipsed even his heyday in vaudeville. He became one of the busiest of the comics, sandwiching theatrical engagements in with radio.

**D**URING this time, Phil and Peggy never once abandoned the idea of their honeymoon in Italy. They planned unceasingly, each time adding something they had forgotten before, scanning each new folder the travel bureaus and steamship agencies published, until, as Phil explained, his Italian vocabulary grew from "anti-pasto" and "ravioli" to the point where he could say glibly "*buon giorno*", although he is not yet sure just what that means.

Each time, Phil and Peggy promised one another that when Phil's radio contract expired they would take the next boat. But each time the contract expired, a highly satisfied sponsor renewed it. Last year, Phil rebelled. He demanded a vacation—and was told he could have it. But this time, it was Peggy who postponed the honeymoon—a postponement necessitated by the impending arrival at the Evanston house of little Margot Eleanor.

A little while before Margot Eleanor was born, Peggy abandoned for the time being her custom of sitting in on the program conferences. The second week of her absence, Phil and Harry McNaughton were driving to Evanston after the broadcast.

"Didn't go so well, tonight, Phil," Harry remarked, and Baker agreed. The laughs had been noticeably fewer; the program lacked its usual sparkle. The next day, at the Baker home, the conference lagged. Gags just wouldn't come to mind. Phil couldn't understand it at first. Harry was frankly mystified. Hank was puzzled. Then it dawned on them. Harry sighed.

"It's Peggy, Phil," he said. "There's no use trying—we just can't get this right without her."

The next week Peggy was back on the job, although she did find it necessary once or twice to call a halt in the proceedings while the whole cast tip-toed into the nursery to take a look at the brand-new Margot Eleanor. But that week, the program had its old sparkle—

and it's kept it ever since.

Ever since, that is, except for one week last winter when Peggy took baby down for a week of Florida sunshine. With Margot Eleanor tucked safely in her crib, Peggy looked out of her hotel window at the moon-kissed water and waving palms and thought wistfully of the honeymoon which seemed farther away than ever, when the telephone rang. Only one person could be calling at that hour.

"Phil, darling, I'm so lonesome," she cried impulsively.

"Gee, sweetheart I'm lonesome too, I just had to talk to you", Phil replied.

"Oh Phil, if we can't have a honeymoon, let's have a day at least. It's so lovely down here—the sun and ocean and sand, just like we planned."

"I'm coming down on the next plane, darling."

And come he did. For nine glorious hours they lolled about the beach and when Phil prepared to catch the next plane back to New York he said: "Well, now we've had our honeymoon!"

But Peggy, for once, lost patience and informed her loving spouse in no uncertain terms that she wasn't going to accept this commuter's honeymoon for the real thing.

So this last summer Phil bearded his sponsor in his office. He did not mince words.

"Remember that vacation I didn't take last summer?" he reminded. "Well, I'm taking it this summer. I promised Peggy when the baby was born that we'd have our honeymoon at last, so I'd like to arrange to be away for a month."

Genially the sponsor beamed on the bridegroom-father.

"Take it, Phil. You've earned it," he agreed.

But Peggy prudently kept her fingers crossed until a puffing tug warped the big liner from its dock and cast off.

For Phil Baker's program, The Armour Hour, see page 53—9 o'clock column.



# Double Mint Gum

FOR BEAUTY  
OF MOUTH  
AND LIPS



*That is why **DOUBLE MINT**  
gum is so popular with the  
**STARS** of the screen and stage.*



Enjoying it relaxes tight muscles which form unattractive lines and the chewing gently massages the lips into a vibrant, new loveliness. **BUY A PACKAGE AND TRY IT.**



# Stop a COLD the First Day!

**Drive It Out of Your System  
—Roots and All!**

A COLD once rooted is a cold of danger! Trust to no makeshift methods.

A cold; being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment.

A cold also calls for a COLD remedy and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well.

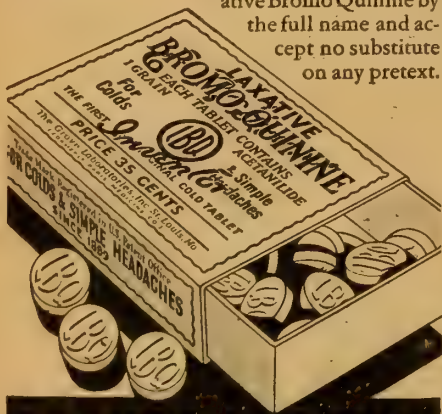
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what a cold requires. It is expressly a cold remedy. It is internal and direct—and it does the four things necessary.

## Four Effects

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling and tones the entire system.

Only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies these four effects and anything less than that is inviting trouble.

Get Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine at any druggist, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy." Ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine by the full name and accept no substitute on any pretext.



# GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Pat Kennedy, the Unmasked Tenor and Art Kassel and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, 1:45 p. m. Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

## Behind the Scenes of the Kate Smith Matinée Hour

(Continued from page 37)

He'd better watch his step, though. Coats, hats, brief cases, sweaters, music and violin cases lie scattered all about him. A mike slung overhead catches the band music.

To his right, at a sharp angle, is the third mike. All around it—sitting, standing, lying—is the choral group. Seven of them. One is reading the funny paper, another is falling asleep. Oh, and there's one paying attention.

Before you've finished your inspection of the studio, a skit has begun. Josephine, eight-year-old actress, in blue middy dress, long yellow curls, and rolled stockings, hurries to Kate's mike. Her dramatic teacher hurries right along with her. She and Kate put their arms around the youngster.

You see Ted grimace and step forward, script in hand. You see the violins in the front row of the orchestra begin to play. You see Josephine open her mouth and cry. It's a good healthy cry, too, if you can judge by the width her mouth is open. Her teacher pats her encouragingly on the shoulder.

Once, out in Hollywood, while Ted and Kate were on the La Palina program, Ted hired a baby movie star to speak a few lines of greeting into the mike. Everything went fine until the last second. Then, as the prodigy was shoved forward, he got stage fright. Beginning a wild cry of despair, the tiny actor turned and ran. Nonchalantly, without a pause, Ted continued the cry a moment, raising his voice two octaves, wavered a greeting, then went back into his normal speaking voice. His sponsors never knew.

NOW it's the turn of the trio. Three young lads from California, Kate calls them. They disentangle themselves from the choral group and stand around the mike. Mart, John and Jack, blond, brunette and red-head. The red-head bounces up and down while he sings and makes faces.

Hey! There's Buddy Rogers peeking in through the glass panel in the studio door. You hear someone whisper that he drops into New York like this all the time. Whenever he can get away from rehearsals for his Ward Family Theater in Chicago.

He's gone now because a singer pulled down a curtain to shut out any other curious peeks. You're the only total stranger left. Everyone remaining is a performer or a Columbia press agent.

While you're craning your neck to see Buddy, Parker Fennelly, old-time radio actor, strides to the center mike. He's a favorite of program arrangers because he can take two or three rôles on one sketch. Today he has two parts. A city slicker and a country rustic. The imitation is perfect and you've learned something new.

Fennelly looks more like a college professor than an actor, with his kind blue eyes, thin face, and elongated body. He barely moves as he reads the lines in his script. He does most of the writing of these scripts, too.

Kate has put on her glasses and is ready to sing. You realize that this is the first time she has used sheet music. Must be a new song. She raises her arm and directs the orchestra personally for the first few bars, before devoting her attention to the mike.

It's a wonder she can sing at all today. Between songs you see her sniffing quietly off in a corner, chewing cough drop after cough drop. Evidently a bad cold.

A quick glance at the clock tells you that it is three-thirty and the half-way mark. A program timer—he watches to see that no number over-runs its allotted minutes—comes into the control room with you. Ted Collins follows him breathlessly, a deep frown creasing his forehead.

"Didn't Kate sing an extra number?" Ted demands.

"Yeah, we're two minutes behind," the timer says morosely.

You catch your breath. Here's a real studio secret. Thirty minutes to go and two minutes behind! Then you remember. Kate must have forgotten the change Ted made at the beginning of the program. What will happen? Nothing to do but wait and see.

As you speculate on those two precious minutes, the control engineer leans back and starts a phonograph at your side that you haven't noticed before. Here's another inside fact being revealed. The record is for sound effects. The loudspeaker is out in the studio and the noises are caught up by the center mike.

It's a football comedy skit, and the sound effects are cheers and wild hoots. A trick announcer is at the mike, giving a take-off on broadcasting at football games, and he's good. His name is Al Canton, and you've heard him before without knowing his name. He's on the air often, with impersonations.

The skit comes back perfectly in the control room. That small wax record is doing the business. You close your eyes and imagine you are in a stadium with fifty thousand roaring a college yell.

You watch Kate anxiously. Does she know she's behind schedule? It doesn't look like it. She's reading over her script and smiling broadly. First she sings "Love in Bloom," then goes directly into the feature sketch.

It's a modern version of Cinderella. But what's this? Kate has a comedy part. As far as you know, it is the first time she has attempted anything like it. She seems to enjoy it, too. She grins, snickers a little, off-stage, then screws her face up in a knot to keep from laughing out loud.

Kate's really putting this over. The rest of the cast listens intently. You see their heads nodding approval. Personally, you wish she'd be given more parts just like it.

But wait a bit! Here's something exciting for you. Kate has a real, flesh and blood débutante on her program.



It's the program timer who spills the secret. He points her out to you.

It's Adelaide Moffett—tall, slim, bright burnished hair caught back off her forehead. Her father is the same Moffet who is presiding over the Federal Housing Commission. He's an old friend of the President's. She's only eighteen and through finishing school. Kate heard her at an audition and took her under her wing.

This will be her first radio broadcast. You learn one more trick of the studio listening to her chatter. Kate, it seems, knowing the nervous tension Adelaide would be suffering, ordered her into the studio at twelve o'clock. It's been over three hours now that Adelaide has done nothing but sit and watch, first rehearsal, then broadcast. By this time every trace of nerves has left her. She's become so bored, she doesn't care.

Jack Smith is Adelaide's partner in her first number. They're standing together now in front of the right-hand mike. Your heart skips a beat, watching, but Adelaide is self-possessed. She smiles at Jack and goes into the first chorus without a tremor.

That's the next to the last number on the program. You nudge the timer and hold up two fingers. He nods. The last two minutes haven't been regained and it begins to look very bad indeed.

**B**UT what's all this? Four cowboys, neatly decked out in sombreros, chaps, bandanas and boots, troop to the center mike. You watch Kate introduce them over the air. They're star performers at the rodeo in Madison Square Garden. They're all supposed to say something.

The champ bronco buster speaks a greeting. Then the only woman rider in the group. The other two edge forward, scripts in hand, for their turn. But you glance at the clock and see that it's one minute to four. No time for any more speeches.

Kate holds up her hand, signals to the band and the music swells, while the two cowboys stand silent and puzzled. Then—it's all over!

At exactly four the engineer brings his arm sharply down. The orchestra stops on a couple of drawn-out, sour notes, and Kate hurries over to the cowboys. She explains why they weren't given a chance to speak. They look relieved, as a matter of fact.

You walk out of the control room, a sudden let-down feeling coming over you, now that the two minutes didn't spoil the show after all. Musicians sit back and yawn and kid Collins about getting the program mixed.

"That was Kate's fault," Ted dodges. "Whose fault?" Kate challenges.

Before anything can be settled, Ukelele Ike (Cliff) Edwards leaps into the room, wild-eyed, hat on the back of his head. "Hi, Kate!" he greets. "Lo, Ted."

The three go out, arm in arm, Kate clutching her cough drops firmly in one hand.

"Rehearsal at twelve noon, sharp!" Ted calls over his shoulder.

Nothing to do now until Thursday noon. Ho, hum!



## Woodbury's two new *Germ-free* Beauty Creams give your skin a new scientific protection

**S**KIN blemishes commonly arise from tiny infections. When you protect your skin against these infections, it's bound to be lovelier, every way.

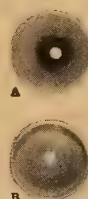
And that's what happens when you use Woodbury's two new Germ-free Beauty Creams. They're pure and germ-free when you open them—they stay germ-free as long as you use them—as long as they last. No other creams guard your skin in just this scientific way.

109 leading skin specialists tested Woodbury's Creams. 93.5% of them agree that these new germ-free creams can safely be used on every type of skin—even those which are most sensitive.

Woodbury's Cold Cream prevents dry skin. It contains exclusive Element 576 which *stimulates* the oil glands to feed the skin the natural oils that keep it fresh, supple, young.

Woodbury's Facial Cream gives two-fold protection against infection and weather—cold, wind, dust—and forms an exquisite powder base. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

"BING CROSBY ENTERTAINS" Tues. evenings, 9:00 p. m., E. S. T., Columbia Network. "Dangerous Paradise", Mon., Wed., Fri., 7:45 p. m., E. S. T., N. B. C. Network.



**PROOF THAT THEY'RE GERM-FREE**  
Agar plates covered with infectious germs. In Plate A, Woodbury's Cream has cleared the grey surface of germs as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. In Plate B, bearing an ordinary cream, the grey surface has not been cleared of germs. They are still dangerously alive.



**SEND FOR "LOVELINESS KIT"**  
Enclosed find 10c. Send me the "Woodbury Loveliness Kit" containing a guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, generous tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, and 6 packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder—one of each of the 6 fashionable shades.

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# The Busiest Man in Radio

(Continued from page 45)

Will he remember  
your **EYES?**

He can't forget  
their beauty if  
you use

**Maybelline**

**EYE  
BEAUTY  
AIDS**



● More than any other feature, your eyes express YOU. When he meets you, the first thing he looks at is your eyes. If they are beautiful and attractive, they will be what he remembers most when he thinks of you... make them unforgettably alluring with the pure, harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

Blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now darken your lashes into the appearance of long, dark, lustrous fringe, and presto... you will truly have eyes he cannot forget!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



BLACK,  
BROWN AND BLUE



BLACK  
AND BROWN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE  
BRISTLES



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY,  
VIOLET AND GREEN

screen. Hill watches them closely, deciding what he will say about each one. Now he's ready and they're run again. He talks directly at them, pausing at marked intervals. It's ticklish work, for a background of sound has been included and he must not raise his voice too high nor let it drop too low.

Six o'clock. Fifteen minutes for a simple, unpretentious dinner, second and last meal of the day. Back in the studio until seven-fifteen. Now to leave for Columbia Broadcasting. We're there until eight-thirty. Then the first broadcast of the evening is finished. No time to waste for a smoke or a minute's rest. Back in the cab to the studio.

Staring, writing, talking. The screen flashes and flickers. Suddenly the hour is a quarter to eleven. Have to rush back to Columbia for a rebroadcast. This one is flashed to the West Coast audience at fifteen past the hour. At eleven-thirty another dash back to the projection room.

Until midnight now sitting in the hot, stuffy studio. Thousands of feet of newsreels, Arabians, Frenchmen, Chinese, all in their native, colorful pageants, pass by, some to be commented on, more to be watched and later on thrown out. Ready to leave now!

On the way home, at last. Not to bed, however. It's 1 o'clock and three hours' reading ahead. Not only evening papers and magazines tonight, but also new books which have been sent by big publishers in New York.

Four o'clock and the light in the studio snaps out. And so, wearily, into bed. Six hours of sleep is plenty. Then out of bed again, shaving, taking a

shower, selecting a suit for the day. "I'll tell you," his secretary confided in me, "we're negotiating right now with Columbia to install a microphone at the movie studio. Then he won't have to leave and rush back and forth twice a night. In bad weather, it's terribly hard work."

So there you are. With exceptions, of course, this happens all week. Tuesdays and Saturdays he doesn't broadcast, but he uses that spare time either at the movie studio or writing some of his six syndicated columns a week for a large nation-wide chain of newspapers.

Sunday is the one free day Ed Hill can enjoy, and he does it by entertaining a few old friends whom he knew in his newspaper days a few years ago. John Charles Thomas is his favorite and it is such nights as the famous tenor is giving a recital that Hill sneaks away to Carnegie Hall for an hour or two.

For the Forum of Liberty program, he must use the elaborate file of information in his apartment, delve into the libraries of the daily papers, nose around the public library.

"The uncanny thing about Ed," Schaad told me, "is his love of the work. Oh, of course, he gets sick and tired of it now and then. But he couldn't quit, if he wanted to. It's really a miracle."

And, as Hill himself said, "As long as I am strong, healthy, and the people want me, I'll do as much work as I possibly can. Then, some day, I'll rest."

For Edwin C. Hill's programs see page 51—8 o'clock column.

The De Marco Sisters, Lily, Mary and Ann, are known as the smooth Harmony singers. They've guest-starred for Rudy Vallee and Richard Himber.





## In the Stars' Kitchens

(Continued from page 54)

serves a sherbet. And after that a large arrangement of assorted cheeses and coffee. Helen has had as many as thirty-seven assorted cheeses, almost making this the feature of the dinner. About four or five different cheeses would be sufficient for your service.

**M**URIEL WILSON, one of our very lovely singers enjoys a piece of really good Date Cake.

### DATE CAKE

|              |                  |
|--------------|------------------|
| ½ cup butter | ¼ teaspoon salt  |
| 1 cup sugar  | 3 teaspoons bak- |
| 2 eggs       | ing powder       |
| 1 cup milk   | 1 cup dates      |

Beat the butter and sugar until light, add the eggs which have been well beaten and beat some more. Then add the dates that have been cut in small pieces, milk, and then the flour, baking powder and salt that have been combined and sifted together. Beat well and bake in a shallow pan in a 400° F. oven until done. Serve plain or with a simple white frosting.

**A**RLENE FRANCIS, of Columbia's "Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood" program, is no great artist in culinary enterprises, but she does enjoy her special dinner of Broiled Chicken.

### BROILED CHICKEN

Get a small chicken about three and a half pounds, cut for broiling. Season with salt, pepper and pour over a little melted butter. Broil on both sides. Cook about twenty-five minutes. Be careful not to have chicken too close to the flame, as the meat catches fire very quickly. (Serves about four).

**L**EE REISER, one of the piano team of Al and Lee Reiser, is a man who knows how foods should taste, and one of his favorite dinner soups is this Creamed Lima Bean Soup.

### CREAMED LIMA BEAN SOUP

|   |                     |
|---|---------------------|
| 4 tablespoons butter  | 4 tablespoons flour |
| ½ teaspoon salt   | 2½ cups milk        |
| ½ cup lima beans that have been ground through the grinder. |                     |

Cream the butter, add the flour and mix well together. Add the milk slowly and cook on the stove until thickened. Add the lima beans, and the seasoning. If the soup is a little too thick add more milk. This will serve six.

At the beginning of this article you saw a picture of Josef Koestner preparing a bite for himself with the help of the new Toastmaster Hospitality tray. If you want to know more about this tray, write to Sylvia Covney, Desk 38, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, and I'll send you a free copy of a very interesting booklet which contains numerous recipes and suggestions for dainty sandwiches and quick snacks.



# How to EARN GOOD MONEY IN BROADCASTING

Let the Floyd Gibbons School Train You  
Quickly, at Home in Spare Time

Do you, too, want to get into Broadcasting — the big fascinating, glamorous industry of today? Do you want to earn good money? Do you want to have your voice brought into hundreds of thousands of homes all over the land? If you do, you'll read every word of this amazing opportunity.

For no matter where you live—no matter how old or how young you are—if you have talent—then here is a remarkable new way to realize your life's ambition. Broadcasting needs new talent—in fact, the demand far exceeds the available supply.

### Great Opportunity in Radio Broadcasting

Because Broadcasting is expanding so fast that no one can predict to what gigantic size it will grow in the next few years—Broadcasting offers unusual opportunities for fame and success to those who can qualify.

Think of it! Broadcasting has been taking such rapid strides that today *advertisers alone* are spending more than a hundred million dollars for advertising over the air. Think of the millions that will be spent next year, and the year after over more than 600 stations—think of the glorious opportunities for thousands of talented and properly trained men and women.

### Many Earn Good Money Quickly

Why not get your share of these millions? For if your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you can act, if you have any hidden talents that can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, perhaps you may qualify for a job before the microphone. Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how to turn your natural ability into money! But talent alone may not bring you Broadcasting success. You must have a thorough and complete knowledge of the technique of this new industry. Many a singer, actor, writer or other type of artist who had been successful in different lines of entertainment was a dismal failure before the microphone. Yet others, practically unknown a short time ago, have risen to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Because they were trained in Broadcasting technique, while those others who failed were not.

Yet Broadcasting stations have not the time to train you. That is why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting



FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Radio  
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are open to men and women who have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read how you, too, can prepare yourself quickly at home in spare time for your future in Broadcasting. Mail coupon now.

Start training now for one of the many good paying positions in this fast-growing field. Hundreds of opportunities as

Announcer  
Singer  
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# Kill Kidney Acid New Way



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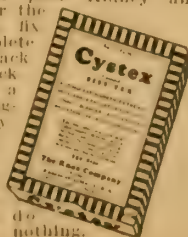
It is no longer necessary for men and women to suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder without the benefits of a remarkably successful prescription prepared specially for these troubles, and which is available at every drug store.

Because of modern foods and drinks, nervous strain, worry, overwork, weather changes, exposure and other causes, there are millions of men and women suffering from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling old, tired out, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic Pains and other trouble.

If poor Kidney and Bladder functions cause you to suffer from any symptom such as Loss of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Stiffness, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting or Itching Acidity, you can't afford to waste a minute. You should start testing the Doctor's Prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) at once.

Cystex is not an experiment—it is quick and sure in action—it has been tested and proved in millions of cases and doctors and druggists approve of its pure ingredients which do not contain any dope, narcotics, or habit-forming drugs. Dr. C. J. Roberts, Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and formerly of the Philadelphia General Hospital, recently wrote: "In my years of practice I have employed many medicines and prescriptions to improve the functional action of the Kidneys, but in my opinion there is no preparation that equals the prescription known as Cystex." The formula is in every package. It starts work in 15 minutes and is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and Poisonous waste matter. It soothes, tones and cleans raw, sore, irritated Bladder and Urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success, the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers of poor Kidney and Bladder functions under the fan-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. Ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.



## What Marriage Means to Jimmy Wallington

(Continued from page 34)

the least bit hard-boiled, the least bit cynical.

"If you ever met Anita for the first time, you'd never think she looked like a show-girl. You'd think, 'Oh, what a lovely housewife she'd make' or 'What a grand mother she'd be to bring up children.' She's that sort of a person. And she is a wonderful housekeeper. I hope that it will never be necessary, but if it were, I'd want a wife who'd wash clothes, and Anita would and could. She'd pitch right in and do a wonderful job."

Strangely enough, when Jimmy met Anita for the first time backstage at the Radio City Music Hall the night it opened and watched her dance on the dimly lit stage, he had no inkling of what this slim girl with the dazzling smile and the dark brown eyes was to mean in his life. He hardly noticed her that evening. There were so many introductions, so much hubbub, such mad excitement.

A whole year whirled by, a year crowded with work. They met again when Jimmy was interviewing Wiley Post on the stage of the Music Hall, just after he had completed his round-the-world flight. And this time when he saw Anita again, he really saw her, and wondered how he could have been such a blind fool and not noticed before how warm and melting her brown eyes were, and how she seemed to glow with an inner beauty, and how when she smiled you felt as if you'd never seen anyone smile before.

The stage that day too was crowded with dancing girls, but Jimmy had eyes only for Anita. In a stumbling halting voice he asked her, "Won't you come out for a bite to eat between shows?"

"Of course," she said, laughing, and her laughter was like a ripple of music. But he must not think of that, Jimmy Wallington told himself, while his pulses seemed to pound faster than ever and his heart beat like a trip-hammer.

**O**H, he must be casual, very casual.

He had no right to tell her that she was the sweetest girl that he had ever met, though every glance of his, every unspoken word must have breathed the secret that it cost him worlds of pain not to whisper. But he said nothing. It had never occurred to him that love, when it came again, would come so suddenly, without warning. He had no time to guard himself against it, before he found himself in the midst of a whirlpool of emotion. For Anita was everything he had ever dreamed about.

Neither Anita nor Jimmy hinted to the other that their relationship was to be more than a friendship. They didn't feel free to speak yet, though both must have felt the wings of destiny beating down on them.

On New Year's Eve at ten or twelve, he suddenly blurted out what was in his heart to Anita. Horns were tooting the New Year in, and drunken revellers were seeking forgetfulness of the hectic

past in newly blended whiskey. Suddenly, as if he could no longer bear the burden of silence he had been carrying, he turned to Anita and said, "Surely you've guessed what you mean to me. If you are ever free, if I am ever free—"

Not many words are needed between two people who love one another. Quietly she nodded.

Very quietly on August 18 they were married by a Lutheran minister in Newark, New Jersey. Jimmy meant to keep his marriage a secret for a while, I think, but he was so bursting with pride he just couldn't keep quiet. One day he broke in upon Ed Wynn when he was rehearsing his new show, and said to Wynn, who is a friend of his, "Ed, congratulate me. I got married recently."

**I**N a voice fraught with conviction he said to me, "This isn't just a thrill-marriage. So many marriages in show business and I guess elsewhere too are that kind. That's particularly true in this business, however, because of the unnatural life your work forces you to lead, working at night, sleeping in the daytime, slaving under terrible tension all the time. You sort of forget fundamental values in such an atmosphere."

"Well, marriage to me means a home and raising a family, and that's what it means to Anita, too. I can't see any reason for two people getting married unless they want to have children. If

## Your Announcer Is:



## KENNETH ROBERTS

Heard on Atwater-Kent program; Sterling Products program. Born and raised in New York City. Schooled for career before the bar at St. John's College in Brooklyn, turned to the stage. Played in small parts for short period. Joined CBS in 1931. Is tall, weighs over 175 pounds, has dark blue eyes, black hair. Likes to sing, and plays the piano. Grew the moustache after his appointment at Columbia. Plays the piano well.



you're in love with someone, you want to have children, and if you don't, it's a pretty selfish sort of love. But I won't go around telling the world whether I want a boy or a girl first, because we'll take anything that God gives us and be thankful for it. And you can be pretty sure that when we're expecting a blessed event, we won't go around announcing it. When someone has a baby, that's news; but when they're expecting one, that's not news, just gossip.

"Before we were married Anita was a dancer at the Radio City Music Hall, and ex-captain of the Rockettes, the dancers at the old Roxy Theatre. She did all the sound track for the tap dancing in Paul Whiteman's picture, 'The King of Jazz'. She's been on the stage since she was thirteen, but the week before we were married she left her job. I wouldn't want a wife who works."

"Isn't that just a bit old-fashioned?" I asked.

"If two people go on working," said Jimmy, "I don't call that marriage. How can a woman be a good wife and mother if she's working outside her home all day long?"

A strange thing happened when Jimmy took his new bride to the Gables, his home at Bayside, Long Island. There is a bull-terrier there who guards the house like a castle and is ready to jump at the throat of any stranger. No one is welcome there who does not belong in that household. Anita walked across the lawn, and the bull-terrier, as though some fifth instinct had warned him, sprang forward, not to clutch at her throat, but to welcome her. He had recognized her as his future mistress.

Jimmy Wallington announces the Chase & Sanborn and the Fleischmann hours (see page 53—8 P.M. column) and the Gibson Family broadcast (see page 53—9 P.M. column).

## What Marriage Means to Donald Novis

(Continued from page 35)

of Canada, and then to Pasadena, California. But I'm sure that you've never heard before of the poverty and privation the Novises suffered when the elder Novis finally reached Pasadena and opened his little shoe repair store. The place was a tiny cubbyhole into which the light rarely penetrated, and which people frequently passed by carelessly, not even noticing it. There is one incident of his early youth that stands out clear as crystal in young Donald Novis' mind.

"I was playing with some other boys," he told me, "and afterwards I came into the house with the appetite of a healthy young animal. I sat down at the table to eat, but there was no dinner that night for any of us, only half a glass of milk for each of us. I looked dumbly at my two brothers and my older sister; their eyes signalled me to silence. My eyes traveled to the work-worn hands of my mother, and I thought of her years of bitter toil, and the hardships she had undergone trying to make a home for my father, who had sought a golden opportunity everywhere and found it nowhere. No wonder I choked a little on that half-glass of milk. My mother went to her room quietly, but I could hear her sobbing afterwards, and I knew that it was for us she was sobbing, and that she was praying that we would have the chance she never had.

"The next morning there was no breakfast for any of us. Lunch time came. Exuberantly my father burst into the house, his hands laden with packages. A customer had come in and had had his shoes half-soled and the heels repaired. That meant lunch for all of us. If he hadn't come in just that day, I hate to think of what would have happened."

Yet in spite of poverty and privation, Don's father encouraged his children to go to school, so that life might have some horizons for them, and not end at

a cobbler's bench. Donald won a scholarship to college, but his father, discovering his talent for music, insisted that he also take lessons in singing.

"Do you know how I earned the money to pay for those lessons?" Donald asked me. I shook my head. "Well, the girl I was going with then was the daughter of a bricklayer, and all summer long I carried the hod and mixed mortar for her father.

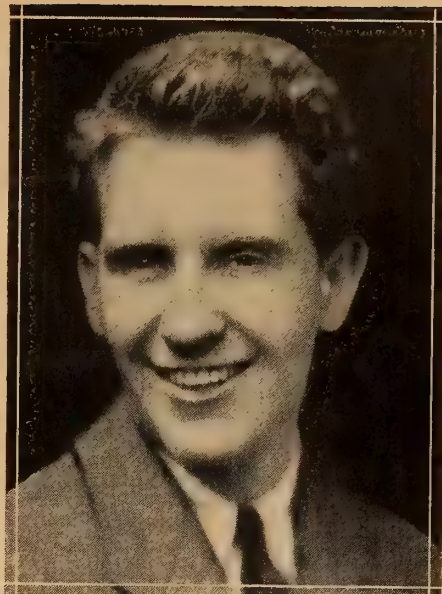
**O**F course you know of how he finally won the Atwater Kent radio auditions. After that everything should have been smooth sailing for him, but it wasn't. There was one point in his career, when he was ready to give up everything, forget that he had ever planned to be a singer. That was shortly after his marriage, when Don had been offered a chance to appear in "Luana," an Arthur Hammerstein show. When "Luana" flopped, Don was flat broke and had to wire his singing teacher for enough money to get back to Pasadena with his wife.

But things weren't much better there. Meager was the livelihood he eked out singing in churches, begging for little jobs at five or ten dollars apiece.

It was at this point that he rebelled and said to Juliette, "I can do other things besides starve at singing. I'm husky and strong. I could help my father in his business, or I could even do some work around a tree nursery." But Julie wouldn't listen to him, and insisted that he keep on with his singing. And now that he has achieved success on the Colgate House Party program, she is still there beside him, still encouraging him, giving him the love and devotion which made him a success.

That's why he's so furious at the rumors that say, "The Don Novises are exploding."

For Don Novis' program, The Colgate House Party, see page 53—9 o'clock column.



"RED DAVIS," red-blooded athletic boy whose wholesome adventures are packed with interest.

## "RED DAVIS" IS BACK AGAIN

Laugh, fans, laugh! "Red Davis" is back. And, knowing "Red," you know that means fun to spare.

What's more, here's a program chockful of typical real life action. For "Red Davis" is a regular American youth every day in the week! And Mr. and Mrs. Davis and all the other characters are as familiar to you as the folks next door.

You'll be heartily amused—and moved—as you follow "Red Davis," his family and friends, in this new series of entertaining episodes. Don't miss "Red's" puppy loves... his

growing pains... his wholesome adventures—they'll remind you of your own.



LINDA—lovely girl friend of Clink, Red Davis' companion-in-trouble!

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MON., WED. & FRI. NIGHTS

Sponsored by the Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, New York, makers of Beech-Nut Gum, Candies, Coffee, Biscuits and other foods of finest flavor.



# Subject: Frances Langford; Object: Matrimony

(Continued from page 15)



## "I like cod liver oil THIS WAY!"

Each tablet is equivalent in Vitamin A and D content to a FULL teaspoon of cod liver oil

• White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are the easy, modern way to give children those cod liver oil properties which help build strong teeth and bones, strong bodies... And help promote resistance to disease in general. The nauseating fats and upsetting taste and odor have been eliminated—yet the tablets contain all the precious vitamin A and D content of cod liver oil.

You can depend on their dosage—it is always accurate... And the vitamin potency is always constant. For these tablets are protected against the destructive effects of time, light, and atmospheric changes. For infant feeding they may be crushed conveniently in formula, orange juice, or tomato juice.



**White's COD LIVER OIL CONCENTRATE TABLETS**

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Kisses Won't Tell



Stays on the Lips All Day Long

**PERMAPOINT**

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I enclose \$1. Send me Permapoint in shade checked. Vivid (very bright). Light (most attractive average shade). Raspberry (coming to darkness light skin). Medium (for decided brunettes). Or mock with your present lipstick in margin. We will send corresponding shade.

Name.....  
Address.....

A delicate ninety-nine pounds standing there on shiny spiked heels, adjusting a clump of soft mink-tails about the collar of a beige wool frock. Round, black eyes whose intensity is magnified by a pert, permanently freckled nose and a small full mouth. Such a child! you'd think first thing, noting her vitalic freshness, her little-girl lack of affectation. You'd feel that someone ought to be around all the time to look out for her. Well, don't worry. Plenty of people and her own sane self are watching the development of NBC's hit girl.

Donald Novis called over from the stage, "Joe Cook's not here yet."

Frances turned and laughed, "Joe's 'Jersey Killer' was probably waiting for him behind one of those urns in the foyer. Come on, let's sit 'way back and talk."

We did, and the talk took Frances through as glamorous a Cinderella story as any fairy tale you ever read. From a 100-watter in Clearwater, Florida, to a coast-to-coast hookup is pretty big doings for a high school belle. Heavens! she'd never even dreamed of anything nearly so wonderful. The very way she speaks of it tempts you to believe in modern miracles.

She can't say enough about Rudy Vallee. "I owe so much to him I'll never be able to say 'thank you' half a plenty," she stated seriously. "He was—just so grand that first day I sang for him backstage in Miami. I was frightened to death until he told me not to be, that there was really nothing for me to be afraid of. So I stood up and decided not to be scared and sang for all I was worth. He liked it."

Did he! It was Vallee himself who sent for her a few months later to come to New York, took her personally to WOR and saw to her being signed for a year, guided her on. From a start like that the jump over to NBC was just a stepping stone. And Radio, since then, has been Frances Langford's very own oyster.

Somehow the little thrills have been as much fun as the big ones. The long trip north. Her first snow. (They finally instituted a searching party to find her. All day she'd been tramping about Manhattan, wide-eyed at its white beauty. A fig for 'singer's throat'! That snow was something extra to a Floridian.) Her picture on a radio magazine cover. Slim, bright evening gowns designed especially for her by Maybelle Manning. (Even a size twelve has to come in at the waist, she's so tiny.) The memorable purchase of two fluffy Persian cats, now ranking members of the family. Her first interview. (Some of the things writers do ask you!) The night she opened at the swank Simplon Club. Publicity pictures. A raccoon coat. Dates to go dancing at famous places. Applause—great waves of it at

the New York theatres. (Learning to bow just right was a little trying.) Fan mail in heavy bundles. The stage for a bit. Gifts. Work. Success.

And then that first vacation back to Lakeland, Florida, last summer.

"That," said Frances, adjusting the bobby pin behind her right ear, "absolutely thrilled me more than anything yet. I was there five days and I was so excited I'll bet I didn't sleep five hours the whole time. I don't know why they should have done so much for just me, but the mayor met me at the train and they gave me a banquet and WELCOME HOME, FRANCES was printed in great big letters all over the newspaper!" Out of breath she paused. "Honestly, I couldn't sleep a wink after that!"

**GLAMOUR.** It's grand and wonderful, and she's a lucky girl who falls heir to so glittering a share of it. But after a while, just as surely as tomorrow's sun, the brilliance of the lights, the thunder of the applause—all of it becomes a bit everyday. And a raven-haired little girl finds herself going into ecstasies, instead, over some Dutch Colonial pieces in a Fifth Avenue furniture store window.

Frances Langford is twenty-one now. No man but the Real Thing could possibly induce her to have a date every night any longer. Instead she reads much, digests a great many movies, sleeps plenty and dotes on 'showing the town' to her Lakeland friends who come up to visit. Outside of that, as she put it, she "just stays home". Dates there are, of course, but not awfully many. If you've heard her name sentimentally linked with any of a number of famed masculine nommers you can promptly discount the rumors. For as Frances told me, "So far they're only very good friends."

The Lady of the Blues waits. Wishing He'd come. And while she waits she's saving her money to help bring about a dream. A dream of a rambling stucco house on Florida's Gulf Coast, with a white silk beach for chubby little hands to build sandhouses upon in the sunshine. One boy and one girl. Frances is precise about it.

There's the dream of Him too. She only knows that he'll be gentle and that she'll touch the rainbow's end the moment she first sees his face. Further than that the dream is not quite clear.

To you, Frances, I'd say it's all exactly as it should be. It's lovely, it's your heritage, and may the waiting not be long.

And to Mr. X, whomever and wherever you may be, I'd like to dedicate a tempo agitato chorus of "Git goin'!"

For Frances Langford's program, The Colgate House Party, see page 53—9 o'clock Column.

The most complete and unusual program guide in any radio magazine appears each month in RADIO MIRROR. Turn to page 50. You'll find it useful all month long.



## What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 11)

final. . . Roy Barge, pianist and arranger for Paul Whiteman, and Jean Vance, the blonde beauty, are holding hands. . . Ditto Ted Fio-Rito and Lois Wilson. . . Abe Lyman's romance with Eleanore Powell cooled, and the bandsman is said to regard Dorothy Gulman, the pulchritudinous Chicago press agent, with more than professional interest.

Irene Bordoni, separating from Rene Racover, her booking manager, is supposed to be plotting her marriage to an old English flame, a London film executive. Irene always did favor managers. Remember when E. Ray Goetz, the theatrical producer, was her hubby, or can't you remember that far back? . . . Harry Richman, not so long ago much smitten on Edith Roark, of Hollywood, has lost her to an Atlantic City politician.

What's this? Lanny Ross and Lydia Roberti holding hands and going gaga! Good heavens, what next? . . . Sweethearts since they were children in Columbia, Tenn., John Mitchell, banjo wizard of Carson Robison's Buckaroos, and Miss Louise Sparrow, a non-professional, were married recently in New York's famous Little Church Around the Corner. . . Eddy Duchin, the pharmacist who turned pianist, thinks Marjorie Oelrichs has everything.

Madame Sylvia, the Swedish masseuse who wrote a book Hollywood didn't like because of its intimate disclosures and who functions on NBC as a beauty specialist, is reported having domestic difficulties. Her second hubby, Edward Leiter, is much younger than Sylvia. He is an actor and a member of a Chicago family famous in grain circles. . . Enric Madriguera likes to play love ballads just for the benefit of Mary Kirk Brown.

Maestro Enoch Light and Mary Danis, his vocalist, have been secretly married two years. . . Ramona, the exotic, and Howard Davies, her musician husband, have separated. No other man or woman is involved, but 'tis said Ramona thinks marriage is interfering with her career. . . Vee Lawnhurst is contemplating matrimony again. The piano-playing torch singer is very much interested in a young musician who has appeared on her broadcasts. Vee is a widow and has a son, eight years of age.

Mario Braggiotti and Ann White are closer than Walter Winchell's 20 minutes to 8. . . Rudy Vallee thought Nita Royale, Hollywood (New York cabaret) eyeful, most charming, but her interest suddenly shifted to a Wall Street broker. But, of course, Rudy is still Fay Webb's husband, and there's still another Fay (Alice Faye) to be considered, too.

**S**PEAKING of Rudy of the Vallee, as Mercury just was, there is a reason why he has plenty of dough. It is because of his New England ideas of thrift. Just listen to this: The scene is the Newark Airport, where Rudy is

boarding an air-liner for Chicago. The man weighing his baggage reports overweight and request is made of the Great Crooner for \$2.50 excess fare. Vallee reaches into a bag, removes shoes and other articles of apparel and hands them to his chauffeur with instructions to return them to his town house. The baggage is re-weighed and found within the poundage allowed each passenger, so no further collection is made. According to Rudy's reckoning \$2.50 saved is \$2.50 earned. No wonder he is a millionaire.

**Joy Sweet** is the real name of the songstress heard on Roxy's program. Two boys were first born to Papa and Mama Sweet. Then came a girl, and the parents, deliriously happy, christened her Joy—they were that overjoyed. . . He's a regular fellow, says Maestro **Enoch Light**, if the only thing that ever goes to his head is his hat! . . . Ireland has its harp, Scotland has its bagpipes, but America hasn't got around to adopting a national instrument. **Paul Whiteman** suggests the piano.

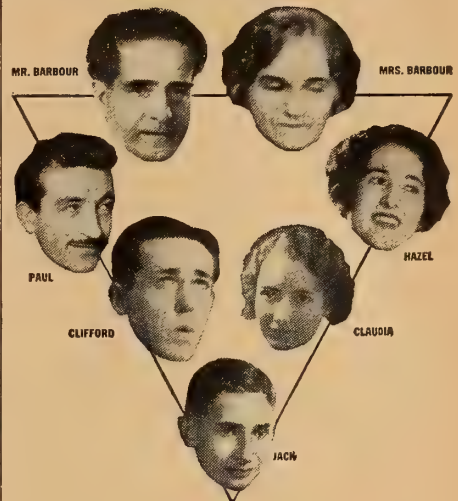
**Walter O'Keefe**, **Eddie East** and **Ralph Dumke** ("Sisters of the Skillet") and **Charles Butterworth**, the stage and screen comedian, were classmates at Notre Dame. . . Radio Row's sympathy goes to Conductor **Al Goodman**, robbed by death of his 14-year-old son, the apple of his eye. . . **James Bowman**, director and announcer of the Carborundum Band program, heard from Niagara Falls, is an adopted brave of the Tuscarora Tribe. . . Seventy-five people, including actors, musicians, dramatists, sound effect technicians, producers, casting experts and engineers, participate in "The March of Time" broadcasts. . . **Grace Hayes**, her radio future assured for that length of time, has leased a house in New Rochelle, N. Y., for two years.

**Gertrude Niesen** has had her face lifted. . . **Dizzy Dean**, the Cardinals' cut-up, got \$1,000 to tell **Admiral Byrd** he was the world's greatest pitcher. . . **Rowene Williams**, "Hollywood Hotel" audition winner, has changed her first name to Jane. . . The "K-7" spy stories, first done on the air, have been compiled in book form. **George F. Zimmer**, former Secret Service agent, is Operator K-7.

. . . **Billy Jones** and **Ernie Hare** are so near alike physically that they can wear each other's clothes. . . **Grace Moore's** success in the pictures has revised her own estimate of her value as an opera singer. She is reported as asking \$3,500 a night to sing at the Met. . .

**W**ITH a great fanfare of trumpets Danny Malone, Irish ballad singer, came to this country to conquer America via the NBC kilocycles. He was pictured as a former stevedore and stoker, good to his mother, whose voice had won him fame in London over night. Despite the elaborate "build-up" Malone failed to click with Amer-

**WE'RE ON THE AIR  
NOW FOR KENTUCKY  
WINNERS . . . THE  
MILDER CIGARETTE  
THAT *CAN'T* GET STALE**



## "One Man's Family"

**America's best-loved Radio Family**

**Now Sponsors Kentucky Winners  
the milder cigarette that  
CAN'T get Stale**

**T**HAT grand, lovable, human drama of American life—"One Man's Family"—now sponsors Kentucky Winners—the wonderfully mild cigarette that CAN'T get stale.

Already this fascinating program has won millions of listeners. And every day it is attracting new friends as the loves, adventures, sorrows and joys of the Barbour family become of national importance.

"One Man's Family" was voted the gold medal for distinguished service to radio by the editors of Radio Stars.

And now, this thrilling inside story of America's favorite family will be brought to you every Wednesday evening 10:30 E. S. T., over N. B. C. WEAF network.

Kentucky Winners are the mildest, freshest cigarettes you ever smoked. Each individual cigarette is made with moist-proof paper. This remarkable tasteless and odorless paper SEALS IN the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. That means they can't dry out—can't become "dusty" and cause coughing. The tobacco remains moist and pliant. Made of the finest tobaccos. They can't stick to the lips or cause ugly yellow finger stains. For a fair trial—get a carton or at least three packs. And be sure to listen to "One Man's Family".

**Listen in to**

**"ONE MAN'S FAMILY"**

**Every Wed. Night—10:30 to 11:00 E. S. T.**

**NBC — WEAF**

and associated stations—Consult your local Newspaper





## SO TIRED, SO BLUE

Till This ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative  
Solved Her Constipation

SHE was so tired—depressed—always having colds and headaches. And she had tried so many things she almost despaired of getting relief. Then she discovered the real answer. A laxative that gave thorough, natural cleansing, not mere partial bowel action.

Can there be such a difference in laxatives? Stop and think for a minute. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contains only natural plant and vegetable laxatives, properly balanced. No phenol derivatives. Ask any doctor the difference. You'll be surprised at the wonderful feeling that follows the use of NR. You're so refreshed—toned up—so pleasantly alive. You'll want to give NR's a fair trial immediately. They are so kind to your system—so quickly effective for relieving headaches, colds, biliousness, chronic fatigue or bad skin. They're non-habit forming—another proof that nature's way is best. The economical 25 dose box, only 25c at any drug store.

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NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

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The easiest and most pleasant work imaginable. Even without experience and in spare time you can begin immediately making real money giving FREE FACIALS. We train you quickly and supply everything you need. Send to money... simply your name and address for full details—FREE!

**MADAM WHITE CO.**  
Dept. TR-15, Cincinnati, O.

Picture Your- self Doing This Dignified Work That Pays Up To \$10 a Day

**RADIO GIRL**  
PERFUME and FACE POWDER

Invite romance!

There's a subtle allurements in this exquisite odour. And RADIO GIRL Perfume and Face Powder have added charm for the thrifty modern girl who loves nice things—they cost so little! RADIO GIRL Face Powder, made in smart, new blending shades, has the same delightful odour as Radio Girl Perfume.

Write today for FREE SAMPLES  
Get regular size Radio Girl Perfume and trial size Radio Girl Face Powder. Send 10c (coin or stamps) to cover mailing cost. (Offer good in U. S. only.)  
Write RADIO GIRL, Dept. R-1, Saint Paul, Minn.

ican audiences and he is now back in his native land. Malone arrived with a repertoire of twenty songs and returned with the same number, for he refused to learn any new numbers while here. Also he took back with him the same wife he brought over, although no mention was made in the publicity of his married state for fear it would rob Malone of romantic interest. Malone failed because his untrained voice proved inferior to the average chorus man in this country. It takes more than ballyhoo to make a John McCormack of an Irish ballad singer.

**ED WYNN** is perhaps the most serious of the air comics. Personally he is the antithesis of the zany of the studios. You will get a sidelight on his personality when Mercury tells you he cares so little about Broadway that he visits a night club about once a year. The long illness of his wife, to whom he is tremendously devoted (his loyalty to her is one of the most beautiful legends of the theater) no doubt has had its influence upon the comedian. Their 17-year-old son, however, does much to fill the aching void in Wynn's heart, and he is mighty proud of him.

### POSTSCRIPTS

**BING CROSBY'S** income is now \$250,000 a year. . . . Phil Baker is worrying about his bald spot. . . . The Voice of Experience, who thinks nothing of working sixteen hours a day, gets relaxation at prize fights and wrestling bouts. . . . Abe Lyman is a silent partner in a string of Pacific Coast restaurants. . . . Composer George Gershwin paints for relaxation. Some of his oils have been exhibited in New York City galleries.

He calls himself Whispering Jack Smith, but if he spoke in his natural voice loud-speaker listeners would be blown right out of their arm chairs. In ordinary conversation Smith has to lower his tones so that the neighbors won't think he is quarreling with his wife.

Sue Read, a Roxy protégé, was discharged from a Quaker school in Philadelphia for what her teachers called "showing off". . . . John Evans, Canadian tenor whom Roxy is also sponsoring, was a Toronto engineer just a few months ago. . . . One of Lawrence Tibbett's closest friends is Jimmie Doolittle, the flyer. Their friendship dates back to high school days in Los Angeles when Doolittle severely trounced Larry in a wrestling match.

Believe it or not, but Greta Stueckgold has a dachshund which she calls Nuschka Von Freichutz. . . . Jane Ace has become a horse owner and her bobtail is being groomed to run on New York tracks next Summer. Yes, you guessed it—the nag's tag is "Easy Aces." . . . Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra believe in seeing America first. Since their organization they have covered nearly 100,000 miles of territory, playing to an estimated audience of two million.

## This Is the Way To Make MONEY

Here's a steady, fine-paying cash business that earns big profits. Start right in your own home, in spare time—making a product that everybody likes, that sells on sight—delicious, greaseless donuts baked by electricity with the Ringer Electric Do-Nut Baker. NO CANVASSING. . . . Grocers, drug stores, lunch counters buy all you make. Some have boys on regular routes. "My Ringer Do-Nut outfit has ended my worries," says Arthur Rabenort of Illinois, selling 80 dozen a day to stores and restaurants. **FREE PLAN** shows you how to start. No experience needed. \$25 starts you, total investment less than \$60. Send a post-card today for full information. No obligation, no salesman will call. **RINGER DO-NUT CO., 184 Main St. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.**



**Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre**  
40th yr. Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture, Stock Theatre Training, appearances while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y RAMI, 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.

**Make Money at Home**  
Grow Mushrooms in your cellar or shed. Exclusive new process. Bigger, better, quicker crops. More money for you! Enormous new demand. Write for Free Book. American Mushroom Industries, Dept. 878, Toronto, Ont.

**Lincoln and Indian Head Pennies Wanted**  
We pay up to each if more than 11 years old . . . and up to \$500 for certain U.S. Cents. Send 10c today for catalog.  
**NATIONAL COIN CO.**  
Box 731-K, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

**Finished in 18 Kt. WHITE GOLD 15¢**

To introduce our Beautiful Blue White Rainbow Flash Stones, we will send a 1 Kt. IMPORTED Simulated DIAMOND, mounted in Lovely 18 Kt. White-Gold Finish Ring as illustrated, for this ad. and 15c expense. Address: National Jewelry Co., Dept. 4, Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25c.)

**CLASS PINS 35¢ RINGS \$1.60**

PINS handsomely Silver Plated, enameled 1 or 2 colors, any 3 or 4 letters and year. Doz. Price \$1.50. Sterling or Gold Plate 30c; Doz. 15. RINGS, Sterling Silver, similarly low priced.

**BASTIAN BROS. CO.**  
68 Bastian Building ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
OVER 300 DESIGNS . . . . .

**LOWEST PRICES Oldest LARGEST MAKERS Write for FREE Catalog**

**Sell 7 Big Bars**

**OF FINEST TOILET SOAPS**  
Seven cakes of finest toilet soaps in hand—each only 25c. The kind of soap used in every home every day. Selling price marked on box \$1.00. You sell for only 25c. Housewives buy on sight. Up to 100% profit for you. Write for money-making details and facts about other sensational Victor Soap deals. For quick action send 25c for actual full sized sample.

**EARN UP TO \$40.00 a week!**

**VICTOR SOAP CO., Dept. TR-15, Dayton, O.**

## STOP Your Rupture Worries!

Why worry and suffer with that rupture any longer? Learn about my perfected invention. It has brought ease, comfort and happiness to thousands by assisting in relieving and aiding many cases of reducible hernia. It has Automatic Air Cushions which bind together as you would a broken limb. No obnoxious springs or pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores nor by agents. Write today for full information sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

**H. C. BROOKS, 182-B State St., Marshall, Michigan**





# "I Can't Quit Now!" Says Bing Crosby

(Continued from page 31)

songs but for old ones, for roundelays to which the public had already given its approval.

"I let the other singers rehearse for me," Bing says. "They would try out the song on the air, in the theaters, and, listening, I'd hear what they were doing with a number that was becoming popular. That way, when I went on the air, now and then, I sang the songs that had clicked, songs people already loved, and my only task was to try to sing them a bit differently."

Singing, he didn't think of Dixie Lee. She was safe within his heart. He thought, instead, of people who had been lonely as he had been, the people who had no one to talk to, who had no one dependent upon them, the people who looked too frequently into the darkness of the night and puzzled upon the answer to it all. He sang sincerely because he was touched with pity for the world and gratitude for his good fortune. A Crosby public began to be created. It was not only a public of women and young girls. There were thousands of men numbered in it, too.

"I guess men couldn't resent a fat, married guy like me," Bing murmurs.

**H**E didn't—he still doesn't—think of himself as a crooner, though he doesn't in the least mind being called that. He feels his style of singing, or that of Rudy Vallee's, or Morton Downey's, or any of the others you want to mention, isn't essentially unlike that of the troubadours of the past or the barber shop chords of grandfather's day.

With the success of his first feature picture, "College Humor," he began to have songs especially written for him. That gave him the chance to combine the old and the new in just the proportion that he feels is right. "Not one song in 15,000 is a hit," Bing says, but his average makes that estimate wrong. Doing four pictures a year, he introduces sixteen new songs and almost all of them land. His current new favorite is "Love in Bloom." He likes that better than any he has had in months. He still is amazed at the success of "The Last Roundup." He can't figure why that went over, though he likes to sing it.

His pictures have helped his radio following and his radio following has helped his pictures. His new picture contract, that runs four years with no options, is at an unbelievable figure. Even though the government will get more than forty per cent of it, Bing will still make more than a million.

But he doesn't act at all like the traditional picture of a millionaire, nor yet of a movie idol, nor yet of a crooner.

That's where his shrewdness and his good heart combine to protect him.

His happiness is too genuine for him to have to be pretentious. On his sets at the Paramount studios you will find no chairs marked with his name, and if

there is only one chair about, it's just as apt to hold a carpenter or an electrician as Bing. And if Bing does want to sit down, he'd never ask the carpenter or electrician to get up. He goes and digs out another chair. It amuses him to kid serious actors and go very basso and cry "I'm not in the mood" when the director calls him for a scene, and then wander along, into the lights, and play the scene without a rehearsal so that the whole crew will grin delightedly.

He's the same way on his broadcasts. He will meander in his vague way and his gosh-awful clothes down to the studio to rehearse just for the timing of it. But you can't get him within one-eighth of the stew over it that he gets into over his golf game.

He lives "like the Swiss Family Robinson," in his own phrase, in a simple house in Toluca Lake, California. There were only Dixie, Bing and one baby, named after his friend, Gary Cooper, when they moved there. Now that there is the addition of Philip Lang Crosby and Michael Dennis Crosby, he has bought a ranch at Delmar, California, just a few miles north of the Mexican border, a few miles inland but overlooking the sea. It used to be an old Spanish land grant and the two houses on it are more than one hundred and fifty years old. Those houses will be guest houses and Bing is building a new one for his family. He thinks the ranch will be swell for the kids.

He wishes he might have a daughter, too, but he's not going to plan on her for some time yet. Gary Evans Crosby and Philip Lang are very fine children. Michael Dennis is a devil. Bing can't imagine whom he takes after.

Generally speaking, he doesn't mingle in the Hollywood or Tin Pan Alley crowd. His pals are Richard Arlen and the aforementioned Gary Cooper. He thinks they are both great performers.

**F**OR himself he would like to break 70 consistently at golf; and he wishes Dixie would go back in pictures, not for the money of it, but just to show the world what a grand actress she is.

There is only one thing he won't do and that is to go to Los Angeles' famous Cocoanut Grove. Once when he was very obscure he made one of his foolish contracts with them, and later, when he wanted to get out of it, they held him up for a very high figure. Bing has never forgotten.

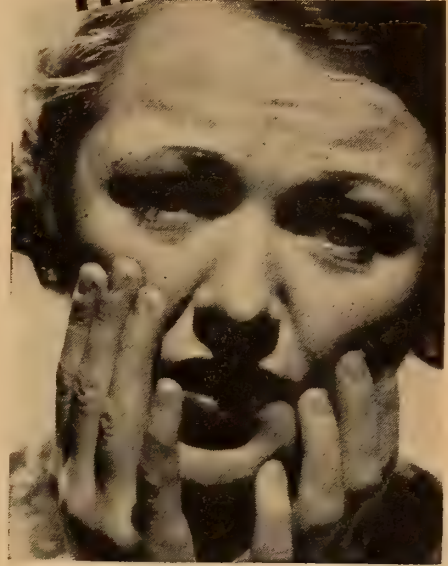
Otherwise he is very much like his favorite of all songs, a touchingly melodious old song of lovely sentiment. It is very typical of Bing that he should choose it for his own out of all the songs that he has sung.

It is called "I Love You Truly."

With his full and happy life, his new, much-welcomed obligations, can you see why Bing Crosby says, "I Can't Quit Now!"?

For Bing Crosby's program see page 51—9 o'clock column.

## NERVOUS? FIDGETY? IRRITABLE?



### Thousands Find Relief in This Remarkable Nerve-Nourishing Food

**A**RE you apprehensive, easily upset? Do little worries make you irritable and disturb your sleep? Do you often feel depressed and nervous? You do? Then you should combat your condition with a special nerve-nourishing food. You should supply your system with extra quantities of the substances now known to be absolutely essential to strong, steady nerves.

These substances are the vitamin B factors, the precious nutritive elements which, science has discovered, give tone to the nervous system and help to keep it stable. Ordinary foods contain only limited amounts of this nerve-protecting vitamin complex. Many common foods contain none at all! Is it any wonder that so many people fail to nourish their nervous system sufficiently to resist the strain of modern living?

There is one easy way that you can supply your nerves with the food substances they should have. Eat Yeast Foam Tablets. These pleasant tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain concentrated stores of the vitamin B complex. They are pure yeast—and pure yeast, science now reports, is the richest known food source of the essential vitamin B elements. These elements will nourish your under-fed nerves, strengthen them and give them needed vigor and stability. At the same time they will help you to correct skin disorders, constipation, indigestion, lack of strength and energy.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Begin now to correct your touchy, irritable condition with this remarkable, nerve-nourishing, health-building food!

## YEAST FOAM TABLETS

**FREE**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

You may paste this on a penny post card

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1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill. RG-1-35

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

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City ..... State .....



## All the World LOVES BEAUTIFUL HAIR



## But DANDRUFF is a MENACE

**W**HY endanger your business and social life with Dandruff when you can correct it so quickly and easily with Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic? Made under our Standardized Formula for two decades—used by millions everywhere. Happy results with the very first application—Guaranteed Results from the first bottle. Costs little at Druggists and Barbers.

Also makers of Lucky Tiger Magic Shampoo, Lucky Tiger Hair Dressing for Dry Scalp and Lucky Tiger Antiseptic Ointment for Ringworm, Athlete's Foot and Skin Infections.

## Lucky Tiger HAIR TONIC

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

**Attendants and Others  
IN INSTITUTIONS and HOSPITALS**

• INEXPERIENCED and EXPERIENCED—MALE & FEMALE •  
All kinds of POSITIONS practically everywhere, so why remain unemployed? Write for FREE INFORMATION NOW enclosing stamp to—  
SCHARF BUREAU, Dept. 1-48, 145 W. 45th New York

## Don't let an UNSIGHTLY SKIN



## rob you of ROMANCE, HAPPINESS

**D**O MEN LOOK your way—or do they look away? An attractive complexion, naturally fresh, unmarred by sallowness and ugly blotches unlocks the door to the romance every woman wants. Thousands of happy women have regained the fresh skin of their childhood with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Magic, they call it. But there's nothing magic about it. Stuart's Calcium Wafers simply rid the system of bodily wastes and supply the system with the little calcium nature needs to create a healthy, glowing skin! Even stubborn cases often show marked improvement in a few days. Isn't it worth a trial?

**STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS**

AT ALL DRUG STORES, 10c AND 60c

## What Our Readers Think

(Continued from page 5)

small orchestras who play the more popular classics and light opera very charmingly, and who are well worth listening to.

But when it comes to truly great music, the supply is still far too small. Works by such composers as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky are seldom heard. Symphony orchestras are heard at the most two or three times a week during the winter season.

I realize, of course, that there are many different tastes to be pleased in the matter of radio programs. I am willing to be tolerant of what I don't like (I don't have to listen to it) but I want a fair share of the kind of programs I like.

But too, too often I find myself turning the dials and, finding nothing but crooners, howlers and moaners, turning sadly away again. Those steeped in jungle rhythms won't understand this. They'll think I'm "highbrow" or pretending. But they'll be wrong.

Miss Constance Mayens,  
Jefferson-City, Mo.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

**A**T last my chance has come! I have waited a long time for the time to come when I could express my feelings toward sports announcers. And at last, by chance of starting to read your RADIO MIRROR my chance has come.

I am a very interested and fond person of sports, and knowing that it's impossible to attend all League baseball and football games, I feel that those who enjoy listening to their favorite teams should have the right announcing.

Take for instance: the radio announcer is the fan of some certain ball team—and I am of the other side. If this sports announcer only sees the good plays of the other side he naturally would broadcast those points. But think of us fans who are for the other side just listening to hear something good about our team but only on rare occasions do we hear it. It's not fair in my estimation.

For a fan who likes and admires fairness and squareness in announcing games, I will remain still a sports fan and a RADIO MIRROR fan.

Miss Emma Plantz,  
Marinette, Wisc.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

**E**DDIE CANTOR'S first broadcast prompts this letter.

Regardless of radio's many critics, radio still holds itself aloof from smutty, cheap entertainment. There is no program but what every member of the family can listen, should they so desire, without fear of suggestiveness. We can not say that truthfully regarding stage and screen. It is a well known fact that American radio fans are becoming more and more discriminating in musical and dramatic choice. Radio is a real contribution to civilization.

And we in America are most fortunate in radio due to these much criticized advertisers. A few weeks in Europe would soon show us that. The almighty B. B. C. of England monopolizes British broadcasting completely, and tolerates little criticism of its programs. The listeners in America control the sponsors' choice of material.

Rather than criticize, let us breathe a sigh of relief that we are able to select our programs and such good ones at that. It's hats off to the sponsors and radio officials who have assured us the choicest, cleanest entertainment possible! And to RADIO MIRROR, our guide to the best, our introduction to favorite entertainers! Let us reserve our criticism until it is justly due, and then constructive criticism let it be!

Laura M. Reece,  
Mansfield, Ohio.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

**S**INCE the World Series started, nothing has stirred me up like a sports announcer (especially baseball) who talks too much.

It's a strain to catch what is really happening when so many little details, like papers blowing around on the field, etc., are being described.

A sponsor can easily be represented without one losing patience, if the product being advertised doesn't have too many good qualities attributed to it with a lot of flowery language. If a few good points are pointed out—and the same ones each broadcast, then one thinks it's a good product, and worth trying.

Another thing the radio fans of our neighborhood have talked over is the disgusting way one of our local stations (that bring NBC programs to us) have of bringing a chain program to us for a while and then suddenly shutting the program off and substituting something of their own, something like it.

There are a good variety of radio programs at all times. It has certainly been a life saver, especially because in this time of depression there isn't money for other forms of entertainment. Our children are listening to "First Nighter" at the present moment, which is one of several good plays heard weekly. They are as good as any movie. The children enjoy them.

Mrs. Waldo Dannenbrink,  
E. St. Louis, Ill.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

**I**NTOLERANCE is the curse of the American radio public. Commercial programs make radio possible. When a sponsor pays thousands of dollars to advertise a product and brings us the golden voices of Lawrence Tibbett, Rosa Ponselle or Jeritza, the least one can do to show appreciation is to keep silent in regard to the short time allotted to advertising. Radio too, has made possible contests which have netted listeners millions of dollars in cash



and merchandise. No other investment has brought half the pleasure and education (to say nothing of cash from radio contests) as my radio.

I sit down to my prosaic task of mending and darning and listen to the opening of Congress, or the Advertising Club program, where brilliant speakers are the order. Grand Opera direct from the Metropolitan glorifies my drab kitchen duties. Educational programs have been of untold value to my growing school boys. Exercise, health and beauty talks have made women beauty conscious.

Radio more than anything else has made the housewife the polished cosmopolite of today in lieu of the benighted creature of a few years ago. If radio advertising has done this I say: "More power to advertising."

Mrs. R. W. Ballard,  
Charlotte, N. C.

## Coast-to-Coast Highlights Pacific

(Continued from page 47)

### BAY REGION

**T**OM GERUN, NBC maestro, has done much better since he changed his monicker a few years ago from Gerunovich. Don't ask me, I don't know why. What radio editor sold a Kate Smith autograph for a bottle of muscatel? Looks like he could at least have held out for a sack of pretzels, too. The season's cyanide sandwich to KFBK, Sacramento, where the owners refuse to give the names of announcers or anything about 'em. "We don't believe in building up any name except our own," they say. Now if I could only think who they are, but I can't. Good old radio palsy walsy.

NBC's nice-looking guitarist, Alvino Rey, is really Al McBurney, a Scotsman and aviator. Ed Fitzgerald, news commentator, just had his pan done in oil by Irving Sinclair, rather noted portrait artist. Wonder if KYA's favorite soprano, Marie Leon, still commutes that hundred miles every day to her lodge in the Santa Cruz mountains.

\* \* \*

**K**WG, in Stockton, isn't an awfully large station. But around the immediate region it has a host of friends.

Back when he was 18 years old, Bernard E. Cooney was a pretty fair singer and a fine guitar player. In fact, he was in vaudeville for awhile; first on the air through WJR in Detroit; and for several years was heard on KHJ, KFWB and other stations in the southern part of California.

Now, at the age of 26, he is manager of KWG and is also heard announcing and entertaining from time to time. For hobbies he plays soccer and goes swimming. Of medium build and weight, he has brown hair and eyes and wants his son, aged eight months, to be a news commentator when he grows up.

# TAKE CARE... COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE!

**A**N EMINENT physician states that of the 60,000 preventable deaths yearly in the U. S., many are due to neglect of the common cold. It is vitally important, therefore, that colds be kept under control.

If you catch cold easily—and your colds hang on—don't take needless chances. Follow Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. Thousands of clinical tests, supervised by practicing physicians, have proved its helpfulness—for fewer, shorter and milder colds.

When Colds  
THREATEN  
..VICKS  
VA-TRO-NOL



If a Cold  
STRIKES  
..VICKS  
VAPORUB

At the first nasal irritation, sniffle or sneeze, quick! ...Vicks Va-tro-nol! Just a few drops up each nostril. Its timely use helps to prevent many colds—and to throw off colds in their early stages.

At bedtime, massage throat and chest with VapoRub, the modern way of treating colds. Through the night, its direct two-way action—by stimulation and inhalation—brings soothing relief—without risks of "dosing."

(Full details of this unique Plan in each Vicks package.)

## VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

### ARE YOU THIN AND WEAK?

Bernarr Macfadden's Book, "Gaining Weight," is based on common sense plus a profound knowledge of the human body. His carefully outlined instructions are devised to fit every varying circumstance and condition of the individual. Price 50c.

1926 Broadway

MACFADDEN BOOK COMPANY, Inc.  
Macfadden Bldg., Desk RM-1

New York

# You'll have BARRELS OF FUN when you learn to play this easy as A-B-C way

**S**UPPOSE suddenly you found you could play easily on your favorite musical instrument! Think of the fun you would have—how much in demand you would be! Do you know that now you can do this in a surprisingly short time?

Thousands who never played music until a few months ago are getting thrills of enjoyment from a talent they never knew they had.

By this simple new short-cut method you can actually begin to play any popular instrument without knowing one note from another!

The secret of the U. S. School of Music system is simplicity. The lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, simple diagrammatic pictures, and all the music you need. No grinding routine. Study when you feel like it—at home. In an almost unbelievably short time you find that you are actually playing!

### LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano Violin  
Guitar Saxophone  
Organ Ukulele  
Tenor Banjo  
Hawaiian Guitar  
Piano Accordion  
Or Any Other  
Instrument

Jazz, musical comedy hits, movie theme-songs, even classics—you play them all—as easily as you now whistle or sing them!

### FREE PROOF

If social popularity and increased income



appeal to you—send today for FREE Demonstration Lesson with illustrated book describing the now famous U. S. School of Music "print-and-picture" method of learning. Just mail the coupon. Then judge for yourself when you receive free lesson and descriptive material. U. S. School of Music, 3061 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

### U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 3061 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Instrument..... Have you  
Instrument?.....



**"MOIST-THROAT"**  
method stopped  
Douglas' cough  
**IN 2 DAYS!**



"Douglas had such a bad cough," writes Mrs. M. McKennett, Brooklyn. "Doctor advised 'Pertussin.' His cough didn't last two days!"

Extract of famous medicinal herb stimulates throat's moisture

WHEN you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands have clogged. Their healthy secretions change. Your throat dries, sticky mucus collects. A tickling . . . then a cough! PERTUSSIN stimulates your throat's moisture quickly. Phlegm loosens—is "raised." Relief! Pertussin is safe even for babies. Tastes good.

● Doctors have used Pertussin effectively for over thirty years because it is always safe and sure.



GLANDS HERE CLOG—  
THROAT DRIES—  
WHEN YOU CATCH COLD.  
THEN COUGHING STARTS!



● "It's wonderful for all coughs," writes one doctor. "It always does the work," agrees another.

**PERTUSSIN**  
helps nature cure your cough

**15 DRESS GOODS**  
BARGAIN! THIS MONTH  
SPECIAL OFFER 97¢  
+POSTG

Ginghams, Percales, Prints, Voiles, Chambrays, Shirtings, Crepes, etc., New clean goods direct to you at a big saving. Latest assorted colors direct from mills. The very newest patterns for dresses. Our finest quality.

SEND NO MONEY  
Pay Postman when delivered, 15 yards 97¢, plus delivery charge. 20 yards only \$1.20, postage prepaid, if money accompanies order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

**2 BUNDLES \$1.89**  
5 YARDS GIVEN

**EASTERN TEXTILE COMPANY**  
Dept. A-40 Greenfield, Mass.

**LEARN TO PLAY PIANO BY EAR\***

NO NOTES-NO SCALES-NO EXERCISES/  
COURSE

If you can whistle, sing or hum—you have Talent. Let a popular radio pianist train your hands in THIRTY DAYS. TEN LESSON METHOD sent post-paid for \$1.00 or pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. NOTHING MORE TO BUY. Be your own TEACHER! Results Guaranteed. Accordion charts included free.

**MAJOR KORD**  
Dept. M-2  
Del Rio, Texas

**\$1 COMPLETE**

**NEW WICKLESS LAMP**  
TURNS NIGHT AIR INTO BRIGHT HOME LIGHT

A wonderful scientific light development! Revolutionizes home lighting! Gives you 20 times light of old wick lamp at fraction of cost. Actually 300 candlepower of brilliant, soft, white light—yet burns 96% FREE AIR, only 4% cheap kerosene (coal oil)!

**LIGHTS WHOLE HOUSE FOR FEW PENNIES!**  
Your home all brightly lighted for hours for only a few cents! No chimneys to smoke, clean or break. No wicks to buy or trim!

**30-DAY TRIAL In Your Home!**  
Built in beautiful modern art lamp models. Get descriptive folder—have your choice sent on 30 day no-risk trial. Enjoy this wonderful, new light right in your home for a whole month. Send at once for details!

**AKRON LAMP & MFG. COMPANY**  
123 Lamp Bldg. AKRON, OHIO

**AGENTS!**  
Fast, steady money-maker. Be first to have it in your territory. Write today.

MY nomination for the most versatile femme radio performer would go to Martha Wentworth. La Wentworth's present meal ticket is with the KHJ "Calling All Cars" episodes over coast Don Lee chain in California. But she has played at most all stations south of the Tehachapi. At the age of 17 she played with Minnie Maddern Fiske in "Dancing Girl," but was not the dancing girl. She was born in New York, married a theatrical producer and slings thirty-seven different dialects.

In the KMTR series on the Presidents she was Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt; the Grand Duchess in Catherine the Great for KHJ; Shakespearean rôles for KFAC; Mother Frochard in the KFWB Dickens series.

\* \* \*

## DIS AND DATA FROM LOS ANGELES

ERIC DE WOLF, financial editor heard over KGER daily, calls himself "De Wolf of Wall Street" . . . which is a good gag. Maybe I shouldn't say it, but KFWB's soprano, Ruth Durrell, used to pose for hosiery ads . . . write your own caption for that one. The Los Angeles Kentucky Colonel Gus (Gustaphus) Arnheim is sometimes called "Elbow-Bender" by his confrères. Baron Keyes back on the air, KECA, with his programs for the kids. Now that we have repeal, the Baron is always sober. Del Campo, new East Coast rave, tenor and baton shaker, debuted here a couple of years ago on KHJ as Francisco Del Campo, Chilean tenor. Fair fans raved and gushed over the lad and thought his then awkward, pigeon-English was "just too cute for words." But let an announcer mispronounce Chihuahua and the club ladies would label it "atrocious."

\* \* \*

MORE about Al Pearce's NBC frolicers: Tony Romano, the "Italian Songbird," was born in Fresno nineteen years ago, one of fourteen children. His father is an old-country shoemaker. All the family play and sing. The boy played the fiddle and ran the school orchestra up in Madera. Four years ago he joined the troupe to play guitar and sing.

Morey Amsterdam, who sometimes calls himself "radio's public enemy," was born in Chicago, went to school in 'Frisco, and went into vodvil with his brother. He played the 'cello, told jokes and sometimes warbled. Now he does the same kind of work on the air and is known cross-country for his "You Lucky People" phrase on broadcasts. He is "that way" about Mabel Todd.

Mabel Todd, Pearce's one and only comedienne, wears funny hats. Her education, she says, stopped when she lasted only a semester at the University of Southern California. She got a partner and did a sister act on the stage; understudied Charlotte Greenwood; sang with Paul Ash's band in Chicago; doesn't smoke cigs (or a pipe) and is "that way" about Mr. Amsterdam's little boy, Morey.

LET'S take a look-see at Reno. Of course it hasn't anything to do with New Year's resolutions. But it's a good idea, anyway.

Ralph Freese is the station's chief microphonist . . . announcer to you. Coast audiences have heard him on CBS programs from Reno, and once upon a time Atlantic seaboard fans knew him for his announcing of Roxy's gang. Senator Royal S. Copeland's talks, South Sea Islands and other network creations.

He is still a bachelor, aged 33, and thinks he will be for a long while if he continues to be stationed at Reno.

Ralph Freese has two hobbies. The first is music. He studied with some famous teachers and was with the Bal-ladeers Quartet in New York. The other hobby, recently acquired, is the folklore and legends of the Southwest.

Radio's most eligible bachelor in Nevada tips the scales at close to 200 . . . five feet ten . . . brown hair and blue eyes.

\* \* \*

WHAT'S the farthest west radio station in the U. S.? Why, it's KIEM, at Eureka, California, known as "The Voice of the Redwoods." And if you don't believe me, get out the old family atlas.

KIEM'S chief announcer has been just about everything except an undertaker and a salesman. Tool maker, newspaper man, army aviator, ad copy writer, merchant and now to the w. k. mike. And his name is Clifton Johnsen, of the Stevens Point (Wisconsin) Johnsens.

Cliff was born on Easter morn of 1898 (April 10), but the family later moved to Chicago, where he grew up and went to school. For a small station, KIEM has one of the coast's most versatile mike men. Its chief announcer has a thousand flying hours to his credit; speaks good French and a smattering of Spanish and Italian; is a sports enthusiast; has a baritone voice; married and has two youngsters. Bobbie, aged eleven, has already been heard on the air in northern California as a "guest announcer."

\* \* \*

## COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS CHICAGO (Continued from page 46)

THE whole crowd around NBC loves Schumann-Heink. From the lowliest page boy to the BIG BOSS she's "Mother." And she works at it. She praises them for good work, worries about them on rainy days, reprimands them if they smoke too much . . . and you never hear a swear word anywhere near her. They all act like kids, even the gray-beards and the toughies, around "Mother."

\* \* \*

DUKE and Izzy Dolan were riding down the outer drive past the World's Fair buildings. It's a nice, wide road and usually cars zip by. But on this night most of the drivers were out just for a ride, taking things easy. Duke turned on the radio in the car and settled back to ride along, quietly listening to the night's radio fare.

As a matter of fact, the Dolans



were't paying much attention to the radio. All of a sudden they noticed the cars beside them and directly in front were pulling over to the curb and slowing down. Duke wondered what it was all about and kept on down the well-cleared middle of the road. Then a car that had slowed down to let them pass speeded up and came alongside. The driver leaned out the window and yelled at them.

Duke turned the radio lower and leaned out.

"What?"

"Say, what's the idea of scaring me like that just so you can get through traffic?" yelled the irate driver.

"Scaring you. What's the matter? Are you crazy or something?" asked Duke.

"Well, what's the idea of that police siren on your private car anyway? You don't act as if you were going any place in a hurry."

Duke turned to Izzy. "Say, that guy must be nuts." They drove along and passed the incident off, although both of them were still wondering what it was all about. Duke turned the radio back up, so those in the back seat could hear Ed Wynn's comedy plainly. Wynn's program drew to a close. All of a sudden Duke burst out laughing. He had solved the mystery of the mad driver back there on the outer drive. As Wynn's show ended it signed off as usual. The radio had been turned up and the car windows had been open. And, as you know, the signature on opening and closing of Ed Wynn's program is the wail of that fire siren!

\* \* \*

## A CHERISHED POSSESSION

AMONG Hal Totten's most cherished possessions is an unfinished letter. He got it one day when he stopped at Somonauk, Illinois, to make a speech before the baseball fans of that town who had followed his sports broadcasts for many years. A young fellow handed Hal this letter:

"I am a seventy-nine-year-old base-

ball fan and want to tell you how much I enjoy your broadcasting. I am a little hard of hearing, but your articulation is so good I can hear every word.

"You keep one in touch with every point of the game, so it is almost as good as seeing it, and your description of the personalities of the players is also very interesting.

"I sit back and mentally compare the ball games this year and those of the '60s when no balls were called, no foul line, and the batter stood at the plate until he got the ball he called for and hit it. If it was caught on the first bounce he was out. A foul tip caught on the first bounce by the catcher was also out and also three misses retired the batter.

"Those were the days when scores ran from 15 to 70. I recall a game between we of the Olympic Club of Washington University in St. Louis and the old Browns when we beat them by the marvelous score of 16 to 15.

"I want to thank you for the pleasure your broadcasting affords me in my home run of life . . ."

"Gee, that's a great letter," said Hal. "But he hasn't finished it yet."

"No," replied the young fellow who had given Hal the letter, "he didn't finish it. I found my father's head resting on that unfinished letter. He had died."

\* \* \*

**R**UTH LYON is one of the best singers in Chicago radioland. She's heard nowadays over the NBC network from the Chicago studios. She's a real Illinois product; born in Bloomington; taught French at the Chicago Latin School for Girls until friends persuaded her to put her voice to use; sang with Wayne King's orchestra; auditioned at WMAQ for Bill Hay, who was then that station's commercial manager as well as announcer for Amos 'n' Andy, got the job and then definitely gave up teaching for broadcasting.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, OF RADIO MIRROR, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1934.

State of New York } ss.  
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Ernest V. Heyn, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of RADIO MIRROR, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Editor, Ernest V. Heyn, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, Paul Keats, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Business Manager, none.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City. Stockholder: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc., Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom each trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the months preceding the date shown above is . . . . . (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) ERNEST V. HEYN, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1934, Wesley F. Pape, Notary Public, Nassau County, Cert. filed in New York County, No. 58, Registered No. 6P35, Commission Expires March 30th, 1936. (SEAL)

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The ingredients of Japanese Oil are recommended by doctors for stimulating the scalp and encouraging hair growth. It removes loose dandruff thoroughly and checks baldness so long as the hair roots are still alive.

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\* This advertisement was written by a registered physician.

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| Twenty Prizes, Each \$5.00..... | 100.00   |
| 100 Prizes, Each \$2.00.....    | 200.00   |
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The brief, simple rules tell you exactly how to turn your memory toward a prize award. Nine pictures will be published in all. Save all pictures until your set of nine are complete before you send in your entry.

**TRUE STORY FOR ALL OF THE FAMILY**



# THE TRAGEDY OF A WOMAN-CRAZY HUSBAND



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THE WIFE WHO LOVED HIM

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| WEAN | WFBL | WJSV    |
| KMBC | WCCO | WOWO    |
| WHAS | KMOX | WHEC    |
| WSPD | WORC | KIZ     |
| KSL  | KHJ  | KOIN    |
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DECEMBER

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## Why Cap'n Henry Really Quit the Showboat

(Continued from page 13)

many things which I think are errors in judgment and which I hope some day I can have the opportunity to correct.

"For instance, inconsistencies in program scripts which seem to slip by every so often. Just the other night I tuned in a wild-west show and heard some actor drawl, 'Come, gal, I'm a'go'in' to take you away on my horse,' and before either of the characters had a chance to put his foot in the stirrup, the sound of hoofbeats came over the loudspeakers.

"Even in the Showboat Hour, lines were written which I thought were badly done. Remember how Maria would say, 'Henry, did you get that telegram?' I'd say, 'Maria, I did' She would reply, 'Henry, hadn't you better answer it?' I'd say, 'Maria, you are dead right.'

"It's all that repetition of names I dislike. In my opinion, once the characters are established, either by an introduction or one or two lines of speech, names are no longer necessary. Time and energy are badly wasted this way."

**W**INNER paused and walked over to the window which looked down on crowded Forty-first street. He lighted a fresh cigarette and continued:

"Then, too, not enough time is spent in rehearsing a radio program. Look at what is done for a Broadway show. Four, five, six weeks are put in preparation, and then the play is taken outside of New York for the opening before it comes to Broadway.

"In radio, I would come in at ten-thirty Thursday morning for the first rehearsal. At four-thirty we'd have dress rehearsal, and at eight-thirty that night I'd be in the studio for the regular broadcast.

"How in heaven's name can any actor or actress be expected to take new lines and cues and put them over in the right way? If I ever have my own program, it won't be days but it will be at least a week of rehearsing.

"I'd like to come back to radio in the spring," he concluded, "or perhaps even sooner, if my show ends its run by then. But whenever I do, I hope that I can have my own way about the program I'm on, at least long enough to try out my theories. I've been in the theater long enough to know that all entertainment is the same and that the stage is the best preparation for giving good entertainment."

Before he could continue, a stentorian voice floated up from the depths of the theater.

"Hey, Winner, we're waiting for you for the next scene."

"Goodbye," Winner called over his shoulder. "Thanks for the chance to explain, and remember—if I get my own show on the air, it'll be only the beginning, folks, ONLY the beginning." Then he was gone down the iron stairs.

**Old Money and stamps WANTED**  
**POST YOURSELF!** It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, \$200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, \$2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams \$740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums. **I WILL PAY \$100 FOR A DIME** 1894 S. Mint; \$50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to  
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Careful, invidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. **Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener** requires NO peroxide and does not cost-cut. Not streak. Eliminates "straw" look. Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair to crown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 30 years by famous beauticians, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application.  
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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.  
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# Tim Healy's Own Spy Stories

(Continued from page 22)

out and started up the bank. Moving closer, I could make out indistinctly in the half-light an abandoned clay hut, completely surrounded by poplars. Jacques went directly to it and disappeared inside.

**I LINGERED** on the shore until dusk, trying to steady my nerves and clear my thoughts. Then, making up my mind, I plunged into the freezing waters of the canal. Little fringes of ice had formed along the far edge. It was cold, even for late fall. Holding my service automatic above my head, I swam across.

Streaming with water, my hair plastered to my forehead, I crawled up the opposite bank. Fifty feet ahead I saw a tiny light pouring out through the chinks in the hut.

By now the last filtered rays of the setting sun had been blotted out. A low wind moaned through the trees and struck against my chilled body.

Holding my breath, I worked my way closer. A strange business! Spying on the man who was my friend. Could Jacques be the German informer? It was hard to believe, but what else was he doing with that bundle? At least, if I was lucky, I would find out in a minute or two.

While I was planning my line of attack I heard a sudden scuffling of feet and then a door swung open. Jacques stepped out into the light and held up his hand. I caught a glimpse of white feathers, heard the faint beating of wings. A carrier pigeon! That settled it. Jacques must be the spy!

When he stepped back inside, I crawled up close and peered in. The half shelter of the cold wall was doubly welcome. My teeth were chattering and I could feel my muscles slowly tightening.

Through a slit in the tar-covered door, I made out the back of the man I was stalking. Bent over a low table on which two candles had been placed, a few feet apart, he was busily scratching out a message on white paper. Near him, in small, compact crates, were

three more carrier pigeons. My heart resumed its heavy pounding. Here was the evidence I needed to convict him of espionage. At his elbow rested a German code book.

Now to take Jacques Renee, or whatever his real name was, alive!

Gathering my legs under me, I grasped the door handle. With a spring I burst into the room, gun drawn. Jacques came to his feet with a crash, despair contorting his features.

"Healy!" he cried. "Don't shoot!"

The sound of my name checked me a moment. I stopped short, keeping him covered with the blunt nose of my automatic.

"It's all up, Jacques," I told him sharply.

"Yes, I've been expecting this for some time," he replied, more calmly. After the first pang of fear had left him, he seemed more sure of himself. "Well, I'm ready. Shall we go?"

Collecting all the evidence I could find in the bare room, I forced Jacques to pick up the pigeons and we started on our way back. Into the skiff we went, Jacques first, then myself. We rowed to a spot near town in silence.

**I WAS** bursting with curiosity, but not until we reached Headquarters did Jacques tell his story. We promised him his life in exchange for the secret of his successful spying.

Every third day, he told us, a German plane would fly over the canal and drop four carrier pigeons. And right then we saw how short-sighted we had been. It proved that it's the signs under your nose you usually overlook.

Jacques had cut the top out of a poplar tree standing in plain sight at the edge of the canal. Anyone looking for it could have seen it. That was his real secret. That way, he had formed a regular chute into which the aviator could safely drop the pigeons. Then Jacques would row by, pick them up, go to the hut and write his messages.

He had turned into a spy, in the first place, although he was a Frenchman, because of his place of birth—Alsace—

When three fellows get together. Here they are at a recent meeting in Hollywood — Rudy Vallee, Dick Powell and Al Jolson, Warner stars.





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Lorraine, which, during his youth, was pro-German.

The third day we stationed a man in the marked tree, a machine gun in his lap. Sure enough, right on schedule the same plane came into view. As it flew overhead, our man fired two rounds of shot across the rear. It came crashing down and we took the aviator alive.

From then on, our hidden batteries were left unmolested. The Germans never found out what had gone wrong, and they didn't dare send another spy into the village.

There's a sequel to this story I hate to tell, because the joke was on me. But it wouldn't be complete without this last incident.

After Jacques had confessed, that black night at Headquarters, I was ordered to give his rooms in the village a thorough search for further evidence. This was the order I'd been hoping for since the hour I caught Jacques. His possessions, of course, would be turned over to the authorities, and, with them, his prized collection of stamps. It would be a fitting reward, I thought, if I were presented with that collection.

The next morning, without stopping for breakfast, I rushed to Jacques' rooms. At first a hurried, then more minute, search disclosed nothing in the nature of evidence, but, what meant more to me just then—there was also no stamp book.

Back at the army prison, I queried Jacques. His face lit up with the old familiar smile when I told him about my fruitless quest for his stamps.

"Ah, my friend," he replied without rancor, "I gave you English more credit for speed. I was expecting a visit a week before you came, so naturally I shipped my personal belongings home to Alsace-Lorraine. I'm afraid my beautiful stamps went with them.

"C'est la guerre, you know."

Don't fail to read the exciting spy story which Captain Healy tells about in next month's Radio Mirror. He's the only man who can tell it to you because he's the only man who knows about it!

Captain Tim Healy can be heard on the Ivory Stamp Club program Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays—see page 52—5 o'clock column.

## Is Radio Menacing Civilization?

"Yes," Says Dr. Charles G. Shaw  
(Continued from page 40)

our digestive ability is slowed down under the influence of noise.

"Radio, then, impairs our minds and bodies, threatens to tear down what we have labored so hard to build up. Why don't we stop to consider before we increase radio's use and power at such a headlong pace? We have the instrument at our command. Why can't we put on a higher type of program? Why can't radios be insulated so as to cut down the danger from electric waves, and why can't the local laws in each city be enforced to reduce radio noises?"

"After all, radio is a free instrument which we can bend to good, instead of

"You are truly charming...."

The  
Greatest  
Compliment  
a Woman  
Can  
Receive



A charming woman is always beautiful because charm is the true inner beauty of womanhood. Unlike purely physical beauty it comes from the heart, the mind, the soul. It lies in personality.

It radiates from her in waves like the potent electric impulses of radio.

It bathes all who come in contact with her in the soft warmth of its delightful influence.

She is admired of women and beloved of men. Mere physical beauty dies with advancing years. Charm lives on and on.

A woman who has charm at twenty can be even more charming at forty and still charming at ninety—admired—loved—sought after because she is still beautiful.

True charm is bestowed by fortune upon the very few but its seed is planted in every woman's soul.

She can cultivate it into a wonderful, perfect thing or—she can let it die.

## You Can Cultivate Charm

To those who understand it, charm is not a mysterious thing. Psychologists have analyzed it and learned the laws that govern it. They know why one woman is blessed with an abundance of charm while another may lack it entirely. And they know how the woman who lacks it may develop it in marked degree.

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the harmful courses we are allowing it to pursue at present," Dr. Shaw concluded.

## "No," Says Dr. Nicola Tesla

(Continued from page 41)

I believe everyone will admit; yet if you concentrate sunlight in excessive quantities, it is very destructive. You can be burnt to death by too much sunburn. Now, are we to become frightened because a wave whose power is the tiniest fraction of the sun's rays, is being used extensively?

"As to the danger from free radio waves in the air striking buildings and air ships and causing serious accidents, that again is highly improbable. For by proper adjustments we can protect every ship floating on water or in the air against the effect of these waves.

"I can appreciate people's complaining about the noise radios make, because at one time I was terribly affected by all noises. No matter what kind, noises are extremely irritating.

"But remember, that in spite of how mature we feel the radio industry is, it is still in the fad stage, in its infancy, and so a lot of unnecessary noise is being made. Radio apparatus still isn't properly designed. But gradually the objectionable features will be eliminated by improvement in radio equipment itself."

## Eating for Beauty & Health

(Continued from page 55)

every hour before hunger has become too demanding and she intends to go on it again for a longer period.

Personally I've evolved a special toning-up regimen of my own and can recommend it, unconditionally to all those who are not suffering from any organic ailments. It is always well to consult a physician about any diet and it is essential in cases where there is any chronic heart, liver or kidney condition or where the appendix has been troublesome at all.

I suggest a weekend when all engagements must be refused and one's friends advised to stay away. Start on Saturday morning, if impossible. Take a bath, then a purge which will clean the body of all matter. Every hour take a large glass of pure orange juice—see that the oranges are squeezed just before you drink the juice. Relax. You can read or just lie there and don't let your troubles bother you. Forget them for this period. On Monday morning, take a large glass of milk before or after you drink the orange juice and repeat this at noon. For dinner take two or three cooked vegetables, boiled, without sauces, and some raw fruit. On Tuesday morning, the orange juice and milk again and for luncheon a salad or some vegetable with a glass of milk. For one month try this formula. Cut out meats, highly seasoned foods and rich desserts. The vegetable and fruit dinner may be alternated with poached or soft boiled eggs and a little cheese.

A baked potato may be included in the dinner menu and perhaps a slice of whole wheat toast, buttered if you're not worrying about your figure.

# \$1 Meant So Little to Jim

-- but it would have saved us from poverty now!...

JIM never thought I would be left to try to support myself and our children. "Couldn't happen" to us! But it DID. And now we're destitute!

He was always so generous and just one dollar would have meant protection for us now. Oh, if Jim had only known!

\* \* \*

Suppose YOUR wife should suddenly have to face this tragic problem? It need never happen! One dollar can provide for your loved ones now—with standard legal reserve LIFE INSURANCE (not just accident insurance).

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Full premium to be returned to me if application is not accepted.

Name.....

Address.....

## Dialing the Short Waves

(Continued from page 48)

by the continual opening and closing of the window. That insulating sleeve can hide a break perfectly. The clips usually provided on such strips are good—but not good enough; solder to the strip.

Keep the lead-in at least two inches from the outside wall of the house except at the point of entry. Farther, if possible. Don't let it rub on cornices, metal gutter, eaves, and so forth, or you'll have trouble with it.

IF your set is not designed for use with a doublet, you can get special antenna couplers which are often satisfactory, or you can use a noise reduction lead-in with a single antenna. One of the two lead-in wires connects to the antenna wire; the other simply runs to an insulator a few inches from the point on the antenna where the first lead-in is connected.

It is well to have the aerial on masts, well above the roof, especially in installations on steel buildings. Ten feet is a good height for the masts—a greater height is even better. Of course many

sets will work with short, indoor aerials or antenna eliminators, but if you want strong signals from distant stations, you really need a good outdoor aerial.

The ground connection, if one is used, is equally important. Sometimes a steam pipe will do very nicely, but a cold water pipe is even better. Make sure that you're getting a good ground on it. As an added precaution, it is well to connect one end of a piece of heavy (No 14 or larger) wire to the pipe where it enters the meter, and the other end to the pipe leaving the meter. If you live in the country, the ground may be soldered to a sheet of brass or copper buried deep enough so that the earth around it is always moist, or a six-foot length of galvanized iron pipe may be driven into the soil, the ground wire being soldered to its upper end. Use approved ground clamps in connecting to pipes which are full of water.

THE lightning arrester, too, may be a source of trouble. If it is of the type which employs a spark gap that is not enclosed, dirt between the points



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Act today. Mail the coupon. Any ambitious fellow over 15 can get a free copy of my book. It tells about Radio's opportunities—about my Money Back Agreement—shows you what graduates are doing and making. No obligation. Mail the coupon now.

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will lead to noisy reception and loss of signal strength. Poorly designed resistance type arresters may give similar trouble. A gap that is completely enclosed will seldom cause trouble. And, above all, look on the carton for a line stating that the device has been "approved by the Underwriters" before you buy it. You may have difficulty in collecting fire insurance should a fire start in your house, if your arrester is not one that has received the Underwriters' endorsement.

**E**LECTRIC refrigerators and other motor-driven apparatus in your building, even if not in your apartment, may cause interference, carried into your set over the power lines. Line filters are available to reduce this. They range from the totally worthless to the highly efficient ones, and to make sure you get one of the latter, make your dealer put a memo on the sales slip to the effect that a cash refund may be had if you bring it back after a day or two's trial.

Finally, be sure that the antenna and ground leads are firmly attached to the set, and that the plug on the power line makes good contact in the socket. Check all appliances in the house, and all electric light bulbs too, while you're at it, for sparking at any loose contact will cause a noisy radio. You can prove this to yourself by tuning in a weak station and then turning a light on and off a few times; you'll hear the "plop" in your speaker.

Above all, **DISCONNECT YOUR SET FROM THE LIGHT LINE BE-**

**FORE YOU MONKEY WITH ITS "INNARDS."** You can get a nasty shock if you're not careful. And this thought is put last so that you'll be sure not to forget it.

\* \* \*

## "HAM" SLANG DICTIONARY FOR THE SWL\*

In speaking to each other by short-wave telephone, radio amateurs use their own argot, baffling to the ordinary listener. Here is an explanation of their cryptic calls.

AUSSIE—An Australian amateur.

BCL—A Broadcast Listener.

BPL—The American Radio Relay League (Brass Pounders' League).

BUG—An automatic telegraph key.

BUGS—Troubles (in a set).

CQ—General call asking other amateurs to listen.

CUL—See you later.

FB—Fine business; good work; exceedingly well, etc.

HAM—Amateur operator.

LID—An inferior operator.

OB—Old Boy (sometimes also Official Business or Broadcast).

OM—Old Man.

OW—Old Woman (usually means "my wife").

\*SWL—Short Wave Listener (but not one who owns a transmitter).

YL—Young Lady.

ZEDDER—New Zealander.

A simple, easily learned system for acquiring ability to read International Morse Telegraph Code will appear in next month's RADIO MIRROR. Don't miss it!

## What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 56)

playing and just what you want. I'm almost sure you'll get it.

**Lucille, Rochester, New York**—My invitation still holds good, Lucille. The welcome mat is always at my door. The "You Ask Her Another" feature was discontinued to make room for this bigger and better department because we felt our readers would rather ask their own questions. As for Bing Crosby, did you read Ruth Waterbury's story "I Can't Quit Now" in this issue? It should take your blues away. Have a heart my dear! I mean in regard to artists who are of Italian descent. Here are a few though: Guy Lombardo, Frank Parker, Ted Fiorito, Rosa Ponselle, and Nino Martini. Now you think of some.

**Bernice H., Milwaukee, Wisc.**—I've mentioned Lanny Ross' birthday somewhere on these pages before, but it's Jan. 19. Lanny is an Episcopalian and he attended Taft Prep School, Yale and Columbia. Now don't say I'm not nice even though I didn't write you a personal letter.

**Ethel S., Meriden, Conn.**—"Bring 'em on!" Molasses and January are Pic Maigne and Pat Padgett, and do they answer their fan mail—just try them in care of the National Broad-

casting Company, Rockefeller City, New York. Annette Hanshaw has switched to the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

**Jeanne L., Danville, Va.**—Eddie Duchin and Guy Lombardo can be reached at the National Broadcasting Studio, Rockefeller City, New York. Sorry, Jeanne, but that's the only available address we have. However, you can try Guy Lombardo at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York.

**His Listener, New Albany, Miss.**—I don't blame you for listening to Everett Marshall sing. I often do. Write him care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, and see if he'll answer you. It won't hurt to try.

**Rosario L., Denver, Colo.**—All the Oracle could find out about Filipe Delgado was that he's a Spanish lyric baritone at the Los Angeles twin stations KFI and KECA. Write him there.

**Ralph E. W., Tonawanda New York**—Jan Garber's theme song is called "The Yeast Foamers' March". Please write for the other information to Jan Garber in care of the National Broadcasting Studios in Chicago.



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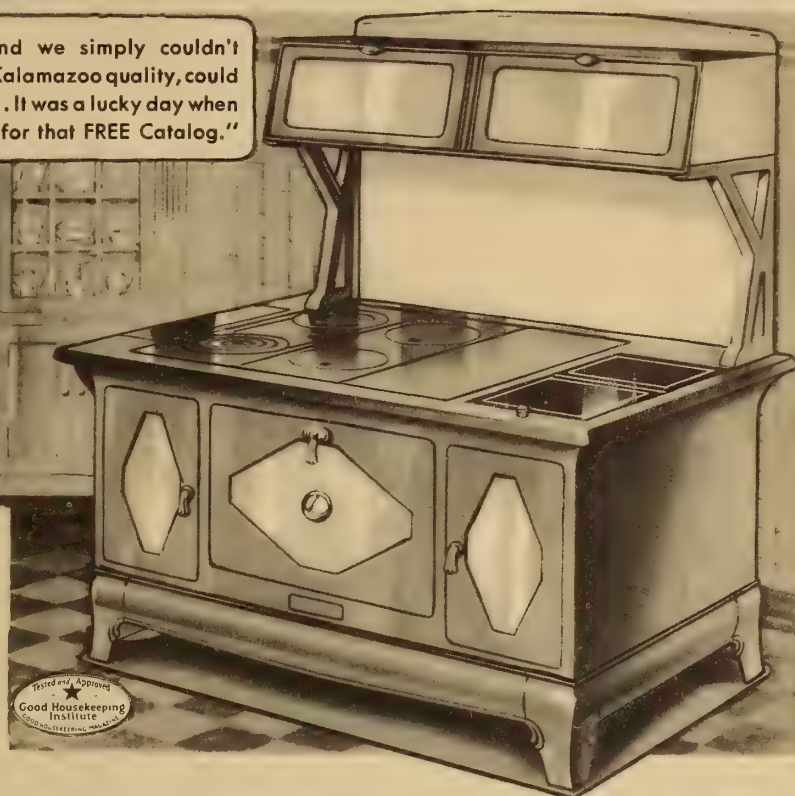
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Read about the marvelous "Oven that Floats in Flame"—also new Non-Scorch Lids, new Copper Reservoirs and other



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THE KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, Manufacturers  
469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich. Warehouses: Utica, N. Y.; Akron, Ohio

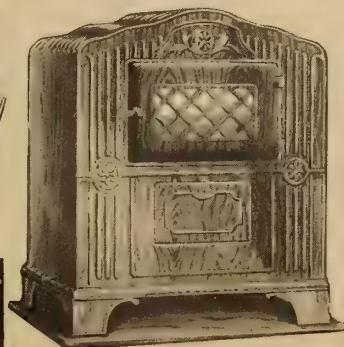
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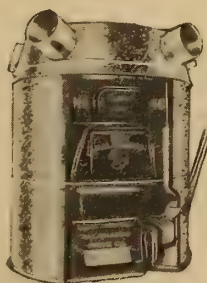
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City.....State.....



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*Five  
Fresh  
Flavors*



★ Sweets to the sweet — and that means Tutti-Frutti for RKO's fascinating Sidney Fox.



★ You'd think Wheeler and Woolsey, RKO comics, would agree, but Bert goes for minty Spearmint —



★ While Robert Woolsey thinks nothing quite equals Cinnamon.



★ Thelma Todd, lovely RKO star, votes for Peppermint because of its peppy taste.



★ Sidney Blackmer, captured by RKO from the Broadway stage, claims Wintergreen as his favorite.

**DELICIOUS**—quality chewing gum in a crisp candy coating. You are sure to like them.

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The Untold STORY of RADIO'S Really Unique BROADCAST

# Radio MIRROR

FEBRUARY

NRA  
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CODE

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A MACFADDEN  
PUBLICATION

BING  
CROSBY

How LOVE  
Came to  
JESSICA  
DRAGONETTE

The WOMAN Behind AMOS and ANDY





# HEY! YOU FOLKS WITH NATURALLY SKINNY BUILDS!

**Here's a Quick Way to Put On  
10 to 15 lbs. of Good Solid Flesh  
and Feel Like a Million Dollars!**

***Kelp-a-Malt, the New Mineral Concentrate From the Sea—Rich in Newer Form of NATURAL IODINE—Guarantees 5 Lbs. in 1 Week or No Cost***

## **Men and Women Everywhere Amazed at Results**

Thousands of thin, pale, rundown folks—and even “naturally skinny” men and women—are amazed at this new easy way to put on healthy needed pounds quickly. Gains of 15 to 20 lbs. in one month, 5 lbs. in 1 week, are reported regularly.

Kelp-a-Malt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, gets right down to the cause of thin, underweight conditions and adds weight through a “2 ways in 1” natural process.

First, its rich supply of easily assimilable minerals stimulates the digestive glands which produce the juices that alone enable you to digest fats and starches, the weight-making elements in your daily diet. And these minerals are needed by virtually every organ and for every function of the body.

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NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1660 lbs. of beef. More iron and copper than 2 lbs. of spinach or 15 lbs. of fresh tomatoes. More calcium than 1 doz. eggs. More phosphorus than 3 lbs. of carrots.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you sleep, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes, how firm flesh appears in place of scrawny hollows—and the new energy and strength it brings you. Kelp-a-Malt is prescribed and used by physicians. Fine for children, too. Remember the name, Kelp-a-Malt, the original kelp and malt tablets. Nothing like them, so don't accept imitations. Start Kelp-a-Malt today. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in 1 week the trial is free.

100 jumbo size Kelp-a-Malt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but little and may be had at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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#### **3 Kelp-a-Malt Tablets contain:**

1. More Iron and Copper than 1 lb. of spinach, 7½ lbs. fresh tomatoes, 3 lbs. of asparagus.
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Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelp-a-Malt Co., Dept. 325, 27-33 West 20th Street, New York City.



# A Dancing Darling (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



## "Pink Tooth Brush"—

Makes her avoid all close-ups...dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

**W**HAT a heart-warming thing a lovely, swift little smile can be! And what a crusher of illusions it so often is.

It is true that a great many men and women are, unfortunately, *afraid* to smile. Neglect of the teeth, neglect of the gums, neglect of "pink tooth brush" have led to their own unsightly results.

No one is immune from "pink tooth brush." Any dentist will tell you that

our soft, modern foods and our habits of hurried eating and hasty brushing rob our gums of needed exercise. Naturally, they grow sensitive and tender—and, sooner or later, that telltale "tinge of pink" appears.

### DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

And, neglected, that "tinge of pink" is often the preliminary to gingivitis, Vincent's disease—even pyorrhea.

Do the sensible thing—follow the

advice of dental science. Get a tube of Ipana today. Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile *will* be the magic thing it should be!



# IPANA

## TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. V-25  
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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# Radio MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

VOL • 3 NO • 4  
FEBRUARY • 1935

## In March RADIO MIRROR:

A startling confession about Rudy Vallee made by Alice Faye . . . a fascinating new slant on Eddie Cantor's Life . . . The Human Side of the "Met," taking you behind the scenes with those glamorous opera stars . . . A story about Gracie Allen that reveals her as a girl who's always been scared to death—a surprising feature!



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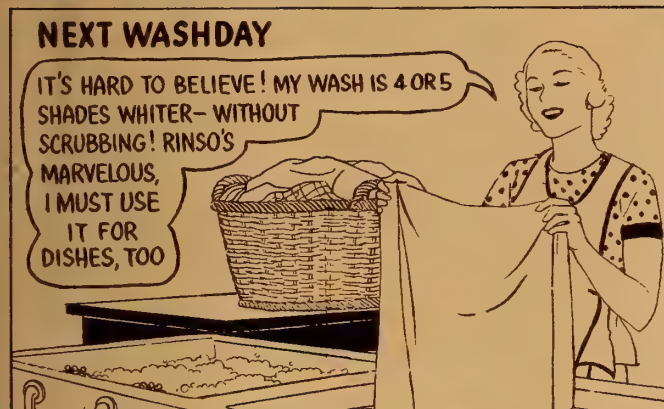
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Cover Portrait  
BING CROSBY  
by A. Mozart

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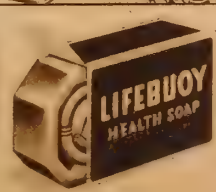


## AT LAST — A WEDDING GIFT FOR HER!



A grand complexion soap — Lifebuoy! Its creamy, penetrating lather is super-mild yet extra-cleansing. It gently washes away pore-clogging impurities—freshens dull skins to glowing health.

"B.O." (body-odor) is a year-'round problem. Cold days or hot—play safe! Bathe often with Lifebuoy. Lathers more freely; purifies and deodorizes pores. Its quickly-vanishing, extra clean scent tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau







# Radio Mirror's PAGEANT

## WALK AND TALK WITH

### First Nighters Caught in the Act

**T**HREE players, June Meredith, Don Ameche, and Cliff Soubier, have brought Friday night's First Nighters to national prominence. In the picture above, besides these three, are Bruce Kamman, NBC director, standing; Eric Sagerquist, musical director, at the left; Charles P. Hughes "The Genial First Nighter," in the background, and other members of the supporting cast. Soubier also stars as end man for the Sinclair Greater Minstrels, under the direction of Gene Arnold, who first brought Cliff to ether fame, over four years ago.

Below, you will find Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson, who have risen to rapid fame. Their interpretations of rôles in Woodbury's *Dangerous Paradise* have brought this 7.45 show into the spotlight. A tale of murder, Canadian mounties, and North woods—the program runs the gamut of emotions.

### Dangerous Paradise Headliners



### Nation's Capital News Commentator

**A**BOVE, H. V. Kaltenborn can well claim as loyal a following as any man on the air. Fans will remember him as the news reporter who brought to the mike extemporaneous remarks by Congressional favorites. He was one of the first on the commentators for CBS and is currently taking Frederic William Wile's place in Washington. You can tune in his daily comments Friday nights during dinner.





# *of the* AIRWAVES

GLAMOROUS FOLK IN RADIO'S COLORFUL CARAVAN

## Studio Study of Roxy Revue

**A**BOVE, Roxy's Revue, which features such hitherto unknowns as Sue Read, a little Quaker girl from Philadelphia who came to New York, enlisted Jessica Dragonette's aid in getting her started, sang once for Roxy, and went on his show. Ambitious young vocalists, take heed: Roxy gives any beginner who wants to sing an audition!



Stooge to Joe Penner



Town  
Hall's  
Orchestra  
Conductor

**M**ARK the work of Stephanie Diamond, young feminine stooge for Joe on his Bakers' broadcasts, Sunday nights. Stephanie was born in Pittsburgh just twenty-five years ago. She writes poetry as a side line. Her burning ambition of the moment is to become a definite radio personality by her own admission.

Right, Lennie Hayton hits the spotlight every Wednesday. He is musical director for comic Fred Allen's show, and is given a piano solo each week.



# PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES



## ONE MAN'S FAMILY

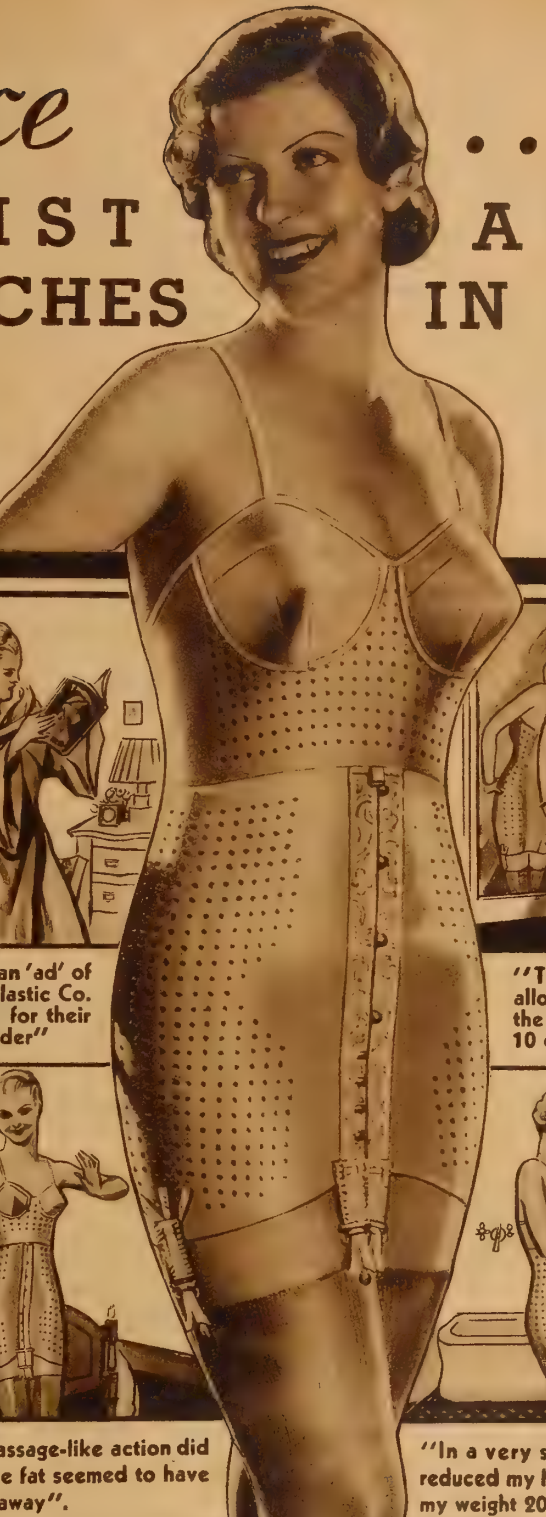
One of the most popular sketches of family life has come into its own. Kentucky Winners cigarettes are sponsoring it on an NBC coast-to-coast hook-up. Above, having fun with some boats, are Winifred Wolfe who plays Teddy, Michael Raffetto who plays Paul, and Billy Page, who is Jack, youngest son of the famous Barbour family. In the circle, at ease, is J. Anthony Smythe who is cast as the father, Henry Barbour, a present day successful business man. Seated in his lap is Bernice Berwin who plays the oldest daughter, Hazel; kneeling at his left is Kathleen Wilson, the feminine half of the Barbour twins (Claudia). Left, Teddy (Winifred Wolfe) is trying to help the baby twins (Hank and Pink) out of a predicament.



# Reduce . . . your WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS

with the  
**PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**  
or it won't cost  
you one cent!

... Read how  
Miss Jean Healy  
reduced her hips  
**9 INCHES!**



"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder"

"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial..."

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER"

"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy"

"The massage-like action did it... the fat seemed to have melted away"

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds"

"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

## You can TEST the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days ... at our expense!

**D**OES excess fat rob you of the grace and charm that should be yours?

■ Has unwanted flesh accumulated at waist, thighs and diaphragm in spite of all your efforts to retain that girlish slimness? Then you will rejoice over the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that reduce hips and waistline inches without effort... simply by their beneficial massage-like action.

**Safe! No Diet, No Drugs, No Exercises!**

■ The wonderful part of the quick Perfolastic method is its *absolute safety and comfort*. You take no drugs... no exercise

... you eat normal meals... and yet we guarantee you will reduce at least 3 inches in 10 days or it will cost you nothing! We can dare to make this startling guarantee, because we have tested the Perfolastic Girdle for many years.

**Reduce ONLY Where You Are Overweight!**

■ The Perfolastic Girdle kneads away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce. Beware of reducing methods which take the weight off the entire body... for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

**You Need Not Risk One Penny!**

■ You can prove to yourself that these marvelous reducing garments will take off at least 3 inches of fat from your waist, hips and diaphragm or no cost!

**PERFOLASTIC, INC.**

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 282, NEW YORK, N.Y.  
Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

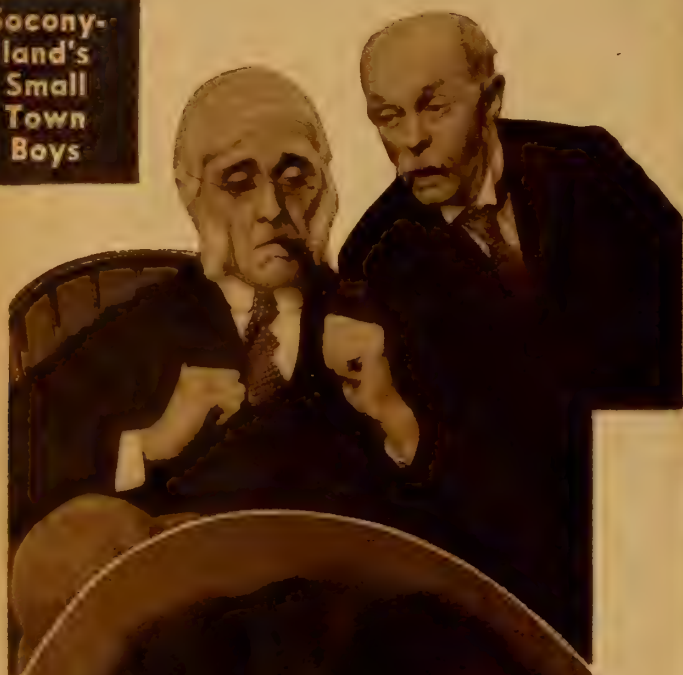
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



# PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES

Sa-  
cony-  
land's  
Small  
Town  
Boys



Jack Benny's Jello Maestro



WLW's Local Songstress Favorite



Manhattan Merry-Go-Round Impersonator



## Soconyland's Small Town Boys

Parker Fennelly and Arthur Allen—you catch them Saturday nights—are all made up for their parts as typical residents of a New England village. Seth Parker and Fennelly both claim the title of originator of this role. You can also hear Fennelly as he draws country fashion on Kate Smith's Matinees. He is, in addition, one of radio's most prolific writers.

## Jack Benny's Jello Maestro

Don Bestor is one of NBC's highest salaried musical directors; his work during the week includes the rehearsal of several studio orchestras and jazz bands. On Jack Benny's Sunday night shows Don can be heard reading lines which the comic has given him. He usually teams with Frank Parker, the Jello tenor.

## WLW's Local Songstress Favorite

Mary Elizabeth Woods came to the Dodge Showdown Revue, over WLW Sunday evenings, billed as the Kentucky Songbird. Radio claimed Mary when she became a winner in the 1930 Atwater-Kent Contest. Her one diversion is horse racing; only fit and proper for a gal from the blue grass region. Home: Cynthiana, Kentucky; college: University of Kentucky.

## Manhattan Merry-Go-Round Impersonator

Jerry Mann is one of those forgotten men who are known to radio audiences as "voices." In Jerry's case, he would be known as several different voices, for his job is that of impersonating. He was on the stage as a juvenile, doing the same work, under the tutelage of Showman Gus Edwards. His radio debut came on a Lum and Abner broadcast. He is twenty-two years old now and on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round Show.

# To the Lovely Lady IN THIS PICTURE



LADY, you're lovely!

Radiant, fresh, and in the bloom of young womanhood.

And behind that young and lovely face is a mind full of an old wisdom . . . old as womankind itself . . . and it decrees "keep lovely."

So your dressing table is laden with fine creams and lotions and cosmetics fragrant as a garden in June. And every other aid devised to make lovely woman lovelier still . . . and to keep her that way!

Among these aids . . . and you're very wise . . . is a certain little blue box.

It won't be on your dressing table, but discreetly placed in your medicine chest. Its name is Ex-Lax. Its purpose . . . to combat that ancient enemy to loveliness and health . . . constipation . . . to relieve it gently, pleasantly, painlessly.

You see, while Ex-Lax is an ideal laxative for anyone of any age or either sex, it is especially good for women. You should never shock your delicate feminine system with harsh laxatives. They cause pain, upset you, leave you weak. Ex-Lax is gentle in action. Yet it is as thorough as any laxative you could take. And . . . this is so impor-

tant! . . . Ex-Lax won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it's so charmingly easy to take—for it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

### And That "Certain Something"

These are the cold facts about Ex-Lax. But there is more than that. It's the ideal combination of all these qualities—combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way—that gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain satisfaction—that puts Ex-Lax in a class by itself. Our telling you won't prove that. You must try it yourself to know what we mean!

In 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or use the coupon below for free sample.

#### MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170  
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
T25 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name   
Address

When Nature forgets—remember  
**EX-LAX**  
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



# PAGEANT OF THE

## 1. CHESTERFIELD MUSICAL REVUE BOARD



1. There is a definite reason for those entertaining orchestrations which are sandwiched in between operatic numbers on the three Chesterfield programs each week. Andre Kostelanetz—birthplace, pre-revolution Russia—has surrounded himself with a unique board of review. This group, composed mostly of Harvard graduates, is called upon to pass on every musical arrangement before Andre begins his daily rehearsals.

2. "What music can mean to you" might well be the title of the new Tuesday night programs under the direction of Howard Barlow. He is in charge of a Music Appreciation series, in which, as narrator, he explains to listeners the significance of classical pieces.

3. Doris Sharp, petite brunette receptionist at CBS, has found day-time shows open for new talent. While holding down her job as receptionist she managed to do professional singing with various bands in New York. This fall she was hired for various spots on variety broadcasts.

4. The girl who is responsible for those appealing vocals on the Philip Morris program is Sally Singer of the Leo Reisman orchestra. She is a native of New York State. Her first public appearance was made on an honest-to-goodness showboat.

5. The Midwest's brightest spot in dramatic sketches can now be heard from coast-to-coast. Vic and Sade have been taken under the wing of a sponsor who holds options for the next five years. They are now heard five days a week, at 1:30 P. M. EST.



## 3. CINDERELLA



## 4. LEO REISMAN'S "SINGER"

## 2. LEARN ABOUT MUSIC



## 5. VIC, SADE AND RUSH





# AIR WAVES

## MEET SAM HAYES, The RICHFIELD REPORTER

By  
**EDWARD  
CHURCHILL**



### What is behind the best-known voice on the Pacific Coast?

**T**HIS is the Richfield Reporter speaking—

Sam Hayes is behind that voice—blue-eyed, brown-haired Samuel Stewart Hayes, standing six feet and two inches before the microphone, clad in Scotch tweeds—poised for a staccato delivery of world events. Sam Hayes, nimble-tongued, thirty-year-old son of a Presbyterian minister, who has come up from poverty to possess the best-known radio voice west of the Rocky Mountains.

He has been on the job at 10 p. m. for the past three years over six Pacific Coast stations—KFI at Los Angeles, KPO at San Francisco, KOMO, Seattle, KFSD, San Diego, KHQ, Spokane and KGW, Portland—the Pacific Coast network of the National Broadcasting system. He makes speeches before clubs, handles his own fan mail, appears in and lends his voice to approximately 15 motion pictures a year, broadcasts football games—he holds the championship for the number of games covered in a single season, twenty-eight—and finds time for horseback riding and an occasional game of golf.

Sam Hayes, direct descendant of Ruth-erford B. Hayes, one-time President of the United States, was born in Cookesville, Ill., on Nov. 4, 1904, the son of Wilbur Lafayette Hayes, Presbyterian preacher.

Sam attended school at Birmingham, Mich., sandwiching his education with jobs. Clergyman Hayes died when Sam was nine. Mrs. Hayes, becoming Mrs. Roy by a second marriage, left Sam and brother Dudley in Birmingham when she went to California. Sam, veteran of newspaper corners, nursed a paralytic banker for a year, then joined his mother and step-father.

When Sam first came to California his parents had money. He attended Manual Arts High School. The money ran out and Sam returned to toil to which, by this

time, he had become injured. For two years he sold window shades, bonds and anything else handy. He returned to school, entering Hollywood High School, when the family fortunes were slightly recouped. He became interested in the stage, appeared in amateur theatricals, won a scholarship to Stanford University by winning the state declamation contest and the state debating championship in 1924. He won the declamation honors by delivering a sermon written by his late father and delivered in Carlinville, Ill., on May 3, 1887.

The problem of making a living as well as studying faced Sam. He played freshman polo, appeared in college plays and studied—but he found time to become commercial. He developed an orange juice corporation which at first supplied all fountains at Palo Alto with orange juice. Realizing the possibilities of expansion and being a super-salesman, he was soon supplying all fraternity houses with liquid vitamins and producing punches for social affairs. His gross profits grew to \$1500 a month and often he made \$450 net, during a like period.

**H**E eventually decided that college was not for him—that he'd get more out of life by attacking it without further preparation. His first job was with "Appearances," a play written by Garland Anderson, former Negro bellhop of Los Angeles. He was definitely launched as an actor.

He appeared at the Little Theatre in San Francisco, then read the longest part in history—that of Peer Gynt in "Peer Gynt" for the Mountain Play Association, and got critical approval from all sides. He had 175 pages of speeches to learn—and did. This was his last stage work.

Then he joined the National Players appearing over (Continued on page



■ NO MOTHER WOULD ask her child to crumble bulky sugar cane into his cereal to sweeten it—when he can have the goodness of the cane concentrated in sugar...THEN WHY give children bulky cod liver oil when there's a more convenient, really delicious way to take it?—White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets.

## Rigid tests prove that the HEALTH-PROMOTING VITAMINS A AND D

of a teaspoonful of cod liver oil  
have been concentrated into  
each of these candy-like tablets



The seal of the American Medical Association (Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry) bears witness to this fact.

Now science makes available the vitamins A and D of cod liver oil—without the nauseating fats which are so often upsetting. White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are delicious and palatable. Children take them eagerly.

Each White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablet is equivalent in vitamin A and D content to a teaspoonful of cod liver oil...Each tablet has the power of a spoonful of oil (U.S.P. Standard) in helping to build resistance...the power of a spoonful of oil to help strengthen bones and teeth.

The tablets are constant in vitamin content—accurate in dosage. They are designed for protection against light, air, and the destructive effects of time.

The tablets are well suited for infant feeding. Just crush them and mix in the infant's liquid foods.

Grown-ups, too, need the benefits of these tablets to help build resistance against infection in general... Convenient to carry in pocket or purse.



**White's** COD LIVER OIL



# PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES—

Meet Barry McKinley whose baritone voice NBC is featuring this winter. He comes to you afternoons on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, on his "Dreams Come True" program. Right, Claudine MacDonald, mistress of ceremonies for the Woman's Radio Review broadcasts, which are heard five days a week at 3:30.



Remember the Silver-Masked Tenor of the crystal-set-and-one-tube era? He's Joe White (below) and now sings under his own name on the "Echoes of Erin" program on the NBC air.



Pretty Ruby Mercer (above) on whom the spotlight falls every Wednesday afternoon when she takes prominent part in the half-hour show, "Two Seats in the Balcony".





# FROM DAWN TO DUSK

Do you know your daylight stars?

Meet them in this new department

**W**ANT to hear the Sisters of the Skillet at a new hour? Tune in NBC at 7:45 a.m. to B. A. Rolfe's early morning variety show, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday. Eddie East and Ralph Dumke (their real names) also have an afternoon broadcast . . . Your favorite comic strip characters have been transferred to the air. The Gumps, Sidney Smith's cartoon, are broadcast every week day but Saturday over CBS at 12:15 p.m. Not humorous, as you might suspect, but a drama of home life written by Himan Brown, the well-known script author . . . We wish to make an apology! On this page last month we rumored the break-up of May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose. We did not mean to convey a matrimonial split. It was our understanding that sponsors were considering them individually . . . We were wrong! Ralph Kirberry, Mohawk Treasure Chest star,

recently disclosed his strange hobby of collecting neckties. He likes to buy them a dozen at a time, only wearing one or two out of the lot. The rest he saves for moths and his grandmother's rag rugs . . . Kate Smith has to commute now from Philadelphia for her afternoon broadcasts. She is personally appearing at a Quaker City night club . . . For recipes out of the ordinary and ways of cutting down household expenses, including the high cost of midnight snacks, listen to Mary Ellis Ames, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 11:00 a.m., over CBS. She is Home Economist for Pillsbury Flour Mills . . . Another good dramatic serial running full blast is The Romance of Helen Trent, which follows the Little French Princess every week day except Saturday . . . Well-known columnist Harry Hansen talks on books at 3:30 over NBC network, Mondays.

page

And here comes the Irish lad formerly with the Old Maestro, Ben Bernie. Pat Kennedy, the "Unmasked

Tenor," who with Art Kassel and Bess Johnson, form the talent for another CBS daytime show!



## My children are fine now



• My children frequently got upset and needed a laxative and I had an awful time giving them one—they just refused any of them. I was always worrying about their bowels. FEEN-A-MINT has certainly solved my problem. The children like it just as well as regular chewing gum and there is no coaxing and fighting like I put up with before. It works beautifully without being too rough—the children don't complain of cramps like they did with other medicines. The whole family is strong for FEEN-A-MINT.

### Chewing makes the difference

Women are constantly writing us how pleased they are with FEEN-A-MINT for their children. Because you *chew* FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative is distributed evenly through the system and works more thoroughly, without being harsh and violent. That is why 15,000,000 men and women have decided that FEEN-A-MINT is the ideal laxative for them. So easy and pleasant to take, with its refreshing flavor. 15 and 25¢ at all drug stores.



**CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE . . .**  
CHEWING SPREADS THE LAXATIVE NATURALLY AND EVENLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM SO THAT IT WORKS EFFECTIVELY YET GENTLY. THAT IS WHY FEEN-A-MINT IS ESPECIALLY ADVISABLE FOR CHILDREN AND WOMEN.

**FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF  
CHEW YOUR  
LAXATIVE**

# Feen-a-mint



Just try it a little while, then...

# SEE HOW WHITE, LUSTROUS YOUR TEETH BECOME

## LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

wins millions of women by its  
beauty-giving results

**Y**OU WOMEN . . . how coldly you judge your purchases, particularly those aids to health and beauty. Under your pitiless scrutiny, a product's defects stand starkly revealed. On the other hand, if it has merit you are the first to say so.

It is a source of considerable pride to us that more than 2,000,000 of you have chosen Listerine Tooth Paste—and continue to use it year in and year out. We could ask for no greater compliment for our product.

If you are already using Listerine Tooth Paste, we need not tell you of its results. You have seen. You know.

If, however, you have not tried it, we urge you to do so. Compare it with any dentifrice at any price.

See how white, lustrous, and clean your teeth become.

Note how quickly and thoroughly the up-to-date cleansing agents combat unsightly film and attack debris and discolorations. And remember, these cleansing agents are chosen because of their gentleness—they do not mar or scratch precious enamel.

Don't fail to observe how the active polishing agents of this dentifrice give teeth new sheen and lustre. What flash! What sparkle!

Look for that wonderful refreshed feeling in the mouth after using—the delightful sensation of invigoration and cleanliness that you associate with Listerine.

Lastly, reflect that because of our enormous buying and marketing resources we can offer you this dentifrice deluxe at a price that is a definite economy.

Do not take our word for the success of Listerine Tooth Paste. Try a tube and see for yourself. At all drug-gists in two sizes—Large Regular, 25¢; Double Size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.



## YOUR CHILDREN'S TEETH

Your children's teeth deserve the attention of a safe dentifrice. One that will not scratch or mar enamel and thus foster decay. The principal ingredients in Listerine Tooth Paste are among the most expensive that can be had, chosen primarily for their gentleness in action. They do not mar teeth.



GRAND OPERA  
direct from Metropolitan Stage, N. Y.



Broadcast by  
LISTERINE

announced by *Geraldine Farrar*

Complete operas . . . 3 hours . . . Every Saturday . . .  
all NBC stations . . . see your newspaper for time

## THE STAIN-ATTACKING, FILM-COMBATING TOOTH PASTE





Photograph made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by Wide World

# The Woman Behind Amos and Andy

Intimate and human facts about the popular pair told by the woman who knows them best!

By RUTH GERI



For Amos and Andy's program  
see page 53—7 o'clock column.

**T**ALK to Louise Summa. She knows more about Amos and Andy than we do ourselves, and more than our wives will ever know."

This statement came from the lips of one who should have known whereof he spoke—none other than Freeman Gosden, the "Amos" of the beloved black-faced comedy team.

Charlie Correll, "Andy", corroborated his partner's remark. "Honestly, we couldn't tell you anything which you don't already know, but Louise—well, she sees us day in and day out, and sees us in a way no one else ever has."

Who then is Louise Summa? And what precious secrets does she hold?

To say that the tall, immaculately neat woman of thirty-some years, whose laughing eyes belie the dignity of her bearing, is the "perfect secretary" is to tell but half a story. For more than fifteen years she has been friend, confidante, adviser and co-worker—the third musketeer of the remarkable triumvirate: Charlie, Freeman and Louise. She has turned her back on romance and her own personal life to serve, with reverent loyalty, these two men. For more than five years you have laughed and cried with them. Here at last is the one person in the world who can tell you how the wheels go 'round behind one of the most remarkable radio programs that has ever come into your homes, and how those wheels were set a-moving.

Louise Summa, confidential secretary to Amos 'n' Andy, tells on her bosses.

"You've no idea how wonderful (Continued on page 60)



RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY



Say! YOU

**T**HE Guy Lombardo "Lombardoland" program is on the air. Pat Barnes, the narrator of the program, is describing to the listening audience a medley of songs to be played by the orchestra. It is a rain medley consisting of that old familiar, "Rain, Rain, Go Away," "Butterflies in the Rain" et al.

Pat waxes lyrical about rain. He talks of the pitter patter of rain on the roof. The swish of the rain as it sweeps the city streets. The welcome flood of rain as it drenches thirsty fields. It is, for Pat, more or less a routine introduction. Guy and his orchestra play the medley.

*The next week Pat and Guy are simply deluged with letters from indignant farmers out in the drought area on the subject of rain!* Like angry hornets, the protests swarm in. Protests against the "mockery" of playing a rain medley, of using rain as a subject for light entertainment when

to the farmer it is such a serious matter. Vitriolic objections to Guy's playing a selection titled, "Rain, Rain, Go Away," when they, the farmers, have been literally praying for rain to save their crops. Some writers seemed to actually feel that when Guy played, "Rain, Rain, Go Away," he was helping to postpone whatever rainfall might come!

Unexpected objections?

Of course. Just as unexpected as they were violent. But radio artists are no longer surprised when something they have broadcasted in perfect innocence is taken by some of their listeners as being personal affronts or distasteful. It happens too often.

In the case just mentioned, Guy and Pat sent apologies to the aggrieved writers, explaining their innocence of any

intention to displease. Guy actually stated that were it in the power of his music to control rainfall he would have long ago played whatever tunes that might have unlocked the clouds.

But the immediate effect of the protests was that during the drought at least, rain medleys became taboo on the Lombardo programs. Guy was taking no chances of hurting

his popularity with that part of the farming population which had taken offence, no matter how far-fetched he might personally conceive such offence to be.

**Y**ES, stars sometimes find it hard to tell in advance when they will displease and, realizing how easy it is to turn the most enthusiastic fans into sour critics, they go to great lengths to remove the source of displeasure.

For instance, only recently, Kate Smith and her manager, Ted Collins, decided to inject some comedy into the Kate Smith Matinee Hour . . . with Kate as comedienne (Kate had originally played some comedy singing roles in several Broadway shows). By demonstrating Kate's versatility, it was hoped, old listeners would be pleased and new ones won. In casting about for a comedy character to act as

"SAY,  
KATE SMITH,  
THAT KID'S  
A BAD IN-  
FLUENCE!"

"HEY, YOUSE,  
LENNIE HAYTON,  
WHERE'S YER  
EDUCATION?"





When listeners object to something on the program, radio stars, guarding their popularity, pay attention—that is, sometimes!

By  
MORT LEWIS

# CAN'T DO THAT!

Illustrated by CARL PFEUFFER

a foil for Kate, Ted and the script writer (myself) hit upon the idea of a little girl character, Josephine, supposed to be a cousin of Kate's. Josephine was to possess all the mischievous and precocious qualities of a ventriloquist's dummy. She was (in the broadcast) to do amusingly naughty deeds about the studio and everybody on the program was to consider her a pest except Kate. Kate was to defend her as being a darling no matter what she did. We all waxed enthusiastic about Josephine and could envision her becoming associated with Kate Smith as completely as Joe Penner's duck is with him.

Then Josephine went on the air. *And the very first broadcast brought a telephoned message of protest from a representative of a midwestern city's Parents-Teachers Association . . . against this "vicious" child!* In complaining, the representative stated it was her belief that children listening in would imitate this little girl. In other words, Josephine, our brain child, born of innocent enthusiasm, was denounced as a bad home influence!

A trifle bloody, but unbowed, we toned down Josephine's mischievousness and she went on the air the following week. This time, Josephine inspired a letter from a woman who claimed she was high in child welfare

circles. Her missive went on for pages, declaiming against Kate Smith, who sang for hospitals and charity, sponsoring as her cousin a "nasty" child. There were a few other similar protests from other sources. Josephine died a quick death. She was withdrawn from the program and given decent burial in the graveyard of deceased radio char-

"Rain, Rain, Go Away," came over the airwaves from Lombardoland. But drought-maddened farmers called it a "mockery." It was a tough spot for Pat and Guy.

acters. Not only that, but Kate and her manager decided, temporarily, at least, to abandon comedy entirely as being too dangerous and possibly jeopardizing Kate's popularity. Kate as a comedienne was too complete a change in character to be acceptable to part of her audience and she decided to lean backwards in her efforts to avoid displeasing. Josephine and comedy became taboo at one and the same time.

**C**OMEDY calls forth more taboos than any other type of radio entertainment. Somebody is always misunderstanding, it seems.

It was unexpected criticism that not so long ago led to a taboo on the Fred Allen show. The script called for some fast repartee between Fred Allen, the comic, and Lennie Hayton, the orchestra leader, with Lennie represented as being a "hard boiled guy." Inasmuch as Lennie is far from being "hard boiled" a substitute, Lionel Stander, was hired to enact Lennie's role for him. In other words, as far as the listener could tell, Stander was Hayton.

The following few days saw letters arriving from shocked fans everywhere, who inquired plaintively how Lennie Hayton, who played such delightfully sweet music, could possibly be such a "roughneck." One writer worked up a terrific lather and demanded that the "illiterate" Hayton be deprived of radio work and his place given to some "better educated" maestro. It was very funny, but Hayton refused to see the humor in it and there are no more "tough" characters bearing Lennie's name in the (Continued on page 87)

**"MOLASSES  
AND  
JANUARY, YOU  
ENCOURAGE  
CRIME!"**

**"STOP  
MAKING  
FUN OF US  
SPINSTERS.  
ED WYNN!"**



# The Untold Story of

*The Carborundum Band can be heard on Saturdays—see the Rapid Program Finder, Page 51, ten o'clock column.*

**I**T is radio's oldest unchanged program, yet—

Forty-six of its fifty band members are amateur musicians, all from the same small town.

It broadcasts four hundred miles from New York in a small hotel ball room, with dining-room tables for the control instruments.

It is written, directed, and announced by one man who has had no other radio experience.

And its formula has never varied since the day it was conceived and put on the air nine years ago.

That is the story of the Carborundum Band, a band without rival in the rich, romantic history of its beginning and growth. That is the story of an hour which has never featured a well known radio artist and yet receives over forty thousand letters every week that it is on the air!

What is the secret of these nine seasons of successful broadcasting from the historical and picturesque town of Niagara Falls, New York?

What is the formula that has made this program an outstanding success in radio? Let's see:


Only two names are familiar to us, Francis D. Bowman, the director and announcer, and Edward

D'Anna, the conductor of the band.

Francis Bowman is the general advertising manager of Carborundum, the company which sponsors the broadcasts. He entered radio as a sideline, seeing it as a new way of presenting his products to the public.

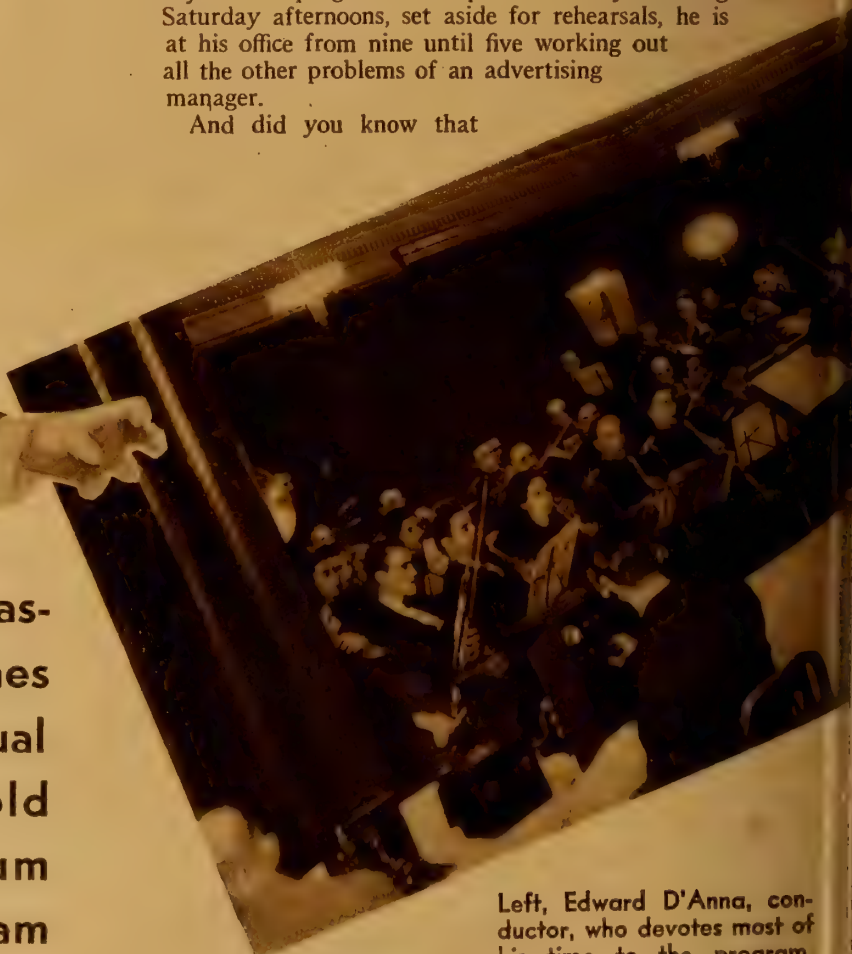
Do you think then, tuning in, that such a show is a full week's job for him? Listen—Bowman spends just one full day on the program! Except for Sunday mornings and Saturday afternoons, set aside for rehearsals, he is at his office from nine until five working out all the other problems of an advertising manager.

And did you know that



Behind the fascinating scenes of the unusual nine-year-old Carborundum Band program

by FRED SAMMIS



Left, Edward D'Anna, conductor, who devotes most of his time to the program. Above, the broadcast itself, in a room of a Niagara Falls Hotel with dining-room tables for the controls.



# a Really Unique BROADCAST



All pictures exclusively posed for RADIO MIRROR

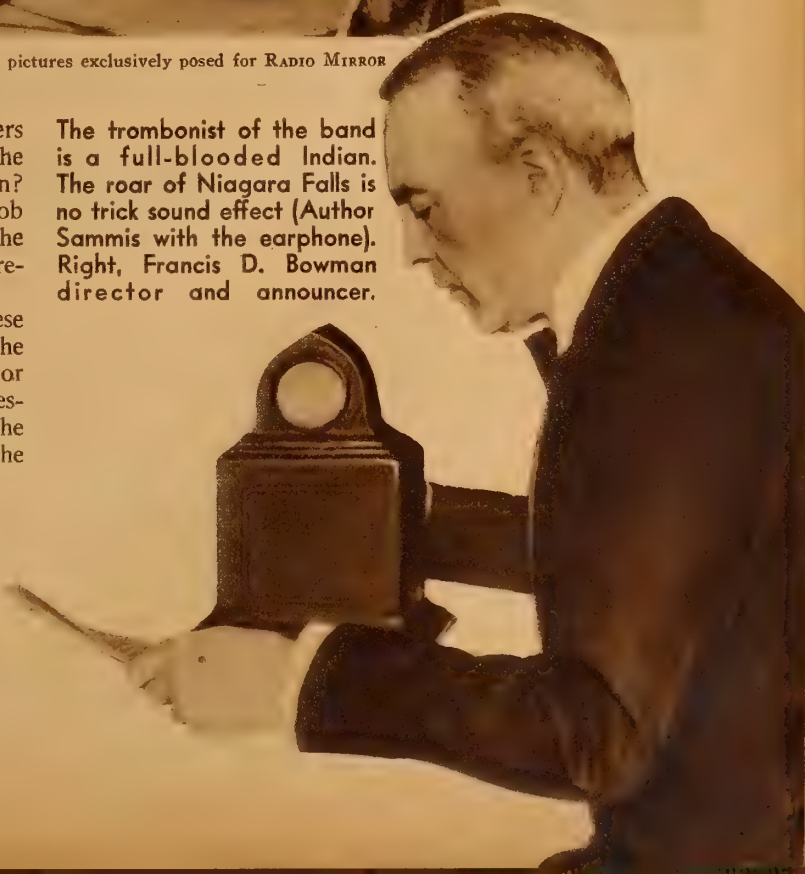
his case is typical of the other members of the show? That only four men in the band claim music as their profession? That every other player has a full time job from which he earns a living? That the radio program is their plaything, their relaxation from a week's work?

But that is the secret formula! To these entertainers broadcasting is a hobby. The result—sheer simplicity. And it gives the program flavor and zest which other more expensive, more pretentious presentations are unable to capture. Only D'Anna, as the leader, concentrates most of his time on the music for the show.

The trombonist of the band is a full-blooded Indian. The roar of Niagara Falls is no trick sound effect (Author Sammis with the earphone). Right, Francis D. Bowman director and announcer.

**L**ISTENING to Bowman spin his tales of Indian lore and mythology, did you know that he has been initiated into the Iroquois tribe as a blood brother? Or that many of the legends which he sends out over the air have never been written down on paper, but have passed from generation to generation of tribal story tellers?

I traveled to Niagara Falls, knowing only that the Carborundum Band was a Saturday feature of the Columbia Broadcasting (Continued on page 77)









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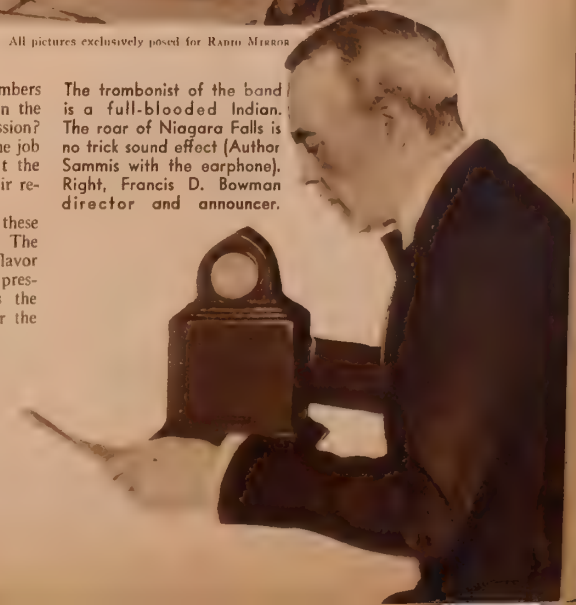
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# How *Love* Came to JESSICA

**H**AVE you ever been in love with a man who was so jealous of you that he made life a never-ending torment? Someone who suspected your every move and gesture and refused to listen to reason?

Once Jessica Dragonette faced that problem. Hesitatingly, timidly, as though the embers of her love still burnt her like a searing flame, she told me the story of her first romance—a story she has never breathed before.

Her problem was no different from yours and mine. I think Jessica decided it wisely. Jessica Dragonette fell in love with and was adored by a young man who was devoured by jealousy. He was jealous of her work; of the

**Here's a surprise—a fine story that tells for the first time the romantic experience of the girl who has supposedly avoided love**

time she spent singing; jealous of the men who surrounded her in the studio; of the radio fans who wrote her. The green-eyed goddess possessed him mind, body and soul!

For awhile, she refused to face this trait in him, allowed her young, ardent love to override this drawback. But in time she realized that love can-

not survive a hotbed of petty accusations, of anger and re-criminations, of pleas for forgiveness. And so, bravely and determinedly, her little chin squarely raised, her head high, Jessica Dragonette gave up her sweetheart, her dreams of love and a home. She became a little more aloof, a little more reserved, fearful lest she might some day give herself away. And above all, she decided there would be no regrets.





# DRAGONETTE

by MARY JACOBS

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

But let's go back to 1929, when Jessica's golden voice had already established this slip of a girl, scarcely out of her teens, as the radio queen. Men surrounded her at each broadcast; they wrote her ardent notes, the kind you would expect any young and beautiful and successful girl in the public eye to receive. One man sent her flowers each week; she got enough boxes of candy to open a store. A few men got her telephone number, and paid ardent court over the phone.

While she appreciated their interest, the fair Jessica was interested in none of them. For the time being her absorption in her work, in the daily round of practice, lessons in half a dozen languages, sufficed. Sing she must: *it is because of her singing that she gave up love.*

Singing always will come first with Jessica. "If I didn't sing," she told me, "I'd die."

Unexpectedly, love came into her life. While answering her fan mail one morning, she came across a note, so sincere and touching that she couldn't help

singling it out. "I've been listening to you for two years," it read, "and this is the first time I've written. I wonder if you appreciate just what your singing means to me?" There was no signature, no way of identifying the writer.

The next week another note came, in the same handwriting. Then another. Then some lovely tea roses. More flowers. Candy. A book of poetry. Still no name.

Being a normally curious girl, Jessica's interest was aroused. Who was this mysterious admirer who admitted he had fallen in love with her voice? Certainly his tastes and hers coincided in books and flowers, in the little revealing things he wrote.

Just when her curiosity was (Continued on page 74)









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"Oh, John, please understand. I've simply got to sing." But John insisted that when they were married Jessica would give up her singing, completely, entirely.

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Illustrated by **T. D. SKIDMORE**

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# RADIO MIRROR'S *Roll of Honor*



More than a perennially popular comedian who raised the Chase and Sanborn Hour to the peak of popularity and who now turns to the CBS network to do the same for Pebeco, more than an adroit crusader for the rights of your acting fraternity, and a relentless antagonist of the sources of easy publicity if an important issue's at stake, you are as well a man beloved by those who know you—a truly worthy addition, Eddie Cantor, to the Honor Roll of Radio Mirror.

*Underwood and Underwood*





Bet you've seen many pictures of lovely Harriet Hilliard, but we couldn't pass this one up. Did you know that her real name is Peggy Snyder and that all the boys in Ozzie Nelson's orchestra call her "Snyder"?

Ray Lee Jackson

HARRIET HILLIARD





BEN BERNIE

The Old Maestro, sans the eternal big black cigar, has just returned with all the lads from an extensive vaudeville tour. Bernie's music is the besta of the bestas, and all in the cause of the Ale Ben made famous.

Ray Lee Jackson



This funny pair heard on CBS's "Big Show", really "flopped" to fame. It was when things were pretty low that Eve Sully got the inspiration for those two laugh-baits, "some dunce, I'll say," and "look at him!"

Bert Lawson

## BLOCK and SULLY







*Joseph Melvin McElliot*

## VIVIENNE SEGAL

The prima donna of musical comedy fame is gaining more radio popularity with every broadcast. Miss Segal has now developed a lower pitch to her fine voice, which comes through the loud-speaker sweet and clear. She can be heard on National's "Waltz Time" Friday nights as well as Columbia's "Melodiana," Tuesday nights.



# — and so to BEDLAMVILLE



Above, Fred Allen, the mayor of Bedlamville, with his secretary, Peek-a-boo Hoffa. Disguised as a sailor, Allen brings his news flashes from all over the world. Below, he investigates reports of underhand work in Bedlamville laundries.



Chief Allen goes on the war-path, leaving squaw Portland to run the office of mayor right out of town. Below, you see him in his favorite rôle, ready to chase a fire or a blonde. Thus far, as the fire chief, Fred has saved two blondes, no burning buildings.

Harold Stein,  
photographer





# Revealing of

by  
**ADELE WHITELY  
FLETCHER**

*John Barclay is heard on the  
Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre  
program each Tuesday night (see  
page 53—10 o'clock column).*



This is Dagmar Rybner Barclay  
whom John first met at a party.  
They "clicked" at that time and  
it's been that way ever since.

**The tall, handsome  
Englishman's courtship,  
coupled with his success,  
reads like a fairy tale**

**T**HE minute John Barclay stepped into the room he noticed her. You would. She was tall and fair. With eyes gray green like the sea. And soft hair. Her name was Dagmar. Dagmar Rybner.

The minute John Barclay stepped into the room she noticed him too. You would. He was tall. With lean dark good looks. And a dramatic quality about him.

It was at a house party at Ann Thomson's, just outside of Philadelphia, that they met. The guests were all people prominent in the musical world. Naturally enough. For Miss Thomson is one of the directors of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

John Barclay found it a charming party. There were, he realized, several people there whom he would have enjoyed tremendously under other circumstances. If that one tall, fair girl hadn't blotted out all the rest. The way one tall, fair girl can.

After dinner they asked him to sing. He stood gravely beside the piano feeling a sense of excitement. For it was Dagmar Rybner who came over to play his accompaniment.

She accompanied him as no one ever had before. It wasn't simply that she was an inspired musician, that she was a composer of note and great enough to have been solo pianist at the Sunday evening concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was more than that. Dagmar Rybner knew always how John would sing a song. They had, they discovered while they entertained Miss Thomson's guests, quite the same feeling, quite the same sense about music.

It was all so perfect, John didn't long remain grave. His happiness began to spill over. He changed to swaggering Irish songs, about the Widow Malone of Athlone. Then he began the nonsensical, ridiculous patters of Gilbert and Sullivan.

He smiled as he sang. His hands made sweeping gestures. Dagmar changed too. She forgot to be quiet and dignified and reserved. A warm brightness came into her lovely eyes.



# the Romance *John Barclay*

The quick exciting joy of life the two at the piano felt, transmitted itself to the others in that great room. Grins, broad grins, began to appear on all the distinguished faces.

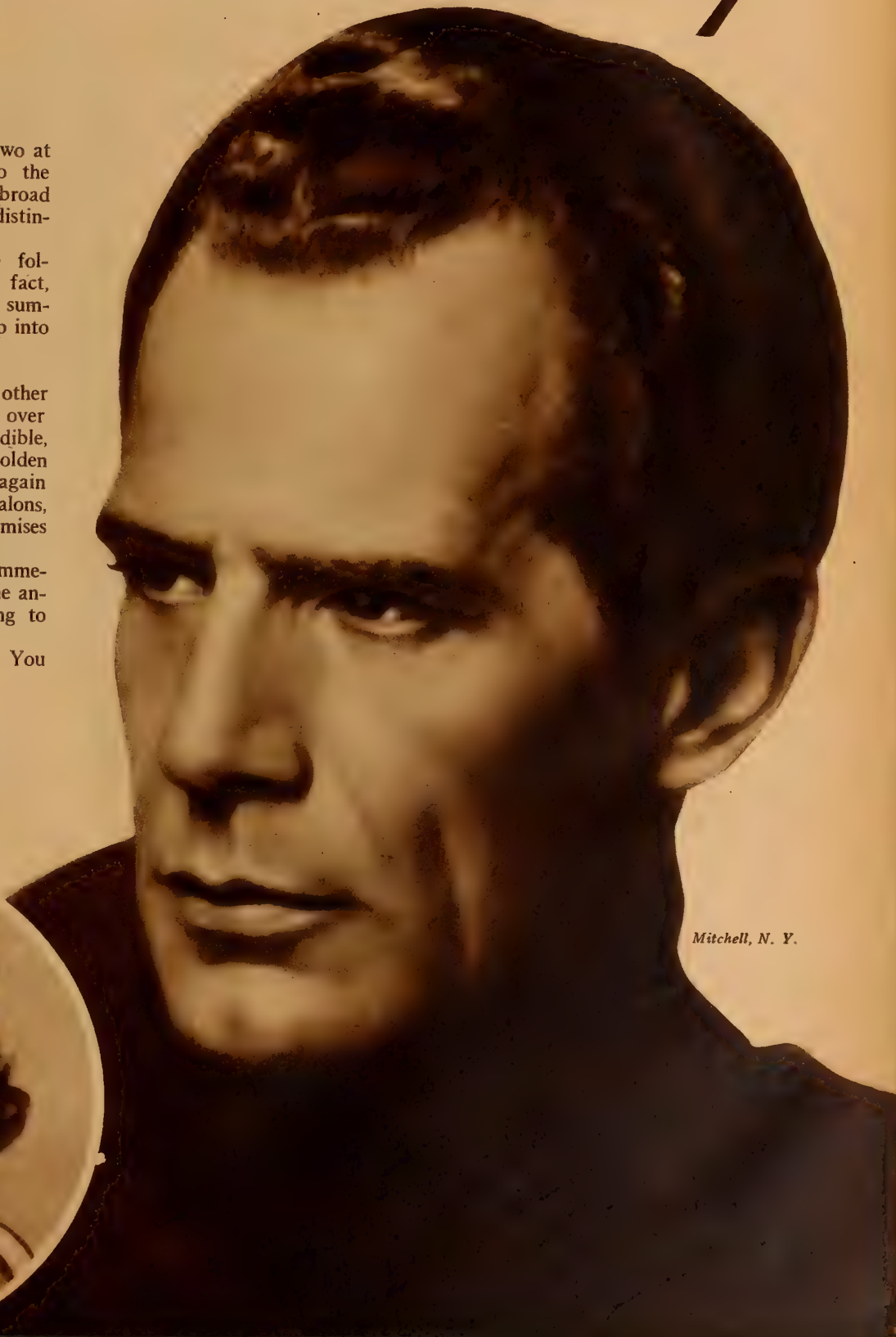
However, no impetuous courtship followed this Philadelphia week-end. In fact, shortly afterwards, John sailed for a summer in England. And Dagmar went up into the mountains with her mother.

**I**T was autumn before they saw each other again. Autumn when the sky hangs over Manhattan's soaring towers an incredible, cloudless blue. When girls pin big, golden chrysanthemums on their furs. And again the winter season in the theater, in salons, in concert halls, and at the opera promises to be the gayest ever.

"I wrote Dagmar," John says, "immediately I got back to America. And she answered saying she would be returning to New York almost at once.

"We started where we had left off. You

The dramatic baritone of the *Palmolive Hour*, and his tiny daughter, Mary Cornelia, who adds richness to the life of Dagmar and John.



*Mitchell, N. Y.*





you have a firm foundation to build on, you have something to sustain you through all the years."

There were a dozen things Dagmar and John found they wanted to do together. He wanted to go on a concert tour with her accompanying him. She wanted to be able to talk to him at any hour of the day or night about the things she was composing. They glimpsed how marvelous it would be to work together during those hours that musicians must practise every day.

They were in love. And they were married.

You've heard John Barclay on the Palmolive Hour in which he is Master of Ceremonies and a star in the Beauty Box productions. So, of course, you have judged him an Englishman. However,



John says, when he goes home his friends and family insist he talks exactly like a Yankee.

He was born in Bletchingley. In a big country house set in a park of several acres. His father is Lieutenant Colonel Hubert F. Barclay, a soldier and a member of a large brewing firm. His mother is E. Noel Daniell Barclay, a talented painter, a well-known speaker, and an author of novels and religious writings.

There were four children. John was the eldest. Then came David. David who died in the war with one of his funny songs on his lips. Rissa, named after the wife of the first Barclay who can be traced in England, a man who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror. And Alexander who was born while his father was fighting the Boers in South Africa.

The third floor of the big Barclay house was given over to the children. With Nanny ruling their roost.

"She sat at the head of our table in the school-room," John says, "a spare woman, with her arms folded across her breast. And a cane conveniently at her side.

"She could use that cane upon occasion. We kids used to keep our hands close to our teacups." (Continued on page )



Above, vacationing at Bar Harbor; extreme right, John and his mother in the garden of their English home some years ago. Right, John with his younger brother, Alexander about the time John made his debut — at the tender age of seven!

know how it is. You meet a new person. She feeds you mentally. She stimulates you. She warms you. You think, 'Look here, I must see a lot of you. There's so much I want to say. So much I want to hear you say.'

"During all that summer I'd thought about Dagmar, been impatient to meet and talk with her again.

"If you're a man and the person who happens to bring life alive for you by a certain point of view is a woman, then other attractions come along. Naturally. The mental thing may even abate for a time while these other interests make their more feverish demands and no subject on earth is as fascinating as yourselves.

"But if you have had that mental bond in the beginning,





*Photograph made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by Wide World*

**For Walter Winchell's broadcast, *The Jergens' program*, see page 53—9 o'clock column.**

**T**HE man has been called a blackguard and a liar, a Peeping Tom and a wrecker of homes. To hear his enemies talk, you would think he had absolutely no moral scruples, that everything was grist for his mill, the heartaches and heartbreaks of other people, the scandals that would wreck their lives, the broken loves they had strewn on Broadway.

One thing even his enemies admit, that Walter Winchell is a super-reporter not only of *Who Loves Whom* along the Great Mazda Way, but of all the intimate happenings on Broadway, Hollywood and in the lives of the great. He it was who first predicted the birth of an heir to the Lindberghs, six months before other reporters announced it; and he it was who first reported that the Lindbergh ransom gold certificates were floating around New York, and might lead to the discovery of the kidnaper. About six years ago he told the world that on such and such a day Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson would get married, and though they denied it, they did get married on that day. He was the first to announce that Mrs. Dall, the President's daughter, would seek a divorce, and the first to tell the world that in spite of her repeated denials, Katharine Hepburn

**This famous columnist has often sacrificed a choice bit of news when it interfered with his code**

**by DORA ALBERT**

was getting a divorce in Mexico.

Why is it that though Winchell deals in the intimate tittle-tattle, necessarily laying bare the secret lives of many people, on Broadway those who really know him will tell you that in spite of all the gossip, he is a "white guy" and can be trusted?

The answer is to be found in Walter Winchell's own code. You didn't know he

had one? Many people have been surprised to learn about it.

He has a code as fixed as the Wall of China, and it rigidly divides the things he will print from the things he won't whisper; the things he'll shout over the air from the things he won't disclose to anyone. He lives up to his own moral code more scrupulously than if it were a law with a jail sentence attached. And what is this moral code?

Item 1: Never couple the name of any married man with that of a girl with whom he is partying; neither mention the name of any married woman in the same breath with some man with whom she is partying.

Item 2: Never disclose the source of any item of information that you print or tell over the radio. Even if threatened, don't tell it; even if libel suits are brought against you, keep your mouth closed!

Item 3: Never hurt anyone—whom you like.

Item 4: Never tittle-tattle on a (Continued on page 64)



# ROSA PONSELLE

Come back to the days in that little Connecticut town when Rosa was the accompanist and her sister was the singer!

By  
FRED RUTLEDGE

*For Rosa Ponselle's program, the Chesterfield Hour, Monday nights, see page 51—9 o'clock column.*

**A** SMALL and unadorned church of Meriden, Connecticut, was filled to overflowing with hushed, grief-stricken crowds. A block away, in the living room of the small frame house in which she was born, Rosa Ponselle sat holding tight to the frail, work-scarred hand of her mother.

In five minutes she was to sing mass for the soul of the man who had discovered her, who had urged her on with her work, with whom she had made her debut on the world's most famous stage, the Metropolitan. In five minutes, she would sing mass for the soul of Enrico Caruso.

Unsteadily she came to her feet. Before she could reach the door, Tony, her younger brother, dashed breathlessly into the room. "Rosa," he exclaimed, "they're accepting contributions at the door of the church to hear you sing."

"Oh Tony, no! They can't! I won't let them!" she cried.

Rosa sank down in a chair, heedless of her heavy silk mourning dress. Then she rose abruptly to her feet. "I shall sing mass at the other church; the Irish church," she announced. "Enrico will understand and forgive me."

Her hands clenched tight at her sides, she walked past the church where contributions had been accepted and continued up the hill, that cold November day in 1922, to sing mass in the Irish church around the corner.

Tragedy had come to young Rose Ponzillo. Scarcely later than the first real triumph of her poverty-ridden life, death had reached out and darkened the happiness that had come with her successful debut as Rosa Ponselle at the Metropolitan Opera House.

**S**O that you can learn the meaning of that moment which came to Rosa directly after the last clear note of her mass died out in the church at Meriden, let me tell you about her childhood in the small Italian section of the tiny Connecticut community.



I spent lingering hours in Meriden, talking with those who knew the Ponzillo family best, who could tell me of Rosa and Carmela, and it was from them that I learned the intensely human story of the great opera star.

The usual struggle of the unknown to gain recognition did not fall to Rosa's lot, for she never considered herself as a singer who was worthy of serious mention. Nor did she dream of stage success, beautiful dresses, comfortable Long Island homes. These were reserved for her sister Carmela, whose more mature voice during those early years seemed to hold all the promise.

I talked to the principal of the school where Rosa learned the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and she recalled for me cold winter mornings when a messenger



# didn't think she could SING!



Above, the tiny Italian church at Meriden in which Rosa sang mass for her mother . . . Right, the more imposing Irish church where she sang mass for Enrico Caruso . . . Below, the frame house which still holds the family's coal and wood business . . . Right, the rustic bungalow Rosa built for her mother.



would have to run to the Ponzillo home and drag Rosa back to class with him. Rosa was much more interested in sliding down snow drifts, or, when the temperature was too biting to play outside, in listening to phonograph records of the great Melba.

Only Carmela felt sure that some day, Rosa, too, would become a great and famous singer. Often, when local clubs wanted entertainment, Carmela would be sought out and asked to come and sing.

"Rosa, you must come with me. They want you to sing with me," Carmela would say.

"No, Rosa, you go alone. I'd only spoil it," Rosa would reply, with a shake of her head.

Then would follow the usual scene of arguing and cajoling. In the end, Rosa, always reluctantly, would go along and sing one duet with Carmela.

Carmela had all the business drive and energy that Rosa lacked. Their first professional engagement came after Carmela had hounded the owner of the small motion picture house on Main Street for months. Finally, he agreed to hire them to sing between reels of the flickering films he charged five cents admission to see.

Then, while they were singing at the theater, came the first golden opportunity the girls had been hoping for without success. An enterprising theatrical agent signed them for a tour of small eastern vaudeville houses. *Rosa was the accompanist, Carmela the singer!*

**A**T the end of the tour, Melone's café in New Haven, popular rendezvous for the Yale college boys, offered them an engagement. Rosa didn't want the job, but Carmela saw it as another step ahead. She convinced Rosa that such work was (Continued on page 71)

*Photos taken by the author*





Now a popular band leader, Freddy Martin was once just a lonely



# ORPHAN BOY

By

CAMILLA JORDAN

*For Freddy Martin's program, "The Open House," see page 50—5 o'clock column. Also page 53—11 o'clock column.*

Even with success heaped on his young shoulders, "The Orphan Boy" has remained unspoiled. Below is a picture of his wife, Lillian, and cute baby Freddy. In the center picture is Freddy (fourth from left) when he was a member of a band at the age of seventeen.

**F**REDDY MARTIN owes his success in life to a dream, a dream which grew into being as he played behind the grim, gray walls of a forbidding building off the beaten track in a little country town of Ohio.

As far back as he can remember, there were only two facts which Freddy knew to any degree of certainty. He was an orphan, living in a charity "Home", and some day he would be a band leader and play the drums.

Shy, sensitive, a little afraid to enter into the play of the others, the tousle-headed youngster had his first real moment of happiness when he was nearly ten years old. As he was standing by one day eagerly listening to plans for forming a boys' band which were being discussed, his playmates called him into the conference and told him the good news. He had been elected drummer!

No longer would he have to beat out rhythm on tables and floors with improvised pieces of wood he had fashioned for himself. Now he would have shiny new drum sticks and could pound away to his heart's content. Then and there, he made his resolve—out in the world of which he knew so little he would be the proud director of his own orchestra.

At sixteen he was sent through the iron gates of the orphanage, dismissed by his age to face the realities of life, his only preparation for work his practice as a drummer.

Now, at twenty-eight, Freddy Martin has signed a new contract with the swank St. Regis Hotel in New York City, his radio program, Vick's Open House, is a success, he has a wife, a slim, attractive brunette very much in love







BEHIND GRAY WALLS A YOUNG  
LAD DREAMED OF SUCCESS!

with him, and last but not least there's baby Freddy.

It was Freddy's loyalty to that boyhood dream and the tenaciousness with which he clung to his resolve until the day his first real break came that carried him away from the drabness of his youth into the promised land.

Out of the orphanage, on his own, into what?

Freddy headed straight for a music store and got his job selling instruments to bands which infrequently passed through the small town for one-night stands there. When he could stop a while and talk shop with real musicians, he was as close to heaven as he had ever been.

Soon he began grouping together a motley collection of very poor, very young friends who had revealed some sort of musical ability. From this beginning slowly evolved the Freddy Martin band. In order to complete it Freddy had to forsake his drums—one of the men already had an outfit—and learn the saxophone.

Then came that day for which Freddy had been praying. Guy Lombardo came to town. An event in itself, his arrival meant something of far more importance to Freddy.

Guy needed a band for a college prom. Someone told him about the Martin outfit and he hired it on the spot. With only a day's coaching, Freddy went to the prom and became a director!

"Guy thought," Freddy confessed, "that it was a great joke, hoisting us on the unsuspecting college. But the joke really was on him, because he was the one who made a band leader of me."

We were talking in his very up-to-date offices in the high-brow St. Regis, the three of us—Freddy, myself, and his wife Lillian. A lovelier, darker eyed, more even tempered bride you've never seen, sitting poised on the edge of her husband's desk, swinging a silk clad leg leisurely back and forth.

Slowly, the story of his fight for success after that first professional engagement came out. His understanding eyes, brown in color, deep in experience, darkened as he told me the struggles which befell him.

From the moment he directed the last piece at the prom. Freddy set New York as his goal. (Continued on page 86)



# the PICKENS on DRESS

THEY'RE Jane, Helen and Patti—the three beautiful Pickens Sisters from Macon, Georgia. They've been on the stage, in movies and are one of radio's most popular harmony trios. Last month they managed to steal time away from their many duties for some shopping in R. H. Macy's Little Shop and on these pages we've pictured a few of their selections.

AT the left is Patti smartly attired in a sports outfit. The dress is of chartreuse wool with black leather belt and button trim. Over it she wears a swagger Leopard coat and the pert little "Northern Soldier" hat tops it all. Lower left is Helen looking dramatic in a rich purple velvet hostess gown with a Queen Elizabeth collar. Below, Helen selected this smart fuschia matelasse tunic dress for cocktails or tea, with smart velvet accessories.

All photographs

made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR

by the Bradley Studios





# SISTERS PARADE

JANE'S chic afternoon costume (right) is a pretty shade of green. The front falls in soft folds and is held with square-cut metal buttons. The hat is black velvet and has that new flare back. Jane loves to wear her hats way up off her forehead, and it's becoming, too. Her accessories are the ample silver fox scarf and suede gloves and bag. Jane looks lovely (below) in her new evening gown fashioned in that new luscious shade of red satin. A large black fan adds grace while her costume jewelry adds sparkle.

IN the right corner is young Patti all set waiting for her best beau to call and take her to that party. It's a gay flowered print with a black background. The front of the blouse is slit and shows a bright red crepe lining. Two decorative clips accent the square neckline.

*All costumes from  
R. H. Macy's Little Shop*





# WHAT'S NEW

By JAY



Left, Lois Bennett, red-headed singing star of the Gibson Family. This program now has popular Playwright Owen Davis as script writer.

phans were invited to share the huge cake with Goo-goo, the duck, and the Vienna Choir Boys, famous choral group on tour in this country.

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Below, Ted Hus-  
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The winter series of Colgate House Parties are underway. As we gallop to press, agency executives look longingly towards Conrad Thibault, Fritz Scheff, and Al Goodman and his orchestra as the permanent personalities for the show. The change followed Joe Cook's withdrawal.

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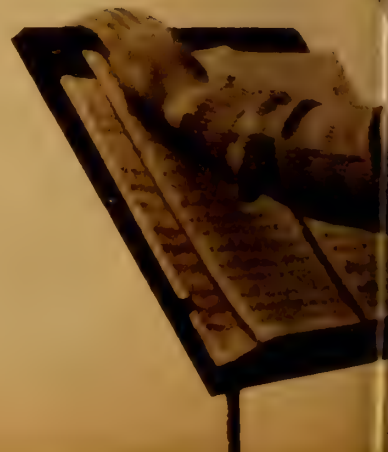
Right, our Candid Camera catches Bing Crosby halfway through a Woodbury program.

might buy this show can't wake up to hear it, so Rolfe continues on sustaining.

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"Adventure after twenty is nothing but hard work." Which means that no one over nineteen can run away from home and get any fun out of it.

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# ON RADIO ROW

## PETERS

**A**DD Television Notes: Listeners of today would be shocked, to say the least, if television suddenly brought radio stars into the parlor. For instance: Amos 'n' Andy. Andy is popularly conceived to be the big mugg with powerful punch and ham-like paw. In truth, it is meek and lowly Amos who is the tall one of the pair and who, at the drop of a microphone, becomes pugnacious.

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Right, Alexander Woolcott, as he puzzles over new ways of presenting material taken from his best seller, "While Rome Burns."



Below, Love à la Jack Benny. He is whispering "sweet nothings" to Nancy Carroll.



**R**EMEMBER George Frame Brown of Real Folks fame?

He it was who doubled as Matt Thomkins and the falsetto-voiced Mrs. Jones. George is planning a comeback—effective just as soon as a sponsor is found. "Tony and Gus" is the title of the proposed program; Mario Chamlee, the tenor, is to play Tony, and George will strut his gift for dialect in the characterization of Gus.

It would seem that the old adage, "you can't keep a good man down," has some good points. Anyway, Ted Jewett and John Holbrook, released not so long ago by NBC, soon landed again. Jewett is now on one of CBS' most important shows. Holbrook is supervising transcription programs for a South American market.

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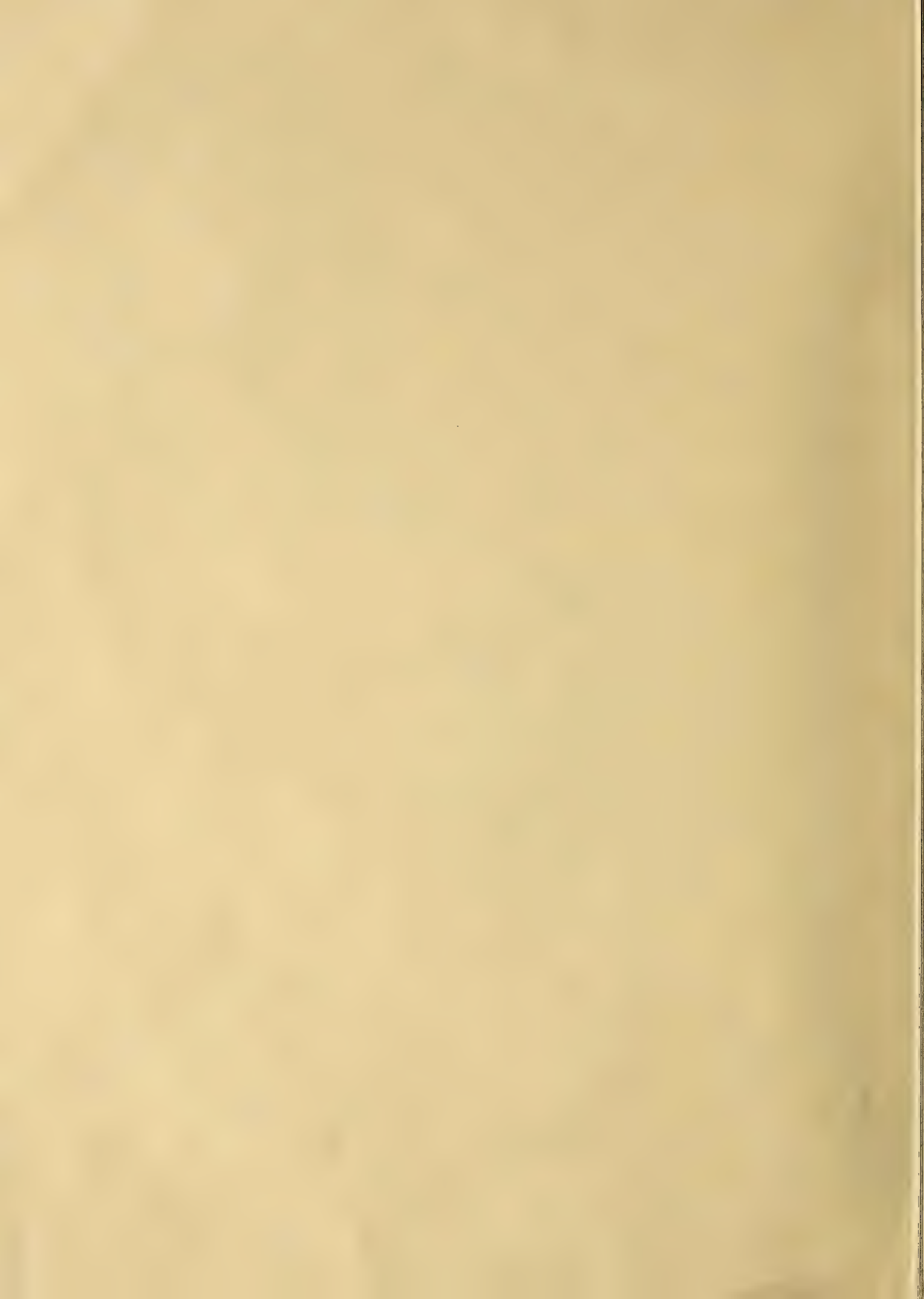
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**J**ANE PICKENS, of the famous southern Pickens' Sisters, has written a new tune and by now Irving Berlin may even have published it. And, your own RADIO MIRROR magazine was her inspiration. It happened this way. After the matinee performance in Buffalo a few months ago, Jane retired to the Statler Hotel, where they were stopping, feeling sort of romantic. She decided that she would write a song about the first thing she saw upon entering her room. When she unlocked the door, the first thing that greeted her eye on the dressing table was a brand new copy of RADIO MIRROR. Immediately the title suggested the new song to her, and it's called "In the Mirror of Your Eyes." Sounds like a gag, doesn't it? But it's strictly fact.

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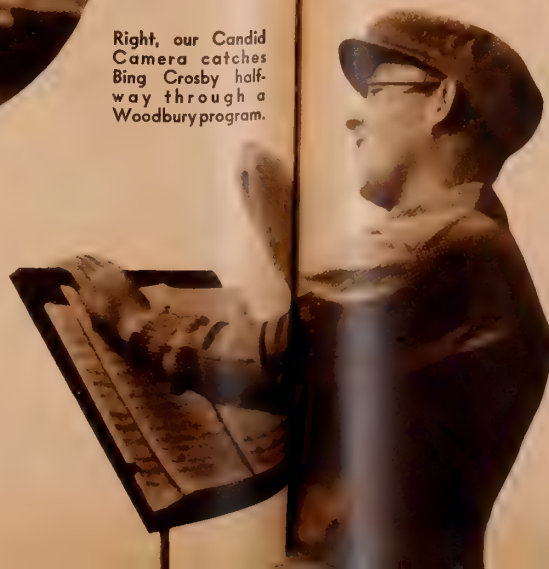


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**R**EMEMBER George Frame Brown of Real Folks fame?

He it was who doubled as Matt Thomkins and the falsetto-voiced Mrs. Jones. George is planning a comeback—effective just as soon as a sponsor is found. "Tony and Gus" is the title of the proposed program; Mario Chamlee, the tenor, is to play Tony, and George will strut his gift for dialect in the characterization of Gus.

It would seem that the old adage, "you can't keep a good man down," has some good points. Anyway, Ted Jewett and John Holbrook, released not so long ago by NBC, soon landed again. Jewett is now on one of CBS' most important shows. Holbrook is supervising transcription programs for a South American market.



# COAST-TO-COAST

## C H I C A G O

By CHASE GILES



Above, the program that is ready for television! Jan Garber's glamorous Supper Club, with Dorothy Page, broadcasting recently from their Chicago studios over the NBC chain.

**F**OR the first time in the history of Chicago, microphones have been carried into the traffic court of the city's central police station by WBBM.

Mayor Edward J. Kelly, acclaiming this milestone in the city's radio history as of paramount importance in the present campaign to make Chicago the safest city in the world, states:

"It is my belief that the broadcasting of actual cases each day from the traffic court will be a great help to all of us in reminding us of our duty. These cases reveal causes of traffic accidents—they should serve to warn us what not to do."

The time for these broadcasts has been set aside by H. Leslie Atlass,

vice-president of the Columbia broadcasting system in charge of the western division, to be devoted exclusively to traffic broadcasts as a public service.

Chief Justice John J. Sonstebly of the Municipal Court hails the WBBM series as a "key part of a permanent program to save the people of Chicago from death or injury from automobile accidents."

Pointing out that radio has been successful in securing public cooperation in other campaigns, Judge John Gutknecht, who presides over the traffic court, declares his belief that "the WBBM broadcasts will be a great aid in securing the cooperation of the public in obeying traffic laws."



**W**HILE making the familiar station "break" in the Chicago CBS studios in the Wrigley building, Alan Hale, announcer, suddenly beheld clouds of smoke and roaring flames belching from the windows of 106 East Austin Street.

Alan sprang from his microphone, dashed to the corner and pulled the hook in the little red fire alarm box.

"In the twinkling of an eye," to quote Alan's epic words, "the fire department was upon me—in fact, I had to jump to get out of the path of the first fire engine as it crashed down the street, sirens screaming, dogs barking and firemen clinging madly to the hooks and ladders."

In another twinkling, according to eye witnesses, the fire department was at work—smashing windows. (Continued on page 67)

Left, a radio double marriage recently claimed "Marge" of "Myrt and Marge" fame, when Charlie Kretzinger, married Evalyn Karrer, and Gene Kretzinger married her cousin, Donna "Marge" Damerall. Gene and Charlie broadcast over Chicago's WBBM.



# H I G H L I G H T S

## P A C I F I C

By RALPH L. POWER

**T**HE one-way trek from New York to Hollywood seems to have sidetracked long enough for a few Coasters to wend their way from Hollywood to New York. Four prominent westerners moved in on the New Yorkers around the holiday season. There was Kay Van Riper, KFVB's blonde writer of "English Coronets" which she will produce in New York, and her leading man, Gale Gordon . . . in high society circles he now writes it "Gail." And Jerry Cady, KFI writer, has gone to the citadel of radio in New York's radio ranks to do more writing . . . probably the "Richelieu" series . . . with the fourth Californian getting a train ride east in the person of Hanley Stafford, actor.

\* \* \*

**D**ID you think those soup "Hollywood Hotel" programs have been coming from Hollywood? Well, perish the thought. They come from KHJ's studios in Los Angeles because CBS has no Hollywood quarters. Of course it doesn't matter, for Hollywood is a part of Los Angeles. But, still, some folks don't like the idea of foolin' the boys and girls by saying that the program is "coming direct to you from Hollywood."

\* \* \*

**T**HOUGH lots of radio stars have sojourned, Mary Pickford set the cus-

tom of having a stand-in. Inez Seabury, who does the stands-in at rehearsals where Miss Pickford cannot be present, was always good . . . but it took this spot to get her in the money.

\* \* \*

**O**WEN CRUMP is one of those rare individuals who always does just what he wants to. He wouldn't work if he had money . . . likes to sleep "in the raw" . . . snores . . . hates to shave and goes daffy over symphonies. You've guessed it. He's artistic and all that sort of thing . . . paints and sketches under pen name of John Henry.

That's the name he used as master of ceremonies of the morning "Family Circle". That is, until Joe E. Brown, screen funnyman and big-mouth film player, let the cat out of the bag over the air. Now Owen uses his own name as a sign-on and off. Dark complexioned, thin and wiry, he was born in Louisiana, went to college in New York . . . and how he stays a bachelor is beyond the ken of Hollywood's fair damsels.

\* \* \*

**H**ERE'S a record for moving fast in radio circles. Allan Howard, after a year on the air, gets the A-Number-One post on the announcing staff of Seattle's KOL. Still in his twenties, former University of Washington student, he was an extra man in the

Shell Show's eighteen-year-old songstress, Eleanor Ellison. Georgie Stoll, popular band leader, put Eleanor under contract for Shell, giving her the big opportunity of her young life. She can moan low.

movies, directed a couple of legitimate shows, and tried to sell bonds and insurance.

One of his announcing programs is the popular "Pioneers" . . . Sunday at 6:30 p. m. (PST) at the present writing . . . with stories of the sea taken from annals of early days in the Pacific northwest.

\* \* \*

**PEN POINTS.** Rube Wolf, brother of Marco and Fanchon Wolf, capitalizes on his outstanding map and beak.

(Continued on page 68)



Known to audiences as Mona Lowe, KHJ's torrid singer, Winnie Parker is now married to Paul Rickenbacher, assistant program director for CBS in Los Angeles.



When I opened my eyes, only Eleanor was with me. I leaned on my elbow, my head pounding painfully . . . I could picture the four men in the other room, discussing their next move. There was no time to be lost!

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL LINK



**I** HAD just committed the most stupid blunder an Intelligence Officer could make, and I didn't know it—yet. Blissfully unaware of the consequences, I mailed my letter which was to bring down so much trouble on my head and went back to the front trench to resume the game of dodging shell fragments.

It only took a week before the results of my blunder began to show. A terse call came through from Headquarters in London. I was to report at once.

The trip across the rough English Channel in a transport boat which usually presages a good time for a soldier on leave was terrible. Coupled with my fretting and worry over that call from London, I was seasick for the first time in my life.

When I reported to the grim, grey building which housed one of the most efficient Intelligent Services in the world, I looked like a ghost and felt like the man it was haunting. Not, in other words, top 'ole.

A private with as long a face as I'd seen in many a day ushered me into the small cubicle of my superior officer. He

closed the door behind me without a word. The General glanced up, frowned, and handed me a letter.

"Recognize it?" he asked, a sardonic smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

I noticed two things immediately in my hasty inspection of the letter. My own handwriting, and the name of the person to whom it was addressed, Eleanor Lyman.

"Yes sir, I wrote that," I replied, more puzzled than worried. It was the same letter which I had so cheerfully posted a week before.

"This letter," the General continued challengingly, "was intercepted on its way to German agents in Spain. Have you lost your mind?"

He paused. I looked at him blankly, wondering what he was driving at.

"Don't you see what you've done, you idiot? You've signed your real name. If that letter had reached its destination, the enemy would have had the name of one of our Intelligence men!"

"But sir," I objected, "I wrote that to a loyal British




# MY OWN SPY STORIES

by CAPTAIN TIM HEALY

The star of the Ivory Stamp Club tells you  
another daring adventure from his vivid career

For Tim Healy's pro-  
gram see page 52  
—5 o'clock Column



subject. This Eleanor Lyman is what my men call a lonely soldier lady. She has been entertaining my soldiers who were on leave in London, helping them have a good time. I was writing to thank her for her services."

"So I read," the General remarked. "But if this lonely lady is so loyal, how does it happen that she was sending your letter to the enemy?"

Before I could interrupt, he went on: "I'll give you just ten days to clear up this mess. Get acquainted with this Eleanor Lyman, find enough evidence so we can arrest her, or lose your rank. That's all. Report as soon as you have completed your case."

Grimly I saluted, turned on my heel, and left. Inwardly I was cursing myself for a blind fool. (Continued on page 56)









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Jane Williams is on the Hollywood Hotel program Friday nights (see page 51—9 o'clock column). Leah Ray sings on the "Let's Listen to Harris" program Friday nights (see page 53—9 o'clock column).

# They ATE and Grew

If a job depended upon your getting thin, what would you do? Read what two radio stars did. P. S. They got the jobs!



Upper left, when Jane Williams was chosen heroine of the Hollywood Hotel program, she made up her mind to reduce. Above, did she do it?

**T**HE girl had just achieved what was, at the moment, radio's greatest prize. She was a modern Cinderella. An obscure singer raised to the heights of radio stardom! I had expected to meet a jubilant, effervescent young woman, triumphant, joyous. Instead, Jane Williams who was originally Rowene Williams, winner of the nation-wide contest conducted by the Columbia Broadcasting System, seemed not at all elated by her selection.

She had been chosen to play the coveted hat-check girl role opposite Dick Powell in the "Hollywood Hotel" program, broadcast direct from the film capital.

"What," I asked her, "were your first reactions when you learned that you, of all those thousands of girls, had been successful?"

Joy? Trepidation? Disbelief? What would *you* feel if you were suddenly catapulted into one of the most enviable roles that all radio has to offer? Jane's answer was startling.

"I thought," she said, and hesitated slightly, as though she knew that what she was about to say would ruin the start of a perfectly good interview, "I thought that I'd better begin taking off about twenty pounds."

Jane proceeded with engaging frankness. Up until her victory in the contest, it had not mattered to her and certainly, then, to no one else, that she weighed one hundred and fifty-five pounds. Her eyes had been turned towards the operatic stage rather than toward radio, and operatic divas are notoriously permitted the ease of more ample upholstery. She had made her debut at nineteen as a concert soloist with the Luigi Lombardo Symphony Orchestra,



# Slender!

by

DOROTHY BROOKS



Could you imagine that slim Leah Ray (right) on the "Let's Listen to Harris" program, was once —stout? Just cast your eyes to the left!



toured the Middle West and thence returned to her native Minneapolis to sing with the Twin Cities Civic Opera Company. She made a few perfunctory radio appearances over Minneapolis stations as a favor to the publicity department of the opera company. Opera did not fare so well during the general economic depression, so Jane entrained for Chicago, seeking a wider field of opportunity.

She found Chicago slumbering in the same musical doldrums which had becalmed her back in Minneapolis, and then for the first time thought of turning to radio work while waiting for a real opening in concert or operatic work. She went through the customary red-tape of auditions with the customary lack of success, gave a few concerts over smaller stations and was about to return home when the Columbia Broadcasting System contest was announced.

Friends urged her to enter. Jane demurred. She had never sung popular songs; she was sure she could not sing them. Then because she had nothing to lose and had run

out of good arguments with which to combat her persuasive friends, she capitulated. However, she never entertained for a moment, any serious hopes about the outcome. Thousands of girls all over the country were registering, and her brief fling at radio had done nothing to convince the level-headed young Minneapolis singer that the ether was her medium.

**W**HEN her name was announced as winner of the mid-west finals, Jane still refused to become unduly excited. There were more than a dozen young women en route to New York, each a territorial winner, each cherishing in her young heart the belief that she would win the coveted role and with it a nice gilt-edged contract. Jane admitted she was not nervous at the final audition, because the prospect of emerging the winner seemed so dim, unreal—improbable!

Her subsequent victory left Jane somewhat aghast, but when she recovered from her astonishment, she made up her mind firmly to at least one (Continued on page 79)



# RADIO MIRROR HOMEMAKING DEPARTMENT

By Joyce Anderson

## In the Stars<sup>2</sup> Kitchens



"Yum, yum!" says Sox, James Melton's favorite pup, as the singer pulls the finished Cocoanut-Custard pie out of the oven. Sox knows it's good. He's tasted it before.

**W**HOD' ever think that a successful radio tenor and one whose ambition it is to sing in Grand Opera, could actually bake a pie!

Friends, I want you to come into the kitchen and meet James Melton, singing star of Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight. Yes, it's Jimmy all right! He's just dressed up for the occasion but you must recognize that roguish smile of his! Jimmy's favorite pie is cocoanut-custard. And can he make it! Ask Sox, his dog—he knows. There he is in the kitchen sniffing eagerly at the finished masterpiece. When Mr. and Mrs. Melton entertain and serve Jimmy's home-made cocoanut-custard pie, their guests never fail to ask for a second helping, and its fame has spread all over town.

Radio Mirror's Homemaking Department Hostess thought if it was as good as all that, she wanted its readers let in on this delicious secret. And here is the recipe, just as Mr. Melton gave it to me. Get right into your kitchen and surprise the family with a delicious dessert for tonight's dinner.

### GRAHAM CRACKER COCOANUT-CUSTARD PIE

Crust:

16 Graham crackers  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of butter

Crumble crackers fine and mix with softened butter. Line buttered pie-plate with mixture, pressing firmly against bottom and sides.

Filling:

1 pt. milk 2 tablespoons cornstarch  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla Yolks of three eggs  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt 1 cup cocoanut

$\frac{2}{3}$  cup sugar

Bring milk to a boil (use double-boiler) add yolks of eggs, cornstarch, salt, sugar and cook until thick. Remove from stove and add cocoanut and vanilla. Turn filling into the crumb-lined pan, and top with Meringue.

Meringue:

Beat whites of three eggs and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of sugar until stiff. Spread on top of pie, sprinkle with cocoanut and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

Cocoanut-custard pie is not the only dish James Melton can make well. There's another swell recipe that I managed to get him to give me and if you'd like to have it, just drop me a line in care of RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, and I'll send you a copy of his recipe for Oysters Delmonico absolutely free, without any cost to you.

**A**S an added feature this month, I've assembled a very fine menu which can be especially adapted for the Friday night dinner. It's a bit different and will probably please that unexpected guest your husband brought home with him from the office or from his golf game.

### FRIDAY DINNER

|   |                  |
|---|------------------|
| Cream of Tomato Soup                    | Toast Sticks     |
| Filets of Sole with Oysters             | Parsley Potatoes |
| Sliced orange and watercress on lettuce |                  |
| Coffee Sponge Pie                       | Coffee           |

### CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

|                             |                             |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2 cups tomatoes             | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water     |
| 2 teaspoons sugar           | 1 tablespoon chopped onion  |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt | $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon soda |

Combine the tomatoes, water, sugar, salt, pepper and chopped onion. Cook for thirty minutes. Strain and then add the soda. Stir well and pour into hot white sauce.

Cream Sauce:

|                      |                               |
|----------------------|-------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons butter | 1 teaspoon salt               |
| 4 tablespoons flour  | $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper |

Melt the butter, add flour, salt and pepper and mix well. Add milk slowly and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly to avoid lumping. Keep the sauce hot over boiling water and do not add the tomato mixture until you are ready to serve.

### FILETS OF SOLE WITH OYSTERS

Four filets of sole, cut in small pieces  
1 dozen oysters  
2 tablespoons butter  
1 tablespoon finely minced parsley  
Juice of half a lemon

(Continued on page 89)





Brrh! Cold wintry days are here! Miss Anderson tells you how to protect your skin from Mr. Jack Frost's stinging bite

Miss Vivienne Segal, starring in "Melodiana," with Abe Lyman's orchestra on the Columbia System, is a radio star who gives a great deal of care to her appearance. Miss Segal is shown here at her pretty dressing table putting the finishing touches to her make-up.

# SKIN COMFORT and PERFECTION

"MY face is so rough these days."  
"The wind just plays havoc with my face in the winter and my skin cracks so that I can't seem to keep any powder on my nose."

Have you ever offered such complaints? I bet you have. I know I've heard them more than once!"

Girls, girls, there's no need to have rough, harsh, dry skin in this day and age! Your skin doesn't have to become dry until it almost starts to crack and peel! Just a few minutes of service to your skin at night, before retiring, will more than repay you for the effort.

Just as you protect your body with warm clothing from the cold, wintry air, so must you protect your skin from the wind. I do not mean that you must wear something to cover your face, but I do mean that you must nourish it with a generous helping of cold cream.

Feminine radio stars are most particular about their appearance and with all the day taken up with rehearsals, broadcasts and public appearances they make it their business to devote some time to the care of their complexion. Now with television making such rapid strides toward its goal, they're giving this matter even more attention.

First of all, you remove all the day's collection of dust with a cleansing cream. Two applications is more effective. Apply it to the face gently, patting it on. Remember, rubbing only forces the dirt deeper into the pores. Remove with cleansing tissues. I've personally found that by wiping the face with a hot wet wash cloth, removes all the grease, leaving your face clean and warm.

There are innumerable brands of cold creams advertised

today. Some of them contain elements to stimulate the oil glands which help keep the pores supplied with a certain amount of necessary oil. One I have in mind is particularly refreshing. It melts the instant it touches the skin and the oil flows easily into the pores so that the skin is lubricated. This is just what you need for a dry skin. It creates a delightful softness, smoothness and suppleness which is most refreshing. It banishes dryness, roughness, lines and the withered look of age. You'll also discover that when your skin is smooth and fine that your powder stays on longer and has that fresh, just applied look.

Although the cold wind has the tendency to cause chapped skin, did you know that at the same time it stimulates the circulation and brings out the color in your face, giving it a rosier look? It sure does! Just try getting out into the cold air, taking long walks, breathing deeply and when you get back, give your face that cold-cream treatment I just told you about.

Do not overlook the most important duty to your appearance! An alluring complexion has often made a plain woman more attractive than a woman with beautiful features but with an unhealthy and unclean skin.

Thus, a little attention each evening before going to bed, and presto! you'll have "the skin you love to touch." Begin your treatments tonight. I'm sure in a few days you'll be proud of the results.

If you haven't decided on the brand of cold cream to use and want me to recommend one, write me to that effect. I shall be glad to give you the name of the cream, the merits of which I have herein described.



# Dialing the



# LAUGHS with the "HAMS"

by TERRY MILES  
the Globe Twister

**I**F you like Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Ed Wynn, the Aces, Joe Penner and all the other cock-eyed comics of the broadcast band, you ought to listen to the amateurs, on 20, 40, 80 and 160 meters. Coming over these stations, run for pleasure and not for profit, is some of the funniest conscious and unconscious humor on the air.

By no means all of the "ham" dialog is data about new grid leaks, the installation of a crystal microphone, or the change of an aerial's direction. And not all of the "bottles" to which reference is made are transmitting tubes. Some of the bottles contain higher voltage than is used on any radio set.

Take Will, the master of ceremonies, operator, and general majordomo of a Negro radio club that owns an amateur transmitter. Will was having a fine gabfest the other night with a ham in Indiana. Will's steady flow of chatter was interrupted at frequent intervals as he paused to *shush* some friends who were whispering and giggling into his ear. Finally he felt that some explanation was due his listener.

"I s'pose you is hearing a lot of static from up here," said Will. "Well, I'll tell you-all whut it is. It's just that some of the club members brought in some bottles to celebrate our putting in some new 100-watt bottles. And is those people full of radio frequencies? Dawggone!"



"I s'pose you is hearing a lot of static from up here," said Will. "Well, I'll tell you-all whut it is."



"What! You're not really little Clara Ghent, who used to go to school with mel Well, well."



Not all of the amateurs are that hotcha. One young matron was telling another, some five hundred miles away, how to make pies. The dialog went something like this:

"—and then, when it's all finished, you take it out of the oven and sprinkle nutmeg over the top. We had some people here for supper, Mary, and they ate one of my pies and thought it was just fine."

Spin the dial.

Here we get a boy in Maine talking to a girl in Oregon. He says, "What! You're not really little Clara Ghent, who used to go to school with me in Augusta! Well, well, well. It's a small world, isn't it? Remember how I used to take you to the movies in the old days? Well, let's go to the movies together tomorrow night. I suppose "Du Barry" is playing there, like it is here. I'll go see it tomorrow night here in Augusta. You go see it in Klamath Falls. Then I'll get on the air at midnight and we can talk about it. It'll be just like old times."

**W**ELL, you can't hold hands that way. We'll turn the dial again.

"My wife's studying for her amateur's license," says an Indiana ham. "She thinks she's pretty good, but you ought to hear her trying to send code. Why, she can't send half as fast as I can. She—"

Just then a feminine voice interrupts him. You can tell it's his wife. She says, "Yes, and if you did half as much work as I do, you wouldn't have so much time to practice code, either!"

The ham shuts off his transmitter, so the rest of what seems like the beginning of a good, old fashioned family row goes unheard.

We drop down to another band of amateur  
(Continued on page 88)

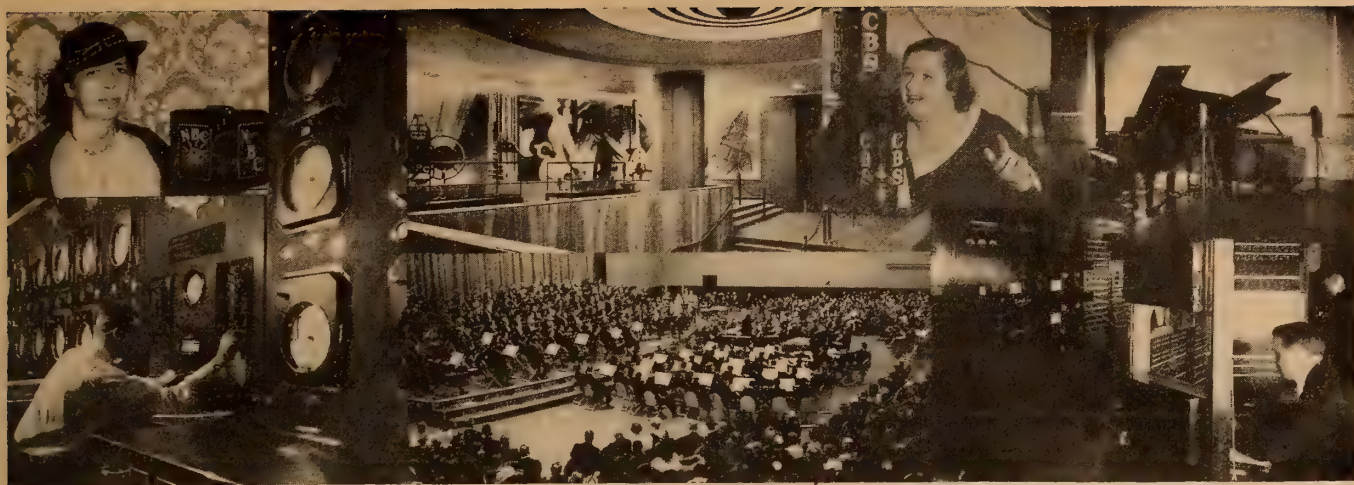


"That was my wife I was talking to. She tickled me. If the Supervisor heard me, I hope he's married."



"Gee, I don't know anything to say. Do I sound all right? Hello! Well, I guess that's all."





# REFLECTIONS in the radio mirror

**C**ONGRATULATIONS OF THE MONTH: to Geraldine Farrar for her fine contract with Listerine for the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts; you can hear her from her glass-inclosed box at the Met every Saturday night, from now on . . . to Walter Damrosch for his reported plan of presenting dramas based on the lives of great composers, with orchestral accompaniment . . . to Don Novis over at CBS on the "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood" broadcast with Mark Warnow's orchestra, Bill Adams announcing . . . to May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose for their fine sponsored program (Humphrey's Medicine Company) on Sunday mornings (apologies again, you two, for having reported you splitting professionally last month) . . . to B. A. Rolfe, the Sisters of the Skillet and Jack Parker for getting up so early mornings for their entertaining program . . . to Joey Nash for his enticing singing with Dick Himber's orchestra, Monday nights . . . to Alexander Woollcott and his cream of wit for that renewal which brings his provocative program through the spring . . . to Major Bowes for making so big a noise with his small local broadcast which gives amateurs a chance, on Metro-Goldwyn's WHN, to go on the air or get it! . . . to Lux's Theatre of the Air, Sunday afternoons, which would present Duse if she were alive . . . to One Man's Family and the Red Davis program for pleasing every little group of serial thinkers . . . to De Wolf Hopper who announces the Kansas City Symphony and Broadway Varieties as though life began at seventy, which it does as far as he's concerned . . . and to Mrs. Roosevelt for her concern with the education of children and other commendable subjects on her broadcasts.

**S**UNDAY night at eight (Eastern Standard). Concerts by the grace of General Motors and Ford. Conflicts between such Titans as Harold Bauer and Ossip Gabrilowitsch. The music-loving listener chewed his nails and went slowly cuckoo making up his mind. So to add to the confusion, Chase and Sanborn has been presenting tabloid operas with helpful notations by Deems Taylor, fine conducting by Wilfred Pelletier. Rigoletto, Aida, Hansel and Gretel, Pagliacci, Tales of Hoffman, Madame Butterfly. With dialogue. In English.

And Eddie Cantor flirts with the English broadcasters before returning to these shores to chide Rubinoff again at CBS on behalf of Pebecco Toothpaste.

Sunday night at eight (Eastern Standard).

**S**PONSORS too often censor material or switch to new programs because of their wives' opinions, their relatives, or their own. None of the judges, with rare exceptions, is a real showman.

One famous comedian was about to be taken off the air because the sponsor had grown tired of his comedy.

The sponsor was fair enough to make a survey. Out of 9,000 people who had their radios on at the hour of the broadcast, the survey showed that 80% were listening to the comedian. He stayed.

Cheers to a man who wearied of the program he was financing but who submerged his own opinion in deference to yours and mine. The comedian was the real showman—and the sponsor knew it.

Here are my frank, personal opinions on what's right and what's wrong with radio—more right this month than wrong. Do you agree with me? Whether you do or not, write me; prizes for best letters are announced on Page 54. Let's hear from you.

*Ernest V. Heyn*



# We Have With Us—

## RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

### LIST OF STATIONS

| BASIC | SUPPLEMENTARY |          |
|-------|---------------|----------|
| WABC  | WDOO          | WHEC     |
| WADC  | KRLD          | KTSA     |
| WOKO  | WBIG          | KSCJ     |
| WCAO  | KTRH          | WSBT     |
| WNAC  | WQAM          | WMAS     |
| WGR   | WSFA          | WIBW     |
| WKRC  | WLAC          | WWVA     |
| WHK   | WDEG          | KFH      |
| CKLW  | WDEJ          | WSJS     |
| WDRG  | WTOC          | KGKO     |
| WFBM  | WDAE          | WBRC     |
| KMBC  | KFBK          | WMBR     |
| WCAU  | KDB           | WMT      |
| WJAS  | WICC          | WCCO     |
| WEAN  | WCC           | WISN     |
| WFBL  | KFPY          | WLBZ     |
| WSPD  | WPG           | WGCL     |
| WJSV  | KVOR          | WFEA     |
| WBBM  | KWKH          | KOH      |
| WHAS  | WLBW          | KSL      |
| KMOX  |               | WORC     |
|       |               | WDNC     |
|       |               | WALA     |
|       |               | KHJ      |
| COAST |               | CANADIAN |
| KOIN  | KFBK          |          |
| KGB   | KMJ           |          |
| KHJ   | KMT           |          |
| KFRC  | KWG           |          |
| KOL   | KERN          |          |
| KFPY  | KDB           |          |
| KVI   | KHJ           |          |
|       |               | CKAC     |
|       |               | CFRB     |

## HOW TO FIND YOUR PROGRAM

1. Find the Hour Column. (All time given is Eastern Standard. Subtract one hour for Central time, two for Mountain time, three for Pacific time.)
2. Read down the column for the programs which are in black type.
3. Find the day or days the programs are broadcast directly after the programs in abbreviations.

## HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR STATION IS ON THE NETWORK

1. Read the station list at the left. Find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, Coast, and Canadian; NBC—on the following two pages—into Basic, Western, Southern, Coast, and Canadian.)
2. Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your group is included.
3. If your station is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour columns.
4. NBC network stations are listed on the following page. Follow the same procedure to locate your NBC program and station.

5 P.M. 6 P.M.

4 P.M.

3 P.M.

12 NOON 1 P.M.

2 P.M.

**12:00**  
**Salt Lake City**  
**Tabernacle:** Sun.  
½ hr. Network  
**Voice of Experience:** Mon. Tues.  
Wed. Thurs. Fri.  
½ hr. Basic minus  
WADC WOKO  
WNAC WGR  
WFBM KMBC  
WSPD Plus Coast  
Plus WOWO WBT  
KLZ WCCO KSL  
WWVA

**12:15**  
**The Gumps:** Mon.  
Tues. Wed. Thurs.  
Fri. ¼ hr. Basic  
minus WADC  
WKBW WFBM  
KMBC WFBL  
WSPD WJSV  
WHAS Plus WBNS  
KFAB WCCO  
WHEC WNAC

**12:30**  
**Tito Guizar:** Sun.  
¼ hr. Basic minus  
WKBW Plus  
WOWO WHAS  
WORC WCCO  
**Dick Messner Or-**  
**chestra:** Mon. ½  
hr. Network  
**Smiling Ed Mc-**  
**Connell:** Thurs.  
¼ hr. Basic minus  
WADC WOKO  
WCAO WGR  
WSPD Plus Coast  
Plus WBT WBNS  
KLZ WWVA  
WICC WHP  
WFEA WISN  
WCCO KSL  
WORC

**12:45**  
**George Hall Or-**  
**chestra:** Thurs. ½  
hr. Network

**1:00**  
**Church of the Air:**  
Sun. ½ hr. Network  
**George Hall Orches-**  
**tra:** Mon. Tues. Wed.  
Fri. Sat. ½ hr. Network  
**Just Plain Bill:** Mon.  
Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.  
½ hr. WBBM KMOX  
KLZ CO KSLW  
KERN KMJ KHJ  
KOIN KFBK KGB  
KFRC KDB KOL  
KFPY KWG KVI  
KMBC

**1:15**  
**Frank Dailey Orches-**  
**tra:** Thurs. ½ hr.  
Network.

**1:30**  
**Little Jack Little:**  
Sun. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.  
Basic minus WOKO  
WCAO WNAC WKBW  
WDRG WEAN WSPD  
Plus KRLD WBT  
WOWO WCCO  
**Esther Velas Ensem-**  
**ble:** Tues. Sat. ½ hr.  
Network  
**The Story Behind**  
**The Song:** Mon. Thurs.  
¼ hr. WABC WCAO  
WAAB WGR WBBM  
WIK CKLW WCAO  
WJAS KMOX

**1:45**  
**Pat Kennedy and Art**  
**Kassel:** Sun. Mon.  
Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic  
minus WADC WOKO  
WNAC WDRG WEAN  
WFBL WKBW Plus  
WOWO WGST WBNS  
KRLD KLZ WCCO  
WDSU KSL WMT  
CFRB WFBL Plus  
Coast  
**The Cadets:** Wed. ¼  
hr. WABC WNAC  
WGR WBBM CKLW  
KMBC WJAS KMOX  
WJSV.

**2:00**  
**Lazy Dan:** Sun. ½ hr.  
Basic minus WOKO  
WGR WSPD Plus  
Coast Plus WOWO  
WGST WBT WBNS  
KRLD KLZ KFAB  
WCCO WLAC WDSU  
KOMA KSL WMBG  
WMT WDBJ WHEC  
WIBW  
**Marie, The Little**  
**French Princess:**  
Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.  
½ hr. WABC WNAC  
WBBM WKRC WHK  
CKLW WCAU WJAS  
KMOX WJSV KRLD  
KLZ WDSU WHEC  
KSL KHJ KFBK  
KERN KMJ KFBK  
KDB KWG  
**Dan Russo Orchestra:**  
Sat. ½ hr. Network

**2:15**  
**The Romance of**  
**Helen Trent:** Mon.  
Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.  
¼ hr. WABC WNAC  
WKRC WHK CKLW  
WCAU WJAS KMOX  
WJSV KRLD KLZ  
WDSU WHEC KSL  
KHJ KFRC KERN  
KMJ KFBK KDB  
KWG

**2:30**  
**Hill's Royal Hawai-**  
**ians:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic  
minus WOKO WGR  
WSPD Plus Coast Plus  
WGST WBT KRLD  
KLZ KFAB WCCO  
WLAC WDSU KOMA  
WMBG WDBJ WHEC  
KSL WIBW WBNS

**2:30**  
**The School of the**  
**Air:** Mon. Tues. Wed.  
½ hr. Network  
**The Round Towners:**  
Sat. ½ hr. Network

**3:00**  
**New York Philhar-**  
**monic:** Sun. two hrs.  
WABC WOKO WGR  
WKRC WHK CKLW  
WFBM WJAS WSPD  
WJSV Plus Supplemen-  
tary minus KFBK  
KFPY WPG WWVA  
WBRC Plus WREC  
WHP WMBD WSFA  
WDSU WBNS WIBX  
Plus Canadian  
**Your Hostess, Cobina**  
**Wright:** Mon. ½ hr.  
Network

**Columbia Variety**  
**Hour:** Tues. 1 hr. Basic  
minus WNAC WKBW  
WBBM WHAS KMOX  
Plus Supplementary  
minus KFBK KFPY  
WIBW WWVA KSL  
Plus Canadian Plus  
WNOX WHP KOMA  
WHAC WMBG WDSU  
WBNS WREC WIBX  
**Kate Smith:** Wed. one  
hr. Basic minus KMBC  
WKBW WBBM Plus  
Supplementary Plus  
Canadian Plus WHP  
KOMA WDSU WBNS  
**Roadways of Ro-**  
**mance:** Thurs. 1 hr.  
Basic minus WNAC  
WKBW WBBM  
WHAS KMOX Plus  
Supplementary minus  
KFBK KFPY WMBR  
KSL Plus WNOX WHP  
KOMA WNAC WDSU  
WBNS Plus Canadian

Listeners of the  
Philharmonic Sym-  
phony Concerts  
should be interested  
to know that in a re-  
cent poll at Philadel-  
phia Father Charles  
E. Coughlin was re-  
turned a 17 to 1 fa-  
vorite over the Sym-  
phony, which broad-  
casts at the same  
hour as the priest.

**4:00**  
**Visiting America's**  
**Little House:** Mon.  
Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr.  
Network  
**National Student**  
**Federation Program:**  
Wed. ¼ hr. Network  
**Ann Leaf:** Sat. ½ hr.  
—Network

**4:15**  
**Carlile & London:**  
Mon. ¼ hr. Basic  
minus WCAU WBBM  
WHAS KMOX Plus  
Supplementary minus  
WDAE KFBK KDB  
KFPY WPG WIBW  
KGKO WCCO Plus  
Canadian Plus WHP  
W M B G W O R C  
WNOX WDSU WBNS  
WREC  
**Curtis Institute of**  
**Music:** Wed. ¼ hr.  
Network  
**Salvation Army Band**  
Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

**4:30**  
**Chicago Varieties:**  
Mon. ½ hr. Basic minus  
WBBM KMOX WHAS  
Plus Supplementary  
minus KGKO Plus  
Canadian plus WMBG  
**Dick Messner:** Thurs.  
½ hr. Basic minus  
WBBM WHAS  
KMOX WCAU Plus  
Supplementary minus  
KFBK WPG KLZ  
KFPY KVOR Plus  
Canadian  
**Allan Leifer and his**  
**orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr.  
Basic minus WKBW  
WBBM WHAS KMOX  
plus Supplementary  
minus KFBK KFPY  
WBRC WMBR plus  
WDSU WBNS plus  
Canadian

Note two new full-  
hour programs in  
the three o'clock  
column. Your  
Hostess, with Cobina  
Wright on Monday  
and Roadways of  
Romance on Thurs-  
day. Jerry Cooper  
and Freddie Rich's  
orchestra are fea-  
tured in the latter.

**5:00**  
**Open House, Freddie**  
**Martin:** Sun. ½ hr.  
Basic minus WNAC  
WKRC Plus Coast Plus  
WLBZ WBT WDOO  
KRLD KLZ WBIG  
KTRH KLRA WCCO  
WLAC WHEC KSL  
KTSA WMAS WIBW  
KFH WORC WOWO  
WGST WBRC WKRC  
WDSU KOMA WMBG  
KTUL WKBW  
**Og, Son of Fire:**  
Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.  
WABC WAAB CKLW  
WJAS WCAO WBNS  
WKRC WGR  
**Dick Messner Or-**  
**chestra:** Tues. ¼ hr.  
Network  
**Loretta Lee:** Thurs.  
¼ hr. Network.

**5:15**  
**Skippy:** Mon. Tues.  
Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic  
minus WBBM WHAS  
KMOX WADC WNAC  
WFBM KMBC Plus  
WAAB WHEC CFRB

**5:30**  
**Crumit & Sanderson:**  
Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus  
WNAC WKRC WBBM  
WKBW Plus WAAB  
WICC WBSU KOMA  
WHEC WBNS WMAS  
WWVA KFH WORC  
WIBX KTUL

**Jack Armstrong:**  
Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.  
Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus  
KMOX WBBM WHAS  
WCAO WNAC WFBL  
WKRC WDSU WFBM  
KMBC Plus WAAB  
WHEC WMAS

**5:45**  
**The Oxol Feature:**  
Mon. ¼ hr. WABC  
WOKO WCAO WJAS  
WEAN WFBL WHP  
WMBG WMAS  
**Robinson Crusoe:**  
Tues. Thurs. Fri. Sat.  
¼ hr. WABC WOKO  
WKBW WFBL WHEC  
WIBX

C O L U M B I A B R O A D



7 P.M.

8 P.M.

9 P.M.

10 P.M.

11 P.M. MIDNIGHT

6 P.M.

**6:00**  
**Music By Gershwin:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WNAC WGR WEAN WSPD Plus Coast Plus W A A B WBT WDSU WGST WBNS WHEC KRLD KLZ WCCO KSL CFRB WREC  
**Buck Rogers:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WBNS WHEC  
**Pinaud's Something Old, Something New:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus W K B W W K R C WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY KLZ WMAS WMBR KSL Plus WHP KOMA WNAX WNOX WDSU WBNS  
**6:15**  
**Bobby Benson:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WAAB WGR WCAU WFBL WLBZ WOKO WDRC WEAN WHEC WMAS  
**6:30**  
**Smiling Ed McConnell:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR KMBC WSPD Plus Coast Plus WGST WLBZ WBRC WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ WLBW WHP KFAB WFEA WREC WISN WCCO WLAC WDSU KSL WWVA WICC WORC  
**The Shadow:** Mon. Wed. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB W K B W W D R C WCAU WEAN WFBL WJSV WHEC WORC  
**Understanding Music, Howard Barlow:** Tues. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO W K B W W K R C CKLW WDRC WJAS WEAN WSPD WNOX WBRC WJSV WQAM WDBO WDAE WLBZ WBT WDDO WLBW WBG WHP WGLC KLRA WFEA WSFA WLAC WDBJ WHEC WTOC WMAS WWVA WSJS WORC WDNC WALA WHK WMBR WMBG WDSU WREC WCAU WAAB  
**Shell Products, Eddie Dooley:** Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WBBM KMOX WHAS WADC WFBM KMBC Plus WLBZ WICC WBT WBG WHP WFEA WMBG WDBJ WHEC WMAS WSJS WORC WDNC WDBH WIBX  
**6:45**  
**Voice of Experience:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WFBM Plus WAAB WOWO WBT WCCO WWVA  
**Wrigley Beauty Program:** Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WCAO WKBW WNAC WDRC WCAU WEAN

**7:00**  
**Alexander Woolcott:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus KLZ WCCO KSL CKLW  
**Myrt & Marge:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus W F B M K M B C WBBM KMOX WHAS Plus WQAM WDBO WDAE WBT WTOC WWVA  
**Soconyland Sketches:** Sat. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WNAC WGR WDRC WEAN WLBZ WICC WMAS WORC

**7:15**  
**Just Plain Bill:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WJSV

**7:30**  
**Gulf Headliners:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR WFBM KMOX WBBM KMBC WFBL Plus WOWO WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE WGST WLBZ WBRC WBT WDDO WBNS KRLD KTRH KLRA WFEA WREC WLAC WDSU KTSa WTOC WACO WMAS WORC WALA WBG WMBG WHEC WDBJ WFBW  
**Silver Dust Serenaders:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WGR WORC WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WHP WHEC WMAS WWVA WORC  
**Whispering Jack Smith:** Tues. Thurs. Sat. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WDRC WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WJSV WORC

**7:45**  
**Boake Carter:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WKRC WDRC WFBM WEAN WFBL WSPD Plus WBT WCCO  
**The Lawyer and the Public:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WHK KMOX WHAS WBBM Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY WPG WBRC WMBR KSL Plus Canadian Plus KOMA WACO WNAX

In order to make way for Eddie Cantor on the CBS airwaves, programs have been shuffled around like the fifth ace in a deck of cards. This is what finally popped up for seven o'clock: Alexander Woolcott's town crying, his half hour having been pushed back from nine, the broadcasts are still scheduled for Sundays.

**8:00**  
**Hall of Fame, Helen Hayes:** Sun. ½ hr. **Carson Robison and his Buckaroos:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WSPD Plus Coast Plus WBNS KLZ WCCO WHFC KSL  
**Lavender and Old Lace:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WKBW  
**Easy Aces:** Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus W A D C W N A C W K B W W D R C WEAN WJSV Plus WCCO CFRB  
**Roxy and His Gang:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC Plus Coast Plus Canadian Plus WGST WBRC WDDO KRLD KLZ KTRH KLRA WREC WCCO WLAC WLF C WDSU KOMA KSL KTSa WIBW WMT WORC

**Edwin C. Hill:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WKBW plus WCCO  
**8:15**  
**Fats Wallers Rhythm Club:** Thurs. ½ hr. WABC WGR WFBL WHEC

**8:30**  
**Atwater Kent Hour:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast Plus WQAM WBT WDDO KRLD KLZ WCCO KSL WMT WOWO WDSU  
**Melodiana, Abe Lyman:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus W O W O WCCO CFRB  
**Everett Marshall:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHK Plus Coast Plus WOWO WBT KRLD KLZ WLAC KOMA WDSU KSL WIBW WCCO WHK  
**Forum of Liberty, Liberty Magazine:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus WOWO  
**True Story Hour:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBM WKBW Plus WCCO WOWO WHEC WORC KFAB

**8:45**  
**Musical Revue, Robert Armbruster's Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WKBW Plus Coast Plus WBT KRLD KLZ WOWO WCCO KSL KWKH

At eight, on Sundays, comes the newest CBS acquisition. Lehn and Fink, sponsors, moved their Hall of Fame from NBC, over to the rival network, changed the set-up and signed Helen Hayes. Definite plans haven't yet been made as to how best to take advantage of their talented star, but the announcement will be made in the next issue. Watch for it.

**9:00**  
**Ford Symphony:** Sun. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary Plus WNOX WKBH WGST WBNS WDSU W N A X W K B M WACO KTUL WIBY WOWO KWO Plus Canadian  
**Chesterfield Hour:** Mon. Wed. Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR Plus Supplementary minus KFPY KFOR WSBT WWVA WGLC Plus WOWO WGST WBNS WHP WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO W N A X W K B H K G M B W M B D WNOX WIBX WCOA WNB F

**Bing Crosby:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus WOWO WBT KTUL WGST KLRA KTRH KTSa  
**Camel Caravan:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KDB KFPY KFOR KLZ WSBT WWVA KGKO WGLC KOH WDNC KHJ Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WOWO WDSU KOMA WMBD WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBH  
**The March of Time:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus KMBC Plus Coast Plus WOWO WGST KRLD KLZ WCCO WDSU KSL

**9:30**  
**The Big Show:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic Plus WOWO WICC WBT WBNS KLZ KFAB WREC WCCO CKAC WDSU KSL  
**Isham Jones, Chevrolet:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast Plus a Supplementary network  
**Adventures of Gracie:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WCAU Plus Coast Plus WBT KRLD KLZ WBG KTRH WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL KTSa WORC WOWO  
**Fred Waring:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK Plus Supplementary minus KDB KWKH WSBT WWVA Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBH KNOX WMBD Plus Canadian  
**Hollywood Hotel:** Fri. one hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WWVA WGLC Plus Canadian Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG WMBD KTUL WACO WNAX WNOX WIBX WKBH  
**Richard Himber, Joey Nash - Studebaker:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS WNAC WGR Plus WAAB WGST WBT WCCO WBNS WDSU WSBT KFH

**10:00**  
**Wayne King, Lady Esther:** Sun. Mon. ½ hr. Basic minus WNAC WEAN Plus Coast Plus WAAB WIBW WBNS KRLD KLZ KFAB WCCO WDSU KSL  
**Camel Caravan:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KDB KFPY KLZ WSBT WWVA WGLC KOH KSL WDNC Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA W M B D W M B G KTUL WACO WNAX WKBH KFBH WIBX  
**Byrd Broadcast:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WSPD Plus Coast Plus KFZ WOWO WQAM WDAE WGST WLBZ WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ WHP KTRH KFAB KLRA WREC WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBG WHEC KSL KTSa WIBW WACO WMT KFH WORC WNAX  
**Borden's 45 Minutes in Hollywood:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus WCAO WGR WFBM KMBC WCAU WJSV WHAS Plus WBNS WCCO WHEC WLBZ WICC WMAS WOWO WORC  
**Carborundum Band:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WNAC WGR WDRC WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV Plus Coast Plus WAAB WGST WBT WCCO WBNS WDSU WSBT KFH

**10:30**  
**Dramatic Guild:** Sun. ½ hr. Network  
**George Givot:** Tues. ½ hr. Network  
**Melody Masterpieces:** Wed. ½ hr. Network  
**The O'Flynn:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WNAC WCAU WHK KMOX WBBM WHAS Plus Supplementary minus WDBJ KFPY KFBK KTSa WSBT WWVA WMBR WCCO KSL Plus Canadian Plus WAAB WNOX KOMA WMBD WACO WNAX  
**Saturday Review:** Sat. ½ hr. Network

**10:45**  
**Emery Deutsch:** Mon. ½ hr. Network

More about those Sunday changes: Gulf Headliners has been shoved into a 7:30 spot, giving up their 9:30 half hour. The Ford Symphony now occupies the hour between 9 and 10. . . . It hasn't been announced yet, but columnists say that Henry Ford will soon have Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians playing for a full hour. He is heard now on Thursdays. . . . If this is true it will probably mean dropping of the Symphony Hour, two programs being a little heavy even for Henry's purse.

**11:00**  
**Little Jack Little Orchestra:** Sun. Thurs. ½ hr. Network  
**Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra:** Mon. ½ hr. Network  
**Joe Haymes Orchestra:** Tues. ½ hr. Network  
**Leon Belasco Orchestra:** Wed. ½ hr. Network  
**Ozzie Nelson Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr. Network  
**Elder Michaux and His Congregation:** Sat. ½ hr. Network

**11:30**  
**Leon Belasco Orchestra:** Sun. ½ hr. Network  
**Kate Smith:** Mon. ½ hr. Network  
**Henry Busse Orchestra:** Tues. ½ hr. Network  
**Ozzie Nelson:** Wed. ½ hr. Network  
**Clyde Lucas Orchestra:** Thurs. ½ hr. Network  
**Harry Salter Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr. Network  
**Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr. Network

Additional data between 9:00 and midnight: Sponsors are trying to make up their minds about the Byrd programs from Little America. They can't decide whether audiences have had enough or not. . . . Your correspondent, in his travel to Niagara Falls to find out about the Carborundum Band, learned that nearly a suicide a month jumps into the strong current and is swept over. Now maybe you will listen when you hear the program's signature: the roar of Niagara. . . . Elder Michaux and his congregation nearly got lost in the latest shake-up of programs, but he emerged victorious at the hour of 11:00 p.m., on Saturdays. . . . In a recent poll of Cincinnati orchestra leaders, Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra (Camel uses the band on its Caravan twice a week) was voted the best organization in the country today. Guy Lombardo—he's NBC, but what's the difference?—was a close second for first honors. . . .







6PM. 7PM. 8PM. 9PM. 10PM. 11PM. 12 MIDNIGHT

**5:00**  
**Heart Throbs of the Hills:** Sun. ¼ hr. Network  
**U. S. Army Band:** Mon. ¼ hr. Network  
**Xavier Cugat Orchestra:** Tues. ½ hr. Network  
**Education in the News:** Wed. ¼ hr. Network  
**Jack Berger Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr. Network  
**Angelo Ferdinand Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr. Network  
**William Lundell Interview:** Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

**5:15**  
**Spartan Triollans, Jolly Coburn:** Sun. ¼ hr. Network  
**Tom Coakley Orchestra:** Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

**5:30**  
**Grand Hotel:** Sun. Basic plus Coast plus W T M J K S T P WEBC

**5:45**  
**Lowell Thomas:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WENR KWCR KSO KWK WRN KOIL Plus WLW CRCT WJAX WFLA CFCF WIOD WRYA

**5:45**  
**Flying With Captain Al Williams:** Sat. ¼ hr. Network

**7:00**  
**Jack Benny:** Sun. Basic Plus Western minus KSTP WVNC WBAP WLS Plus WKBF WIBA KFYR WIOD WTAR WAVE WSM WSB WSMB KVOO WFAA KTBS WSOC WDAY WMC Amon and Andy: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WSYR KWK KWCR WREN KSO KOIL — plus WLW CRCT WRVA WPTF WIOD WFLA

**7:15**  
**Vicks with Mildred Bailey:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WGR WREN Plus Gems of Melody: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic

**7:30**  
**Baker's Broadcast, Joe Penner:** Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus Western minus WVNC WBAP Plus Coast Plus WSMB KVOO WFAA

**7:30**  
**Red Davis Series:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WJR WGR Plus Western minus WTMJ WBAP WLS Plus WIBA WIS WIOD WSM WMC WSB WJDX WSMB KTBS WTAR WAVE WSOC WKBF KOA KDYL WLW WFAA

**7:30**  
**Edgar A. Guest:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic

**7:30**  
**Armand Girard:** Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

**7:45**  
**Dangerous Paradise:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Plus KTBS WSM WSB WFAA WKY WLW WHO

**8:00**  
**General Motors Symphony Concert:** Sun. one hr. Basic minus WENR plus WKY WLS

**8:00**  
**Yeastfoamers:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic minus WENR plus Coast plus WLS WLW WKBF

**8:00**  
**Eno Crime Clues:** Tues. Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAM WENR plus WLW WLS

**8:00**  
**O. Henry Dramatizations:** Thurs. ½ hr. — Irene Rich: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WJR WGR WENR KWK plus WLS WSM WMC WSB WAVE

**8:00**  
**Art in America:** Sat. ¼ hr. Network

**8:15**  
**Dick Liebert's Musical Revues:** Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBAL WHAM WENR KWK Plus WKBF WLS

**8:30**  
**Lawrence Tibbett:** Tues. ¼ hr. Basic minus WENR KWK plus WLS CRCT CFCF

**8:30**  
**Lanny Ross, Log Cabin Orch.:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WBZ WBZA WENR K W K plus W L S WKY

**8:30**  
**Melodies Roman-tique:** Thurs. ½ hr. — The Intimate Revue, Dwight Fiske: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WENR plus WLS WKBF

**8:30**  
**George Olsen Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr.

**8:45**  
**Seth Parker Broadcast:** Mon. ¼ hr. Network

**9:00**  
**Melodious Silken Strings Program:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus WTMJ KSTP WBAP WEBC WOAI plus WLW WIOD WAVE WSM WSB WMC WJDX WSMB WFAA KTBS KTHS

**9:00**  
**Sinclair Minstrels:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic Minus WMAL WENR WSYR KWCA plus KGW plus WSB WIBA WDAY KFYR WFAA WIS WIOD WSM WSMB WJDX KTBS KVOO WSOC WTAR WMC KTHS KFSD KTAR KPO

**9:00**  
**Warden Lewis E. Lawes:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WENR plus WLS WKBF plus Coast

**9:00**  
**Death Valley Days:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus WENR plus WLW WLS

**9:00**  
**Let's Listen to Har-ris:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WJR WENR plus WKY WSB WLS WSMB WKY WAPI WFAA plus Coast

**9:00**  
**Radio City Party:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WENR plus WKY WLS plus Coast

**9:15**  
**Story Behind the Claim:** Tues. ¼ hr. Basic minus KWK plus WKY

**9:30**  
**Walter Winchell:** Sun. (Continued on last col.)

**10:00**  
**Armand Girard:** Sun. ¼ hr. Network  
**America in Music:** Mon. ½ hr. Network  
**Seven Seas, Cameron King:** Tues. ½ hr. Network

**10:00**  
**Denis King:** Wed. ¼ hr. Basic plus Coast plus WKY WTMJ WIBA KSTP WEBC WDAY KFYR KGIR KFSD CRCT

**10:00**  
**Parade of the Prov-inces:** Thurs. ½ hr. Network

**10:00**  
**Mollie Minstrel Show:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR KWK

**10:15**  
**L'Heure Exquise:** Sun. ¼ hr. Network  
**Madame Sylvia:** Wed. ¼ hr. Basic minus WJR plus Coast plus WTMJ WRVA KSTP WEBC WIBA WKY

**10:30**  
**An American Fire-side:** Sun. ½ hr. Network

**10:30**  
**Tim and Irene:** Tues. ½ hr. Network

**10:30**  
**Conoco Presents:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WBZ WBZA KDKA plus WKY WTMJ WEBC WDAY KFYR WRVA WKY WFAA KOA KSTP

**10:30**  
**Economic and Social Changing Order:** Thurs. ½ hr. Network

**10:30**  
**The Jewish Program:** Fri. ½ hr. Network

**10:30**  
**Hal Kemp Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr. Network

**11:00**  
**Roxanne Wallace, songs:** Sun. ¼ hr.  
**Hal Kemp Orchestra:** Mon. ½ hr. Network  
**Del Campo Orchestra:** Tues. Thurs. Sat. ½ hr. Network

**11:00**  
**Emil Coleman Orchestra:** Wed. ½ hr.  
**Enric Madriguera Orchestra:** Thurs. ½ hr.  
**Henry King Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr.

**11:30**  
**Henry King Orchestra:** Sun. ½ hr.  
**Jolly Coburn's Orchestra:** Mon. Fri. ½ hr.

**11:30**  
**Art Kassel Orchestra:** Wed. ½ hr. Network  
**Eddie Duchin Orchestra:** Thurs. ½ hr.  
**Freddie Martin Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr.

(Continued)  
¼ hr. Basic plus WLW

**Princess Pat Players:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic Hands Across the Border: Tues. ½ hr. John Charles Thomas: Wed. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast

**Musical Keys:** Thurs. ½ hr. Network  
**Armour Hour, Phil Baker:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus WPTF WBAP plus Coast plus WIOD WSM WMC WSB WAPI WSMB WFAA WAVE WKY

**National Barn Dance:** Sat. Hour Basic plus WLS WKBF

**9:45**  
**Tastyest Presents:** Sun. ¼ hr. Basic.

BROADCASTING COMPANY

**5:00**  
**Catholic Hour:** Sun. ¼ hr. Network  
**Xavier Cugat Orchestra:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

**5:00**  
**Thrills of Tomorrow:** Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF WTAR WJAR WRC WGY WCAE

**5:00**  
**Tom Coakley Orchestra:** Sat. ¼ hr.

**5:15**  
**Drama Jules Verne:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Network  
**Mid-week Hymn Sing:** Tues. ¼ hr. Network

**5:30**  
**Armco Iron Master:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WTAR WJAR WCHS WEEI WTIC plus KPRC WKY WOAI WBAP KTBS KVOO

**5:30**  
**Press Radio News:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

**5:45**  
**Billy Batchelor:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WSAI WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW

**5:45**  
**Thornton Fisher:** Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus WCAE WHO WDAF

Did you notice a strange huskiness in Floyd Gibbons' voice a few Saturdays ago? His father died in Washington that morning. Floyd flew back in time for his broadcast.

**7:00**  
**Martha Mears:** Sun. ¼ hr.  
**Ray Perkins:** Mon. ¼ hr. Network  
**King's Guard:** Tues. ¼ hr.

**7:00**  
**The Pickens Sisters:** Wed. ¼ hr.  
**Richard Himber Orchestra:** Thurs. ¼ hr.

**7:00**  
**Jack and Loretta Clemens:** Fri. ¼ hr. Network

**7:15**  
**Jamboree:** Sat. ½ hr.

**7:30**  
**American Radiator Program:** Sun. ¼ hr. — W E A F W T A G WJAR WCHS WRC WGY WTAM WWJ WSAI WMAQ KSD WOW WBN

**7:30**  
**Mollie Minstrel Show:** Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBN WFI WEEI WTIC

**7:45**  
**The Fitch Program:** Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WEEI WDAF plus CFCF WKBF

**7:45**  
**Radio Station E-Z-R-A:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WCAE WFBW WJAR WEEI KSD WTIC

**7:45**  
**Vaughn de Leath:** Tues. ¼ hr.

**7:45**  
**Floyd Gibbons:** Sat. ¼ hr. Basic plus Western minus WHO KVOO WFAA KTAR

**8:00**  
**Chase and Sanborn Opera Guild:** Sun. Hour-Complete except WBAP plus KFYR WDAY

**8:00**  
**Studebaker, Himber, Nash:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus KVOO WKY WFAA KPRC WOAI KTBS

**8:00**  
**Leo Reisman:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WSAI plus Western minus WUAI WFAA plus Southern minus WRVA WAVE plus WKBF WIBA WDAY KFYR WSOC WTAR

**8:00**  
**Mary Pickford:** Wed. ½ hr. Complete plus KTBS WKY KFYR WDAY WIBA

**8:00**  
**Rudy Vallee:** Thurs. Hour-Complete plus KFYR WDAY

**8:00**  
**Cities Service:** Fri. Hour- Basic minus WMAQ plus Western minus Coast plus CRTS KOA KDYL

**8:00**  
**Swift Hour:** Sat. Hour- Basic minus WHO plus Western minus KVOO WFAA KTAR plus WIBA KTBS

**8:30**  
**Voice of Firestone:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus WFAA WBAP KTAR plus Southern minus WRVA WAPI plus WDAY WKBF WIBA KFYR WSOC WTAR KTBS

**8:30**  
**Ed Esther, Wayne King:** Tues. Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBW plus WTMJ KSTP WKY KPRC WSM WSB WMC WOAI WKBF WSMB WBN WTIC WBAP KVOO

**9:00**  
**Manhattan Merry Go Round:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WBN WCAE WEEI plus WTMJ KSTP WEBC CFCF plus Coast

**9:00**  
**A and P Gypsies:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic minus WLW WFBW WRC

**9:00**  
**Ben Bernie, Blue Ribbon:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WDAF plus WTMJ KSTP WDAY KFYR WMC WSB WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI KOA WFI KVOO

**9:00**  
**Fred Allen:** Wed. Hour- Basic plus WIS WJAX WIOD WSB WTMJ KTBS KPRC WOAI KSTP WRVA WSMB KVOO WKY WEBC WPTF WSM WMC

**9:00**  
**Showboat Hour:** Thurs. Hour- Complete plus WKBF KGAL KTBS KFSD KGIR

**9:00**  
**Waltz Time:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WEEI

**9:00**  
**Songs You Love:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WHO plus WTMJ WIBA WDAY KSTP WEBC KFYR

**9:30**  
**American Album of Familiar Music:** Sun. ½ hr. Complete minus WTIC WAPI WAVE WEBC WBAP KTAR — plus Canadian

**9:30**  
**Colgate House Party:** Mon. ½ hr. Complete minus WTIC WAVE KTAR WAPI WBAP plus KTBS

**9:30**  
**Ed Wynn, Eddie Duchin:** Tues. ½ hr. Complete minus WSAI

**10:00**  
**Contented Program:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KPRC WOAI WFAA KFYR WSM WMC WSB WKY

**10:00**  
**Palmolive:** Tues. hour- Basic minus WFI WTIC plus Coast plus Canadian plus Southern minus WAPI plus WDAY KFYR WSOC KGIR KFSD KGHL WKBF

**10:00**  
**Lombardoland:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic plus Southern minus WAPI plus WKBF WKY KTBS WFAA KPRC WOAI KTBS KVOO

**10:00**  
**Whiteman's Music Hall:** Thurs. hour- Complete minus WMC (at 10:30) WFAA plus WDAY KFYR KTBS KTBS WIBA

**10:00**  
**Campana's First Nighter:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus KVOO WBAP KTAR plus WSMB WMC WSM WSB

**10:30**  
**Pontiac, Jane Froman:** Sun. ½ hr. Complete minus KSD KVOO WFAA plus WKVF WSOC WIBA KTBS WDAY KTBS KGIR KFSD KFYR KGHL

**10:30**  
**One Man's Family:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WFI WDAF WHO plus Southern plus Coast plus WSOC WTAR WKBF

**11:00**  
**The Grumitts, Senator Ford:** Mon. Wed. ¼ hr. Network

**11:00**  
**Emil Coleman Orchestra:** Tues. ¼ hr. Network

**11:00**  
**Adventures in Literature:** Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

**11:00**  
**George R. Holmes:** Fri. ¼ hr. Network

**11:00**  
**Let's Dance:** Sat. 3 hrs.

**11:15**  
**Jesse Crawford, organist:** Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

**11:15**  
**Voice of Romance:** Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. Network

**11:30**  
**Carl Hoff Orchestra:** Tues. ½ hr. Network

**11:30**  
**Jolly Coburn Orchestra:** Wed. ½ hr. Network

**11:30**  
**D'Orsey Brothers:** Thurs. ½ hr. Network

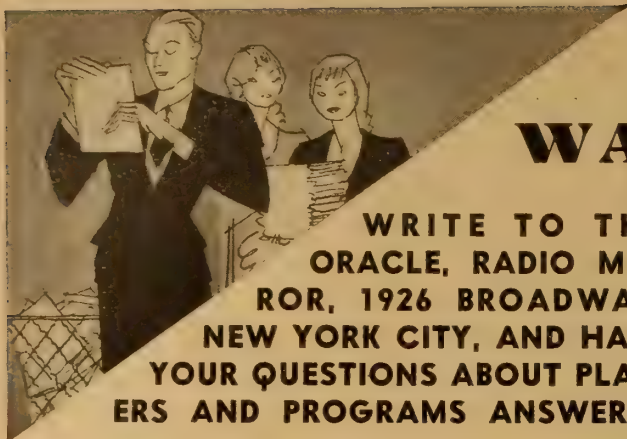
**11:30**  
**Freddie Martin Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr. Network

**11:30**  
**Paul Whiteman's Saturday Night:** Sat. ½ hr. Network

(Continued)  
WAPI WFAA plus WIBA WSOC KGAL WDAY KTBS KFSD KTBS KFYR KGIR WKBF

**Pick and Pat:** Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WEEI





# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

**WRITE TO THE ORACLE, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, AND HAVE YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYERS AND PROGRAMS ANSWERED**

**H**ELLO questioners! I know some of you were peeved at the shortage of questions last month. Honest, we didn't have the space. Did you notice all the features we gave you? The new policy of the magazine is to give our readers as many feature items as possible. You'll probably find many of your questions answered right in the stories. However, here are some red-hot answers to the questions which I know have been bothering you for a long time. See if you can find yours!

**Onieta H.**—I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long, but better late than never. Now what can I say about Conrad Thibault? In the first place, he was born at Northbridge, Mass., twenty-nine years ago. The late President Coolidge encouraged him to sing. He won a scholarship to the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. It has been told that Conrad suffered sore feet in the interest of his art. That is, he was a floorwalker in a big New York department

store in order to raise the money to pay for his musical education. He is dark and handsome, five foot eleven and his ambition is to be a concert artist.

**Theresa T., Rochester, New York**—So you like Jerry Cooper! He's a fine-looking chap. We ran a picture of him in our December issue. Did you see it? He was born in 1907 and up to this date I believe he's still unattached. He's a newcomer to the Columbia Broadcasting chain and is heard on his own program each Tuesday and Thursday afternoon at 5:30 P. M.

**Mrs. Agnes P. H., Terre Haute, Ind.**—Martha, Vet and Connie, the famous Boswell Sisters are at present broadcasting from Hollywood with Bing Crosby on Tuesday nights, sponsored by Woodbury's Soap. I'm sorry about those pictures you asked for but you'll have to write to the radio stars for them.

**Eddie, Indiana Harbor, Ind.**—Don't tell me you haven't heard Kate Smith's grand voice over your loud speaker on Friday nights over the Columbia chain! Kate also has a full hour matinee show on Wednesdays. Don't forget to tune in! Just address her in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

**Helen G., East Orange, N. J.**—Now, Helen, if I tell you who I really am you'll spoil (Continued on page 84)

**T**HAT'S just what we want to know! This space has been provided for our readers' own use! We want you to tell us of your peeves and your delights. And of course your suggestions. *Do you like the type of entertainment that's on the air now? What's missing? What don't you like and why?* We want your brutal and frank opinions. Don't be afraid of the "big, bad sponsors"! They're spending plenty of money and are most anxious to please you all. And what is more, we pay for the most constructive letter. *Twenty dollars for the best letter, ten dollars for the next best letter and one dollar each for the next five selected!*

Letters should contain not more than 200 words and should be sent not later than January 22 to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

These letters have been chosen for this month:

**\$20.00 PRIZE**

**R**ADIO MIRROR performs a valuable service in giving us the personality side of familiar radio voices. Photographs and human interest stories make living persons of the voices we hear and assist our feeling that we know them just as we know stage actors. Would that the etiquette and formality of stage production could be carried over into radio.

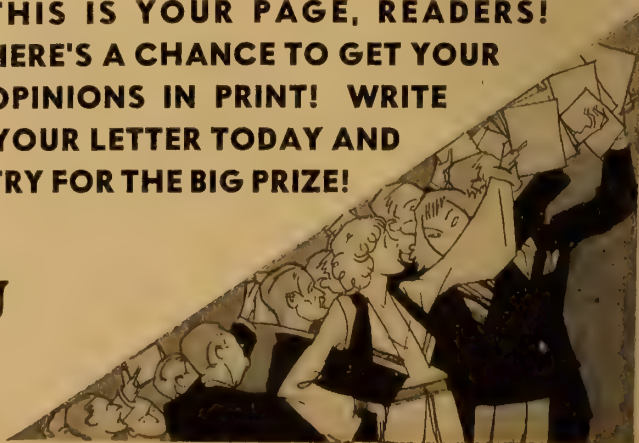
There is far too much of the over familiar "Tom, Dick and Larry" lack of manners among announcers. Really

many of the announcers are not even well bred. I was horrified recently when I heard the alliterative punster John B. Kennedy call Lawrence Tibbett "Larry." It broke down the dignity expressed in the voice and diction of Mr. Tibbett.

Why should not announcer and performer consider that they are before the public and conduct themselves with respect for their audience and respect for themselves? I think radio would be improved if the broadcasting companies would insist upon a standard of etiquette for those before their microphones just as they forbid the use of profanity.

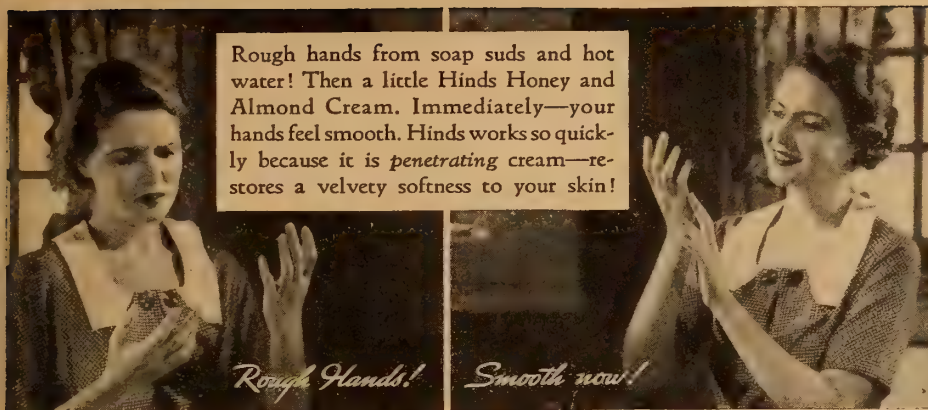
Another sin of commission is the constant unnecessary use of the ever recurring "Thank You" of the announcers. Why should the listening time of the public be taken up with this constant repetition? In most cases the performer is glad to get the job and the announcer is hired to ring up the curtain and see that the (Continued on page 81)

**THIS IS YOUR PAGE, READERS! HERE'S A CHANCE TO GET YOUR OPINIONS IN PRINT! WRITE YOUR LETTER TODAY AND TRY FOR THE BIG PRIZE!**



# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?





Rough hands from soap suds and hot water! Then a little Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Immediately—your hands feel smooth. Hinds works so quickly because it is *penetrating* cream—restores a velvety softness to your skin!

*Rough Hands!*

*Smooth now!*



*Chapped Hands?*



*No indeed*

Snow fights—bare hands—of course, their little hands get rough and sore! Apply Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—see how quickly this rich liquid cream soothes chapping, restores smoothness!



He'll remember! Don't let him carry away the "feel" of dry chapped hands. Dear hands are dearer still when they are velvety smooth! In winter, neglected hands so easily become dry, scaly, chapped. But Hinds Honey and Almond Cream works quickly because it *soaks* the skin with soothing lubricants—it restores that thrilling smoothness he adores!



Rich creamy Hinds soothes chapping quickly—gives you smooth hands. 25¢ and 50¢ sizes at your druggist, 10¢ size at the dime store.

**W**INTER-COLD slows the action of your oil glands. House-heat dries your skin. And your poor hands, in and out of water all day, are robbed of precious oils. They become dry, rough, chapped—but not if you use a rich penetrating cream, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Hinds relieves chapping *quickly*—restores a lovely soft texture. Hinds *soaks* the skin

with rich soothing oils, like Nature's own skin-softeners. Yes, Hinds is so effective because it's more than a "jelly," it gives more than a temporary "coating." It lubricates richly, deeply. Use it during the day, also at bedtime.

Regular use of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream this winter will give you summer-smooth hands—thrilling to touch!



Relieve Chapping——win thrilling smooth hands with HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM



## My Own Spy Stories

(Continued from page 43)

I realized by then how I had been taken in by this agent, this Eleanor Lyman. Under the pretense of giving our men entertainment during their furloughs, she was gaining valuable information on happenings at the front. To boot, she now had my name!

It was up to me to trick her at her own game. But how? I could see my military future go glimmering unless I were much smarter than I'd been up to now.

**Y**OU see, the difficult part about an Intelligence man trapping an enemy agent is not in getting evidence. It is keeping himself out of it, so that no one will suspect his part in the arrest and trial. If I were to catch Eleanor Lyman red handed, she must not know that I had had anything to do with it. Otherwise, she might be able to warn her brother conspirators about me and my usefulness would be at an end.

Back at my hotel, I donned my best service uniform, had a shave, and saluted forth. Luckily, I caught Miss Lyman at home.

"How delightful," she exclaimed, when I had told her I was on leave. "We shall certainly see that you have an enjoyable time. Shall we start by going to a tea dance this afternoon?"

I left her that night without an idea as to my next step. The obvious tricks by which we sometimes snared enemy spies certainly wouldn't work in this case. And I did not dare bungle the case. I was already under too much distrust at Headquarters.

We were meeting again the next afternoon at the Savoy Hotel, gayest and brightest spot in London. Soldiers, sailors, old men, young men, women in society, nurses, all met there to snatch brief interludes of happiness.

Suddenly my mind which had so sadly neglected me began to function once more. If the plan which had taken form in the back of my head worked out, I would save my face. If it failed, I probably wouldn't be alive to care.

**T**HAT night I sat up late, going over my scheme. I felt sure that Eleanor must have other agents working with her. They too must be caught. When I finally went to bed, everything was complete in my mind.

Our appointment was for five. At a quarter after, I staggered into the softly lit lounge. It was filled with people drinking their cocktails. Scarcely anyone looked up. The sight of a soldier with too many drinks under his belt was no novelty to them.

I allowed myself a little smile. To all intents and purposes, I was four sheets to the wind. I had let my hair fall over my eyes, my tie was awry, and one button of my uniform was missing.

Eleanor was seated in a corner. She did not see me until I stood swaying in front of her. She looked up, saw who it was, and sprang to her feet with a little cry.

"Tim, what's happened?" she asked. "Are you hurt?"

"Just drunk," I muttered. "Bad news from the front. Best pals killed. Whole division lost."

"I'm so sorry," she whispered. "Can't we go where there aren't so many people?"

I nodded heavily, my eyes half closed. So far my scheme was working to perfection. Eleanor seemed completely fooled. Now if she would take me to her flat, my ruse might be successful.

Outside, Eleanor guided me to a cab. We got in, my head resting on her shoulder. I continued to mutter more about war, about losing all my friends, and how sick I was of the whole mess.

"Driver, take us to Russell Square," she ordered.

My heart beat more rapidly. That was where she lived! Now, I thought, it's either you or me, young lady. I only hope your friends are waiting for you.

**O**UTSIDE the flat she shook me vigorously. I opened my eyes slowly. "Tim, wake up, we're here," she commanded.

Together, we mounted the stone steps into the apartment building, and up one flight of dark stairs. She fumbled a moment with her key, then we were inside

slightly with the fake letters which I had written last night. Now if Eleanor or some other agent would remove them, I'd win my gamble. Caught with such evidence, the case against them would be complete!

A moment later I heard a low murmur of voices. I was right! There were others—agents I was sure—in the library. Soon the door opened again. The voices came more distinctly now. I could make out four, in addition to Eleanor. All men, I decided.

"We will go through his pockets," a harsh voice suggested, "if you are sure he is unconscious."

"Positive," Eleanor replied. "Let's get this over with before he comes to."

I heard the ominous click of cold steel as the safety catch on an automatic was drawn back. The hair on the back of my neck began to crawl. Were they already suspicious?

Someone leaned over me. Rough hands grabbed my collar and shook hard. I groaned in real pain and half pushed away. The bump which was swelling on my temple seemed to satisfy them that I was really out. The hands dropped me and went rapidly through my pockets. When they came to the letters the search stopped.

"Ah, what is this? The fool carries around letters with him." There was pity and wonderment in his tone. In the heavy silence that followed I could

### TRAPPED BEHIND THE ENEMY'S LINES

**In next month's RADIO MIRROR, Captain Tim Healy tells another exciting adventure of his own, the story of his desperate struggle to escape alive from one of the most dangerous situations of his entire career as Intelligence Officer. Don't miss this thrilling document.**

"Lie down," she ordered, pointing to a wide sofa. "I'll get you a drink."

"That's what I need," I sighed, stumbling across the room. Just as I reached the sofa, I accidentally tripped and fell. My head glanced off a wooden chair seat with a crash. I held my eyes tight shut, my head aching miserably.

Eleanor ran over to me and knelt down. With an effort, she raised my inert bulk on the couch. My act was even better than I had anticipated. No fake about the way my head felt. I was really only about half conscious. Eleanor stood over me a moment. "Knocked out," she whispered. Then she tiptoed away.

I heard a door open and shut softly. Quickly I felt my pocket. It bulged

feel their glances fall on me.

I waited a moment, then sure they had taken everything I wanted them to have, I stirred and mumbled incoherently.

"Quick, into the next room. I'll come when he has left," Eleanor whispered.

**W**HEN I opened my eyes, only Eleanor was with me. I leaned on my elbow, the blood pounding painfully in my temples. Then I rolled to my feet, shaking my head. There was no time to be lost!

"Must have fresh air," I gasped. Straightening, I reached the door and hurried down the stairs. Once outside, I waited until I could be sure no one was following me, then broke into a



wild run for Headquarters.

The necessary arrangements were made in the time it took to phone Scotland Yard. There was still one more thing I must do before my part in the arrest would be completely hidden. I must go back, be arrested by the military police, fight with them, and in the scuffle draw out the agents in the next room. Then, if everything went without a hitch, the Scotland Yard men would break in and make the arrests. I would be dragged away, still protesting.

Hurriedly I made my way back to the apartment. I realized that there was no time to lose. Even now the agents would have had time to make their getaway. In ten minutes, I was knocking at the door of Eleanor's flat. Her eyes opened wide when she saw who was standing in the doorway.

"Forgot my hat," I explained. "Must have it." I was keeping up my act of drunkenness, and staggered blindly into the room. Eleanor pushed me down in a chair and began to search for the lost object.

There was a sudden loud knocking. Eleanor straightened, her face drawn and white.

"See who it is, Tim," she whispered.

Before I could stand, two soldiers in uniform burst in. The Military Police! I backed away.

"There you are, soldier," one of them exclaimed. "You better come along." He strode over to me, grasping me roughly by the arm.

"He's all right, lieutenant," Eleanor said firmly, the color rushing back into her cheeks. "I'll take care of him."

"Sorry, miss," the lieutenant replied, "I've my orders to bring him in."

With a shove, he sent me stumbling to the door. I began to put up a fight, careful to make enough of a scuffle to be heard in the next room.

**T**HE door from the library swung open and four men bounded into the room, to see what the noise was about. It was time for the Scotland Yard men to appear. I held my breath and prayed.

Standing in the doorway were the Scotland Yard men ready for business. The game was up and the enemy agents knew it.

Still shouting drunkenly and protesting loudly to Eleanor, I was dragged from the apartment. My part in the act was over now. No one but Headquarters knew that I was anything but a drunken officer under arrest.

My own stupidity in writing that letter had worked to good advantage. It had taught me a painful lesson and it had bagged five enemy agents. Eleanor and her conspirators went on trial and were remanded to prison for the duration of the war. Leniency because they had been operating such a short time, was suggested by the court.

I took my furloughs, after that, in libraries in Paris, studying old French stamps. Letter writing became, for me, a lost art until after the war.

Next month—another thrilling episode from the experiences of Captain Healy. Don't fail to read it in the March RADIO MIRROR.

# "I hate tattle-tales!..."



## ...and here's how I chased them out of my house"




"'You're a hard worker, Bess,' my sister said one day, 'but your clothes are such tattle-tales. That grayish look tells everyone they aren't really clean!'... I was furious, but I took her hint. I stopped buying 'trick soaps' and gave Fels-Naptha Soap a try."



"And what a lucky day! In a second, I chip Fels-Naptha into the water in my washing machine and get the grandest suds. I never dreamed golden soap is so much richer. And Fels-Naptha is full of clean-smelling naphtha! Even grimy, greasy dirt floats right out."

"Everybody says nice things about my washes now—no more tattle-tale gray in my house. John says that red look is gone out of my hands, too. There's soothing glycerine in Fels-Naptha, you see." Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

© 1935, FELS & CO.  CODE

Banish  
"Tattle-Tale Gray"  
with  
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



READ FREE OFFER BELOW



## LOVELY EYES

How to have them  
—eyes no man can forget

**C**CHARMING eyes in 40 seconds! A magic touch of the lashes with Winx, the super-mascara, and your eyes are given new glamour.

Remember, your eyes are your most important feature. So don't neglect them.

Winx gives you long, lovely lashes—soft, alluring. It is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect.

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## Revealing the Romance of John Barclay

(Continued from page 30)

**E**VEN as a child he liked to sing, to hear his notes come round and full. He had no voice instruction until he was much older but always he had a secret notion he sang rather well.

In fact it might be said John made his musical debut as a lad of seven. At a formal dinner party—

The dinner had lasted for a little eternity. But John had loved it. Dinner with grown-ups always was exciting. And a dinner party at a friend's home was an occasion.

After dinner, in the drawing-room, someone played the piano. Beautifully. So the music made arcs of sound. John gravitated towards that end of the room.

"Do you sing?" asked the woman who was playing.

"Yes I do," John answered quickly. "Would you like me to perhaps? Now?"

Before he had started out for this particular party Nanny had given him orders about being agreeable and interested and entertaining. Social responsibility she had called it. Well, if it demanded nothing more irksome than singing for him he had no quarrel with it.

The guests applauded when he had finished his song. He smiled. And bowed. He was a grave little figure standing there beside the piano in his dark suit and stiff Eton collar.

"I'm glad you liked it," he said. "Thank you so much. I'll sing it again for you."

And he did.

There couldn't, I think, be a more typical story about anyone. I've known John Barclay for years. As a friend and as a neighbor. I've watched him on New Year's Eve standing against a fireplace singing "Auld Lang Syne." Singing a rollicking chantey or a German love song, with Dagmar Barclay at the huge concert grand piano which virtually consumes one room in their home. And I've been reminded time and time again of that little English boy at his first dinner party.

John has studied, in the intervening years, in Italy and London and New York. But still no small part of the charm he brings to his radio work and his last season's appearance on Broadway in "Champagne, Sec." is due to that same eagerness and aplomb which characterized him as a lad of seven.

He came to the success he has known in opera at Nicé, in the theater and opera in London, as soloist with various symphony orchestras in America and several years ago as leading baritone in the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals without making any great sacrifices, without suffering any great struggle.

He had to work, of course, to develop the singularly fine baritone voice with which he was born. But always his family was in a position to engage the

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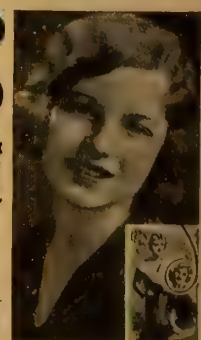
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finest instructors for him and to back him when he chanced to run out of funds.

He had no physical struggle. But he did have a mental struggle which is always a greater problem. For he faced the necessity of overcoming the unfortunate belief he had acquired from his training and education—namely, that the world owed him a living.

That he learned this lesson as quickly and completely as he did is truly remarkable. It would have been so much more comfortable for him to have gone right on charging a suit at his tailors when he wished a new suit, to have taken those things he felt his right as he went along, irrespective of whether or not he had any prospects of the money to pay for them.

He was eight when he went off to Harrow. The thirty-sixth Barclay to be registered there, incidentally. Later he attended Pembroke College, Cambridge.

At school he strained his heart. Sprinting. The doctors looked wise and recommended a season at Bad Nauheim. It was the one thing that would help him, they insisted.

"How much more amusing," said John's mother, "to go around the world."

So they went around the world.

**T**HAT trip I count the greatest thing that ever happened to me," John says. "It got me over being insular. It gave me a bond for all the people I met however different from me they might be superficially.

"In strange places I found strange people doing strange things. But always when I came to know them and to understand a little of the problems and philosophy which their particular life imposed, they ceased to be strange or to seem to behave strangely."

It was 1921 when he came to America. America intrigued him. Compellingly.

"I came by my interest in America naturally," he says. "Robert Barclay, one of my ancestors, was William Penn's partner in the purchase of Pennsylvania. He sent his sons over. They were Pennsylvania tax collectors. And among those who made themselves scarce during the Revolution. Perhaps from them I inherited a feeling to become a part of America."

It may have been inheritance or it may have been Fate. Fate at work on her eternal pattern, bringing a tall dark Englishman across the sea so he might meet a girl with fair soft hair and eyes gray green, a girl named Dagmar. So loving each other and working together they might find life richer than they had known it could be. So they might make a home in a Long Island suburb and plant a garden profuse in summer with Canterbury bells and stock and Sweet William and English roses. So a little girl might play in that garden with her dog, Tinkey, a little girl with eyes as blue as the sky that hung over New York one never-to-be-forgotten autumn with hair golden as a miser's dream. A little girl called Mary Cornelia. . . .

# DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?



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By *Lady Esther*

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## The Woman Behind

**Amos 'n' Andy**

(Continued from page 15)

it's been working for Charlie and Gozzie (that's what I've always called Freeman). After all these years I still haven't gotten over feeling it's been an unforgettable experience and privilege. To fully understand what I mean," Miss Summa explained, "You'd first have to know how Charlie and Gozzie, themselves, feel about 'Amos and Andy.' Oh yes, they are four distinct people—not two.

"YOU see, Charlie and Freeman usually come into the office about noon. From the minute that door closes behind them, they stop being Gosden and Correll, and become Amos and Andy. Sometimes they write a script in an hour, sometimes it takes four, but during that time, never for a moment do they ever step out of character.

"They usually take off their shirts, collars and ties and often when they get through they're wringing wet. They live everything that goes into those scripts. I think that is why their programs sound so natural. That and the scrupulous care they take with detail. It's nothing unusual for Charlie or Gozzie to call out to me and ask: 'Say, Louise, how long does it take to boil potatoes?'; or 'how much does it cost to launder a shirt?'; or 'What does a toad do around a toadstool—I mean does it sit under it or on it?' That's part of my job—answering routine questions like that. Everything must be perfect and ring absolutely true.

"Andy usually sits at the typewriter. Amos walks up and down continually and they just hold a normal conversation and say the things that real people would say in the situations the boys are creating. Even when they try out different lines before writing them, they keep the voices and inflections of the radio characters. Why, if you ever heard them talking while writing a script, you'd think that the other characters like the 'Kingfish', 'Lightnin', 'Ruby' and the others were in that room—real flesh and blood people. That's just it, they are real flesh and blood people to Amos and Andy. That's why they never prepare scripts in advance or rehearse them or let people see them writing or broadcasting. It might destroy that illusion.

"I'll never forget the day when they decided that Roland Weber would have to die in the interest of the story," Louise reminisced. "When the boys got back from their vacation, they realized that something new was expected of them, that the Fresh Air Taxicab company would have to go. If Weber died and willed them his money, a whole new field of enterprise would be opened for Amos and Andy. At the same time if he were killed in an automobile accident during 'Safety First Week,' the thousands of people who listen to the broadcasts might be impressed with the danger of reckless driving."



## Among the Most Sought-after Girls

NATURE was rather unkind to some of us, bestowing a careless sort of mane or chin without apology.

Still—some of the most sought-after girls we know have overcome such handicaps in a charming and interesting way. They do it with color. Carmine lips—a splash of color on one's hat—a bag that's like the sunser.

Yet—if one's hair doesn't rise to the occasion, the effect is apt to fall a little flat. Drab, mousy hair is not exactly—er—stimulating, is it? Still—it needn't stay that way. One chooses, now-a-days. Because those hidden lights, those Titian gleams will re-appear after a Golden Glint Shampoo.

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However, to decide that Roland Weber must die and then to kill him were two entirely different matters as Miss Summa pointed out. "On the day they wrote that script, they both came in looking as if they'd lost their last friend. You'd have thought they were going to murder a real person. They locked themselves up and I didn't see them until late in the afternoon. When they came out they were as white as sheets.

"Well, Louise, we've killed him," Gosden said in a flat voice. "So help me, I felt like a murderer when I typed those lines," Correll told Louise.

That night after the broadcast they were nervous wrecks.

**T**HEY are equally sentimental about everything else connected with their broadcasts. After the two men had been separated all summer both heard their theme song during the international broadcast for the first time in weeks. One heard it in a studio in San Francisco. The other was more than 6,000 miles away across a continent and ocean. Both cried at the first strains of that song!

"Charlie wants it played at his funeral," Louise Summa told me.

"They used to put on amateur minstrel shows and circuses," Louise continued. "Charlie and Gozzie were working down in Joliet. At that time radio had just come out and was still a pretty terrible affair. Well, anyway, Joe Bren thought it would be a good stunt to advertise the circus over the local radio station and the boys were elected to represent the company on the air. Most people think that they made their first broadcast over WEBH in Chicago about ten years ago, but that isn't true. It was in Joliet about twelve years ago that they went on the air for the very first time.

"I'll never forget the day when they got back from Joliet. Gozzie was sitting on my desk telling me how scared he and Charlie had been. Gozzie was going through his mail as he talked to me and pulled out a gaudy calendar with a picture of a ship, an advertisement of some insurance company. He held up the calendar and laughed: 'Well, Louise old kid,' he said, 'here's our ship come in at last.' There was something prophetic in that—both Gozzie and I felt it as we looked at each other.

"It was then he promised me, half jokingly and half seriously, that some day, when he and Charlie became rich and famous, they would have me come to work for them. And the day they landed their first network program they made good on the promise right away."

**J**UST exactly how Gosden and Correll hit upon the lucky idea which inspired the "Sam and Henry" programs which later became the "Amos and Andy" serial has remained one of the untold secrets of radio history. But Louise Summa at last revealed the truth.

"I think that is one of the most remarkably interesting things about their



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success. It was all so accidental and unpremeditated," Miss Summa confided. "Charlie and Gozzie were on WGN at the time as a singing team and I must admit they weren't very good. One night they sang the "Kinky Kids Parade," a hit song of the time, and interpolated a line of patter done in negro dialect. Correll was the blustering, bullying major. Gosden, the persecuted private. It was the first time they had ever done dialect on the air. The routine was very successful and they were called upon again and again to repeat it. With each repetition, it grew more elaborate. Gosden kept introducing more and more characters, all of whom he impersonated. And right then and there, quite inadvertently, the pattern for the 'Amos and Andy' relationship was created.

"One day we were having lunch together, and I asked them why they didn't do a whole act in the same dialect. The boys thought about my suggestion for a few days and then went to work on their first dramatic script. It was the first episode of 'Sam and Henry'."

Louise paused for a moment. "I don't know whether it's ever occurred to the boys that after all these years, the character of 'Amos' is still that of the soldier in the 'Kinky Kids Parade,' who permitted the major ('Andy') to dominate him," she pointed out, "but I've often thought about it. Particularly, because in real life, their characters are reversed.

"Gozzie comes from aristocratic southern stock (he's a descendant of Jefferson Davis, you know) and grew up with the idea of dominion and power as belonging rightfully to him. Correll, on the other hand, who started life as a bricklayer, has never gotten used to the idea that he's at the top. Now, don't get me wrong. Neither of them is high-hat or tries to dominate the other. As a matter of fact, we have a saying around the office, 'You're the best there is'. They always think and say that of each other and even of me."

During the "Sam and Henry" years, when fan mail was plentiful and money scarce, Louise used to drop in on them evenings and take care of their correspondence. Gozzie used to say: "We can't afford you yet, old kid, but it won't be long now."

"It was sheer luck which led them to discover that they were a pair of ace comedians instead of a couple of 'ham' singers, and it was another one of those unexplainable things which caused them to adopt the names of 'Amos and Andy.' Wait, I'll show you something."

Miss Summa took down one of the handsomely bound tooled leather books which lined the library. She opened to the first script of the "Amos and Andy" program. The characters were called "Jim and Charley."

"When Charlie and Gozzie left WGN to join WMAQ they abandoned the names of 'Sam and Henry.' They couldn't think of a substitute they liked and finally in desperation took Charlie's name and Freeman's middle name which is James and shortened it to Jim. However, they weren't a bit

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Name \_\_\_\_\_ (State whether Miss or Mrs.)  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_



pleased with their new names. Then came the day of the first broadcast. They heard someone call out the name 'Amos' to one of the elevator men in our old office building and the 'Andy' just fitted itself in like a piece of a cross-word puzzle."

At this point, Charlie Correll and Freeman Gosden themselves came in. They were leaving for a personal appearance tour that night.

"How about our expense money?" Gosden asked Miss Summa.

She reached into a drawer of her desk and extracted two sheafs of bills clipped neatly together. She handed one sheaf to each. Correll counted his.

"Gee whiz, you've figured close," he chided laughingly. "What's going to happen if I have to buy a new tooth brush or something?" Miss Summa joined in the laughter. But neither got more money. That she explained was a habit she had formed in by-gone days when Amos and Andy were not as practical as they have since become.

"When we were all in the Joe Bren Company, I used to send them their pay checks and by Wednesday they were always broke. I used to tell them then that some day I'd take care of their money for them."

Gosden hugged Louise and slapped her on the back. "It's all right, kid, you're the best there is. Take good care of yourself while we're gone." With that they were off.

Louise Summa closed the door behind them. "Yes," she said softly, "they're the best there is."

## Your Announcer Is:



## CARLYLE STEVENS

Announces Borden's Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood; The Roxy Hour; Cream of Wheat; Silver Dust. Is five feet, ten inches tall, weighs around 145 pounds. Born in Canada. Came to the United States via the town of Detroit where he stopped long enough to work a year in an advertising agency. Won a radio audition at a local Detroit station, came to Brooklyn, then joined CBS in 1932. Writes fiction and articles for newspapers and magazines as a sideline.



## Why endure needless chafing

### WHEN WONDERSOFT KOTEX PREVENTS IT

*by sides filmed in downy cotton; by a special center that prevents roping, pulling and twisting*

"If only you could join me in reading the many personal letters I receive daily, you would realize how Wondersoft Kotex is changing women's lives," says Mary Pauline Callender, author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

#### Wondersoft just won't chafe!

You see, the sides of this pad are covered with a film of oh, so soft cotton. Where these sides touch the body, Wondersoft stays soft and dry. Yet the top and bottom are left free to take up moisture.

And no twisting, thank goodness! Wondersoft Kotex never pulls or "ropes" out of shape like ordinary pads. Instead, it adjusts itself *naturally* to every movement of the body. That's because the center of Wondersoft prevents twisting.

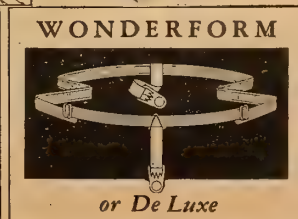
At the same time, it protects you from accidents. That means greater security against soiled lingerie. Even the ends are flat and smooth so that they can't show under clinging dresses. You'll find even the package, itself, is different. And Super Kotex is now priced the same as regular—at all dealers.

#### ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER ABOUT THIS NEW COMFORT



#### Free Booklets!

Write for either or both of two authoritative booklets on Feminine Hygiene—"Health Facts on Menstruation"; and "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday", for a child. Address KOTEX COMPANY, Room 1407, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.





## 5 Rules Winchell Never Breaks

(Continued from page 31)

friend, or tell everything that goes on at a party at which you're a guest.

Item 5: Always defend the underdog, and lend your help to a worthy cause.

**D**OES that code sound like Walter Winchell? Well, whether it sounds like him or not, he lives up to it.

Believe it or not, it's true that Walter Winchell has sacrificed hundreds of choice and juicy items that would have been grist for his newspaper column simply because those items might have wrecked someone's marriage. Never does he tell the world that Mr. Married Producer is running around with Little Miss Pretty Eyes, or that Miss Married Actress is running around with Mr. Gigolo.

"I've seen Winchell checking up for hours to see whether some person about whom he was planning to use an item was married or not. If he was, into the waste basket it went," his secretary, Ruth Cambridge told me.

And now we come to item 2, that Walter Winchell never discloses his source of information. Probably that's why he has so many people tipping him off. They know he'll never tattle on them! Innumerable times pressure has been brought on him to tell his source of information for some item. All he does is shake his head. Frequently, ugly libel suits have been threatened, and he has been told that they will be dropped if he'll only tell where he got his story from. But he never has.

Do you remember the story of the Vincent Coll murder? On February 8, 1932 at one o'clock in the morning Master Vincent Coll, notorious gang-

ster, was slain by a man with a machine gun while he was telephoning from a booth in a West 23rd Street drug store. The strangest part of the whole murder was this: Five hours before Coll was shot to death, the newspapers containing Walter Winchell's column prophesying the murder, were being hawked in the streets of New York. This is exactly what Winchell said, "Five planes brought dozens of machine gats from Chicago Friday to combat The Town's Capone. Local bandetti have made one hotel a virtual arsenal and several hot-spots are ditto because Master Coll is giving them the headache. . . ."

Now, it was Mr. Winchell's duty, if he knew anything, to spill it to the Grand Jury. For half an hour they pilloried him, threw questions at him, demanded that he tell them where he got his information.

The sweat poured down his brow. "It was an anonymous piece of information," he said.

More questions. More and more. Questions pelting at him like drops of hail. Like drops of rain that would wear a rock away.

"It was an anonymous piece of information," was all he ever said.

As for item 3, "Never hurt anyone—whom you like," that is between Walter Winchell and his conscience. He is precisely the sort of person who, if he cared for anyone, would be the most loyal friend to him, and if he hated anyone, would bury the hatchet—in the back of the man he hated.

**I**TEM 4: Never tittle-tattle on a friend. Do you remember the fa-

mous Earl Carroll bathtub party? According to the testimony of several of the guests, part of the entertainment at the party was a girl in a bathtub wearing what one would expect a girl in a bathtub to wear—nothing. Earl denied it, but practically all of Earl Carroll's guests turned upon him, one after one, and said that they had seen the girl in the bathtub, and that Earl Carroll was lying. When Winchell was asked, he said he hadn't seen any girl or any bathtub. If it was a lie, it was a very white one.

There have been many people who have hated Winchell, who have called him a scourge upon the face of civilization and a vulture, and who have lived to take back all those bitter words because of their astonishment at the help he has actually lent to the underdog. He never turns down a really worthy cause if he can help it, and never does he fail to denounce anything that seems to him cowardly, unjust or unfair.

There was the reporter in Toledo who wanted to get permission to put on "The Front Page" for a benefit for the poor children of that city. As a rule, the amount of royalty that has to be paid for producing that play is a considerable sum, but Winchell went to the authors of the play and begged them to allow it to be used without the payment of royalty, since the cause was such a worthy one. They gave their permission, and you can bet your bottom dollar that if that reporter ever comes across a red-hot story his own paper can't use, Walter Winchell will get it.

**O**FTEN Winchell gets himself into trouble because when his anger is aroused at anything he thinks is unfair, he'll call a spade a spade. For instance, he was sued a couple of years ago or so by the Fleetwood Beach Club.

Some reporter on a newspaper came to him with a letter he had received saying that he ought to invest in the Fleetwood Beach Club, because Walter Winchell recommended it. And Winchell's name was used on the letterhead as a so-called member of the Board of Directors. Winchell was furious. Where had they gotten the nerve to use his name without his authority.

"If you're thinking of investing in this club because you've seen my name used as a member of the board of directors, don't do it," he told the world. "It's a racket."

The Fleetwood Beach Club sued him, saying he'd ruined their business. Twelve good men and true decided that Winchell ought to pay \$30,000 for calling their business a racket. Now Winchell is appealing the case. But whether he wins or loses, you can be sure of one thing. Regardless of what other laws he may violate, there is one law Winchell never violates, and that's his own code!



Mary Boland and Charles Laughton caught reading their favorite Magazine during the filming of Paramount's "Ruggles of Red Gap."



**Enjoy life!** Dare to make yourself as attractive as you can be! Begin with the magnetism and beauty of your mouth. It is well known by actresses that **Double Mint** gum enjoyed daily keeps the lips vibrant and well-shaped. Lovely lips tempt and tease, making women greatly admired!





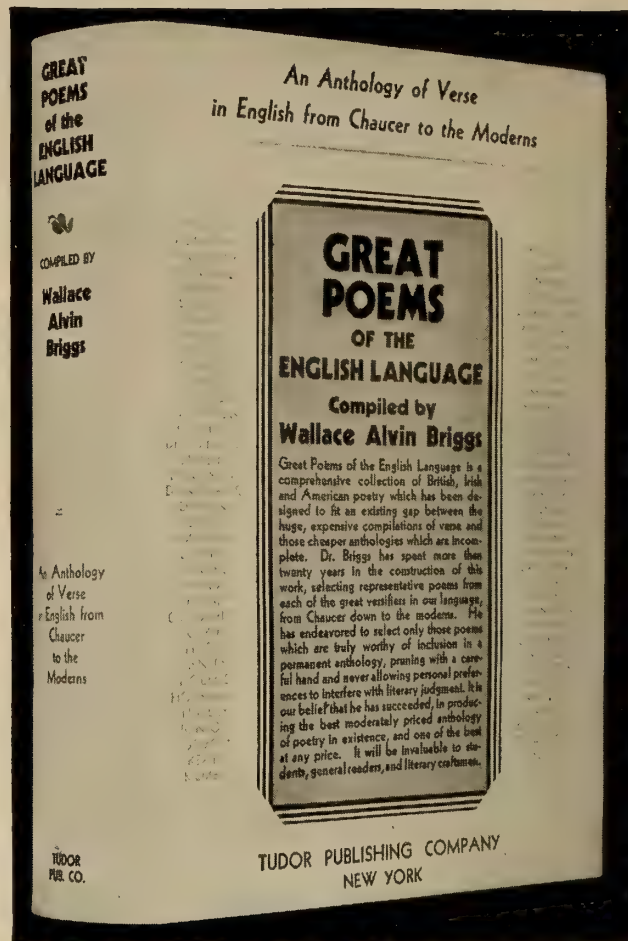
# Books That Every Book Lover Will Treasure

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**ECONOMY  
EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE**

1926 Broadway

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## Coast-to-Coast Highlights

## CHICAGO

(Continued from page 40)

dragging limp bodies from the smoking four-story building and—in short, adding one more heroic page to the story of man's conquest of flaming disaster.

The fire-swept building, by the way, besides being a next-door neighbor to a night club is further distinguished because of its location diagonally across from the building in which Abraham Lincoln once had a law office.

The windows of the studios were crowded with artists, announcers and engineers, while all rehearsals were suspended for more than an hour.

Myrt and Marge, Doris Lorraine, Billy Mills and his orchestra, and other artists rehearsing in the Chicago CBS studios enjoyed box seats.

**WHEN** it comes to sound effects, Urban Johnson of the Chicago CBS studios insists on the right ones if he has to travel twenty miles to get them. Which is just what he did to secure a fire bell for a WBBM dramatization.

It was one of those big old-fashioned steeple bells that used to hang in a country school house and was rung with the aid of a pull rope—and it had exactly the deep, resonant tone that Johnson wanted. So he set out to find it, finally locating it in the basement of the abandoned school building near Norwood Park.

"It looked pretty rusty and cracked," Johnson relates, "but when it was welded and recast, we had a perfect fire bell."

**RUTH** ETTING got her start impersonating a boy. As a chorus girl in a Chicago night club, her clear contralto stood out above the voices of the other girls, and when the Juvenile of the show fell ill, the manager had Ruth put on his silk hat and tails and do his numbers.

## SILKEN STRINGS THEME

**WHEN** Charles Previn was a young musician he composed and sold five operettas which were never produced because of libretto weakness. He put one of them to use when he composed his Silken Strings theme tune, taking an idea from one of the operetta numbers. Since then members of his orchestra have been trying to persuade Previn to broadcast some of these tunes which have lain on the shelf for years, but there is one difficulty in the way. Despite the fact that the music has never been used, if Previn sold it he would have to pay for permission to use any of it.

**FIRST** time Bess K. Johnson of "Today's Children" cast was given a part in a dramatic radio production she memorized the entire script as she had during her years on the stage. So accustomed was she to learning parts, it only took a few hours time. Today,

# Why You Have ACID INDIGESTION

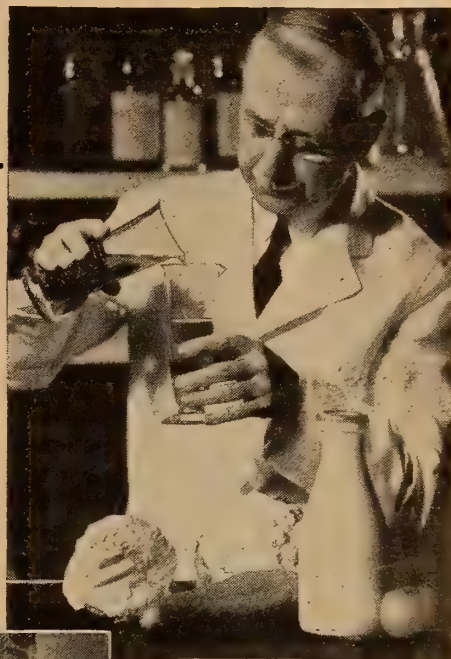
## And a Great New Advance in Relieving Fussy Stomachs

**T**HERE are many causes for the acid indigestion which at times troubles almost everyone. Eating too fast, an American habit, is one cause. Nervous strain and high tension living, another. Wrong habits in diet such as eating too much rich, highly seasoned foods—too many acid-forming foods—are at the bottom of a great deal of trouble. Then many people complain of certain foods, often their favorites, which for some reason, cause trouble. Even healthful fruits and vegetables contain certain acids or other chemical substances which may be irritating.

### Quick, Safe Relief

A splendid way to relieve the distressing symptoms of acid indigestion is to munch 3 or 4 of the new antacid mints, called TUMS, after meals. TUMS have a distinct advantage over older methods. They contain an antacid which is neither acid nor alkali except in the presence of acid. This element acts as what scientists call a *buffer*—it neutralizes excess acid but never over-alkalizes the stomach. When the acid conditions are corrected, if there is any excess of TUMS it passes on undissolved and inert, and without having to go through the blood and kidneys. Unlike raw, caustic alkalies, TUMS soothe the stomach, instead of irritating it.

When mistakes in eating, drinking, excess smoking, cause your stomach to



*Hurried meals, nervous strain, wrong eating habits are frequent causes of acid indigestion.*

pour out too much acid, try TUMS. You will find them very pleasing, just like eating a dainty candy. They work so quickly to relieve the annoying heartburn, sour stomach, gas, bloating, and are harmless.

### Eat Favorite Foods

You'll find you can eat many favorite foods without bad after-effects. Or when you're not feeling just right, try eating 2 or 3 TUMS. You may be surprised at the difference they make. TUMS come in small rolls convenient for pocket or purse, so you can always have them handy for quick relief. You will find them in any drug store—only 10 cents. (TUMS contain no soda.)

**FREE**

1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 14-BCC St. Louis, Mo.



# TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID  
NOT A LAXATIVE

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR





# Bid That COLD Be Gone!

**Oust It Promptly with  
this 4-Way Remedy!**

**A** COLD is no joke and Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine treats it as none!

It goes right to the seat of the trouble, an infection within the system. Surface remedies are largely makeshift.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is speedy and effective because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is direct and internal—and COMPLETE!

## Four Things in One!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does the four things necessary.

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones and fortifies the entire system.

That's the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

When you feel a cold coming on, get busy at once with Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. For sale by all druggists, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy".

Ask for it by the full name—Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—and resent a substitute.



# GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Pat Kennedy, the Unmasked Tenor, and Art Kassel and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:45 p.m., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

after four years on the air, she can't even memorize a poem, she says. . . .

\* \* \*

**T**HE first volume of children's stories which Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, has selected from those she tells juvenile listeners each day over NBC networks, has been published by Whitman Publishing Co. of Racine.

\* \* \*

## CONFESSION

**A**RT GILLHAM, WBBM's popular whispering pianist, insists that he has two claims to fame other than a long and successful radio career. He is a Texas ranger and—by his own confession—the world's worst pianist.

"Absolutely the world's worst," Art insists.

Art remembers the days when he and Wendall Hall were among the first one-man shows on the air. In addition to writing and producing his own shows Art sings his own songs in his familiar "whispering" style. His two latest lyrics are "Somebody Painted My Dream Castle Blue" and "I'd Rather be Alone."

\* \* \*

**F**OR once in her life Cornelia Osgood finds herself a heroine! Her role of Jane Marston, a night nurse in WBBM's "Wings of Dawn", the hospital drama, gives Cornelia her much-coveted "sympathetic" part.

"I'm so tired of being a menace," she confides, "Nobody knows what a relief it is not to be the other woman—for once."

Cornelia is known to radio listeners for her previous characterizations of Lollie and Dixie Lane in "Myrt and Marge" and Florence Wallace in "Helen Trent."

\* \* \*

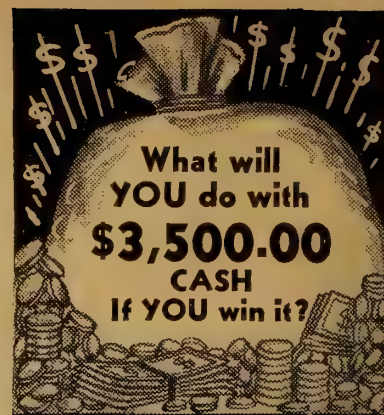
**W**ITH about 20 minutes to wait until train time, Tony Wons was drinking a glass of milk in a restaurant. A man rushed up to him and asked for an autograph. Tony wrote his name on a card and the fellow dashed away. A few minutes later as Wons was getting on the train, a messenger came running up and presented him with a package—that turned out to be a fountain pen and pencil set, beautifully engraved with Wons' own signature. The autograph seeker was a jeweler, who rushed back to his shop, engraved the set, and sent it to Wons in appreciation for Tony's programs!

\* \* \*

**A**LTHOUGH they had never seen Joan Blaine, who plays the leading role in the Story of Mary Martin, an old couple wrote her after listening to one of her broadcasts and invited her to come and make her home with them. Her voice, they told her, sounded exactly like that of their daughter, now dead, and they wanted her to come and take the daughter's place.

\* \* \*

**F**IVE of the men who help put NBC's Breakfast Club on the air each morning have become fathers within the past few weeks. They are Don McNeill, master of ceremonies;



## I'll Pay \$250.00 Cash for the Winning Answer

Again I'll award \$3,500.00 to some ambitious person. You may be the one to get it! How would you use it? Tell me in 20 words or less: "What will YOU do with \$3,500.00 if YOU win it?" There is nothing else to do. . . . Nothing to buy or sell. I will pay \$250.00 Cash just for the answer selected as the best.

## 20 WORDS WIN \$250.00

Neatness, style, or handwriting not considered. It's what you say in a sentence of 20 simple words or less that counts. The prize is \$250.00 for the winning answer. Send yours quick. Just Sending An Answer Qualifies You for the Opportunity to

## WIN \$3,500.00

in final prize distribution, details of which I'll mail you at once. More than \$6,000.00 cash will be awarded. Someone will get \$3,500.00 Cash—including 1,000.00 for promptness. Send no money, just your answer—a postcard will do. Prizes duplicated in case of ties. Answers must be postmarked not later than March 30, 1935. Mail yours at once — TODAY.

ERNIE MILLER, Manager  
Dept. CH 207BA H. O. Building  
Cincinnati, Ohio

**THIS GENUINE JUNIOR GUITAR FOR YOU!**

Get this handsome instrument NOW. Here's how. Just send your name and address (SEND NO MONEY). WE TRUST YOU with 27 packs of Garden Seeds to sell at 10c a packet. When sold send \$2.70 collected and WE WILL SEND this mahogany finish guitar and Five Minute Instruction Book absolutely FREE. Write for needs NOW. A post card will do. Address: LANCASTER COUNTY SEED COMPANY Station 209, Paradise, Pennsylvania

**SAMPLE 15¢**

To introduce our beautiful blue-white Rainbow Flash Stones, we will send a 1Kt. IMPORTED SIMULATED DIAMOND, mounted in lovely White Gold Finish Ring as illustrated, for this ad. and 15c expense. Address: National Jewelry Co., Dept. 10, Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25c.)

**"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"**

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 25-B, 585 Kingland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.



Jack Owens, tenor; Charles Butler and Harold Jackson, engineers, and Pat Gallicchio, who announces the WMAQ time signals during the broadcasts. McNeill read the following telegram received from Willard D. Egolf, of KVOO, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

"Your talk of new babies has been contagious on the network STOP Our engineer Hugh Carpenter and Production Manager Kenneth Miller became fathers simultaneously with you and Jack Owens this week and last STOP The rest of us are afraid to listen to your programs any more."

\* \* \*

**A**MOS 'n' Andy have talked so much about Weber City, the new community they are planning to build, that a Philadelphia plasterer and bricklayer has written them to apply for a job.

\* \* \*

**M**ORGAN L. EASTMAN, director of the orchestra heard on NBC's Carnation Contented programs, once held a job as secretary to the American consulate-general at Budapest. By day, according to Eastman, he busied himself upholding the dignity of the consulate, and at nights he doubled on the flute and cello in the street cafes.

\* \* \*

**R**UDY VALLEE has started many an artist on the road to radio stardom but he probably doesn't know he had anything to do with the advent of Clara Lu 'n' Em. Just before the second and most important audition, NBC's three Super Suds gals, said they could talk at random "about anything" and "Rudy Vallee" was the topic given them. They talked about him so amusingly, they got the job.

\* \* \*

**A**NNOUNCER, Jean Paul King, is building an endowment for the King baby by asking friends for their spare pennies each time he sees them. To date Jean has collected 4,345 pennies for the child.

\* \* \*

## Coast-to-Coast Highlights Pacific

(Continued from page 41)

You heard him and his orchestra on NBC cross country lines from a San Francisco night club. Now he is back at the Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles and he'll be on the air again soon. Fred J. Hart, who used to own and announce on KQW, San Jose, is now at KGMB in Honolulu.

\* \* \*

The Peery's and the Peary's are still getting their mail and phone calls muddled up at KFRC in Frisco town. Harold Peary is a staff announcer, while Harold Peery is head man for the Don Lee technical force . . . and both work at the same address.

\* \* \*

**W**ILTON CONRAD HAFF . . . pronounced Hoff . . . is studio director and announcer at KJR in Seattle. His wife calls him "Smokey." He calls her "Smudge." By the same token maybe the five year old son may in time be known as "Soot."

Sr. was born in Lorain, Ohio; grew

# YOUR Eyes SHOULD BE YOUR MOST ATTRACTIVE FEATURE

## MAKE THEM SO WITH Maybelline EYE BEAUTY AIDS



### Maybelline Eyelash Darkener

Instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.



### Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



**Maybelline Eye Shadow** delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.



### Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream

A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

### Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



● No woman looks her best when her eyes are blank and inexpressive in appearance. Scant, pale lashes, bald-looking eyelids, and unkempt eyebrows ruin otherwise beautiful features, while attractive eyes will make even plain women appear charmingly lovely.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara will make your lashes appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new and more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of high-quality and absolute harmlessness.



"LITTLE ANN COUGHED SO HARD," says Mrs. Betty Kammerling, of Columbus, O. "Doctor said 'Pertussin.' The first spoonful soothed the irritation; in 3 days Ann's cough was completely gone!"



## "Baby's Cough disappeared in 3 days," by "MOIST-THROAT" METHOD!

**T**HIS extract of a famous medicinal herb stimulates the throat glands, restores throat's natural moisture quickly, safely! Doctors advise it.

GLANDS HERE CLOG—THROAT DRIES—WHEN YOU CATCH COLD. THEN COUGHING STARTS!

Pertussin quickly stimulates these glands!

When you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands have clogged. Then your throat dries, because infection has changed the character of your glands' secretion. Thick mucus collects. First you feel a tickling—then you cough!

Stimulate your throat's moisture glands. Take **PERTUSSIN**! The very first spoonful increases the flow of natural moisture. Throat and bronchial tissues are lubricated, soothed. Sticky phlegm loosens. Germ-infected mucus is easily "raised" and cleared away. Relief!

Pertussin contains no harsh or injurious drugs. It is safe even for babies. Won't upset the stomach. "It is wonderful for coughs"—"I give it to my own children," say doctors. Get a bottle from your druggist and use it—freely—today!



**DOCTORS EVERYWHERE** have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. Try it!

# PERTUSSIN

Tastes good, acts quickly and safely



up in Cleveland; went to college just long enough to get into Sigma Chi. His mother is German; the father Dutch and his wife Irish... a sort of League of Nations affair.

When the now 28-year-old announcer decided college was too dull and prosaic, he worked his way to South America and the Far East on tramp steamers. Back in the U. S., he ran a grocery store, worked in Montana mines, shipyards in Seattle and even on a country newspaper.

A Seattle politician, at the '28 Hous-ton convention, invited Haff to Seattle for a radio job. He accepted. And, though he gravitated to other stations since 1929, he is now back at his first radio home, KJR.

\* \* \*

**R**OUND ABOUT: **Welcome Lewis**, KFVB's five-foot singer... once on NBC and CBS in the east... lost her press book which was just as long as she is tall. **Helen Guest**, KEKA's ballad lady, does amateur gardening, while her hubby does his apothecary work. **Jane Jones**, lusty voiced singer, once was a cabaret entertainer in Tia Juana... or Tijuana as they spell it these days. **Everett Hoagland**, heard with his orchestra on coast CBS from KHJ, once played the sax... known to take three hours to dress for dinner. **KMTR's Murtagh Sisters** will be back on the air in the spring... been to school this winter. They are children of Organist **Henry Murtagh**, well known in New York, and have a really big future in store for 'em.

\* \* \*

"**ONE MAN'S FAMILY**," decidedly popular on the Coast for some years, now goes eastward on NBC from San Francisco. Juvenile part is taken by **Billy Page**, who is really **Billy Page Gilman**, son of the chain's coast manager and vice-president, **Don Gilman**. The lad, outside of school days and radio hours, is somewhat of an amateur chemist with his own laboratory and books.

\* \* \*

**O**NE of the most eligible radio bachelors in Los Angeles is **Charles Carroll**, who claims that he takes himself most seriously... smokes... likes shower baths... likes dancing, but doesn't like to cook. Thin and wiry, blue eyes and brown hair, he was born in Michigan, wanted to play the sax. He did a stretch or two on the New York stage, but journeyed to the west a few years ago and has been prominent in the radio drama line since.

\* \* \*

**B**OBBE DEANE has gone from California to Chicago to take the femme lead in the NBC transcontinental of "Orphan Annie." Out here on the Coast she has been a sort of "permanent fixture" for many years. Her character portrayals have been numerous. In private life she is the wife of **Ted Maxwell**, NBC producer in San Francisco. She was born in Fort Collins, Colorado... tawny hair, greenish-gray eyes and a vivacious wit.

## Crooked Spines Made Straight

GREATLY BENEFITED OR ENTIRELY CURED



An Elderly Lady, all bent over, was straightened wonderfully. A Grateful Father writes his daughter had a bad curvature, yet was completely straightened. A Man helpless, unable to stand or walk, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A Little Child, paralyzed, was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A

Doctor, confined to a wheel chair for 8 years was walking in 3 months' time. Thousands of sufferers have found relief, benefit or cure through the **PHILO BURT METHOD**. Over fifty-nine thousand cases in the past 30 years.

### 30 DAYS' TRIAL

We will prove its value in your own case. The Philo Burt Appliance is light in weight and comfortable to wear—entirely different from the old, torturing, plaster-cast, leather and celluloid jackets or steel braces. Every afflicted person with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Doctors recommend it, and the price within reach of all.

Send for Information If you will describe your case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

**PHILO BURT COMPANY**  
136-14 Odd Fellows Temple  
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## MAKE MONEY At Home!

EARN steady income each week, working at home. coloring photos and miniatures in oil. Learn famous "Kochne Method" in few weeks. Work done by this method in big demand. No experience nor art talent needed. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home."

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the **CHORE GIRL** PURE KNITTED COPPER  
INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS  
patented parallel outer layers give  
"double the wear, where the wear comes"  
Metal Textile Corporation, Orange, New Jersey

**Hair OFF** Face Lips Chin  
I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My **FREE Book**, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 110, Chicago.

**Unloved**

## Prices Are ADVANCING Buy at BOTTOM Prices

All over the world, thrifty, far-sighted people are going to take advantage of this last chance to buy quality watches at these low prices. We bought these watches for you at bottom prices. When these are gone, even our great buying power will not enable us to continue selling these fine watches and diamonds at such low prices.

### Diamond Rings Wrist Watches

Write for our New Diamond Ring of Romance and Bulova Wrist Watch Catalog, showing marvelous new designs at prices which cannot be continued. Catalog sent FREE. All Watches and Diamonds Sold on Easy Payments.

Don't Delay—Send for Catalog at Once

**SANTA FE WATCH CO.**

Dept. 297 Thomas Bldg., Topeka, Kan.





**SEYMON RIA**, singer at KJR, Seattle, and known as the "Lone Gypsy" over the air, is lonely no more. He married his accompanist, Edith B. Henry. They met at rehearsals of the musical extravaganza, "A Night in Russia."

\* \* \*

**MAYBE** you knew that Mona Lowe, torrid-voiced singer with her own program on KHJ, is the wife of Paul Rickenbacher, a CBS program executive on the Coast. That is her professional name. Her maiden name was Winnie Parker. She uses a contraction of Ralph Rainger's "Moanin' Low" as her theme tune.

\* \* \*

**"ON THE PACIFIC AIRWAVES"** cannot answer all the queries about radio artists in its columns. But readers who would like to know about their air favorites can get a personal answer by addressing the writer of this department at 407 I. N. Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles, California.

## Rosa Ponselle Didn't Think She Could Sing!

(Continued from page 33)

the only road to the top. Then Rosa agreed; she would never stand in her sister's way.

One day, months after they had started at Melone's, Carmela ran into their dressing room, her eyes glowing with excitement.

"Rosa," she cried, "we've been signed for another vaudeville tour."

This time the tour led to New York and Broadway, via the Palace theater, the dream in those days of every struggling vaudeville performer.

Many new friends were made. The Ponzillo sisters were gaining some notice in music circles. One afternoon an invitation to tea at the house of a new friend was sent to Carmela. Would she be prepared to sing?

This time Rosa was firm. "Carmela, the invitation was sent to you. You must go without me. They want to hear your voice, not mine."

Carmela refused to budge, a step without Rosa. "No, I won't go unless you come. They are as anxious to hear you sing as they are to hear me."

Reluctantly, Rosa tagged along to the tea. The time came for them to sing, but Rosa withdrew from the duet, leaving Carmela the center of the attention. After the song had died away, someone suggested that the younger sister be heard.

Fighting back her nervousness, Rosa began to sing. Soon she had lost herself in the music. At the end of the aria, she stopped short, startled to realize how completely she had forgotten the critical audience.

Then, before she could regain her seat, a man had jumped to his feet and was making his way towards her. "Wonderful, marvelous," he exclaimed as he stretched out his hands to her. "Where did you learn to sing like that?"

# DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



# No!

## THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

• BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or flatters it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the tone of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

### One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

Copyright by Lady Esther Company, 1935

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

### One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

### Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

**FREE**

LADY ESTHER  
2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.) (9)



WEAR

Perfume

THAT LURES TONIGHT

Be divinely exciting tonight... be utterly irresistible. Wear Irresistible Perfume that lures... that stirs the senses... thrills... awakens love. Use Irresistible Perfume and your heart will beat faster with joy as you find yourself the center of an admiring group. Your friends will envy your strange new power over hearts!

Try all the IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS... each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Be irresistible tonight... buy Irresistible Beauty Aids today. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.



**"DARK-EYES"**  
"Swim or Cry" -- NEVER FADES OR RUNS  
PERMANENT DARKENER for Eyebrows and Eyelashes  
Absolutely Safe... Not a Mascara... One Application lasts 4 to 5 weeks. Trial size, 25c. Reg. size, 12 Applications, \$1.  
Name.....  
Address.....  
"DARK-EYES" LAB., Dept. 19-B 412 Orleans St., Chicago, Ill.

**BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR**  
and look 10 years younger

Here is a safe and approved method. With a small brush and BROWNTONE, you tint those streaks or patches of gray, or faded or bleached hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black.

Over twenty-three years success. Don't experiment. BROWNTONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair - active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Easily and quickly applied - at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNTONE is economical and lasting - it will not wash out. Imparts desired shade with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" - cover every need.

BROWNTONE is only 50¢ - at all drug and toilet counters - always on a money-back guarantee.

It was Enrico Caruso, then the world's greatest tenor!

"Here," he went on, turning Rosa to face the astonished guests, "here is a voice which will be heard in the Metropolitan in two years!"

SIX months later, Rosa and Enrico scored a smashing success in Verdi's popular "Forza del Destino."

The afternoon that Caruso ran to Rosa and predicted her success had done more for the self-effacing, poor Italian girl than all the exhortations and demands of Carmela had ever been able to do. The magnetic, fascinating personality of Caruso fired Rosa's dreams of success.

Miraculously had come to Rosa the man who could bring out all the instinctive music in her soul, who could wring dry her hidden emotional qualities and force them into song. Her debut came in the autumn of 1921.

That season when Rosa and Enrico, the one just finding herself, the other at the very pinnacle of fame, sang for the Metropolitan was the most successful in the history of American Grand Opera.

The following spring, the season finished, Rosa looked ahead to a future which held only the brightest of hopes. Her cup of happiness was now filled to overflowing, for Carmela also had been engaged by the Metropolitan.

The picture now was completely reversed. Rosa, for so long the lesser half of the sister team, became the business woman who refused to sign another contract which did not include Carmela, a custom which prevails even today.

WHILE Rosa was still lost in dreams of success and visions of future triumphs with the man who had fired her artistry, Caruso fell ill and died without warning.

After the mass had been sung that fall in Meriden, Rosa plunged back in her work. The latent possibilities which Caruso had stirred began to develop of their own accord. Shocked by her sudden, irreparable loss, she found that she no longer needed encouragement, guiding, prompting. She stood alone, ready to face the future courageously.

Rosa began laying plans for the family. Her mother, whose long years of toil had made her an old woman before her time, acquired a servant. The coal and wood business which had supported the family by its meager profits became mysteriously prosperous. A new house built secretly in the new part of town was to be a surprise for Mama Ponzillo.

As though another blow were needed, Mama Ponzillo died a few weeks before she could be moved into the new brick home in the nicer part of town. Once more Rosa went sorrowfully back to Meriden, this time to sing mass in her mother's Italian church.

But Rosa had learned that life must be devoted to work. She returned to the stage and her public, and sang with a voice that had become richer, more sympathetic and which held a new note. She had found her real happiness in songs she thought she couldn't sing.

**\$3,500.00 CASH PRIZE**

**To Be Given to Some Man or Woman**

There is a concern in Cincinnati, Ohio, that will again award \$3,500.00 to some ambitious man or woman who answers their announcements... as part of their publicity program. Some people say that generally such big prize money is spent foolishly.

To prove they are wrong, Ernie Miller asks this question: "What Will YOU do with \$3,500.00 if YOU win it?" He will pay a \$250.00 Cash Prize for the best answer to this question... and by sending your answer you will also qualify immediately for the opportunity to win this big \$3,500.00 Cash Prize in the final \$6,000.00 cash prize distribution. Details of this plan will be sent to you at once.

There is no way you can lose anything. There are no strings tied to this offer. This concern is reliable. There is nothing to buy or sell to win the \$250.00 Cash Prize. This offer closes March 30, 1935. Duplicate prizes in cases of ties. Simply take a penny postcard and write Mr. Miller today. Tell him in 20 or less, plain, simple words... the answer to this question: "What WILL YOU DO with \$3,500.00 if YOU win it?"

Thousands of people have already won prizes from this Company amounting to over \$32,512.00 during the past year. Now, YOU may be the next to win big money! Just send answer, name and address to Ernie Miller, Prize Mgr. Dept. R-207BB, Cincinnati, Ohio. It costs you nothing. Act now! WIN a big prize!

**GET THIS BANJO**  
New improved Banjo Beauty. You will be delighted with the "Old Time" tone of this lovely instrument. With 6-minute instruction Book we send along, you can learn to play without lessons. Send No Money. Just name and address with 27 pks. Garden Seeds to sell at 10¢ pk. When sold return \$2.70 collected and we will send "Old Time" Banjo and instruction Book. No more money to pay. WRITE TODAY. A Post Card will do.  
LANCASTER COUNTY SEED CO., Station 15, Paradise, Pa.

**Women! Earn up to \$22 in a Week!**  
**SNAG-PROOFED HOSE**  
WEARS TWICE AS LONG!  
SHOW FREE SAMPLES

**Easy! Call on Friends**  
Yes! RINGLESS Silk Hosiery that resists SNAGS and RUNS, and wears twice as long! Patented process. Now hosiery bills cut in half! Every woman wants SNAG-PROOFED. Show actual samples here we'll send you, FREE. Take orders from friends, neighbors. No experience necessary.  
**Your Own Silk Hose FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE**  
Make big money in spare time - easy. Rush name at once for complete equipment containing TWO ACTUAL FULL SIZE STOCKINGS. Everything FREE. Send no money - but send your hose size. Do it now.

American Hosiery Mills, Dept. G-18, Indianapolis, Ind.

**8 INCHES OFF HIPS**

"Beauty Mold reduced my hips from 43 to 35 inches. I look 10 years younger. No fat bulges - clothes fit perfectly. I feel fine." Grace Blair, Akron, O.  
Beauty Mold instantly improves your appearance, corrects bad posture, reduces waistline as well as hips, restores youthful lines as fat vanishes.  
Loose, fallen abdominal muscles go back where they belong. Gentle massage-like action increases elimination and regularity in a normal way without use of harsh, irritating cathartics. You look and feel years younger.

**SENT ON TRIAL** Let us prove our claims. No obligation. Write today for trial offer.  
**Landon & Warner** 360 N. Michigan Ave. Dt. Hr. 15 Chicago, Ill.



## What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 39)

return all manuscripts unopened. Admirers may think this a cruel procedure, but law suits are too expensive to risk.

**SOME MIKE MANNERISMS:** Ted Husing, before his time on the air, strides back and forth mumbling to himself. In his right hand is a stop watch. He doesn't waste a second of his allotted minutes. Nino Martini mee-mee-mee's waiting for Andre Kostelanetz to finish an overture.

**THE first lady of the land** is broadcasting regularly once more, and she has a sponsor. For those who wonder what she does with her pay checks, let it be known that she sends the money promptly to a charitable institution in Pennsylvania, for the schooling of poor children.

**FRANK BLACK**, genial NBC musical director, has been in the habit of composing while riding about New York in taxicabs. The news leaked out to the drivers who immediately began lining up one Saturday night for the privilege of hacking him home. As Black leaped nimbly into the back seat, the cabbie turned around and asked: "What you writing tonight, Mr. Black, a sonata or a rhumba?"

**ABOUT LOVE:** Mario Braggiotti, piano duo celebrity, paying ardent attention to **Rosemary Lane**, heard with **Fred Waring**, took to riding in Central Park with the young lady. The other day he did a Prince of Wales, the medicos having the pleasure of tapping two of Mario's ribs for him. The only other injury reported was to his dignity. He hasn't been able to sit down for a week. . . . Another little Baker is momentarily expected in the home of the **Phil Bakers**. The former **Peggy Cartwright** has been in Miami awaiting the blessed event. . . . Sir Stork also hovers above the **O'Keefes'** chimney as we go to the printers. Mrs. O'Keefe is of the musical comedy stage and was **Roberta Robinson**. . . . **Frank Parker** may give up his much adored bachelordom for **Dorothy Martin**.

**ANOTHER** Central Park event was the arrival of **Al Kavelin** and his band from Detroit at the new "Tavern-on-the-Green" night club, built in competition with the Central Park Casino, scene of **Eddie Duchin's** rise to fame.

**CHERUBIC** Alexander Woolcott, a living testimonial to the virtues of Cream of Wheat, has gone commercial with a vengeance. The sophisticated man of letters overlooks no opportunity of putting in a plug for his sponsor and his own book, "While Rome Burns." Whole pages of his best seller have been incorporated in his broadcasts. Of course he has a perfect right to use it

# SKINNY? ADD 5 TO 15 LBS. QUICK—THIS NEW EASY WAY!

**N**OW there's no need to be "skinny" and lose your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh, alluring curves—in just a few weeks!

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm attractive flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear radiant skin, glorious new pep.

## Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, **Ironized Yeast**, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take pleasant little **Ironized Yeast** tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

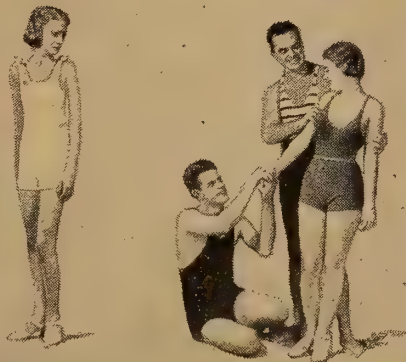
## Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new **Ironized Yeast** should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

## Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely **FREE** offer. Purchase a package of **Ironized Yeast** at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. Sold by all druggists. **Ironized Yeast Co., Inc.**, Dept. 222, Atlanta, Ga.

## NO MORE POOR "SKINNY" GIRL



Posed by professional models





**"I THOUGHT I'd go mad with the suffering I had to bear in secret!"**

That's the situation of the person who suffers from Piles!

Almost always in pain yet dreading to seek relief, because the affliction is such a delicate one. Yet no ailment is more needful of treatment than Piles. For Piles cannot only ruin your health and looks, but they can develop into something very serious.

Real relief for Piles is to be had in Pazo Ointment! Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching and checks any bleeding. What is more important, Pazo tends to correct the condition of Piles as a whole. This is because Pazo is threefold in effect.

First, it is *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *healing*, which repairs the torn and damaged tissues. Third, it is *absorbing*, which dries up any mucous matter and tends to shrink the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Pazo comes in two forms—in tubes and tins. The tubes have a special Pile Pipe for insertion in the rectum. All drug stores sell Pazo at small cost. Mail coupon for free trial tube.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.  
Dept. 33-Mc, St. Louis, Mo.

**FREE**

Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, trial size of PAZO Ointment.

NAME .....

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## Relieves Teething Pains Within 1 Minute

**WHEN** your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

**JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS**

**DR. HAND'S  
Teething Lotion**

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

as he sees fit, but a lot of listeners, turning readers because of his enticements to buy the book, are going to wonder what makes the volume so reminiscent.

### THE MONITOR MAN SAYS:

Eustace Wyatt, the radio actor, owns a pet shop on Madison Avenue, New York City. . . . Larry Taylor, of the Roxy Revue, once sang from Philadelphia, as Larry Tait. . . . Dorothy Atkins, singing on the new ABS (American Broadcasting System) is a niece of Paul Whiteman.

Colonel Stoopnagle is interested in a company manufacturing electric irons. . . . Gene Hamilton, from station WTAM, Cleveland, and Bill Bailey, who has been heard on every station in Philadelphia, are recent additions to NBC's staff of announcers. . . . Lucille Peterson, balladeer on George Gershwin's program, was prima donna of "The Greenwich Village Follies". . . . CBS now has the world's biggest network. Two stations were recently added, bringing the total up to 102.

Louis Hector, English actor who appeared in the "Crime Club" mysteries, is the new Sherlock Holmes. Richard Gordon, creator of the role on the air, quit because of salary differences. . . . Gladys Swarthout has a unique coiffure. Her hair is bobbed and curled in such a way as to encircle her head like a halo. . . . Lanny Ross has put on ten pounds since removing himself from the worries of Hollywood. Lanny, by the way, is piqued at Paramount, and is seeking cancellation of his contract.

Ray Noble, the English composer-conductor who was barred as an alien from leading the orchestra at the Rainbow Room in Radio City, is writing songs for Bing Crosby. . . . Maestro Don Voorhees raises Scotties. . . . Risa Stevens, contralto heard on the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre, made her debut at the age of ten on a children's program. . . . Rudy Vallee never heard a radio until after he made his own debut on the air.

Columbia Broadcasting happily announces two new stars: Donald Novis, switching from Colgate, is now on Borden's Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood, and Eddie Cantor, beginning February 3rd, will be sponsored by Pebecco Toothpaste.

## How Love Came to Jessica Dragonette

(Continued from page 21)

fever-pitched, on her birthday, he sent her some lovely roses, and signed the card! "May I please meet you?" it read. "If you don't care to see me again, I promise to drop out completely. But do give me a chance. I'll come up after your next broadcast. John—"

What did Jessica do? Well, what would you have done, or any other young, healthy, eager miss? That Friday night she dressed in her lovely white evening gown with more than

# AMAZING TYPEWRITER BARGAIN

**New Remington Portable  
only 10c a day**



**10-DAY  
FREE TRIAL OFFER**  
Only 10c a day buys this latest model machine. Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. Not an incomplete machine. A beautiful brand new regulation Remington Portable Standard 4-row keyboard; standard width carriage; margin release on keyboard; back spacer; automatic ribbon reverse; every essential feature found in standard typewriters. Carrying case free. Lowest prices in history. . . . absolutely the biggest value ever offered! Try it in your home or office 10 days free. If you do not agree that it is the finest portable at any price return it at our expense. Don't delay. We pay cost of shipment direct from the factory to you. You save on the purchase price, you don't risk a cent. Write now!

**FREE TYPEWRITER COURSE**  
Write Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 184-2, Buffalo, N. Y.



**Start \$1260 to  
\$2100 a Year**

MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Many Winter examinations expected. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and pointers telling how to get them.  
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Dept. L-231  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



**LEARN TO PLAY  
PIANO  
BY EAR\***

NO NOTES—NO SCALES—NO EXERCISES/

COURSE

If you can whistle, sing or hum—you have Talent. Let a popular radio pianist train your hands in THIRTY DAYS. TEN LESSON METHOD sent postpaid for \$1.00 or pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. NOTHING MORE TO BUY. Be your own TEACHER! Results Guaranteed. Accordion charts included free.

MAJOR KORD  
Dept. M-3  
Del Rio, Texas

**COMPLETE**

# Gray Hair

## Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



Let me tell You how I Got Rid of  
**PIMPLES**  
AFTER SUFFERING for 15 YEARS

I know what it is to suffer the embarrassment of unsightly skin caused by pimples. I, too, know that for years I tried nearly everything to get rid of them. I now know the joy of a clear skin brought about by an easy-to-use home treatment.

**A POSTCARD BRINGS THIS BOOK**

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usual care; every spun-gold strand of hair shone in place; her face flushed soft rose from excitement.

**Q**UITE apart from the crowd of fans waiting to catch a glimpse of her stood a tall, slim, vibrant young man. Very straight and serious he stood, his fine dark eyes taking in every move of Jessica's. His dark hair was unruly, the kind a woman loves to run her fingers through. Luminous black eyes seemed to burn into hers when their glances met.

It wasn't necessary to be introduced. It was as if an electric shock had passed between them.

Lunch together the next day began their acquaintanceship. Jessica learned the young man was an architect, a very successful one. And how much in common they both had! A love of music, of art, of singing and dancing and the theatre. Common ideals and desires. Though he had fallen in love with her voice, the sweet, impetuous, eager young soul that lay concealed behind the poised and calm exterior of little Jessica Dragonette was more lovely than any dream imaginable.

For awhile it was heaven. Once a week, usually on Saturday nights, or twice a week, whenever she could break away from her work, Jessica and John went out together. To museums, to shows, to concerts, for a drive in the country, or a brisk walk, then dinner at some quiet inn off the beaten path, where they could sit and talk for hours.

But Paradise only lasted a few months. For Jessica noticed that John was frightfully jealous of everything she did, of everyone she knew, even of her work. "Though John agreed that to be a real artist I needed hours of practice and study, he was dreadfully disappointed when I couldn't see him more often.

"It got so I hated to answer his phone calls, hated to hear that disappointed note creep into his voice. I hated to watch his face when I said I couldn't come out because I had to rehearse."

Then something else happened. If you know Jessica at all personally, you'll understand this, for she's the sweet, soft, feminine clinging-vine type externally that every man loves to carry off and protect.

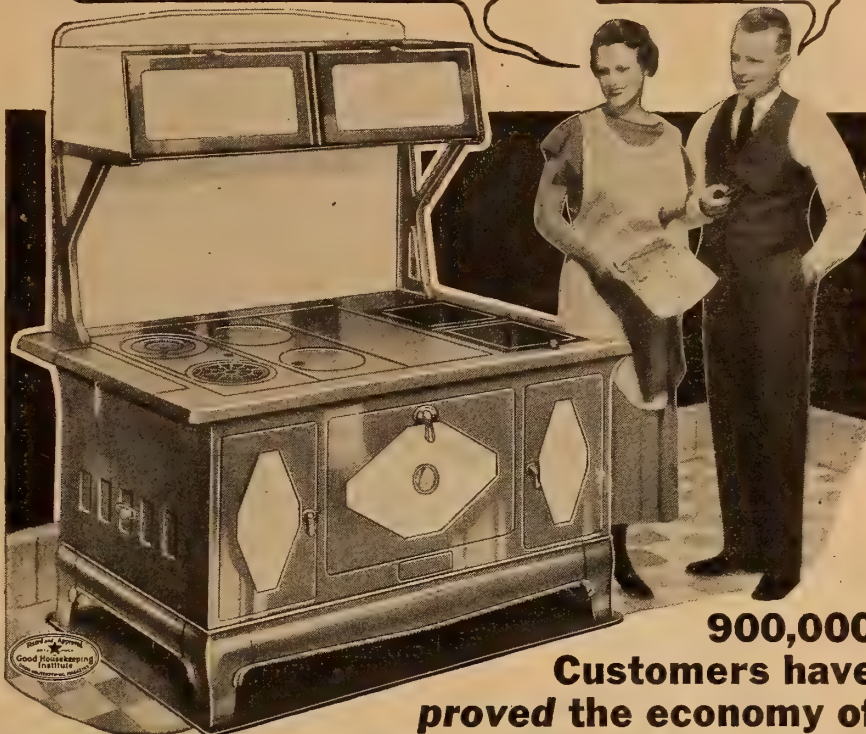
John was no exception. No luke-warm sweetheart he. If Jessica as much as smiled at another man, there was a scene, a one-sided scene, for Jessica refuses to argue.

**I**T was the sending of an innocent photograph to a fan, somewhere in Montana, that ended her dreams, suddenly, that made her blot John out of her life completely and irrevocably.

One day John dropped in to see her for a few minutes when Jessica was autographing photographs for fans. It was the first time he had seen her doing this. "You're not going to send signed pictures out to those strange men, are you?" he demanded. "Certainly you can't let college boys you never saw, ignorant men, jail birds even, handle your photographs. Why... it's impos-

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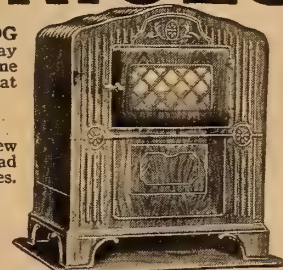
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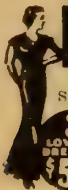
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# STUART'S

Calcium Wafers

sible. Remember, you are going to be my wife."

"For the rest of the afternoon we discussed this," Jessica told me in a choked voice. "I remember I was wearing a little red hat, and it sat cockily on the top of my head. The more disturbed I got, the higher it shifted, till by the end of the afternoon most of my hair was exposed. But I managed to keep calm and hold onto my temper."

"I've got to send these pictures, John," I explained. "Remember, this is my work, and these people have looked forward to getting my photograph. I want them to have it."

"You needn't tell me you need a girl's photo to enjoy her singing," John said. "I never had your photo, and I fell in love with you."

"I can't disappoint these people," Jessica countered. "Oh, John, please understand. I've simply got to sing. My singing has always come first, since I was a little girl and the nuns looked askance upon my dreams of a stage career. Then I hugged the thought of some day being a singer to my heart: it was the only thing that was my own. Please help me."

Finally, John seemed convinced, and promised that he would be more understanding. "But, thank God," he added, "when we are married, you won't need any more of this. Then I'll have you all to myself."

With a start, Jessica realized what she should have suspected all along, but had refused even to consider. John expected that when they were married, she would give up her singing, completely, entirely. That she would be plain Mrs. John—

Though she had given in to him on almost every other point, when it came to her voice, she was firm. She must sing, or she would die.

So she gave John up, said goodbye to him although her heart was breaking. "Once I made up my mind, I never saw him again," she told me. "It was much better that way. Since we couldn't agree, why prolong the torture? Each meeting would have been like opening up the wound afresh."

Don't think it was easy. There were sleepless nights when she tossed around on her pillow, praying for the dawn, for strength to keep from phoning John, from writing him. It was as if part of her had been torn away, and life was left suddenly desolate and bare.

But today, there is no bitterness in her about this first great love of her life. I say first, for I believe it impossible that a girl as warm and lovable and fine as Jessica should let love and life pass her by. Time heals all wounds, and even now there are young men prancing around who'd like to carry Jessica off, and keep her forever and forever. Not that I blame them—

But some day a young man will come along who will see eye to eye with Jessica on this matter of a career. He will realize that her singing is just as vital to her happiness as his work is to his. And then we'll hear wedding bells.

For Jessica Dragonette's program, The Cities Service hour, see page 53—8 o'clock column.

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Once in wonder while I show you a new way to smoke. LOOK! I take a beautifully emerald case from my vest pocket. I touch a magic button! There is a Spark... a Flame. Just one motion... the pressure of one finger delivers a LIGHTED cigarette to my lips. I PUFF and SMOKE! No matches or separate lighters necessary.

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## The Untold Story of Radio's Really Unique Broadcast

(Continued from page 19)

System's network, and that the true story of the program had never been written. I learned much more. For instance:

Edward D'Anna, as a boy of twelve, played in one of the English court's drum-and-bugle corps, and as a trumpeter stood at attention for taps at the funeral of Queen Victoria! His father, a bandmaster in the English army, came to Buffalo as instructor of music for the two children of the town's first millionaire.

Edward, himself, came on a visit, but remained as the first music teacher in the public school system of Buffalo. Later, he moved to Niagara Falls at the request of the high school principal there. At Bowman's insistence, he left his public instruction and became the director of the band nine years ago.

Listening to the band, have you realized that it has been in existence over twenty-five years, becoming famous fifteen years ago as the Shredded Wheat Band? That even in the days when it toured the country, winning band tournaments, the standing of its members, men in the factories around Niagara Falls, was purely amateur?

Hearing the deep boom of the bass drum, were you conscious of the fact that the stick was wielded by Joe Torianno, for years the man in the circus who followed the late Lillian Leitzel in all her acts? Nearly sixty and hard of hearing, Joe is still pounding away, full of the tales of the center ring and the days when Charlie and John Ringling were the greatest showmen in the world.

Joe traveled around the world with Lillian, the only drummer Ringling's ever found who never missed one of the daring twists and turns of the famous feminine trapeze artist.

Another in the strange assortment of band members is a tall, slender, six-foot man of quiet and dignified bearing. He is Romeo Green, full blooded Iroquois Indian and first trombonist. Romeo's father was a trader back in the days when the English held the fort at Niagara Falls, and he got his name from selling green blankets to the British soldiers. Romeo shortened Green-blanket to Green, for the sake of convenience and harmony.

And, did you know that the band also boasts of two cost accountants, a lawyer, a senior in the state university, a factory foreman, two more full-blooded Indians, and a girl cornetist?

**T**HEN there's another unique feature of the program. Have you thrilled to the roar of the Falls as it came in your loudspeaker, midway in the broadcast? Listen to it and hear what is rapidly becoming radio's best known sound effect stunt.

Five years ago, Bowman suddenly decided that broadcasting the pounding and hissing of the Falls themselves would lend romance and authority to

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**Good Kidney Action Purifies Your Blood—Often Removes the Real Cause of Getting Up Nights, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains—Quiets Jumpy Nerves and Makes You Feel 10 Years Younger.**

**A** FAMOUS scientist and Kidney Specialist recently said: "60 per cent of men and women past 35, and many far younger, suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic pains and other troubles."

If poor Kidney and Bladder



Dr. T. J. Rastelli

### English Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance, Dr. T. J. Rastelli, Doctor of Medicine, Bachelor of Science, and Surgeon of London, England, recently wrote: "Without hesitation I am happy to pronounce Cystex one of the finest remedies I have ever met with in my long years of medical practice. Your formula is one which any fair-minded physician will at once recommend for its definite benefits in aiding treatment of many common Kidney and Bladder disorders. When Kidneys fail to function thoroughly and acids are permitted to accumulate, there obviously follows an irritated condition. The patient complains of scalding pain, backache, headache, indigestion, poor sleep, no appetite, nervousness, and an all-tired-out feeling. Cystex counteracts the excess acidity, relieving the uncomfortable sensations within a very short time and flushes out the Kidneys and Bladder. For men and women, Cystex is of importance in helping to regulate these important functions, and particularly since it is safe and harmless, I am delighted to lend my name to indorse so meritorious a prescription."—Signed, T. J. Rastelli, M. D.



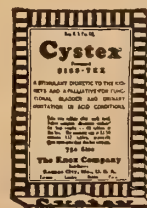
functions cause you to suffer from any symptoms such as loss of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Stiffness, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting or Itching Acidity, you can't afford to waste a minute. You should start testing the Doctor's Prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) at once.

Cystex is probably the most reliable and unfailingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It starts work in 15 minutes, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.

**Cystex**  
(Say Siss-Tex)

**It's  
Guaranteed**





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Send generous 7-day package Sem-Pray Creme. Include introductory package Sem-Pray Rouge and Face Powder FREE. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

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the program. If you've heard the roar and passed it off as a studio trick, you've made an error.

A microphone, carefully covered with silk to keep the spray and mist from it, is lowered seventy feet over the steep face of the falls, whence it picks up as realistic and musical a note as radio has discovered.

The most unusual feature of the broadcast is the actual studio in which the program is staged. Because nearly all the band members live near the Falls, Bowman has been unwilling to transfer the broadcasts to Buffalo, twenty miles away, where the station is located.

Instead, he has rented the ball room of a local hotel. The torn carpets, scratched chairs, tattered curtains, and smudged walls all seemed mysteriously a part of the program, the night I sat and watched the broadcast.

It is not like a visit to the modern, sound proofed, glass enclosed studios in New York where most of the CBS features are broadcast. No tickets have to be obtained; there are no page boys to guide you to your seat.

The room is half filled with children, young couples, middle aged people, a few brother Indians, two waitresses from the restaurant down below, and, at odd intervals, the chef in his white uniform, and the bartender in jacket and apron.

Bowman makes only one request of his audience before going on the air. He asks the guests not to talk out loud. Smoking, walking about, reading a book, leaving at any time, practically anything else, is allowed. No announcer stands up at intervals and frantically waves an applause card. The audience simply sits quietly, without hand clapping, as long as it wants, then gets up and walks out.

When the program is over, D'Anna taps his baton, his five feet of personal magnetism riveting the members of the band to attention, and announces rehearsal for the next morning. For six hours then every Sunday, they play over the pieces of the coming broadcast. Until an hour before actual show time next Saturday, the band is not called together again.

Yes, radio can take a lesson in unstudied informality and unpretentious entertainment from these amateur musicians for whom broadcasting is only a hobby. They are the ones who hold the secret of continued success on radio's really unique broadcast.

## GRACIE ALLEN IS REALLY SCARED TO DEATH!

Read this startling revelation in  
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I am willing to send one of these Lamps for 30 days' trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help me introduce it. Send in your name today—also ask for details of how you can get the **Agents Wanted** agency and without experience or capital make **BIG MONEY**.

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See moon and stars and people miles away. Gives new pleasure. Always ready. Given for selling only 27 packets of seed at 10¢ and returning money collected. Send no money, just write post card for seeds today. **LANCASTER CO. SEED CO., Sta. 128, PARADISE, PA.**

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Here's a chance to feel great again and win back that healthy joy of living. Take Rico-Brasil Mate. It picks you right up. Makes you feel like going places and doing things. Stimulates and helps to keep your system free from the poisons that slow you up.

Why feel tired and worn out when you can take Rico-Brasil Mate, the great South American invigorator. Improvement noticed in 24 hours. Endorsed by Doctors and Scientists. Month's supply for \$1.00 by mail postpaid with folder of facts. (Will send C. O. D. if preferred).

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## They Ate and Grew Slender

(Continued from page 45)

thing. She would, she resolved, be a suitably slim miss when she entered that Hollywood radio studio for her first broadcast with the handsome movie star, and stood before the critical eyes of filmdom's notables and the weekly audiences which were sure to crowd the studio.

Mental arithmetic told her that this could be accomplished only by the rapid loss of about twenty pounds, and ladies faced with a similar problem will agree heartily that at first glance that is no small order.

But Miss Williams is a young woman of considerable courage and the prospect of living a Spartan existence had no terrors for her. Her only problem was to find a suitable regimen.

"A singer's voice depends so largely upon her physical well-being and I have to be so careful in planning a reducing diet," she told me.

And then someone told Jane about Leah Ray, the lovely vocalist with Phil Harris' orchestra, who is generally conceded to be one of the fairest of radio's luminaries.

Denizens of Radio Row, who know the slim Leah today, tipping her bathroom scale every morning at a consistently pleasing hundred and nineteen pounds, would certainly never have recognized that same Leah Ray two years ago, when she joined the Harris band at California's famous Coconut Grove. Imagine anyone saying of the delectable Leah: "That girl can certainly sing—if she'd only thin down a bit."

Leah, then seventeen, and making what was virtually her first public appearance, weighed one hundred and fifty-nine pounds—a few more even than Jane did. Moreover, being several inches shorter than the Minneapolis girl, Leah had to lose more pounds to achieve the desired svelteness. But she did, and the circumstances which prompted her were by a strange coincidence strikingly parallel to those which impelled Jane to study calorie charts.

**L**EAH was visiting an uncle in California. The uncle heard that Phil Harris was looking for a girl vocalist. He persuaded Leah to audition and she stole the job from under the noses of corps of beauteous and experienced singers—provided, as Phil put it, she could "thin down" a little. It was as easy as that. Stardom overnight—but stardom with a capital "IF."

Like Jane, Leah did not hesitate about *what* to do, but *how* to do it. She declares that she hit upon the happy solution after analyzing diets of various sorts suggested to her by friends.

"I just doped it out myself," she assured me, and one has only to look upon her graceful, slender proportions to know that she did a good job of "doping it out herself"—so good a job that Jane in pretty much the same predicament, decided to adopt the identical method. And, happily, Jane is meeting with the same gratifying re-

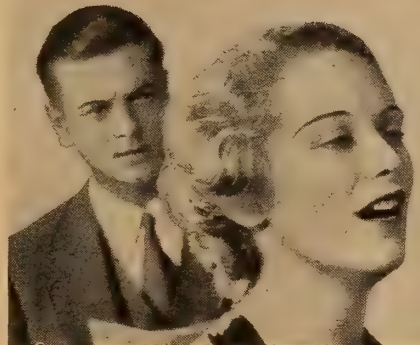
GLAMOUR!

ROMANCE!

BIG MONEY!

# RADIO

offers you these  
and more



# Broadcasting



Do you, too, want to get into Broadcasting—the big fascinating, glamorous industry of today? Do you want to earn good money? Do you want to have your voice brought into hundreds of thousands of homes all over the land? If you do, you'll read every word of this amazing opportunity.

For no matter where you live—no matter how old or how young you are—if you have talent—then here is a remarkable new way to realize your life's ambition. Broadcasting needs new talent—in fact, the demand far exceeds the available supply.

### Great Opportunity in Radio Broadcasting

Because Broadcasting is expanding so fast that no one can predict to what gigantic size it will grow in the next few years—Broadcasting offers unusual opportunities for fame and success to those who can qualify.

Think of it! Broadcasting has been taking such rapid strides that today *advertisers alone* are spending more than a hundred million dollars for advertising over the air. Think of the millions that will be spent next year, and the year after over more than 600 stations—think of the glorious opportunities for thousands of talented and properly trained men and women.

### Many Earn Good Money Quickly

Why not get your share of these millions? For if your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you can act, if you have any hidden talents that can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, perhaps you may qualify for a job before the microphone. Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how to turn your natural ability into money! But talent alone may not bring you Broadcasting success. You must have a thorough and complete knowledge of the technique of this new industry. Many a singer, actor, writer or other type of artist who had been successful in different lines of entertainment was a dismal failure before the microphone. Yet others, practically unknown a short time ago, have risen to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Because they were trained in Broadcasting technique, while those others who failed were not.

Yet Broadcasting stations have not the time to train you. That is why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting



**FLOYD GIBBONS**  
Famous Radio Broadcaster

are open to men and women who have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read how you, too, can prepare yourself quickly at home in spare time for your future in Broadcasting. Mail coupon now.

Start training now for one of the many good paying positions in this fast-growing field. Hundreds of opportunities as

Announcer  
Singer  
Actor  
Advertising  
Publicity  
Musician  
Musical  
Director  
Program  
Manager  
Reader  
Writer  
Director

success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique. It shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcast—gives you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting. Through this remarkable course, you can train for a good paying Broadcasting position—right in your home—in your spare time and without giving up your present position.

### Complete Course in Radio Broadcasting by FLOYD GIBBONS

A few of the subjects covered are: The Studio and How It Works, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice and Make It Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, The Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Dramatic Broadcasts, How to Build Correct Speech Habits, How to Develop a Radio Personality, Sports Announcing, Educational Broadcasting, Radio Publicity, Advertising Broadcasts, Program Management, and dozens of other subjects.

### Send for Valuable FREE Booklet

An interesting booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting. Let us show you how to qualify for a leading job in Broadcasting. Let us show you how to turn your undeveloped talents into money. Here is your chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send for "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" today. See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. No cost or obligation. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

**MAIL  
THIS  
NOW!**

Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting,  
Dept. 5B72, U. S. Savings Bank Building,  
2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.  
Without obligation send me your free booklet,  
"How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting,"  
and full particulars of your home study course.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....





Do you want to surprise your husband, too? Do you want him, all unsuspecting, to eat leftovers and love 'em? Send for the new Lea & Perrins' Recipe Book, just off the press. Of its 180 grand new recipes 40 utilize leftovers, magically transforming them into dishes *de luxe*—thanks to Lea & Perrins, the original Worcestershire, brings out the full flavor of food and gives the simplest recipe undreamed-of deliciousness. Get a bottle of Lea & Perrins today. And mail coupon below *now*—learn delightful new ways to prepare meat, fish, soups, sauces, salads, entrées, appetizers.

## LEA & PERRINS

*Sauce* THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

LEA & PERRINS, Inc.  
Dept. 192, 241 West St., N. Y. City  
Please send me *free* your new 48-page recipe book, "Success in Seasoning."  
Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

## THIS FRAME is FREE

with each PHOTO or SNAPSHOT ENLARGEMENT for only 98¢

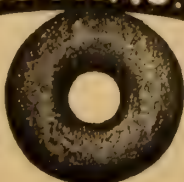


Simply send us your PHOTO, SNAPSHOT, or TINTYPE with your name and address and in about one week you will receive a BEAUTIFUL ENLARGEMENT completely framed in an Artistic 5 x 6 FRAME as illustrated. ENLARGEMENTS size 8 x 10 or 11 x 14 in attractive wall frame \$1.19.

ENLARGEMENTS 10x20 (containing) with colored Photo Button 80c. Send No Money! Just pay minimum price of enlargement desired plus postage. Or send price with order and we pay postage. (Foreign orders, send Photo today. You'll be delighted.) ALTON ART STUDIOS, Dept. 502-A, 455 N. Damen Ave., Chicago.

## Cash Daily Making Do-Nuts.

Big profits, steady work, cash daily, repeat sales—making delicious, electric-baked, greaseless Do-Nuts with the Ringer Electric Do-Nut Baker.



**NO CANVASSING.** Sell output to grocers, restaurants and drug stores. Steady repeat business, all cash, big profits you get 2 to 3 times your production costs. Only \$25 starts you—total investment less than \$60. Full equipment includes recipes for plain and fancy do-nuts. **FREE PLAN** shows how to start business at home in spare time. Send postcard today—no salesman will call, no obligation. RINGER DO-NUT CO.  
105 Main St. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

sults which rewarded Leah's fortitude. Here, for the benefit of those who mourn over unwanted avoirdupois, is the diet which worked the almost magic metamorphosis on the 'Misses Ray' and Williams:

### BREAKFAST

Grapefruit Coffee  
(without cream or sugar)  
**LUNCH**  
Tomato and lettuce, without dressing  
Hard boiled egg  
Dry Toast  
**DINNER**  
Grapefruit cocktail  
Lamb Chop One Slice of Tomato  
Cottage Cheese  
Dry Toast

And here is an alternate menu which can be rotated with the above to provide variety.

### BREAKFAST

Orange juice Black Coffee  
(mixed with juice of half a lemon)  
**LUNCH**  
Vegetable Soup  
(made without peas, beans or potatoes)  
One apple  
One glass skimmed milk  
Two saltines or one slice rye  
crisp toast  
**DINNER**  
½ slice lean broiled steak or roast beef  
carrots or spinach (no butter)  
1 slice fresh pineapple

AND that, ladies, is about all there is to it, if you can believe Leah and Jane. Having once achieved their desired weight, all they have to do to maintain it is to watch their respective steps in the matter of calories. Leah has it down to a fairly exact science; Jane has not yet reached that stage.

At dinner now Leah will take, for example, fish, eggs or some lean cut of meat, forswearing all starches, rich foods and cream in her coffee. She has figured that she will retain her slenderness as long as she limits herself to a total of seventeen hundred calories daily, but that is such an easy task that she keeps her calorie allowance on ordinary days down to about twelve hundred, so that when she wants to step out, she can put away a few hundred calories extra without any ill effects. She works the thing on the same principle as a college boy who saves his "cuts" so he can blow himself to a brief vacation when a propitious time arises.

Jane writing enthusiastically from Hollywood, says: "Imagine! Women pay all sorts of fabulous sums to have experts tell them what to eat so they will lose weight. Others starve themselves until they become ill. I've been lucky. The diet is working like a charm and I'm not hungry as long as I keep my mind off food. All it takes is a little perseverance and self control."



Courtesy of Chicago Daily News.

Look what we found in the family album! It's Amos 'n' Andy, alias "Sam and Henry," as they looked many years ago. Have you read the story? It starts on page 15.



## What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 54)

performance goes smoothly. Why should he inject his opinion of the act into our consciousness? It sounds so incongruous for an announcer, whose voice and diction betray his lack of culture to thank a celebrated artist, adding his patronizing, "That was really very beautiful, Mr. Performer." Some day I expect to hear a mere announcer thank President Roosevelt for a speech.

To be sure, there are exceptions among announcers. Whenever the voice of Milton Cross comes over the airwaves, I know that my intelligence will not be insulted, that his remarks will be an integral part of the program, fitting and constructive, and uttered in the well-bred diction of a gentleman.

Radio has performed such outstanding services to the education of the public, to say nothing of the wealth of artistic programs which it has bestowed impartially upon listeners far and near, rich and poor, that it seems ungrateful to offer criticisms; but it is just because I see its stupendous possibilities, that I dare add my protest of an opportunity missed.

HONORE BARNETT, Cleveland, Ohio.

### \$10.00 PRIZE

**B**Y turning a small gadget on a piece of furniture I can be in instant contact with the great world of Art, Literature, History, Politics, Health, Government, Architecture, Religion, International Affairs, Children's programs, and good, clean fun.

I can hear, at no expense, Grand Opera, our greatest singers, Tibbett, Ponselle, Swarthout, Thomas, in the most glorious music in the world, and, from my favorite rocking chair go to church in the great churches and cathedrals; can listen, entranced, to our President, King George, or to speakers in Europe and Asia; can hear the brilliance of Alexander Woollcott, the humor of Will Rogers, and voices from the Antarctic, the sky, the ocean. Then why should I consider the poor crooner, or swear at the nasal-yowler of "blues" or listen to tin-panny pianos or their ilk? All tastes must be considered in the universality of radio, and there is plenty of choice for all.

I'm for School for Announcers! With Mr. Edwin C. Hill at the head! At least they might use some good book on proper pronunciation as their conferees in England must do. There should be a commission on Radio advertising, to work much as the Federal Food and Drugs Act! We need less "horsefeathers."

FAY C., Louisville, Ky.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

**F**OR ten years I have been an ardent radio fan and whenever I turn my dial, inviting radio friends to enter my home, it's as if I were turning my door-knob and asking in personal friends.

Today's listeners want variety, and anyone should be able to find an enjoy-

## Fool-proof Chocolate Frosting



### EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FROSTING

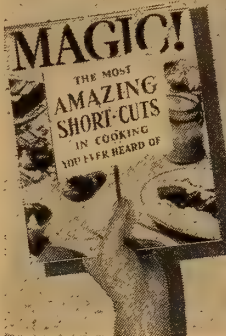
2 squares unsweetened chocolate

1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! Never too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls. ● But remember... Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



### FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie without cooking! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Shake-up Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Custards! Cookies! Quick Breads! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. MG25, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Print name and address plainly)

*Borden  
Quality*

able program. Just think of the drama, comedy, sports, educational features and fine music—all free for the dialing! Radioland should appreciate the fact that sponsors finance this entertainment, making advertising an essential part of radio. Let's stop howling about advertisers!

As constructive criticism, I think we need longer news broadcasts; fewer imitators; cleaner comedy; more programs by children, for their training as well as for our entertainment; and more national events, as talks by President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

Thinking persons realize that radio is not merely a means of amusement, but the one biggest educational vehicle of the modern world. Sponsors and producers should remember this fact

when selecting or building programs.

My favorite entertainment includes: Smackout Vic and Sade, Annette Hanshaw, Fred Waring, WLS Barndance and Sports Events.

Radio is our greatest benefactor of service to humanity. My radio is my favorite friend—and RADIO MIRROR, his shadow.

MRS. GILBERT BURR.  
Pleasant Hill, Mo.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

**T**HE topic of the day seems to be "What's Wrong With Radio?" Frankly, I think the only thing that's seriously wrong with radio is its listeners.

I came to that conclusion recently while spending three weeks in a home



# Constipated

Since Her Marriage



Finds Relief At Last-In Safe

## ALL-VEGETABLE METHOD

IT DATED from about the time she was married—her trouble with intestinal sluggishness, chronic tiredness, nervousness and headaches. Nothing gave more than partial relief until she tried a product containing a balanced combination of natural plant and vegetable laxatives, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). The first dose showed her the difference. She felt so much better immediately—more like living.

Your own common sense tells you an all-vegetable laxative is best. You've probably heard your doctor say so. Try NR's today. Note how refreshed you feel. Note the natural action, but the thorough cleansing effect. NR's are so kind to your system—so quickly effective in clearing up colds, biliousness, headaches. And they're non-habit forming. The handy 25 tablet box only 25c at any drug store.

**FREE** 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples **TUMS** and **NR**. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 119BZ, St. Louis, Mo.

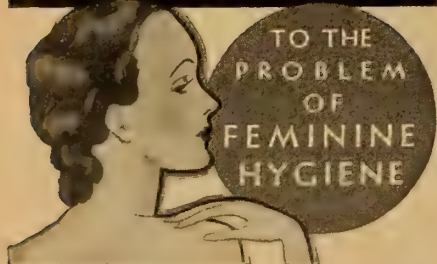
**Nature's Remedy** GET A **NR TO-NIGHT** TOMORROW ALRIGHT **25¢ BOX**

**"TUMS"** Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

## MEN & WOMEN for Institutions & Hospitals

• INEXPERIENCED & EXPERIENCED •  
FREE information regarding all kinds of positions practically everywhere, no why be unemployed? Write NOW enclosing stamp to Scharf Bureau, Dept. 2-48, 145 W. 45th, New York

## THE Answer



● To the perplexed woman seeking a dependable answer to the vital problem of personal hygiene, we advise BORO-PHENO-FORM. Known to the medical profession for more than forty years, it carries highest recommendations. Convenient—no water nor accessories required. Soothing; harmless—non-caustic; odorless; dependable. A boon to the mind and health of every married woman.

## Dr. Pierre's BORO-PHENO-FORM

● Try it now. Just send 10c and coupon for generous Trial Package.

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. B-11  
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me your Trial Package of BORO-PHENO-FORM, Directions and Enlightening Booklet. I enclose 10c.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



where the radio is tuned in endless hours without anyone actually listening to it or listening in a preoccupied manner at best. Radio soon became a sort of nerve-racking noise maker to my ears.

I enjoy my own radio just as much as I ever did because I use it sensibly. I tune in only when I have time to actually listen, just as if I were in a theatre. I take the time to write my favorite artists a word of commendation and suggestions. I make friends with them, so, to speak, and one does not become bored with interesting friends.

Radio is bringing the finest talent available into our homes where we may enjoy it free if we but learn the art of listening.

It may be that the listeners would appreciate a chance to select their entertainment through a try-out plan; for new talent once a week. Mr. and Mrs. John Public, how would you like that plan?

MISS ALDINE WAYNE, Chicago, Ill.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

IN a country as large and as cosmopolitan as ours it is a difficult problem to arrive at a decision as to just what constitutes a good radio program. A program that goes over good in the city may lose favor in the country or vice versa. The so-called "wise-cracking" humor may be understood in one section of the country and not in another. Music is probably the safest form of entertainment. By this I do not mean the high class operatic music or yet the rag-time. I think a happy medium is struck by such leaders as Paul Whiteman, Fred Waring and others of this type. Also variety programs, such as the Fleischmann Yeast hour is, I might call a "safe bet". In this type of program it is not necessary to tune out the station if you do not like a certain feature as in a few minutes it will be over and something entirely different will take its place.

Granting that advertising is a necessary part of radio broadcasting there is a limit to how far it should go. The idea today seems to be to threaten or scare the public into using the particular article being advertised. If you don't use the product dire results are liable to follow. You will probably lose your teeth or your hair, your car will not run right or your family's health will fail. Must the listener be driven through fear into using something? Why can't we be told what it is for and how it is made, etc., and the rest left to us to prove through use whether it does its job or not?

Another fault with broadcasting today is repetition. This applies to music being repeated the same evening or day after day also to entertainers with a particular style of delivery which, heard week after week becomes monotonous. The radio listener is a faddist but a fad today very soon becomes a back-number. I might cite the "Prisoners Song" which was hammered out over the air so often that in a few months it was banned.

Keep up the good work, RADIO MIR-

**DO YOU SUFFER FROM**

# PSORIASIS?

**IF SO, WRITE FOR BOOKLET ON SIROIL!**

Don't delay. This relief has accomplished wonders for men, women and children who have been chronic sufferers from psoriasis. Siroil applied externally to the affected area causes the scales to disappear, the red blotches to fade out and the skin to resume its normal texture. Siroil backs with a guarantee the claim that if it does not relieve you within two weeks—and you are the sole judge—your money will be refunded. Write for booklet upon this new treatment. Don't delay. Write at once.

## SIROIL LABORATORIES INC.

1214 Griswold St., Dept. G-2 Detroit, Mich.

Please send me full information on Siroil—the new treatment of psoriasis.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**5¢ EACH**

## LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

Send postcard for our free catalogue. Thousands of bargains. Address: **LITTLE BLUE BOOK CO., Catalogue Dept., Desk 295, Girard, Kansas.**

## CREDIT Given on FRUIT TREES, SHRUBS VINES, BULBS, Etc....

Small down payment books order. Easy terms on balance. Peach trees, low as 5c. Grapevines 3c, ornamental shrubs 10c. Evergreens 25c. **WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG.** Benton County Nursery Co., Box 615, Rogers, Ark.

## REDUCE—You Can EASILY

In this book "How to Reduce Weight," Bernard Macfadden gives you the complete regime for weight reduction including full dietary instruction, actual menus, food classifications and reduction exercises. By all means send for it today. Price 50c postpaid.

MACFADDEN BOOK COMPANY, Inc.,  
Desk R.M.-2 1926 Broadway New York City

**IF YOU HAVE GRAY HAIR and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE.... then write today for my FREE TRIAL BOTTLE**

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Impartor for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair. **ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 24, LOWELL, MASS.**

**New Discovery!**

## Smooth Tex HOSIERY

"Anti-Catch" Triples Wear

**Opportunity To Earn \$32. Weekly**

Big Money easily earned demonstrating this amazing new silk Hosiery. All loose, fuzzy silk threads are sealed smooth. Resists runs. Hose wears three times longer. Savors wearers money. Convincing unnecessary—just show to friends and neighbors. No investment in stock. We furnish elaborate demonstrating equipment, including 5 actual stockings. Without any experience you can start at once and make fine, steady income. Answer at once, giving hose size and color preference.

L. E. Wilkin, Employment Mgr.  
Dept. D-208, Columbus, Ohio

**Your Own Silk Hosiery FREE**



ROR, and give us lots of pictures of the people we hear over the air.

FRANK PARKS,  
Richmond, Hill, New York.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**

ONE of the most constructive suggestions for improving the radio that I can offer is to decrease the number of stations on the air.

During the day the stations are very clear, but during the evening it is becoming almost impossible to tune out some stations so that others may be heard.

It is absolutely exasperating to tune in on Lowell Thomas, for example, and hear, instead, some romantic tenor telling us that "Love Is Love Anywhere."

It seems to me that as long as WJR is on the blue network with WJZ, the National Broadcasting Company would make sure that WJR does not drown WJZ out. A station which presents the splendid programs that WJZ does, should see to it that those programs can be heard. The Columbia Broadcasting System does the same thing. It is very seldom that I hear their programs without interference. Our local station drowns WABC out almost completely, which is no fault of CBS, but I cannot get their other stations very clearly either.

No, my radio is not at fault. My radio repair man tells me that interference is the most frequent complaint he gets. There are simply too many stations.

This interference isn't fair to either the broadcasters or the listeners. The sponsors pay for programs for people to listen to; the musicians and actors want to be heard, and the listeners want to hear them. Can't something be done?

MARGARET L. BRYDEN,  
Dunmore, Pa.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**

POOR health and poorer finances prevented me from finishing my education. This was a great blow until I discovered that radio, the greatest educator of all, affords free scholarships to all alert pupils. Thanks to its vast curricula, I was able to major in music appreciation, political knowledge, historical facts and colorful data concerning distant climes. My own pronunciation improved, as the result of listening to the flawless diction of many cultured speakers. My very outlook changed, ignorant intolerance broadening to sympathetic understanding of the so-called "foreigner" and his viewpoint.

Thus, in my own home, without financial expenditure and without stirring from a sick bed, I found the "pearl of great price," a complete and satisfying education of international scope. This experience, I know, must be duplicated by countless thousands, for radio is the "magic carpet" of a magic age, a year-round Santa Claus, bearing perpetual gifts of culture and entertainment. And so, fellow listeners-in, let us pause in our radio criticisms, if only long enough to offer a toast to radio, the greatest mechanical benefactor of any age.

CHARMIAN DAVIS,  
El Paso, Texas.

*Helping Millions to*

# END COLDS SOONER

**W**HEN a bad cold gets you down, just rub on Vicks VapoRub. It goes right to work to fight a cold *direct—two ways at once*. Through the skin it acts *direct* like a poultice or plaster. At the same time, its medicated vapors are inhaled with every breath *direct* to the inflamed air-passages of head, throat, and bronchial tubes. This combined action loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—helps break congestion.

Follow daytime treatments with an application at bedtime—to get the effect of VapoRub's powerful two-way medication through the night. Often by morning the worst of the cold is over.

## VICKS VAPORUB



(VapoRub is the foundation of Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. This unique Plan fully described in each Vicks package.)

**To Help PREVENT Colds**  
**VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**  
*for nose and throat*

Quick!—At the first nasal irritation, sniffle or sneeze—just a few drops up each nostril. Va-tro-nol aids the functions provided by Nature—in the nose—to prevent colds, and to throw off colds in the early stages.



## Hair Men Adore

*Fascinating Glints brought out in one shampoo!*

**D**ON'T let drab hair make you look tired and commonplace. A single Blondex shampoo will wake up radiant charm—will fluff your hair to new, enchanting softness. Blondex is not a dye or bleach. It's a glorious shampoo-rinse—made originally for blondes—but quickly adopted by thousands with dark and medium hair—who find it brings out gleaming lights and lustre like nothing else! Wonderfully cleansing, Blondex completely removes all hair-dirt and film. Your scalp feels gloriously clean, refreshed. Your hair is not only brighter, but healthier, too! Try Blondex now—it works magic. At all good drug and department stores. Two sizes, the inexpensive 25¢ package, and the economical \$1 bottle.

## NEW! SCIENTIFIC AERIAL

With the Dual Connection

The **DUAL CONNECTION**, a new feature exclusively our own, gives better distance and positive performance on all electric radios (pat. pend.). This aerial can be installed without tools by anyone in a minute's time. Goes right inside the radio completely out of view and it does not use any electric current. No climbing on roofs, etc.

### NO OSCILLATING OR WHISTLING

This **DUAL** type aerial uses a new scientific principle which completely eliminates this annoyance as commonly experienced on inside aerials. It also eliminates lightning hazards, unsightly poles, guy wires, etc. Enables the radio to be readily moved when desired. A complete aerial in itself—nothing extra to buy. Permanently installed and requires no adjustment. Ends aerial troubles forever.

**Try One 5 Days at Our Risk—More Distance and Volume**

- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00 for Scientific Aerial, prepaid. If not pleased will return after 5 day trial for refund.
- ☐ Check here if desired sent P.P. C. O. D. \$1.00 plus few cents postage.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

**\$1.00**  
Complete Postpaid



**National Laboratories** Dept. M., Fargo, N. Dak

Not an experiment, but fully tested. Many users report over 3,000 miles reception. Gives triple the volume over regular inside aerials on many sets. Guaranteed for 5 years. Distributors and dealers write for sales proposition.



## What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 54)

all the fun I'm having in living incognito. For a picture of Ozzie Nelson, address him at the Park Central Hotel, New York. As for those breaks in radio, you've just got to try and try. You never can tell when the break may come. But don't give up!

**Aaron D., Loyall, Ky.**—Bob Crosby is now singing with the Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra playing at the Palais Royal in New York. If you've tuned in on your National Broadcasting station these Sunday evenings, I'm sure you've heard that Joe Penner is back on the air.

**Miss Julie V., New York City**—Lanny Ross has just one brother whose name is Winston, no sisters and his parents are both living. When Lanny isn't in Hollywood making a picture, he lives in an apartment near the National Broadcasting studios.

**Betty S., Bakersfield, Calif.**—You wanted to know all about Eddie Duchin whose fine music intersperses Ed Wynn's program: Eddie is 24 years old and looks it. Graduated from Pharmacy College, Boston, in '29 but decided to dispense rhythm instead of medicines and he sure can make a piano talk. His first job was playing the piano in Leo Reisman's orchestra. In between numbers instead of going out for a smoke, Eddie would just sit at the piano and play at random. His solos soon became a feature attraction. When Reisman stepped out, Duchin organized his own orchestra. He is one of radio's youngest band leaders. I'm glad you like Eddie. Address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City.

**Averil C., Salem, Ohio**—You're indeed welcome to anything I can do for you. Address your letter to Ray Heatherton in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York.

**Thekla H., Geronimo, Texas**—The cast of One Man's Family is as follows: Henry Barbour, the father is portrayed by J. Anthony Smythe; his wife, Fanny Barbour, is played by Minetta Allen; the eldest son, Paul is played by Michael Raffetto. Hazel the oldest daughter is portrayed by Bernice Berwyn. Then come the twins, Clifford and Claudia, played by Barton Yarborough and Kathleen Wilson. The youngest member of the Barbour family is Jack, played by young Billy Page. Then there is Beth Hawley, the youthful widow, played by Barbara Jo Allen; Patricia Hunter, played by Dorothy Scott. Winifred Wolfe plays the lovable little girl, Teddy. Judge Hunter is played by Charles MacAlister; Johnny Roberts by Frank Provo; and Danny Frank is Cameron Prudhomme.

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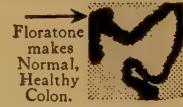
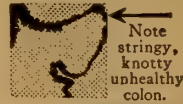
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## Meet Sam Hayes, The Richfield Reporter

(Continued from page 11)

NBC from San Francisco. In order to make extra money he worked for a stock and bond house and put over one of the largest stock deals in San Francisco history when he sold a former newspaper owner \$350,000 in securities all at once. The enthusiasm which caused him to make the sale was also his downfall, for he invested in stocks himself and was caught during the latter part of the year—1929.

After the crash, early in 1930, two men called him within a few minutes. "You ought to be an announcer," they said. "Hop over to KTAB and get a job—there's one open."

He went right on.

In 1931 the Richfield Oil Company started the "Everyone Loves a Fighter" campaign. Sam found himself giving a two minute "fight" talk five times a week for ten weeks. Then the Richfield Reporter was born. Sam was offered the job. He named his price, lost. He returned to San Francisco. Richfield tried five men in the course of about a month, and finally summoned him back. He began his work as the Richfield Reporter on May 4, 1931—and has been at it ever since without the least let-up. He is on the air for fifteen minutes six nights a week, Saturday being omitted.

**HAYES** proudly displays letters from every state in the union.

"One interesting experience which I had was the broadcast of the fall of a political czar in New Zealand, where I have a lot of listeners," he related.

"I later received a letter from a man stating that I had acquainted him and many of his friends with the occurrence before he had had a chance to read of it in his local newspaper."

For years, theatres in Honolulu opened their doors at a certain time. When Hayes went on the air, managers

## LAST MINUTE FLASHES FROM THE NEWS

Lanny Ross has been thrown overboard! His sweetheart of the air—and if their romance was only a studio trick, thousands of listeners fell for the gag—has announced her engagement to Fred Hufsmith. Muriel Wilson appeared in NBC studios the first week of December with a diamond solitaire sparkling on the right finger . . . Radio City Party broadcasts are the latest to join the ranks of searchers for new talent. Hereafter the RCA Radiotron Company will present what they hope will turn out to be microphone Stars of the Future. Two new contestants for the honor of first prize will appear each week. . . . The O'Flynn! It's Irish, it's musical, it's thrilling! Or so say advance notices. It began early in December and you can hear it Friday nights at 10:30, by the courtesy of Standard Oil of New Jersey. William Janney, writer and producer of "The Vagabond King" is the author of the operetta. William Bacher, originator of "The Showboat" is on hand every week to direct the staging.

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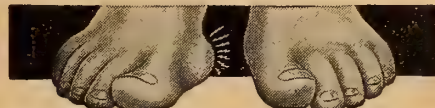
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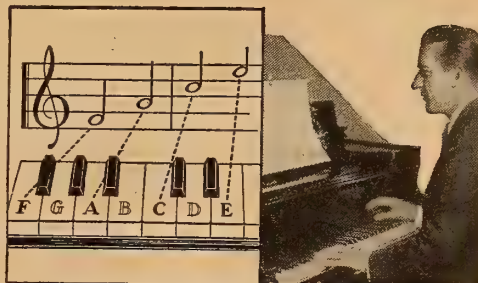
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noticed that nobody came to their shows until after a certain time. Investigation resulted in the discovery that the customers were staying home to listen to Hayes. Some solved the problem by opening their houses later. Others installed radios.

Hayes once read a letter from a man named Rougier on the Christmas Islands. He received a communication from the man's father, who owned the islands, asking him to tell his son that a special ship was docking a few days later with a cargo which would surprise the people of the islands. Hayes did so, thus establishing almost in a minute communication between father and son.

If you want a look at him, you'll be able to see him announce the president in "The President Vanishes"; announce the race of the Silver Streak in "The Silver Streak"; and the horse race in "Broadway Bill," all motion pictures which at this writing have been previewed but not yet released.

It is 10:15 p. m. Sam reads his last news dispatch, lays aside his manuscript.

"Well, that's 30 for tonight, friends. This is the Richfield Reporter, Sam Hayes, speaking. I'll see you tomorrow night at ten o'clock. Good night, all. And don't forget, Hi-Octane!"

## Orphan Boy

(Continued from page 35)

He finally arrived, he and his unknown band, unsung and unheralded. Only weeks of constant, determined seeking finally landed them a spot on a local radio station.

It was then, after his first broadcast, flushed with the sweet taste of success that he met Lillian at the hotel where he was staying. It needed only one more meeting and Freddy knew what had happened to him. He was in love! Lack of fame and lack of money held the impatient maestro in check just so long. Then he could wait no longer. He sent Lillian a telegram one day which read,

"Listen to second and third numbers on program and answer." Puzzled and curious, Lillian listened. Came the low wailing of a baritone sax, Freddy was playing, "I Love You," and "Will You Be Mine?"

The answer was delivered before he was out of the studio.

"The music is swell and the answer is yes."

They made what was and still is radio's most romantic couple. Freddy knows that it is the biggest thing that ever happened to him, this marriage to the one girl in all his life he has ever loved. He still can't believe that such a girl as Lillian can really care for a man with so little background.

Lillian, in turn, knows how lucky she was to get Freddy when she did. Since he has been installed at the hotel, women completely lose their hearts to him as he stands straight and poised at the head of his orchestra, tapping out the rhythm of his soul.

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Your health, your strength, your success, your happiness depends upon the state of your nervous system. You can't be right and be nervous. The remedy is simple and easily applied. Just common-sense rules—that's all. You'll enjoy practicing Mr. Macfadden's course and the benefit will be immediate.

**Send No Money**

Just pay postman \$2.00 plus few cents' postage. Then examine for five days. If at the end of that time you are not satisfied return the book and your \$2.00 will be returned. Postage prepaid on all cash orders. Foreign or Canada, cash with order. The small price of this book also includes a 1 year's subscription for Physical Culture Magazine in the United States only.

**MACFADDEN BOOK CO., Inc.**  
Desk RM-2 1926 Broadway, New York City

**Doctors Say There's Nothing Better for Hair and Scalp Than a Counter-Irritant**

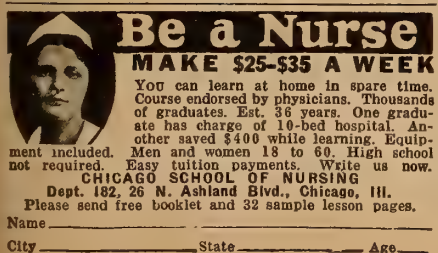
If your hair is fast disappearing from temples and crown and you're threatened with premature baldness, get busy tonight with Japanese Oil, the antiseptic counter-irritant.

It's amazing how this famous scalp treatment cleans out dandruff and accumulations that choke your scalp pores—how it stimulates circulation in the scalp to nourish starved hair roots.

Get a bottle of Japanese Oil without delay. Today is none too soon to start warding off premature baldness. Japanese Oil costs but 60c. Economy size \$1.

**FREE:** A Booklet entitled "The Truth About the Hair." Write National Remedy Co., 56 W. 45th St., New York City. Dept. 24 C.

**JAPANESE OIL**



**Be a Nurse**

**MAKE \$25-\$35 A WEEK**

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 36 years. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved \$400 while learning. Equip. Men and women 18 to 60. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Write us now.

**CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING**  
Dept. 182, 26 N. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

and old maids, flock around him between numbers, asking for autographs, hinting at making dates with him.

If I can't tell you more about Freddy at this time, you can blame it on the buzzer at his desk. It sounds, when he rings it, exactly like the bell in the front office, and while we talked, he continually pushed it. The poor office boy, fooled by the sound, was rushing to the front door every five minutes, to see who could be calling.

I would like to say that Freddy has only three great passions in life. Lillian, his baby, and music.

But Freddy also has a passion for spending money. It is a well known fact that without a business manager he would have no dollars at all. He simply cannot keep money. It burns holes in his pocket before he realizes it.

On the Q. T., Lillian told me that he takes any kind of a business offer very seriously. And, she added with a grin, she likes nothing better than to disguise her voice and get poor Captain Martin involved in a tedious telephone conversation. She asks him such things as the price of his band, and then will argue about it at length. Freddy, being the man of affairs at all times, never fails to fall.

While the background of his childhood is slowly, day by day, fading away, there yet remains with him a certain wistfulness and deep understanding that is not often the good fortune of the very young. He remains unspoiled, in spite of his success and the many women who dote on him.

## Say, You Can't Do That!

(Continued from page 17)

Fred Allen program dialogue. It's out.

**O**F course there are some stars who pay no attention to protests if they consider them silly; or if they are isolated; or if by deleting the objectionable matter they might injure their programs. Some time ago, when I worked for Ed Wynn, I learned that the Fire Chief, some of whose best jokes are concerned with fat and thin people and old maids, is continually receiving letters of protest from the overweight, the underweight and the unmarried sisterhood. However, Wynn feels that he simply cannot sacrifice the comedy values of a proven funny type of joke to comply with what he considers silly demands.

Probably one of the funniest criticisms levelled at any star or stars... and one which did not result in a taboo... came as the anticlimax to a highly amusing series of incidents in which Molasses and January, already mentioned, were involved. The whole thing started when they innocently did the following joke on a recent Maxwell House Showboat program:

Molasses: Ah was walkin' through mah neighbor's backyard las' night and Ah stubbed mah foot on a piece of wood. An' when Ah seed dat wood ah knew it was exactly the piece of wood

(Continued on page 88)



## "ONE MAN'S FAMILY"

America's best-loved Radio Family

**Now Sponsors**

**Kentucky Winners**

... the milder cigarette that can't get stale

**H**ERE'S welcome news to millions of radio fans! "One Man's Family"—that interesting, lovable, human drama of American life—is now on the air from coast to coast for Kentucky Winners... the milder cigarette that CAN'T get stale.

To millions of men and women "One Man's Family" means an evening of entertainment and heart warming drama.

And to millions of men and women, Kentucky Winners mean perfect enjoyment and smoking pleasure. To begin with, Winners are the mildest, freshest cigarettes you ever smoked. They're made of the finest tobaccos. But in addition—and this is mighty important—each individual cigarette is made with moisture-proof paper. This remarkable paper SEALS IN the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. That means they can't dry out—can't become "dusty" and cause coughing. The tobacco remains moist and pliant. Made of the finest tobaccos. They can't stick to the lips or cause ugly yellow finger stains. For a fair trial—get a carton or at least three packs.

Listen in to

## "ONE MAN'S FAMILY"

Every Wed. Night—  
10:30 to 11:00 E. S. T  
**NBC — WEA F**  
and associated stations—Consult your local newspaper



**KENTUCKY WINNERS**



(Continued from page 87)



**Learn to Make  
\$40, \$60, \$75 a WEEK**  
*I'll train you at  
home in spare time*



**\$500 A Year in  
Spare Time**  
"Doing spare time Radio work only. I have averaged about \$500 a year in addition to my regular income. Full time Radio work would net me many times that amount." Edward H. Fawcett, Slough Rd., Ludner, B. C., Canada.



**\$6000 in 2 Years**  
"Soon after the depression started, I found myself without a job, but I was well protected with N. R. I. training. I swung right to full time Radio servicing and made over \$6000 in a little over 2 years." William Spartz, Sparty Radio Service, 93 Broadway, Newark, N. J.



**Nets about \$50 a Week besides Sales**  
"I have been getting along fine. I net about \$50 a week, not counting profits on sales. I have serviced almost every make of set and have earned more than I ever expected. I owe much to the N. R. I." Bernard Costa, 150 Franklin St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Get my FREE book about the opportunities in Radio. Mail the coupon now. Get the facts about this field with a future. N.R.I. training fits you for jobs making, selling, servicing short and long wave Radio sets, to have your own business; to operate Radio apparatus on board ships, in a broadcasting or commercial land station; for television, aviation, police Radio, and many other branches. My FREE book gives full information and tells how you quickly learn at home in spare time. Stop struggling along in a dull job with low pay and no future. Start training now for the live-wire Radio field. I have doubled and tripled salaries of many.

**Many Make \$5, \$10, \$15  
a Week Extra in Spare  
Time While Learning**

Hold your job. I'll train you in a few hours of your spare time a week. The day you enroll I'll send you instructions which you should master quickly for doing 28 Radio jobs common in most every neighborhood. I give you radio equipment that teaches you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. Fred J. Dubuque, 19 Church St., Oswego, N. Y., wrote: "I have made about \$1200 in a little over two years' spare time Radio work."

**Get My Book—FREE—Now**

My book has shown hundreds of fellows how to make more money and win success. It's FREE to any ambitious fellow over 15 years of age. Investigate. Find out what Radio offers; about my Course; what others who have taken it are doing and making; about my Money Back Agreement, and the many other N.R.I. features. Mail coupon NOW.

**J. E. SMITH, Pres.  
National Radio Institute  
Dept. 5BT  
Washington, D. C.**

**MAIL NOW for FREE PROOF**

J. E. SMITH, President  
National Radio Institute  
Dept. 5BT, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith:  
Without obligating me, send free book about Radio opportunities, and how I can train for them at home in spare time. (Please print plainly.)

NAME.....AGE...  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY.....STATE.....



that would fit mah hen house. So Ah picked up the piece of wood, threw it over mah shoulder and carried it to mah backyard, threw it down and dat's all there was to it.

January: And Ah suppose you didn't know there was five roosters and six hens roostin' on that wood!

Perfectly innocent—or so it seemed. But the very next day, the boys received an astonishing telegram from a friend of theirs, Eric Parsons, reporter on a St. Petersburg, Florida, newspaper. A ducky had been brought into court on a charge of chicken stealing. And when he was asked to defend himself, he claimed that he had picked up the wood in a neighbor's backyard thinking it a fine piece for the hen house he was building—and he hadn't known until he got it home that there

were chickens roosting on the wood! Yes, he had been listening to Molasses and January the previous night. Unfortunately for the ducky, the judge had also been listening to Molasses and January and although the judge had a sense of humor, his sense of justice was even stronger, and the defendant got sixty days.

This astonishing incident was printed in the St. Petersburg paper, whereupon Molasses and January received one letter complaining that their comedy was encouraging crime! In spite of which far-fetched complaint, Molasses goes blithely on his way stealing microphone chickens.

When the public says, "Say, you can't do that!" the stars sometimes say, "Okay." And sometimes they say, "Oh nerts!"

## Dialing the Short Waves

(Continued from page 48)

frequencies, and pick up a bass voice, "So at last I've got into communication with a Chicago ham. Well, well, well." (Ed Note: *Well* seems to be the hams' favorite word.)

And there's a fellow over in Jersey who has the finest bit of comedy dialect you ever heard. It isn't his natural way of speaking; for he can turn it on or off at will. He usually wills to turn it on only two or three times a week.

Sometimes he carries on his whole QSL with an accent that would make Lou Holtz, Rubinoff, or Blubber Bergman sound like a professor of correct diction. Sometimes he drops the accent and talks normally. This latter technique occasionally results in a bit of etherial confusion, with other hams calling hither and yon in an effort to establish communication with the man with the cuckoo dialect.

**H**AMS very frequently put their visiting friends in front of the microphone, with an admonition to "say something." There must be a standard routine, to which all novice speakers are forced to adhere, by law. Invariably each one giggles for a moment and then says, "Gee, I don't know anything to say. Do I sound all right? Hello. Well, I guess that's all."

It is very seldom that one hears a risqué remark or so much as a profane syllable on the short waves. The hams know that the U. S. Supervisors of Radio have their men listening in twenty-four hours a day, dialing first one wave and then another, just waiting for somebody to make a slip. An utterance that would bring a blush to the most delicate cheek might mean

that the ham station over which it was broadcast would lose its license.

Nevertheless, one serious discussion of tubes, condensers, coils and the like was interrupted by what sounded like a miniature explosion, followed immediately by an angry, "Dammit, darling, don't do that!"

The ham then went on to explain, "That was my wife I was talking to. She tickled me. If the Supervisor heard me, I hope he's a married man."

## AN EASY METHOD OF MEMORIZING THE CODE

In memorizing the International code alphabet, think of the letters by their sound. That is, think of A as "dit-dah", not as "dot-dash". The following table will help you remember the letters, by showing a relationship between them.

|           |  |
|-----------|--|
| E . .     | T —  |
| I . .     | M — —                                      |
| S . . .   | O — — —                                    |
| H . . . . | CH — — — — (used by some foreign stations) |
| A . —     | N —  |
| U . . —   | G — — .                                    |
| V . . . — |  |
| W . — —   | D . . .                                    |
| J . — — — | B . . . .                                  |
| L . . . . | Y . — — —                                  |
| F . . . . | Q . — — —                                  |
| R . . . . | K . — — —                                  |
| P . . . . | X . — — —                                  |
| C . . . . |  |
| Z . — — . |  |

Don't try to learn the whole alphabet at once. Learn a few letters at a time, until you're sure you know them, then learn a few more.

## Who Is the Man Who Saved Eddie Cantor's Life?

You can find out in next month's RADIO MIRROR. The story shows you an Eddie Cantor you've never met before—told you in detail by the man who saved his life!



## In the Stars' Kitchens

(Continued from page 46)

Place one or two oysters on each small piece of filet and wrap the filet around, fastening it securely with wooden toothpicks. Dip each stuffed filet in salted milk, then into finely sifted bread crumbs. Arrange in a buttered pan, dot with butter and bake in very hot oven from eight to ten minutes, until browned nicely. Serve on a platter with the potato balls placed around the filets. Melt butter, add the lemon juice and parsley, pour over the filets and serve very hot.

For the dessert you can substitute any one of your favorite dishes, but if some of you never tasted Coffee Sponge Pie which I've selected for this menu, and are curious to know just how it's made, write and let me know. I'll be more than glad to send the recipe to you. And remember, it won't cost you anything! It's just this kind of service that we are desirous of extending to our readers so don't hesitate to take advantage of it.

## Radio Mirror's Technical Questions and Answers

A new department, to help readers get better reception, locate "lost" call letters, and interchange ideas. No request for diagrams can be granted. Queries about commercial sets should be referred to local dealers, or the manufacturers of the sets. In writing, address SHORT WAVE DEPARTMENT, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

E. J., Detroit, Mich.:—The British short wave stations, together with their frequency in kilocycles, are GSA, 6050; GSB, 9510; GSC, 9585; GSD, 11750; GSE, 11865; GSF, 15140; and GSG, 17770.

T. N. G., St. Louis, Mo.:—Most of the major manufacturers make battery-operated short wave sets. Consult your local dealer, or if he has none, get in touch with a reliable mail order house.

E. L. R., New York, N. Y.:—Wants to know what station on about 31 meters featured a whistler at 6:00 P. M. on November 3. Come on, SWLS! Can anybody help ELR? Let's know if you heard this program and got the call.

T. von J., Hoboken, N. J.:—To add an output transformer to your set, connect one terminal of the primary to the plate of the last audio tube, the other terminal to the high voltage "B" positive on your eliminator. Connect the loud speaker across the secondary of the transformer. Tell your dealer what type of tube and speaker you are using, and ask for a transformer to match their impedances. If you are using a dynamic speaker, it already includes an output transformer.

NOW I'M SO MUCH HAPPIER



# It's Never TOO LATE FOR A WIFE TO LEARN

The world is full of women who say to themselves, "My marriage was a mistake." No scandal. No open break. Just submission to a life without joy, without hope.

Many women give up hope too soon. These cases are sad. They are doubly sad because the woman has largely herself to blame. No wife should let herself become faint-hearted about marriage. She should go right after the real facts.

Times have changed. The days when a woman was compelled to use a poisonous antiseptic, or none at all, have fortunately passed. The trouble is that some married women have not yet learned this.

### The truth about antiseptics

Of course women do not want to use poisons. Those who do take the risks of such a practice are simply living in a past age before modern improvements in antiseptics had been announced by the medical profession. Any excuse for using these poisons disappeared when Zonite was first offered in drug stores.

Doctors now, without reservation, recommend the practice of feminine hygiene. They know that the tragedies are over. They are confident that delicate tissues will not be burned or desensitized. No lives will be ruined by Zonite.

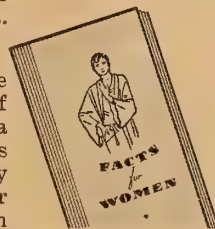
Zonite is safe, as safe as pure water. And Zonite is powerful. Taking carbolic acid as the standard for comparison,

*Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may safely be used on the human body.*

### Also Zonite Suppositories

Besides the liquid Zonite (three sizes 30¢, 60¢, \$1.00) there is a newer form, Zonite Suppositories. These are \$1.00 a dozen or 35¢ a box of three. They are dainty, white, cone-like forms which provide continuing antiseptic action. Some women prefer the liquid and some the suppositories. Others use both.

Be sure to write for "Facts for Women." It is an up-to-date booklet giving a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. An actual education in marriage. All women can profit by its teaching. Just mail coupon.



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION MG-53  
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Facts for Women  
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME ..... (Please print name)

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE .....  
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)



PLAY THIS GREAT GAME TO WIN!

RADIO  
MIRROR

\$250.00

CASH  
PRIZE

## NAME GAME



Picture No. 1

Name of Star .....

Thirty-five Cash Prizes Must Be Paid  
Your Chance Is Excellent

CAN you find the name of a radio star revealed in picture No. 1 on this page? Can you find another in picture No. 2? Then you are well on your way toward a successful entry in RADIO MIRROR'S new \$250.00 cash prize Name Game. You'll want to get into this entertaining game just for the fun of the thing. And in addition there is the opportunity to win any one of the thirty-five cash awards. Think of it! You may be the one who will win the \$100.00 cash First Prize! That's something to think about. And something to keep in mind every minute you are working out the answers.

Read the brief rules carefully so that you will understand exactly what is required to complete a successful entry and then get busy on your claim to a share in the prize money. If you enter your chance to win is just as promising as anybody's. Get started right now.

|                              |          |
|------------------------------|----------|
| FIRST PRIZE.....             | \$100.00 |
| SECOND PRIZE.....            | 50.00    |
| TWO PRIZES, Each \$10.00.... | 20.00    |
| SIX PRIZES, Each \$5.00..... | 30.00    |
| TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES,          |          |
| Each \$2.00 .....            | 50.00    |
| TOTAL, 35 PRIZES.....        | 250.00   |



Picture No. 2

Name of Star .....

## THE RULES

1. Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish two contest drawings each of which will indicate, suggest or reveal the first and last names of a prominent radio star.
2. To compete, clip or trace the pictures and under each write the name of the radio star it reveals to you.
3. When you have a complete set of six pictures and names, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the entertainers you have named is your favorite and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference judged on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Tuesday, April 9, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.
6. Submit all entries by First Class Mail to NAME GAME EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

WATCH FOR DRAWINGS THREE AND FOUR NEXT MONTH





# C'MON BOYS-GIRLS-PICK YOUR PRIZE!

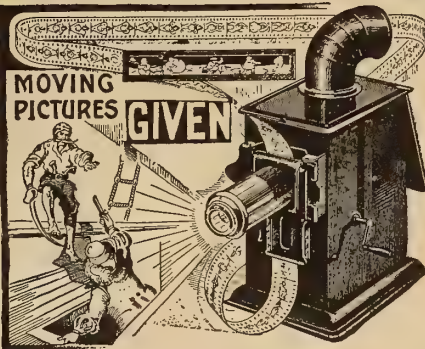
## FINE PRESENTS SURE TO BE YOURS!

For selling only 27 packets of "Garden-Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and returning the \$2.70 collected. **Positively nothing more to sell—No Extra Money to Pay**, excepting on special value Wrist Watch. Everybody plants Garden-Spot Seeds. Beautiful colored packets filled with living seeds guaranteed to grow. Known with favor for more than 28 years from Maine to Mexico. Lots of people will take five to ten packets. Your own family and a few friends will buy all of them. You can sell out in no time. **Here's What You Get for Selling only 27 Packets:**

One Big Premium, your selection, **Extra**. We send along with your Premium as a FREE Reward for Promptness over Fifty Brightly Colored Transfer Pictures, Parrots, Ostriches, Lions, Elephants, Monkeys, Ships, Airplanes, a perfectly amazing collection; catalogue of many presents which tells you about BIG CASH PRIZES. Read the offers. Pick your Premium. Sign and mail the coupon or copy the coupon on a postcard. **SEND NO MONEY NOW—WE TRUST YOU.**

## ROLLER SKATES---Speedster Type Built for Hard Usage

Whizz! You turn the corner with a bang. You beat your friends in every race when you have genuine Skates. The smooth-running, easy-bearing rollers make fast skating easy—they go like the wind. They will expand to fit any shoe. Improved type Skate Key FREE with every pair. **For selling 27 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c a Packet. Sent POSTPAID. Send all orders to Lancaster County Seed Co., Station 431 Paradise, Pa.**



**MOVING PICTURE MACHINE.** Here is the greatest prize of all. You can now show movies right at home. Uses films like big machines. Made of metal with snappy black enamel finish. Uses oil and comes complete with lamp-globe, film, and colored slide. Stormy nights need not be dull. Have lots of fun giving shows. **Given** for selling only 27 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c a Packet. We pay postage. Send to **Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta. 431, Paradise, Pa.**

**SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU**

## VIOLIN, Bow and Instruction Book Imported from Europe



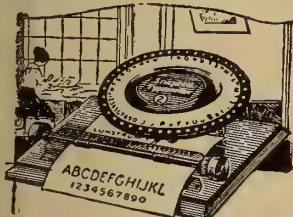
This Violin is imported from Europe where they know so well how to make violins. Nicely made, highly polished. A pleasing model of good shape. Well-finished finger board and tail piece. Has a full set of strings, bow, and 5-minute Instruction Book with many Popular Songs in words and music. With this remarkable book you can quickly learn to play without a teacher. **Send no money.** Just name and address. We trust you with 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds to sell at 10c a Pkt. When sold send the \$2.70 Collected and Violin Outfit will be sent to you Postpaid. Send your order to **Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta. 431, Paradise, Pa.** We Pay Postage.

## GIVEN

This Giant Spy Glass brings distant objects close and clear. See moon and stars and people miles away. Gives new pleasure to home, farm and Camp. Just the thing for trappers, hunters, automobilists and all who love the great outdoors.

This powerful three-foot telescope has five sections and stretches out to 36 inches. Covered with leatherette, brass bound, imported from Europe, and there are none to be had in most American cities. **Given and SENT POSTPAID for selling only 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c a Pkt. Send TODAY**

## \$10.00 Prize Typewriter



Learn to typewrite—it's heaps of fun. Everybody should know how these days. Easy to learn—soon you will be writing letters, school compositions, stories, etc. This typewriter makes legible copies, in fact just as neat as one which costs \$100. **TEN DOLLARS IN PRIZES** for best letters written on this machine during the next year. Full instructions and extra ink with typewriter. **EASY TO EARN.** Send for 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds, sell at 10c a Pkt. **Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta. 431, Paradise, Pa., MAIL COUPON.**

## Send TODAY

## Scholar's Premium Budget



Handsome decorated, leatherette case. 8 Pencils for every purpose: 1 Jumbo Pencil for heavy marking; Compass, Ruler; Pens and Holder; Pencil-sharpeners; Eraser; Colored

Crayons, a complete Dictionary. Self-Filling Fountain Pen; Pocket Memo to jot down notes; Mirror in colors. Order 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds, sell at 10 cts. a Pkt, return \$2.70 collected and this handsome Set is yours. No money to pay. Send for Seeds TODAY.

26 Pieces

**GIVEN**—Any one can play this Jazzy Ukulele. Mahogany finish, fretted finger-board. With 5-minute Instruction Book which comes along no lessons are necessary. You can quickly learn to strum all the latest hits. **Send no money—just the order form.** We trust you with 27 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds, sell at 10c a Pkt. When sold return the \$2.70 collected and Uke is yours. **WE TRUST YOU.**

## Guaranteed Chromium WRIST WATCH

A big American Watch factory worked three years to make this Watch possible. See the graceful shape, the smartly designed case, the swanky metal dial with raised



ed gold numerals. Movement guaranteed. Case is all one-white metal. This beautiful Watch given for selling only 27 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds and 38c extra or given with **no extra money** for selling only 54 Pkts. Write for Seeds today. We trust you. **Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta. 431, Paradise, Pa.**

## Genuine Leather BASKETBALL Full Size

Share the thrill of basketball—now a major sport. Grand for both girls and boys. This genuine, popple-grained cowhide Basketball will withstand the grind of many a game and the roughest practice. Latest type bladder. Complete with lacing needle and rawhide lace. **Given for selling only 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c a Pkt. Send for seeds today—we trust you until sold.**

## ALL GIFTS SENT POSTPAID

No Charges to Pay on Delivery Cut Here

**ASK DAD OR MOTHER—THEN MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!**

**Lancaster County Seed Co., Station 431, Paradise, Pa.**

Please send me at once 27 packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds. I agree to sell them within 30 days and return the money for my GIFT according to your offers. You agree to send my Gift promptly, postpaid.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Post Office \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Street or R.F.D. \_\_\_\_\_ Box \_\_\_\_\_

Print your last name plainly below

Save 2 cents by filling-in pasting and Mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY

## The WATCH for Men

### Read This Remarkable Offer!



A "regular" man's Watch. Completely new standard 40-size thin model, with improved movement, a guaranteed accurate time-keeper. A dependable and faithful companion. **Given for selling only 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c a Pkt Sent postpaid. Send NOW.**

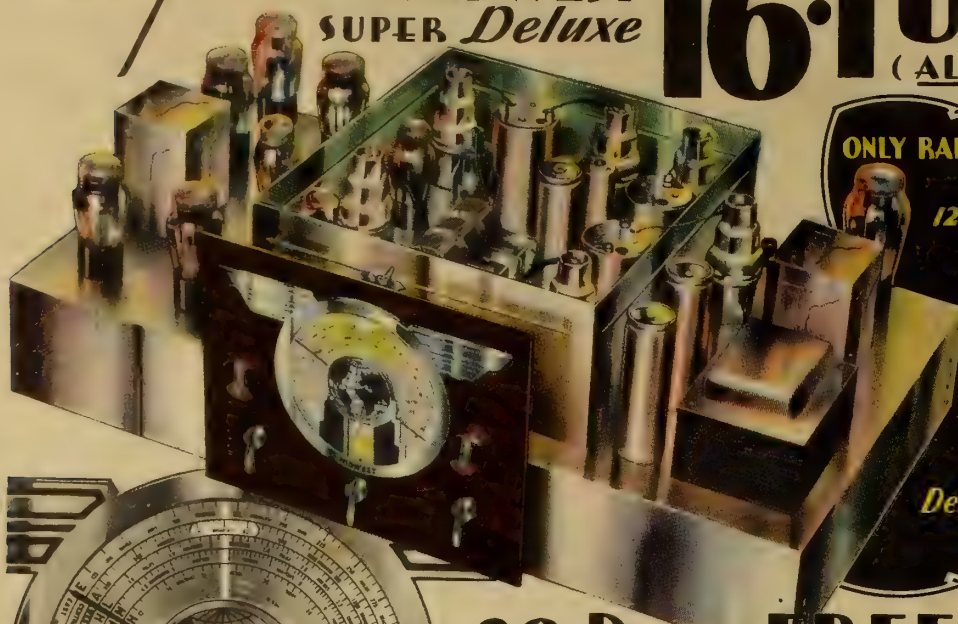
## GET THIS POWERFUL AIR RIFLE

Think of the fun in this straight-shooting gun. Steel barrel and walnut stock. Shoots B B shot with force and accuracy. A gun any boy can be proud of. Sell only 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. a Packet. Sent postpaid



SAVE ~~UP TO~~ 50% by BUYING YOUR RADIO *Direct from* MIDWEST LABORATORIES

# Thrill to *Guaranteed World-Wide* HIGH FIDELITY Performance with This Amazing New 1935 MIDWEST **16-TUBE** ALL-WAVE Radio! (ALL FIVE WAVE BANDS)



ONLY RADIO COVERING  
9 TO 2,400 METERS.  
12,000 MILE TUNING RANGE

WORLD'S GREATEST  
RADIO VALUE

**\$57<sup>50</sup>** with  
New

Deluxe Auditorium-Type  
**SPEAKER**  
(1655 TUBES)

## 30 Days FREE Trial!

TERMS  
as low as  
**\$5<sup>00</sup>**  
DOWN



### Only Midwest Gives You Multi-Function Dial

This dial was designed in keeping with the trend of the times, yet is not an airplane dial! It is a many-purpose dial that performs many functions. Now, Midwest guarantees that inexperienced persons can secure good foreign reception. Send for FREE miniature of actual rotating dial which clearly shows these outstanding advantages:

1. Dial calibrated in Kilocycles, Megacycles and Meters;
2. Call letters of American Broadcast Stations printed on dial and illuminated;
3. Slow-Fast, Smooth-Action Tuning;
4. Station Group Locator;
5. Simplified Tuning Guide Lights;
6. Automatic Select-O-Band Indicator;
7. Illuminated Pointer Indicator;
8. Silent Shadow Tuning—Improvement on Meter Tuning;
9. Centralized Tuning.

### New Style Consoles

The Midwest 36-page catalog pictures a complete line of beautiful, artistic de luxe console and chassis in four colors. Write for new FREE catalog today!

Midwest long-range radios are priced as low as **\$27<sup>50</sup>**



### 50 ADVANCED 1935 FEATURES

Many exclusive features include: Micro-Tenuator... Fidel-A-Stat... Separate Audio Generator... Ceramic Coil Forms, etc. Only Midwest covers a tuning range of 9 to 2400 meters (33 Megacycles to 125 KC)—enabling you to easily and successfully tune in even low-powered foreign stations up to 12,000 miles away with crystal-clear, loud-speaker reception.

All 5 Wave Bands enable you to enjoy today's finest High Fidelity American programs. In addition, you get Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts and derive new delight and new excitement from un-

equalled world-wide broadcasts... England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia, Australia, etc. Send today for money-saving facts!

### SENSATIONAL HIGH FIDELITY RECEPTION

This bigger, better, more powerful, clearer-toned, super selective, 16-tube radio gives you absolute realism—assures you of life-like, crystal-clear tone—unlike anything you have ever experienced before. You will hear one more octave—overtone—that cannot be brought in with ordinary radios. Now, hear every instrument, every voice, every shade and inflection of speech.



Take advantage of the amazing 30-day FREE trial offer. Send for FREE catalog.

### DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance...NOW...while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values...no middlemen's profits to pay. You can order your 1935 High Fidelity radio from the new Midwest catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to select it in our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50% when you buy this popular way...you get 30 days FREE trial...as little as \$5.00 down puts a Midwest radio in your home. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for new FREE catalog today.

**SAVE UP TO 50%**

**MAIL COUPON TODAY! FOR AMAZING 30-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND NEW 1935 CATALOG**

MIDWEST RADIO CORP., Dept. 884, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Without obligation on my part send me your new FREE 1935-36 catalog, FREE Miniature Dial, and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order.

User-Agents  
Make Easy  
Extra Money  
Check Here for  
Details ☐

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

☐ Check here if also interested in a World-Wide Battery Radio.

**MIDWEST RADIO CORP.**

DEPT. 884 — CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.

Established 1920

Cable Address Miraco. . . . All Codes

Listeners to  
World-Wide Reception

Midwest  
town, O.—  
Here are  
some of the  
stations I  
have  
heard:  
EAQ, Ma-  
drid,  
Spain—  
DJB, Zeelen, Germany—  
OSB, GSF, Daventry, Eng-  
land—VK3ME, Melbourne,  
Australia—VK2NE, Syd-  
ney, Australia—HJ2ABA,  
HJ4ABE, HJ3ABF, Col-  
ombia, S. A., and many  
more. Golden Hatfield,  
2202 Grand Avenue.

Peruvian Praises  
Foreign Reception

Lima,  
Peru—  
We have  
heard the  
five con-  
tinents  
with your  
Midwest.  
Have re-  
ceived  
Madagas-  
car, Sydney, London, Paris,  
Vienna, Moscow, Madrid,  
New York, Shanghai, Tokio  
and also South American  
transmitters. Marquis H.  
Buchanan, Apartado 96,  
P.O. Box 171.





ALICE FAYE Tells "Why I'll Never Marry RUDY VALLEE"

# Radio MIRROR

MARCH



10¢  
MACFADDEN  
PUBLICATION



WILL  
ROGERS

the STRANGE  
OR DEAL  
of the new  
AP'N HENRY

RADIO'S DEBT  
to ROOSEVELT  
on his 53rd Birthday



HOW DID YOU DO IT?  
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN  
AS THIN AS I AM..!

**SURE! I TOO WAS  
NATURALLY  
SKINNY  
...UNTIL I  
DISCOVERED  
KELPAMALT**

**Skinny Since Childhood  
Suddenly Puts on Weight!**

**Amazing New Mineral Concentrate Rich  
In Newer Form of Natural Iodine Adds 5 lbs.  
of Solid Flesh in 1 Week... OR NO COST!**

## Both Men and Women Report Amazing Results!

There is hope now for pale, rundown, underweight men and women—even "NATURALLY SKINNY" folks—who never can seem to add a single ounce.

Through Kelpamalt, the amazing new mineral concentrate from the sea, science at last reveals the secret of adding weight—explains the reason why many fat people who eat but little continue to gain weight while many thin people with ravenous appetites stay skinny.

Thousands have tried it and are amazed at this quick, natural, easy way to fill out scrawny hollows and put on firm, solid flesh. Gains of from 15 to 20 pounds in one month—5 pounds in a week—are reported regularly.

To add weight 3 things are essential. First, a normal amount of good food. Second, your system must get enough of the absolutely necessary natural food minerals. These minerals, often lacking in the modern diet, are needed to stimulate the glands which produce the juices required for digesting fats and starches—the weight building elements in your daily food.

Third—and most essential—your vitally important internal glands, which actually control body weight—require definite amounts

of NATURAL IODINE (iodine—not made from iodides or other chemicals which often prove toxic) but the same iodine that is found in small quantities in spinach and lettuce. Six Kelpamalt tablets provide more NATURAL IODINE than 486 pounds of spinach, 1,387 pounds of lettuce.

Kelpamalt also offers in convenient tablet form practically every body mineral needed in easy assimilable form. 8 Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than a pound of spinach,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  pounds of fresh tomatoes—more calcium than 6 eggs, more phosphorus than a pound and a half of carrots, besides sulphur, sodium, potassium and other minerals.

Try Kelpamalt today. Two weeks are required to effect a change in the mineral-

### Comparison of Minerals in KELPAMALT vs. VEGETABLES 3 Kelpamalt Tablets Contain:

1. More Iron and Copper than 1 lb. of spinach,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. fresh tomatoes, 3 lbs. of asparagus.
2. More Calcium than 1 lb. of cabbage.
3. More Phosphorus than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of carrots.
4. More Sulphur than 2 lbs. of tomatoes.
5. More Sodium than 3 lbs. of turnips.
6. More Potassium than 6 lbs. of beans.
7. More Magnesium than 1 lb. of celery.

zation of the body. At the end of one week, if you have not gained 5 pounds, don't look better, feel better, and have more endurance than ever before, the trial is free.

100 Jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but little, and may be had at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his

supply, send \$1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

**Manufacturer's Note:** As the result of Kelpamalt's tremendous popularity, many inferior imitations—sold as kelp and malt preparations—are being advertised. Don't be fooled. Ask for the original, genuine Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset the stomach nor injure the teeth. Absolutely guaranteed to produce results or money back.

### SPECIAL FREE OFFER

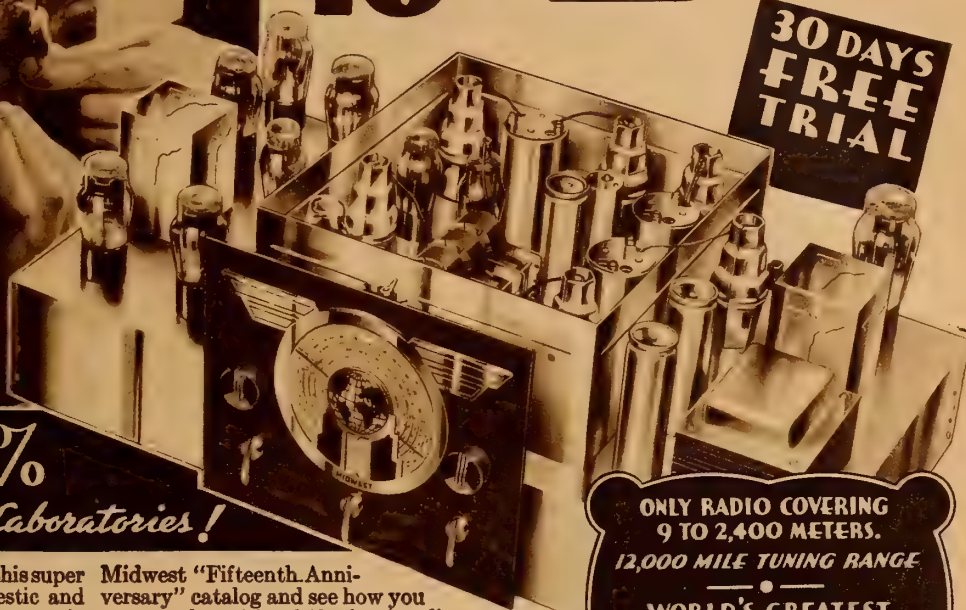
Write today for fascinating instructive 60-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 373, 27-33 West 20th Street, New York City.

**Kelpamalt  
Tablets**

**Avoid imitations. Insist on the original, genuine Kelpamalt Tablets**



# Invisible Hands Magically Assure WORLD-WIDE HIGH FIDELITY RECEPTION with This Amazing New **MIDWEST** **16-TUBE** ALL-WAVE Radio! (ALL FIVE WAVE BANDS)



**SAVE UP TO 50%**

*Direct from Midwest Laboratories!*

THE almost magical performance of this super radio is startlingly human! As domestic and foreign stations are brought in, many automatic adjustments are constantly being made inside the set. It might be said that a number of "Invisible Hands" enable you to bring in and hold any station you desire from the whole world of broadcast... regardless of fading and interfering conditions. Before you buy any radio, write for the new FREE

Midwest "Fifteenth Anniversary" catalog and see how you can save from  $\frac{1}{3}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  by buying direct from Midwest laboratories. Learn why Midwest outperforms sets costing up to \$200.00 and more. Now save 30% to 50%. Never before so much radio for so little money! Midwest gives you triple protection with: One-Year Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee, Money-Back Guarantee.

## Only Midwest Offers Multi-Function Dial

This exclusive dial is not an ordinary airplane dial—but a many-purpose unit that performs exclusive functions. Send for FREE miniature dial showing these outstanding advantages:

1. Dial calibrated in Kilocycles, Megacycles and Meters;
2. Call Letters of American Broadcast Stations printed on Dial and Illuminated;
3. Slow-Fast, Smooth-Action Tuning;
4. Station Group Locator;
5. Simplified Tuning Guide Lights;
6. Automatic Select-O-Band Indicators;
7. Illuminated Pointer Indicator;
8. Silent Shadow Tuning;
9. Centralized Tuning.



## New Style Consoles

The Midwest 36-page catalog pictures a complete line of beautiful, artistic de luxe consoles and chassis in four colors. Write for new FREE catalog today!

Midwest long-range radios are priced as low as... **\$27.50**

## 50 ADVANCED FEATURES

Exclusive "Invisible Hands" features include: High Level Automatic Volume Control Action, Discriminating Automatic Tone Control, Multi-Function Dial, Micro-Tenuator, Fidel-A-Stat, etc. Only Midwest covers a tuning range of 9 to 2400 meters (33 megacycles to 125 KC)—enabling you to easily and successfully tune in even low-powered foreign stations up to 12,000 miles away. All 5 Wave Bands enable you to enjoy today's finest High Fidelity American programs. In addition, you get Canadian, police, amateur, airplane broadcasts... commercial and ship signals... and delight in exciting world-wide broadcasts from England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia, Australia, etc. Send today for money-saving facts!

## SENSATIONAL HIGH FIDELITY RECEPTION

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## DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance... NOW... while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values. No middlemen's profits to pay! You can order your Midwest High Fidelity radio from the new Midwest catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to select it in our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50% when you buy this popular way... you get 30 days FREE trial... as little as \$5.00 down puts a

Midwest radio in your home. Foreign Reception, One-Year and Money-Back GUARANTEES protect you! Write for FREE catalog NOW... TODAY!

ONLY RADIO COVERING  
9 TO 2,400 METERS.  
12,000 MILE TUNING RANGE

WORLD'S GREATEST  
RADIO VALUE

**\$57.50**  
with New

Deluxe Auditorium-Type  
**SPEAKER**

**TERMS** as low as **\$5.00** DOWN

Hears His Native Country  
Acushnet, Mass.—I tuned in CTIAA, Lisbon, Portugal, my birthplace... clear as a local.



Heard news, music and songs of my country. This alone is worth more than low price I paid for my Midwest. Also tuned in GSB, England 12RO, Rome... DJA, Germany and many other foreign stations. Anibal N. Ferreira.

**MAIL COUPON TODAY! FOR  
FREE MINIATURE DIAL.... FREE  
30-DAY TRIAL OFFER... FREE CATALOG**

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.  
Dept. 39-A, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Without obligation on my part, send me your new FREE 1935-36 catalog, FREE Miniature Dial, and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order.

User-Agents  
Make Easy  
Extra Money  
Check Here  
for  
Details ☐

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

☐ Check here if interested in a Midwest World-Wide Battery Radio.

**MIDWEST RADIO CORP.**

DEPT. 39-A — CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.

Established 1920

Cable Address Miraco. . . . All Codes



# RADIO MIRROR

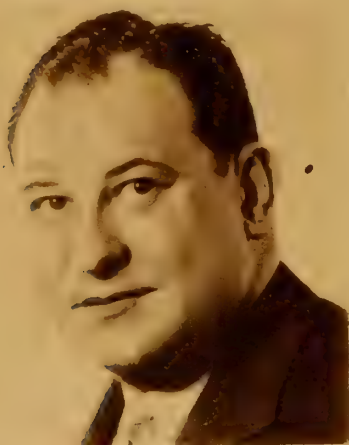
ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

VOL • 3 NO • 5  
MARCH • 1935

In April RADIO MIRROR:



## WHO IS THIS MAN?

He's the Greek comedian whom you hear with Eddie Cantor—but Nick Parkyakakas isn't his real name and he's not really an actor—read the complete inside story next month . . . Also, the amazing success story of Helen Jepson . . . And a brilliant, instructive feature, "How to Get More Fun Out of Music."

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Cover Portrait  
WILL ROGERS  
by Stephen Grout

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## IT'S THE SUDS THAT SAVE THE WORK



**H**ow the news spreads! For the wash, for the dishes, for all cleaning—"there's no soap like Rinso!" On washday it soaks out dirt—saves scrubbing—gets clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter. Clothes washed this safe, "no-scrub" way last 2 or 3 times longer.

You'll save lots of money. A little Rinso gives rich, lasting suds—even in hardest water. Recommended by makers of 34 famous washing machines. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG box.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.





# Pageant of the Airwaves

1. SPANISH  
TANGO KING



2.  
CHILEAN  
RHUMBA  
SPECIALIST



## STRIKE UP THE BAND



3. LET'S DANCE CONDUCTOR

1. Xaviar Cugat came to this country from Barcelona, Spain, with a stop-over at Cuba for a series of concerts there. He conducts one of the three bands on the Let's Dance program.

2. 26 years old, speaking five languages, and playing the piano and guitar, is Del Campo. He came East from the Cocoanut Grove, Los Angeles, came to Los Angeles from Chile.

3. Direct from Billy Rose's Music Hall comes Benny Goodman to fill the second assignment on NBC's Let's Dance. Touring college towns with his orchestra gave Benny the reputation of the "hottest cornetist in the world."

4. Robert Armbruster played with the Philadelphia Symphony when he was still in knee pants. Since then he has been seaman, business man, salesman. His last eight years have been spent in radio as soloist, then arranger, then musical director. At present he forms the background for Woolcott, The Town Crier.

5. Dusky, slim, and handsome is Enric Madriguera, another product of Spain. He borrows his name from the little town in which he was born. He is an NBC sustaining program conductor.

4.  
CREAM  
OF WHEAT'S  
MUSIC  
MAN



5. YOUNG,  
HANDSOME,  
SPANISH





# Adorable, smooth *HANDS*—because *HINDS* prevents Chapping

Hinds keeps her hands nice the year round. Cold weather doesn't chap them—housework hasn't roughened them—because she uses Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. This rich liquid cream *soaks* the skin deeply with healing balms—relieves chapping, smooths rough cracked skin *quickly!*

**F**EBRUARY—March! Danger months for sensitive hands. They get chapped, cracked, red and sore . . . they need the soothing balms supplied by a *penetrating* cream—Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Hinds is rich with soothing, smoothing oils. It is a liquid cream. It does more than "slick" the skin's surface. When you rub *in* Hinds, it *soaks* the skin with softening oils and healing balms. Dry harsh skin quickly becomes silky-smooth!

Use Hinds after exposure to drying wind and cold weather—and always at bedtime. It's the economical way to keep your hands always thrillingly smooth. You'll find 25¢ and 50¢ sizes at your drug store—10¢ size at the dime store.



## *HINDS* Honey and Almond *CREAM*

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1935



**"HOUSEWORK" HANDS** need Hinds to saturate dry abused skin. Use *penetrating* Hinds to supply rich soothing oils—it works *surely*.



**HINDS** Honey and Almond Cream gives quick relief to a child's tender chapped skin. Let the children use Hinds to soothe their chapped hands and knees after winter play.



**BRING BACK** satiny smoothness to chapped legs, ankles, rough dry spots on knees and heels—with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Apply before dressing—see how quickly Hinds smooths the skin!



# Pageant



1. BACK  
ON THE  
AIR

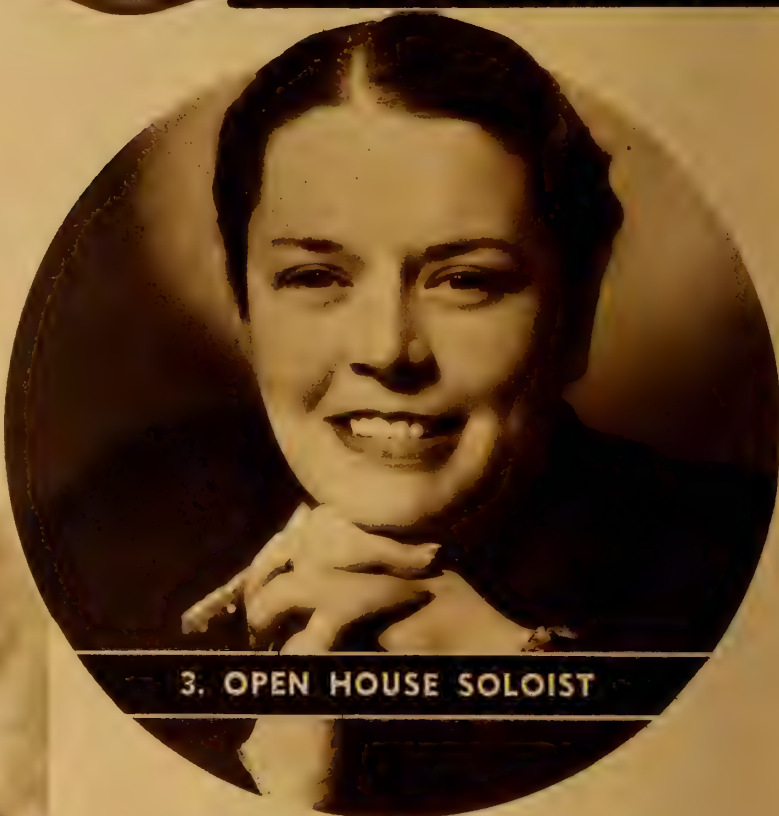
1. Tito Guizar, Mexican favorite, is being coaxed back on the network by CBS. Tito, after studying medicine in Mexico, went to Italy, trained his voice, came to New York on a visit, and met the girl he later married. It was her persuasion which kept him there and led him into radio work.

2. Since 1931, with the exception of last season, Vinton Haworth has been a regular member of "Myrt and Marge," taking the romantic lead opposite Marge as the young attorney, Jack Arnold. He was born in Philadelphia, played stock and vaudeville, and came to Chicago in 1929. For two years he did free lance radio work, then joined the Wrigley cast.

3. Freddie Martin's vocalist. Madge Marley, learned



2. MYRT AND MARGE HEART THROB



3. OPEN HOUSE SOLOIST



4. SOPHISTICATED LADY

to sing by accompanying herself on the piano. At college in Greensboro, North Carolina, she joined the glee club and later sang in a choir for her first professional pay. She joined Freddie as the result of his audition for unknowns which he held when he signed for his "Open House" series.

4. It's hard to imagine, but Vi Bradley began her musical career by hiding behind closed doors and memorizing the piano lessons given her older sister. She played in an orchestra at the age of twelve, and has organized and directed the first all-girl orchestra heard on the air. She's a soloist now on morning programs over the Columbia Broadcasting Chain.

of the  
Airwaves



# The GIBSON FAMILY

**SWEET DREAMS SALLY . . .** your skin, cleansed of all make-up, by Ivory's foam, lives up to Jack Hamilton's loving praise . . .

Sally's skin has that "Ivory-baby" look because she *never* goes to bed without an Ivory beauty treatment.

Ivory's clear fresh foam clears the pores of dust, powder and make-up—gives the skin its real chance to grow lovelier! No oily foam that's hard to rinse away! No dry shiny-faced feeling! Ivory's way of cleansing is so soothing that doctors advise it even for babies' sensitive skins—and it's the gentlest, surest way for *your* complexion to find spring-freshness and satin-smoothness!

**IVORY SOAP : • 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE**



**"YOU'RE LIKE A FLOWER, SALLY,"** says Jack Hamilton's note. To tell the truth, Sally's skin *is* flowerlike. It's been kept fine-pored and smooth as a baby's—by the babies' pure soap.



**"GOOD AT DISH-WASHING,** Empty-top?" inquires Bobby Gibson. "No wedding bells will ring for you in 1939, unless I find you useful."

"Okay, Mugsy darling," agrees Dottie Marsh, "but you'll have to furnish plenty of Ivory Soap before my fair hands will work in your dishpan!" (Even young Dot knows that Ivory Soap keeps busy hands smooth as silk.)

**PURE IVORY SOAP PREVENTS "HOUSEWORK HANDS"**



**"HE CRIES A LOT,** Mrs. Gibson," says Miss Bowes of the parish day nursery, "his skin is so chafed. It's some fancy soap his mother uses."

"What a pity when pure Ivory Soap costs so little," sighs Mrs. Gibson. Her kind motherly heart remembers her own Ivory babies of twenty years ago. If she could manage it, every baby in America would have a smooth, Ivory-comforted skin.

**DOCTORS, TOO, SAY "IVORY FOR BABIES"**



# Pageant of the Airwaves



MOTHER OF  
GIBSON  
FAMILY

SEA  
STORY  
TELLER



MOVIE STAR'S PAL



BRITISH LADY ON THE AIR



THE WHITEMAN KING'S GUARD



TOWN HALL TONIGHT



## Sea Story Teller

Cameron King shipped before the mast as a boy of thirteen, gaining all his romantic adventure before he was twenty-one. He spins tall yarns these winter evenings for NBC listeners about the deep sea and his days on many masted schooners.

## Mother of Gibson Family

Ann Elstner was born in Louisiana and spent most of her childhood in the hills of Kentucky and Tennessee. Her Broadway stage debut came in "Sun Up," and she is presently engaged in being the mother in Saturday night's "Gibson Family."

## Movie Star's Pal

He has played his own Concerto with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. He has studied under Josef Hofmann for five years. He is Abram Chasins, pianist, who brings CBS audiences pointers in appreciating music, and is rumored romancing with Elissa Landi, movie star.

## British Lady on the Air

British royalty recently signed for an extended radio appearance when Beatrice Lillie put her signature to a contract with Borden's. Known as Lady Peel, Miss Lillie has appeared in such Broadway shows as "This Year of Grace" and "The Third Little Show." She is heard over NBC.

## The Whiteman King's Guard

Straight from Hollywood have come Rad Robinson, Ken Darby, Bud Linn and John Dodson as the King's Guards, under personal supervision of Paul Whiteman. You've heard the quartet in such movies as "We're Not Dressing" and "Murder at the Vanities."

## Town Hall Tonight

It's Wednesday and "Town Hall Tonight" rings through the corridors as Fred Allen assembles his group of players in NBC's largest studio. Fred, in this picture, is stopping a sneeze from shattering the mike. With him, script in hand, is an important stooge, Lionel Stander.

# "I took it *myself* when I was a little girl"



**H**ERE is a scene that happens thousands of times a day.

For how natural it is for a mother to give her child the laxative that she, herself, has taken and trusted ever since she was a little girl. The laxative her mother gave her. For 28 years Ex-Lax has been America's favorite laxative. Its leadership has never been challenged. More people buy it than any other laxative. There must be a reason. There are... *reasons!*

### Ex-Lax checks on every point

Before you ever take a laxative, or give one to any member of your family, be sure it checks on these points... Is it thorough? Is it gentle? Are you sure it won't form a habit? Is it pleasant to take?

Many laxatives check on one point or another. Ex-Lax checks on *all!*

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Completely effective. Yet Ex-Lax is so gentle it will not cause stomach pains, or upset you, or leave you feeling weak afterwards. Except for the perfect results, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Ex-Lax positively will not form a habit—you do not need to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And that is a vitally important point in a laxative.

And Ex-Lax is such a joy to take. Instead of swallowing some bitter medicine, you

eat a little tablet that tastes just like delicious chocolate.

### And, that "Certain Something"

These are the cold facts about Ex-Lax. But there is more than that. It's the ideal combination of all these qualities—combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way—that gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain satisfaction—that words just can't describe. But once you try Ex-Lax you'll know what we mean. And you'll understand why you can't get perfect Ex-Lax results with anything but Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

**COLD WAVE HERE...** and we mean *colds*. Sneezing, sniffing, coughing, misery-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up—KEEP REGULAR with Ex-Lax.

### MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P.O. Box 170  
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

T35 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

When Nature forgets - remember

# EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



# Pageant of the Airwaves

# From Dawn

**W**ANT to get the inside of circus life from the former chief announcer of Ringling Brothers' circus? Then listen in Thursday mornings over NBC and hear Danny Dee, circus-bred stentorian impart bizarre facts which he has picked up in his travels . . . Have you heard the new Peerless Trio and wondered why it sounded familiar? That's because Gertrude Foster, Richard Maxwell, and Norman Price grew bored with their Trio Romantique and threw it over in favor of the new name . . . Tuesday mornings over CBS comes a new half hour featuring the Two Doctors of the Laugh Clinic, Pratt and Sherman, Eddie Dunstedter, popular St. Louis organist, and Al Roth's orchestra. And did you know that Pratt and Sherman seldom use a script, preferring to let matters take their own course? . . . Grace and Eddie Albert—the Honeymooners to you—had an unknown visitor in their studio the other day.

He turned out to be Ben Lyon, who admitted that they had long been his favorite morning program. He just dropped in to say hello . . . Another costly, much ballyhooed hour reaches the Sunday networks. Morton Downey has come back to the air at 4:30 EST over an NBC hookup, at a reputed salary of \$6,000 per week for the makers of Carlsbad Sprudel Salts . . . If you have Saturday-morning children trouble, tune the radio to Nila Mack's "Let's Pretend" broadcasts, and forget your worries. They're dramatized fairy tales . . . Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson commute every week from Springfield, Massachusetts, driving down on Saturdays for their Sunday program.

WJZ has a new one hour show on Wednesdays at 3:00, sponsored by RCA Radiotron . . . For a new five-day-a-week day-time serial, turn the dials at noon to WEAJ and hear "The Story of Mary Marlin". . .



Above, one of radio's really veteran performers is Vaughn de Leath. She's back on the NBC network twice a week, scheduled so far for Wednesday and Thursday afternoons.

Right, Connie Gates and Jimmy Brierly whose duets have long pleased CBS audiences. Connie hails from Cleveland. Brierly was once a church organist in New Jersey.





# to Dusk

Left, James Meighan, nephew of Thomas Meighan of movie fame, and (below) Ruth Yorke, his co-worker on the "Marie the Little French Princess" series of broadcasts, heard five times a week.

Left, Cobina Wright who has entertained most of New York's blue-blooded society in a palatial town house, now brings to afternoon listeners "Your Hostess" program, her first job in radio.

Right, Loretta Lee, red headed blues singer with the George Hall orchestra and entertainer on her own quarter hour over a CBS network. Loretta hails from way down south near New Orleans.

## IT RELIEVED MY MISERY

• I was practically a chronic invalid from dizziness, headaches, bile, and all the things that come with persistent constipation. I'd just as soon have been dead. Finally my husband insisted that I try FEEN-A-MINT—it had fixed him up from gas on his stomach when he was away on a business trip. I was just amazed at the effect it had—right from the first one I began to improve. It was wonderful. It agreeably removes that feeling of flatulence, and the dizzy spells have stopped. It works so thorough—yet doesn't weaken my system or give me the cramps other laxatives did.

### For men, women, and children

Because it is effective and still gentle, we are always getting letters from women about what FEEN-A-MINT does for them and their children. And rugged men find FEEN-A-MINT clears their system out thoroughly, too. Because you must chew FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative spreads more evenly through the clogged intestines, works more thoroughly. No harmful violence. And so easy and pleasant to take—like your favorite chewing gum. 15,000,000 people depend on it. Try it yourself. 15 and 25¢ at your druggist's.

**CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE**  
IT DISTRIBUTES THE  
LAXATIVE MORE EVENLY  
THROUGH THE SYSTEM  
SO THAT IT WORKS MORE  
EFFECTIVELY. THAT IS  
WHY FEEN-A-MINT  
GIVES SUCH EXCEL-  
LENT RELIEF.



**FOR EASIER RELIEF  
CHEW YOUR  
LAXATIVE**

**Feen-a-mint**  
*The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE*



*Both for Beauty's Sake*

**HER COAT,**

**\$2500**

**HER TOOTH PASTE,**

**25¢**



**All women welcome the  
cleanliness and brilliance  
this tooth paste affords**

**S**URPRISING to some but not to us were the results of a survey recently made in several midwestern cities. Listerine Tooth Paste was revealed as the constant preference of many of the wealthiest people.

The 25¢ price obviously could not be the deciding factor with women able to buy clothes worth a fortune, or men rich enough to maintain large estates. No, indeed; these people were won to this dentifrice by its merits and held by its permanent results in keeping teeth healthy, clean, and sparkling.

They, like three million others, have discovered that Listerine Tooth Paste pretty nearly approaches the ideal.

If you haven't tried it, we urge you to do so now. Note how swiftly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth—enters hard-to-reach crevices.

See how quickly it attacks unsightly tartar and discolorations—particularly those due to smoking. Observe the flashing brilliance and lustre it gives to your teeth—modern polishing ingredients so gentle in action are responsible.

Look also for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and exhilaration that this tooth paste gives; the sensation you associate with the use of Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



REGULAR SIZE 25¢ NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢



**METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA**

direct from its N. Y. Stage.

Broadcast by **LISTERINE**,  
announced by *Geraldine Farrar*

Complete operas . . . 3 hours . . . Every Saturday . . . all  
NBC stations . . . see your newspaper for time





# REFLECTIONS in the radio mirror

**T**HE professional complainer is getting to work on radio. He's going so far as to demand boycotts against the goods of airwave advertisers whose programs don't suit him in one way or another.

Of all the entertainment mediums in the world, radio is the cleanest, the most restrained, the strictest in its control of subject matter and actual wording of songs, speeches, jokes. The self discipline of networks and agencies is often used as subjects for derisive gags, but now it turns out that radio's a bad influence on children and worthy of the same attacks that have been leveled at the movies.

What would a reformer do without a scapegoat? Well, radio has nothing to be ashamed of and doesn't have to go and stand in any corners. Recently Arthur Pryor, Jr., advertising agency executive, declared boldly that professional belittlers had better do a bit of careful scrutinizing before making their unwarranted and stupid charges.

So a cheer for Arthur Pryor, Jr., and his courage!

**T**HE *Welcome* mats are out for: Beatrice Lillie, who, after guest-starring with Rudy Vallee and the Nash Christmas Party, now has her own WJZ half-hour Friday nights . . . Mark Hellinger and Gladys Glad, who give their Penthouse Parties on behalf of Eno Wednesday nights . . . Grace Moore, who's been a frequent guest star, is heard regularly Tuesday nights . . . Elsie Janis, who makes radio history as the first regular woman announcer, on the NBC network . . . And welcome back to Ruth Etting, Will Rogers, Morton Downey and the Mills Brothers.

**C**ONGRATULATIONS of the Month: To Hinds' Hall of Fame, who realized

at the end of the past year that there were only so many famous stars worthy of guest appearance on their fine program and that they had exhausted the major possibilities of impressive stellar one-shots; their new program, which features Conrad Thibault, Lois Bennett, Adele Ronson (the Gibson Family trio), Lee Patrick, Ned Wever, and a mixed chorus of sixteen, with the orchestra directed by Don Voorhees, is a fine successor to the original Hall of Fame idea. "Club Romance" is heard every Sunday night.

**T**HE cycle fever has hit radio. Major Bowes started it all with his WHN Amateur Night. Then Freddy Martin took it up on his Open House. Now comes National Amateur Night, which replaces George Gershwin and His Music and adds another melting pot for ambitious radio neophytes. Auditions are held twice weekly and eight to ten amateurs are selected for each Sunday night broadcast. Ray Perkins is master-of-ceremonies. Radio is busy selecting the stars of the future.

**W**HAT chance have women for fame on the air? *Variety* called for votes from its local represen-

tatives who presumably know the tastes of their localities. The popularity line-up of the first ten programs: Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Amos 'n' Andy, Eddie Cantor, Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, Joe Penner, Paul Whiteman and Ed Wynn. Only Gracie Allen, in this group, is a star in her own right. Unlike movies, radio is a man's world in which male stars are tops.

Here are my frank, personal opinions on what's right and what's wrong with radio—with casual comments on this and that. Do you agree with me? Whether you do or not, write me; prizes for best letters are announced on Page 57. Here's your chance to say your say about radio.

*Ernest V. Heyn*



# Radio's Debt To

**Heartiest congratulations to our President with gratitude for his outstanding qualities as a performer and for his magnificent use of the airwaves as a leader**

**N**EVER before has a President of the United States so endeared himself to an entertainment medium as has Franklin D. Roosevelt through his attitude toward radio and his amazing understanding of its potentialities.

On his fifty-third birthday, the radio world pauses in gratitude to review the amazing story of a great executive who not only has made national affairs palatable to all the people by means of radio, but also has proven himself the most magnetic personality on the airwaves.

"This is the happiest birthday of my life," F. D. told the nation one year ago this January thirtieth. Now again he stands at the portal of a new year, smiling, ever smiling; this Wise Guy of Radio, who has set and broken more radio precedents, taught more citizens the meaning of government, solved more problems, disarmed more criticism, and smiled away more frowns than any other radio speaker, living or dead, has ever done in a similar period.

How close he stands to the heart of the nation may be judged by the way his departure, even for a brief fishing trip, sets a pall over the capital city, while his return, bronzed and buoyant, is the signal for a joyous ovation at the Union Station any time.

"How are you, Mr. President?" shouts an admirer, as



*Wide World*



# ROOSEVELT

## ON HIS 53<sup>rd</sup> BIRTHDAY

the Chief Executive appears on the rear platform, flashing his famous smile, special illuminated edition.

"Great! Why wouldn't I be great? After having the time of my life down at Miami!" The President beams back. "But up here I understand you've been going from Wirt to Wirt!"

The Presidential spirit of good cheer is a great vital force to be reckoned with—the same that has taken the cold, hard, mechanical thing we knew as radio and made it a warm, living power for the reconstruction of the nation. By what particular magic of human warmth has he done this? Hundreds of witnesses step forward to offer their testimony, starting most naturally with those closest to him in his

"radio family", the little group of chosen ones whose place is at his side when he broadcasts.

"You'll never have any trouble with me, boys," he told Carleton Smith and Bob Trout, the two official presidential announcers, on Sunday, March fifth, the very day following his inauguration, a tense occasion for all of them. "You won't find me any greenhorn," he went on with winning earnestness. "I'm an old hand at this radio game." The three shook hands on it, that very hour, and the President's prediction has been more than fulfilled. Not only has any form of personal friction in radio relations been highly conspicuous by its absence, but the greatest personal warmth is manifest; an ardor of affectionate good will that fairly

crackles; you cannot fail to mark it at once, together with not only a heart-warming appreciation by the President of the various safeguards and protections constantly thrown around him; but all the true craftsman's sensitive appreciation of the baffling technical problems of radio, as well.

"Hi, man, move over about two feet!" he gently shoved the mayor of Williamsburg into correct posture when that dignitary took his place at least four feet from the mike, at the recent ceremony at William and Mary, when the President was awarded a degree. The President had been watching every step of the proceedings with as trained a sense of alertness as that of any other "radio man" present. It is always thus with him on any broadcasting occasion, making it a real treat to work with him.

**S**INCE March 4th, 1933, he has broadcast some forty-four times, including the famous Sunday night "Fireside Chats", seven so far (Continued on page 81)

Here is a letter from Roosevelt to the head of the NAB which marks the President as the first man in the White House to fully grasp a place in the entertainment field.

By VERA INGERSOLL

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

Hyde Park, New York.  
September 14, 1934

My dear Mr. McCosker:

It gives me pleasure again to extend to you and the members of the National Association of Broadcasters assembled in Convention at Cincinnati, Ohio, my heartiest greetings. A year ago in a brief message to you, I made the statement that I was looking forward to your continued cooperation in assisting the Government to present to the people of the United States honest discussions of all phases of national problems we would face and their solutions.

The cooperation given by your members in these discussions, over the past twelve months, has given me great faith in the American system of broadcasting. I know, as you must, that the American system of broadcasting is a regulatory system and by its every fundamental principle relegates the thought of censorship to the background of the minds of everyone who really knows and appreciates your policies and daily problems. The American system of broadcasting assures an equality of freedom similar to that freedom which has been and is the keystone of the American press.

I am not unmindful of another benefit which radio gives all the people and to all classes of business. That is a stimulation of buying power and its assistance to commerce generally.

I know this convention will carry forward another year of successful achievement and assure you that you have my good wishes and those of the entire country.

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. Alfred J. McCosker,  
President, National Association of Broadcasters,  
Washington, D. C.

*Franklin D. Roosevelt*



# "I'LL *never* MARRY RUDY VALLEE!"

**I** WILL never marry Rudy Vallee."

Thus, once and for all, beautiful Alice Faye, whose name has been linked with that of the romantic radio star ever since she first leaped into fame by singing with his band, disposed of the rumors that one day she would become the bride of the most coveted male in America.

We were sitting in her dressing room backstage of the Oriental Theatre in Chicago where she was concluding a sensationally successful three-week engagement. I had not seen her for over a year and I could not help but notice the change which the year of success had wrought. Contrary to the usual state of affairs in parallel cases, overnight fame had not spoiled but improved the young star. Even under theatrical make-up it was easily apparent that her beauty was more natural, less brittle. Her eyebrows were no longer penciled in a dizzying arch, but followed a natural contour which was infinitely more becoming and softer. The tailored simplicity of her white satin dressing gown set off a slimmer silhouette.

But more important than the physical change was the inner transformation. She possessed a new and quiet poise. The poise of a woman who has found her place in life and knows where she is going. As we talked of one thing and another, she revealed a new maturity, a crystallization of values. Alice Faye is a young woman of principles and ideas.

It was inevitable that the conversation should veer to the subject of Rudy Vallee. And for the first time, instead of balking like a frightened colt at the mention of his name, she disclosed a disarming frankness.

"I don't see why our private lives should be made public property, but as long as people are talking they might just as well get the story straight as believe all the ridiculous things which are said and printed about us," she declared.

"They make me sick," Alice was referring to several stories which had been widely and publicly circulated. "Why last summer there were a lot of newspaper stories printed about how Rudy and I were spending evenings together canoeing on the lake when I visited his camp up in Maine."

She showed me one clipping that read like a pretty love idyll. It painted a picture of moonlight on a shimmering lake, a canoe, a boy and a girl, and possibly romantic songs for one pair of ears alone.

"Why every member of Rudy's orchestra, and the wives of the married ones were there at the same time," Alice explained. "I can't remember offhand how many guests there were all told, but it was a big house party. Rudy was rushed to death, as any host with that number of people on his hands to entertain would be. I don't think there was a single day of the time I was there when he and I had an opportunity to exchange more than a dozen words, except just the usual things that a host and guest

say to each other when there are many in the party."

That reminded the lovely songstress of another widely spread bit of misinformation, a story that had gone the rounds not so long ago, while she was in Hollywood. It was printed, at the behest of an inspired studio press agent, that there was a special clause in Alice's movie contract providing that she did not have to be on the set from four to five each Thursday afternoon. Vallee's radio broadcast reaches Hollywood between four and five on that day, and according to the story, Alice had insisted upon that clause in her contract so that she could rush to her dressing room and listen to Rudy.

"Just stop and think how silly that is!" she exclaimed. "Anyone who has ever worked on a movie lot would get a big laugh out of that. Production being held up for one whole hour just so a girl could listen to a radio program! I've never heard anything so silly in all my life!"

Her laughter interrupted her words.

"As a matter of fact," she continued, "when I wasn't working on Thursday afternoons, of course I listened to Rudy's programs. I'd listen to it anyhow, because it's a swell pro-

Alice says that Rudy deserves a wife who would give him every attention. She could never fill the bill. And besides, she thinks Rudy still loves—!

**Tune in on Rudy Vallee's program, *The Fleischman Hour*. See page 55—8 o'clock column.**







SAYS  
*Alice Faye*

*Fox Film*

Exclusively for Radio Mirror, she tells the startling truth about the most-discussed romance in radio

by RUTH GERI

gram, for one thing, and for another, naturally, having gotten my start on it, I'm rather interested."

**A**T this point I tactfully pointed out that so far I had been hearing things which were untrue, but then after all what was the truth?

"I don't suppose anybody will believe it even if you print it, but honestly there is no romance between Rudy and myself," she answered rather wearily. "People refuse to understand that two people can share a lovely friendship without romance entering into it."

"I admit that there was a slight infatuation when we first met, but we both knew almost at once that it could never be anything serious and realized that a passing romance

would otherwise ruin a friendship which could be serious.

"You see," she said a trifle wistfully. "Rudy doesn't love me. I doubt whether he'll ever be able to love anyone really again. He hasn't gotten over his tragic marriage yet. Sometimes, I think he never will. I believe that deep down in his heart, he still loves his wife."

"As for myself. I am very, very fond of Rudy, but since I could never marry him what was the use in letting myself fall in love with him?"

"Love doesn't often listen to common sense," I reminded her.

"I suppose that's right, but so far I've never met anyone who has made me throw all caution and sense to the winds," Alice replied. "You see I have (Continued on page 60)



# The Human Side



Wide World

## Is it possible that those dignified opera stars are real human beings?

**Tune in Saturdays for the operas broadcast through courtesy of Listine. See page 54—2 o'clock column.**

**T**HE day that Giulio Gatti-Casazza announced his forthcoming retirement as General Director of the Metropolitan Opera, a Broadway wag remarked, with feeling:

"No wonder! Say, grappling around with those Grand Opera temperaments would

knock out a Carnera!"

People like to believe that the inside of an opera house gives you a living example of what happens when the irresistible force meets the immovable object. That's "temperament"! And the more it sounds like a Zoo, the truer to type! Piquant stories come to light every now and then, to strengthen this belief. You may remember the one about the singer who complained to the Management that Geraldine Farrar went after her with such realistic vigor, in the fight-scene of *Carmen*, that she had to seek surgical aid, after the curtain-calls. That was a bit before my time, so I can't vouch for the truth of the anecdote, but it made grand reading. There was real operatic temperament for you!

It was Mr. Gatti who put an end to "temperament." The expression that takes its place, along the inside corridors of Broadway and Fortieth Street, is "house trouble." You hear it chiefly toward the spring of the year, when the singers' contracts are being renewed for next season. You ask, "Is Madame Z . . . coming back?" And they tell you, "No; she had 'house trouble'!" At once you have a complete picture. You know that Madame Z . . . went to the Office, to bring off a scene, or make an unreasonable request, or offer resistance to the least of the Management's rulings . . . and that, as a result, she



Upper left, Gatti-Casazza who is resigning as director of the Metropolitan, abolished "temperament"; next, Lily Pons who used to keep a jaguar as a pet; then comes Wilfred Pelletier who frequently conducts the great orchestra. Above, our own John Charles Thomas who enjoys best a good game of golf.



# of the "MET"



Upper right, the young Italian tenor, Nino Martini, spends his Sundays motoring; to his left is opera's newest recruit from radio, Helen Jepson, whose worst "fault" is talking about her baby daughter. Above is Grete Stueckgold, soprano, who prefers to buy her clothes in America than anywhere else.

## By ROSE HEYLBUT

isn't being re-engaged! Mr. Gatti believes that no singer is indispensable. This time, when a prima donna "won't sing," the decision is not of her making! One of the greatest artists the House ever had went out, a few years ago, because of "house trouble." She's tried every device known to human ingenuity to get herself back in . . . but Mr. Gatti has nothing to say.

It's wonderful how those old-time "shindigs" have been completely cured by Mr. Gatti's calm, quiet, dignified methods of discipline. The public never sees him. He will not take a curtain call. He shuns publicity. He refuses to give interviews. There is never an argument. He simply asserts himself, like a military commander, through the force of a Julius-Caesar-like personality. But this isn't a story about Mr. Gatti . . . except that he is the Reason Why the inside of the opera house presents a very different picture from the one it used to, and which the public possibly believes it still does. Well, then, what is it like "inside" at the "Met?"

They're known, "inside," as the Happy Family! "Rival" tenors and sopranos, who sing the same parts and might be supposed to hate each other with deadly venom, are the best of pals, and go in for sports and parties together! But why pile up the adjectives? Let's go and have a look, "inside." While the microphones are bringing the second season of sponsored Metropolitan Opera to every farm and town and hamlet in the country, let us go personally in through the famous stage door of the "Met."

It is eleven o'clock, and the little lobby is crowded with the singers, as they come in to pick up their mail, or (Continued on page 67)

**These stars are heard on the Chase & Sanborn hour, Sunday nights. See page 55—8 o'clock column.**



The new Cap'n Henry is heard on the Maxwell House Showboat Thursday nights. See page 55—9 o'clock column.

# The Strange the New CA

By FRED SAMMIS

**H**IS feet planted firmly on either side of the microphone, fat, philosophic Frank McIntyre—the new Captain Henry of the Showboat—has fought free of an ordeal without equal in fiction annals, an ordeal which began with his first broadcast of the Showboat program and which threatened in the weeks that followed to sweep him aside in a vast wave of fan disapproval.

When Frank McIntyre signed the contract which called for him to take over the most popular radio role in America—that of the Showboat captain—he faced a situation fraught with danger signals.

No man of small courage was to assume the part which Charlie Winninger had made dear to the hearts of his vast audience! But what has only recently been revealed is a situation which has the color and drama of an O'Neill play.

*For twenty years Frank McIntyre and Charles Winninger have admired and loved each other!*

Put yourself in McIntyre's place a moment, stand with him in the studio that Thursday night of his first showboat program. At his side is his oldest friend in the show business, the man he is replacing on radio's most popular program. Already a rumble of discontent at the news of Win-

ninger's retirement is pouring into the studio in fan letters.

Will he make good? Will he win over the listeners who are threatening to withdraw their listening support and will he keep those others not yet aware of the change tuned in to the program? Will he keep alive the character which Winninger has grown to love?

The answer lies in a statement made by the advertising agency handling the Showboat hour—made at the expiration of McIntyre's first six-week contract. The new captain Henry has been signed for an additional thirteen weeks!

The casting call which hurled McIntyre into the breach following Winninger's notice of quitting came without warning. A hurried phone call at his room in the Lamb's club and he found himself at the NBC rehearsal studio, face to face with his old friend.

"Frank, by golly, how are you?" Winninger clasped McIntyre's hand. The two men stood smiling at each other, unashamed of the tears which clouded their eyes.

And until the night of the actual broadcast these friendly rivals in stock and on the Broadway stage, worked hand in hand on the radio script. Later, after Winninger had left for the musical comedy in which he was being starred, they corresponded, exchanging advice and warnings.

"You know," the radio head of the advertising agency told me, "for a while more than 1,000 letters a week came to us from people bemoaning the departure of Winninger. But McIntyre stuck to his guns and soon writers began to congratulate him, admitting that he was in a tough spot. Then before long more letters came in extending best wishes to him for success in his part."

**T**O look at Frank McIntyre, you would doubt that there lay somewhere in the man the stubborn qualities which have carried him through to his latest success. He sits back and beams at you, his several chins quivering with hidden mirth. He is King Cole come to life.

But behind the twinkle in those warming blue eyes there is sincerity and deep earnestness of purpose. McIntyre is a homespun philosopher who folds his hands and tells you his theory of life in the hopes that you may be guided by it in your own problems.

When I asked him how he must have felt going through the first few weeks on the Showboat, not knowing if he were making good or a





# Ordeal D'N HENRY

When Frank McIntyre took Charlie Winninger's place on the Showboat he was facing a dramatic situation without equal in radio



On the opposite page, the man who created the most beloved radio character in America, Charles Winninger. Right, Frank McIntyre, the man who succeeded Winninger. Below, as he appeared in "Becky Sharpe" in 1904, playing the part of Joseph Sedley, in support of the immortal Mrs. Fiske.

complete flop, he settled back in a huge arm chair and stared out the window.

"I guess I just stuck to the thought that always the things you worry most about are the things which never happen. Y'know, if you wish for anything long enough and hard enough, nothing can stop you from getting what you want. I've wanted to be a radio star for two years and I was going to be one, Showboat or no Showboat."

Frank began his wishing early in life. Sitting in the gallery of the Whitney theater in his home town of Ann Arbor, Michigan, munching peanuts, he wished with all his heart he could be an actor. The glamour of the great Booth and Barrett and Mansfield on their road tours had caught him and he wanted to become a part of the world of make believe.

But he had to wait until he was a reporter on the town paper before he saw his dream come true. He was sent one night to cover a dinner given in honor

of the great favorite, Frank Keenan. One of the principal entertainers at the banquet failed to put in an appearance, and McIntyre was pressed into service. He recited one of James Whitcomb Riley's poems.

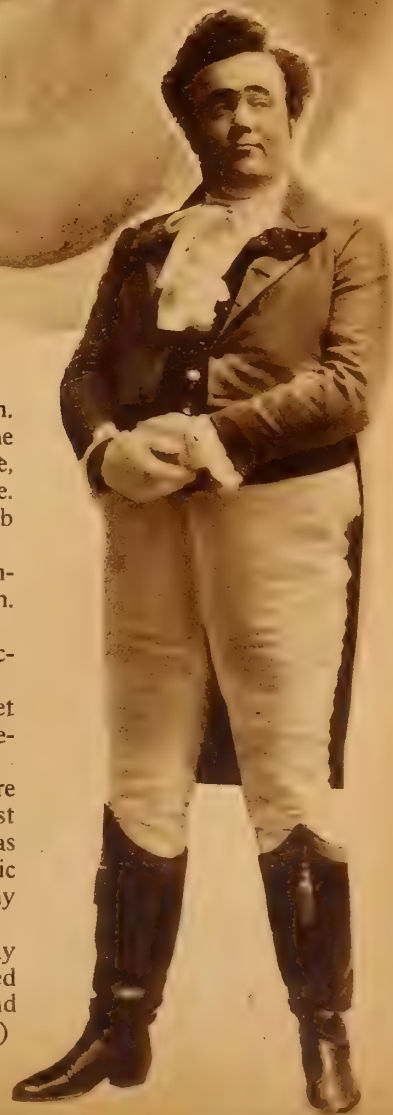
After dinner, Keenan said to McIntyre, "son, you're missing your vocation. You should be an actor."

"I've always wanted to be," said McIntyre eagerly.

"All right," replied Keenan. "I'll get in touch with you next season, just before we go into rehearsal."

And he did. Thereupon McIntyre threw up his job and began his first theatrical engagement. His career was launched, his wish had worked the magic charm for him. He has never done any other work than acting since.

There was another dream tucked away in the back of his head which had formed during school days when he would read Thackeray's (Continued on page 89)









# The Strange Ordeal of the New CAP'N HENRY

By FRED SAMMIS

**H**IS feet planted firmly on either side of the microphone, fat, philosophic Frank McIntyre—the new Captain Henry of the Showboat—has fought free of an ordeal without equal in fiction annals, an ordeal which began with his first broadcast of the Showboat program and which threatened in the weeks that followed to sweep him aside in a vast wave of fan disapproval.

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"You know," the radio head of the advertising agency told me, "for a while more than 1,000 letters a week came to us from people bewailing the departure of Winninger. But McIntyre stuck to his guns and soon writers began to congratulate him, admitting that he was in a tough spot. Then before long more letters came in extending best wishes to him for success in his part."

**T**O look at Frank McIntyre, you would doubt that there lay somewhere in the man the stubborn qualities which have carried him through to his latest success. He sits back and beams at you, his several chins quivering with hidden mirth. He is King Cole come to life.

But behind the twinkle in those warming blue eyes there is sincerity and deep earnestness of purpose. McIntyre is a homespun philosopher who folds his hands and tells you his theory of life in the hopes that you may be guided by it in your own problems.

When I asked him how he must have felt going through the first few weeks on the Showboat, not knowing if he were making good or a

When Frank McIntyre took Charlie Winninger's place on the Showboat he was facing a dramatic situation without equal in radio

On the opposite page, the man who created the most beloved radio character in America, Charles Winninger. Right, Frank McIntyre, the man who succeeded Winninger. Below, as he appeared in "Becky Sharpe" in 1904, playing the part of Joseph Sedley, in support of the immortal Mrs. Fiske.

complete flop, he settled back in a huge arm chair and stared out the window.

"I guess I just stuck to the thought that always the things you worry most about are the things which never happen. Y'know, if you wish for anything long enough and hard enough, nothing can stop you from getting what you want. I've wanted to be a radio star for two years and I was going to be one, Showboat or no Showboat."

Frank began his wishing early in life. Sitting in the gallery of the Whitney theater in his home town of Ann Arbor, Michigan, munching peanuts, he wished with all his heart he could be an actor. The glamour of the great Booth and Barrett and Mansfield on their road tours had caught him and he wanted to become a part of the world of make believe.

But he had to wait until he was a reporter on the town paper before he saw his dream come true. He was sent one night to cover a dinner given in honor

of the great favorite, Frank Keenan. One of the principal entertainers at the banquet failed to put in an appearance, and McIntyre was pressed into service. He recited one of James Whitcomb Riley's poems.

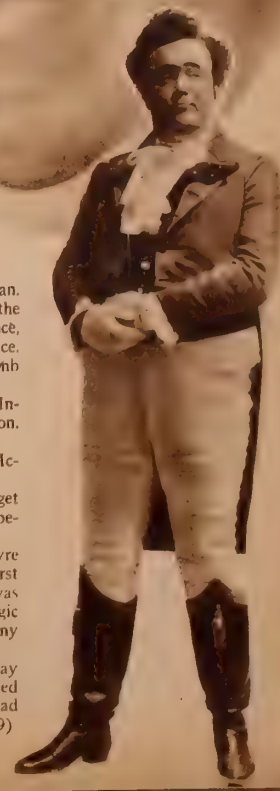
After dinner, Keenan said to McIntyre, "son, you're missing your vocation. You should be an actor."

"I've always wanted to be," said McIntyre eagerly.

"All right," replied Keenan. "I'll get in touch with you next season, just before we go into rehearsal."

And he did. Thereupon McIntyre threw up his job and began his first theatrical engagement. His career was launched, his wish had worked the magic charm for him. He has never done any other work than acting since.

There was another dream tucked away in the back of his head which had formed during school days when he would read Thackeray's (Continued on page 89)





# GRACIE ALLEN is Really *Scared* to Death

Burns and Allen sponsored by General Cigar Company. See page 53—9 o'clock column

**H**AVE you ever wondered about the real personality behind Gracie Allen's crazy giggle, her piping voice, her nit-wit cracks?

When you know about it you'll understand and love Gracie as you never did before. Because at heart Gracie is a lost, timid, frightened child who forces herself to do the very things she's afraid of.

"I'm a 'fraid cat," Gracie told me, her voice tremulous. "I'm afraid of riding in a plane. Every time I get into a boat, I'm sure that it's heading for certain disaster. I am afraid to make plans for tomorrow or the next day, for fear that some unkind fate will laugh at all my plans and make them turn to dust in my hands.

"When I played in vaudeville I often wished that the floor would sink under my feet. When I had to make my first appearance over the radio I suffered from mike fright. I still do. My hands get cold and my face gets hot. Other comedienues have audiences when they broadcast. I couldn't. I'm afraid. I'd be sure that they were laughing at me instead of with me, and I couldn't stand it. At least in the theatre the footlights separate us, and I can't see them, but it would be torture to me to watch their faces and think, 'I know this isn't going over.'

"I was that way even when I was a child—afraid of everything. I tried to pretend not to be afraid. Once, when I was six, I was visiting a sister of mine, who was on the stage. Privately I told her that I could sing better than she could. I was only bragging to keep my courage up, because I was so desperately envious of her career on the stage. I wanted to go on the stage, too, but I was afraid. She called my bluff. She took me on the stage and said I would sing the next number.

"I shivered with fear and shame. When the orchestra started to play, I started to cry. Then I ran away, more ashamed of myself than ever. My sister ran after me and made me dance an Irish jig, a sailor's hornpipe and a highland fling, but I kept crying all the time I was dancing.

"I used to lie frequently when I was a child. I lied because I was afraid not to lie. In spite of the fact that



*Photograph made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by Wide World*

**An unexpected slant on the funniest gal on the air which shows up the real woman for the first time**

**By DORA ALBERT**

mother and father were very lenient with me, I was afraid of this strange, adult world and could imagine myself being horribly punished for things I had done. An aunt cured me of lying by making me more afraid to lie than to tell the truth.

"This was how it happened. I'd been visiting at her home, and while there it occurred to me that it would be a grand idea to run my fingers over the lovely leaves of a rubber plant in her home. I decorated each of those gorgeous leaves with my finger nails. Somehow, when she came home, I could tell that she didn't think it was such a grand idea. 'Did you do this, Gracie?' she asked me. The first idea that came to my mind was to lie my way out of it. 'No, no,' I said, 'it wasn't I.'

"She knew I was lying. Without a word, she took me into the kitchen, and lifted the lid of the stove. Then she took a pair of plaid stockings that (Continued on page 77)





## FLORENCE BAKER

She certainly looks grown up, although this is the first time Florence Baker has had anything but child parts. She's more often than not the ingenue on the True Story Court of Human Relations program which tells a story and leaves the audience to work out the conclusion.

Bert Lawson



GERTRUDE NIESEN

No, it's not Hepburn, although the cameraman did his best. Glamorous Gertie is currently engaged, along with Everett Marshall and Phil Baker, in the Broadway musical show, "Calling All Stars," but she finds time to make guest appearances on CBS shows. La Niesen's popularity increases month by month.

Joseph Melvin McElliott





This is the best picture we've found of that jaunty man with the tear jerking voice. He must be a sentimentalist, this Woolcott, the Town Crier, although interviewers of the great gossip rise as one man to deny it. It seems that Alex hates to give them anything about himself that he might save for his own broadcasts. You can't blame him!

Joseph Melvin McElliott

## ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

WOOLLCOTT  
THEATRE







An action study of Joe Penner who has reached the top! His is now one of the air's most popular programs, and he hasn't had to change a line of his whimsical, nonsensical humor to do it. Backed up by Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, he will prove a real challenge to Eddie Cantor when that favorite returns to broadcasting, early in February.

Rudolph H. Hoffman

JOE PENNER






ED WYNN

We're proud of this candid camera shot which catches Ed Wynn at his best. Now that the roaring comedian has Eddie Duchin as well as Graham McNamee at his side, his Fire-chief programs have taken on new life and new listeners. The combination of the young pianist and the middle-aged fun-maker is a happy one for everyone. That's Graham in the background.

Rudolph H. Hoffman





When Frank Parker left the Revelers' Quartet to take part in the Jack Benny program, there was a young top tenor, Robert Simmons, ready to fill the vacancy Frank created. Now he sings popular duets with the lovely Jessica Dragonette, leading attraction of the Cities Service broadcasts, and in addition, is heard with the well known Revelers on the same program.

Ray Lee Jackson

JESSICA DRAGONETTE  
ROBERT SIMMONS



# Flirting

## HER WAY TO SUCCESS

**S**UCCESS is more fickle than a radio sponsor and harder to get than static, which gives you an idea . . .

For instance, you can have it swoop down, changing you overnight from a pumpkin to, say, a successful star, or you can inherit it from a long, unbroken line of success, or, if you are hard pressed, you can even work for it!

But Elsie Hitz, having her own ideas, unconsciously flirted her way to success!

Now don't get Elsie wrong. There is nothing siren-ish or coy about her; she is simply a little Cleveland, Ohio, girl grown into a big New York success with the help of two hazel eyes, one dimple and a voice conceded magical!

It all began a long while ago when Mrs. Hitz took her five little girls into a street car on a shopping expedition. The four elder were all blonde, blue-eyed and exceedingly attractive. People smiled at them, offered them their laps and made a tremendous fuss over them. Elsie, the youngest, was a quiet little brunette who, overwhelmed at seeing so many strangers, clung to the protectiveness of her mother's skirts.

This day she was suddenly grown up—being all of five! She decided to try a slow smile on that nice young man opposite. First she concentrated on getting his attention. At each lurch of the car she would patiently start all over again, and finally she was successful. Then she smiled a slow, one-dimpled smile, and was delighted to find that the nice man smiled broadly at her. The next minute he had risen and was lifting her into his seat, which was ever so far from the floor and made her legs dangle crazily.

She kept repeating this fascinating game which brought smiles from all over the car and numerous favors. But as soon as a person was won over (*Continued on page 51*)

She has won her way with a winning way—could you do the same if you had the chance?

By HELEN HARRISON



Elsie Hitz, above, as she looks when not before the mike. Left, caught in the throes of a "Dangerous Paradise" scene with Nick Dawson, her radio lover.

Miss Hitz is heard on the John H. Woodbury, Inc., "Dangerous Paradise" program. See page 55—7 o'clock column.







PHOTOGRAPHS  
MADE EXCLUSIVELY  
FOR  
RADIO MIRROR

# THE MAN WHO *Saved* Eddie Cantor's LIFE

*For Eddie Cantor's new program, the Pebeco Hour,  
see page 53—8 o'clock column.*

**I**N the Eddie Cantor home in New York, there are eighteen rooms, seven servants, five Cantor daughters, one Mrs. Cantor and one little man with strong hands whom every one calls Frenchy. Wherever Eddie goes—to rehearsals, to parties, to dinners—there goes Frenchy. He is five feet two inches tall and weighs 120 pounds, which is four inches shorter and twenty pounds lighter than Eddie himself. Just the right height and weight for a shadow.

And no one knows Eddie better than his shadow. Not even Mrs. Cantor. For Frenchy, in addition to being valet and chauffeur, is a graduate masseur. His profession, that is to say, is massage, and before he went to work for the star he had massaged kings, presidents, barons, prizefighters and millionaires. He knows every bone, every twitchy tendon, every sore spot in the Cantor anatomy. He has known him this way for seven years—yet he confessed that he still doesn't understand him.

Said Frenchy to me:

"He says he is going to lie down for an hour. But fifteen minutes later he is up. He goes to bed at four in the morning and at nine or earlier he is up. He gets up and he sings. He sings and he practices mi-mi-mi-mi, you know what I mean. And then all day long he goes, goes, goes, never stopping. One thing to the next. He never rests. Every detail of all the things he is doing, he holds in his hands, packs in his head. He wears out everybody he works with. I can't understand it. He is the dynamo type."

Everyone knows Frenchy and everyone likes him. It isn't hard because he is a nice fellow who keeps his mouth shut and doesn't know how to butt in. He acquired the name Frenchy because his first name was Eddie—like the master's. Which would never do. Actually he is Swiss, born in Lucerne and bearing the name Edmund Frauchiger. He was masseur at the Lakeville Country Club when Eddie lay down on his rubbing table for the first time. That was in 1928, a bad year in Eddie's horoscope. He was



suffering from insomnia. He would go for a week at a time without sleep. A broker friend brought him to Frenchy and when Frenchy was finished kneading the Cantor muscles, Cantor was sound asleep. It was just this side of being a miracle.

This insomnia was a hangover from the rather bad period of illness Eddie went through in that year. It included several attacks of pleurisy which sent him to Battle Creek for treatment. At the sanatorium they regulated his diet and managed to put him back on his feet. But he returned to New York and plunged at once into work with the Follies. Then the sleepless nights began. He'd undress, go to bed—but when his head struck the pillow, his eyes would snap open. An idea would hit him and he'd start working it out. Night after night, the same thing happened. It looked like a case of no sleep; no Eddie Cantor.

**T**HAT short snooze on the Lakeville rubbing bench was a revelation to Eddie. He went back for more—for more sleep. And he got it. Eddie was shrewd enough to realize that those strong sensitive hands meant salvation for him. He looked at his bankbook and made Frenchy an offer. It was accepted and Frenchy came to live with the Cantors—to become what amounts to a member of the family.

I do not think I exaggerate when I say that Frenchy saved Eddie Cantor's life. Certainly, the star was headed for a complete breakdown. Even a Cantor dynamo cannot go on forever. And he went on and goes on saving his life. For Eddie is the type who puts everything, every ounce of energy, into everything he does. He comes off the stage, off the lot, off the mike—it doesn't matter which—wringing wet with perspiration. He is so wrought up after a performance he cannot eat for twelve hours—or not very much.

Curious item in this connection. In Hollywood Eddie works all day at the studio, works so hard he has no time for his family. He works nights too. With hardly any rest. Yet, he invariably puts on weight, anywhere from four to seven pounds. When he did "Kid Millions," he gained six. In New York, he lives at home, plays with his kids, and goes on the air one hour a week. Yet in New York he loses not only the weight he gained on the Coast but a few more pounds besides. Think of that, the next time you aspire to a radio career.

Frenchy saved his life, we were saying, by curing his insomnia in 1928. And he helps him to a longer life every day by supervising his diet, bullying him into rest, by smoothing the jangled nerves, by restoring the feverishly active Cantor body to a state of calm, to a *(Continued on page 58)*

"He wears out everybody he works with," Frenchy says about the boss. "He's a human dynamo. He never rests. I can't understand it!"

His name is Frenchy. He's  
Eddie's savior, shadow, and  
severest critic. And if you  
want to know the ace come-  
dian intimately, read what  
Frenchy knows about him!

By GEORGE KENT





# What AUNT ROSE did *Ruth*

All she has today, Ruth  
owes to the little woman  
who once guided a  
motherless and be-  
wildered little girl

*As you read this,  
Ruth Etting can be  
heard under the spon-  
sorship of Kellogg's  
Pep. See page 55—  
7 o'clock column.*





# for Etting

**T**HERE'S a woman in Nebraska who sits alone much of the time. But she's never lonely.

This woman is beset by no feeling that life has passed her by. Sitting behind the starched lace curtains in the parlor of the white house her father built she is, instead, warmed by an extraordinary deep sense of fulfillment.

And now she can sit again at her radio and hear once more the warm voice of Ruth Etting, for Ruth has her own show again every Friday night over NBC.

Twenty-odd years ago this woman's widowed brother returned home with his small daughter.

"A little girl needs a woman to rear her," he said. "It looks as if she was your job, Rose."

And this woman, young then, looking down into the wide blue eyes of her niece which were filled with lonely bewilderment, saw her life before her.

"Hello, 'Job'!" she said. She took the little girl's hand and together they climbed the stairs to a white room under the eaves. And when they reached the top her hand hurt, it had been held so tightly.

That lonely and bewildered little girl was Ruth Etting. Ruth Etting of Ziegfeld and movie and radio fame. And if anybody in the world, besides Ruth herself, can be said to be responsible for her success surely it is her Aunt Rose.

Not that Rose Etting ever advised Ruth about her career. Not that she trained her for any phase of it. She couldn't, very well, knowing nothing whatever about show business. Her work was done the day Ruth left for Chicago to live at the Y. W. C. A. and study art. By that time she had trained Ruth as a human being. And as things worked out this was to be the most important thing of all. For it is the manner of person Ruth Etting is that has brought her where she is today and keeps her there.

Ruth Etting is not a great singer. The range of her voice doesn't hold critical audiences spell-bound. Neither does she undertake difficult arias to arrive triumphantly if also slightly breathless at the last telling note. She sings simple things simply. She sings with her heart. Her singing has the same warm, untrained charm to be heard in the darkies' singing. It is the things



Recalling fond memories as she looks at the photograph of Florenz Ziegfeld beside the cherished pair of red slippers she wore in her first Ziegfeld Follies show.

she has seen, the things she has known that color her voice. And had she come to her experiences with a heart less stout and understanding and wise, these experiences would have proved her Waterloo, they would have broken her.

I lunched with Ruth recently. In Hollywood where she was making a motion picture. At the smart Vendome where the prices are the stars' protection because they keep the crowds away.

Claudette Colbert stopped at our table. Immediately she and Ruth began to talk about houses. They were a couple of housewives in a dither about linen closets and salad gardens and the great difficulty of planning things so all bedrooms would have crossed ventilation.

Ruth's eyes brightened and the words tumbled faster and faster from her curving mouth. She was like a girl who in home-making comes to her first great, individual experience. It seemed incredible that not so long ago she had been singing in cellar cafés, soliciting whatever the patrons elected to give her, dancing all night with men, maudlin and vulgar from drink.

When Claudette left I asked Ruth how it happened that those years in Chicago when she was starting out had left no faint mark upon her.

"Those surroundings never touched me," she said. "Surroundings don't touch you, can't influence you, I'm sure, unless you open yourself to them. My aunt taught me that when I was a little girl."

It's always like that when you talk with Ruth Etting. Time and time again, apropos of something she thinks or something she has managed to do, she will tell you, "My aunt taught me that when I was a little girl."

The first thing Rose Etting did for Ruth, certainly, was to focus her blue eyes on far horizons and tease her ambitions with stories of those things people were doing in the big cities beyond their own flat prairie.

She used to leave her baking to join Ruth in the fields behind their house. From there they could watch the trains pass. And to Ruth, wild-flowers clutched in her moist hand, those trains became more wonderful than anything to be read about in any fairy story. (Continued on page 85)

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER







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BY

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



# why

# the STARS go



**S**O you're tired of being fat and dumpy, of spreading hips and a tummy that seems to grow in spite of everything you can do. And you, Mr. Lothario, can't understand where that bay window came from, and the roll of three chins. Why can't you have a figure like, well Jimmie Wallington? Why can't you have the energy and vitality of Floyd Gibbons, Lowell Thomas. And you, little flapper you, why can't you have the shape of Sylvia Froos, or Jessica Dragonette?

Because you're not made that way? Nonsense. Because you're downright lazy and careless!

That's what Jac Auer says, and he should know. For Jac Auer, famous Swedish masseur, is to radio what Madame Sylvia is to the movies. If a star needs reduction, if he needs building up, if he feels blue and wants to get out of the dumps, dollars to doughnuts you'll find him in Jac Auer's, being pummelled and pounded and kneaded into shape.

"Most of us don't stop to realize that keeping in trim is just as necessary for a radio star as for a movie star. You've got to keep fit physically to be fit mentally. Your spirit and your mind work hand in hand," Jac told me.

Behind the massive doors that lead to the gym such radio personalities as President Roosevelt, Lowell Thomas, Floyd Gibbons, Admiral Byrd, Sylvia Froos, Morton Downey, and Bing Crosby have gone. And all, with the exception of Bing, have come out a good deal happier and more fit.

Let me tell you the story of that ace radio personality, President Roosevelt, who is a very good friend of the tall, blonde, husky Jac Auer, the son of Bavaria who has been kneading people into shape for twenty-seven years.

"I first met President Roosevelt ten years ago, when he was a cripple confined to a wheel chair. I had treated Teddy Roosevelt, and when his cousin came in I thought nothing of it. At the time, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was managing Al Smith's campaign for Governor, and a mighty wearing job it was too.

"I've heard you have helped loads of people who were crippled like me," President Roosevelt said. "Perhaps you can help me too."

"I looked at the President, a helpless figure in a wheel chair. I examined him, and then shook my head sorrowfully. 'Sorry,' I said, 'there isn't anything I can do. What

Floyd Gibbons (above) runs in on Jac Auer when he wants to pep up. Right, meet the husky son of Bavaria, the man who keeps the stars fit. Below, the Sisters of the Skillet clown around a bit before the rub-down. When Lowell Thomas (opposite page) visits the gym he's due for a lot of kidding, and below him, you'll find Bing Crosby with the look he registered the time he first visited Jac's.

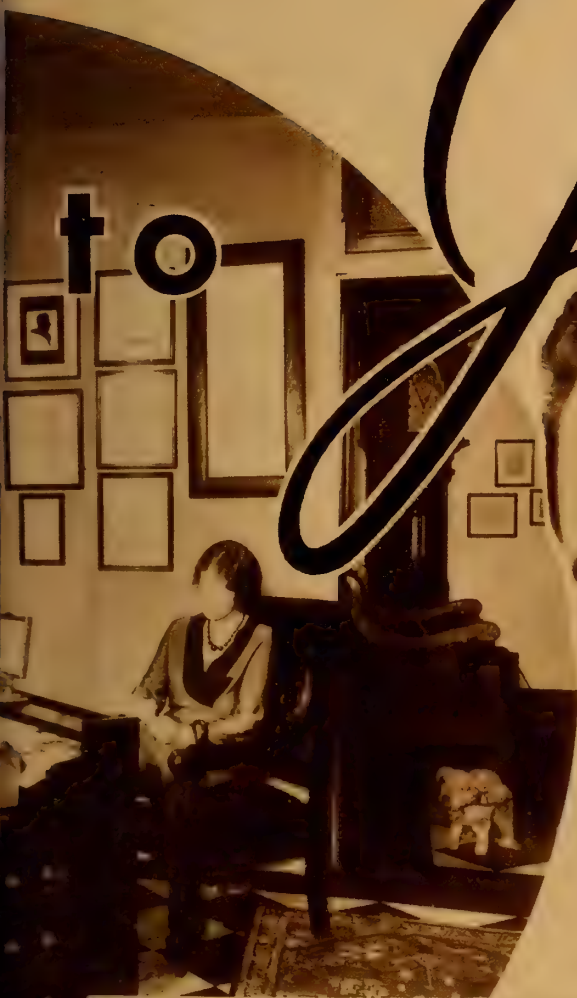




If you feel blue—if you want to get slim—if you want to gain weight, take a tip from the man who pummels 'em into shape

By MARY JACOBS

# to Jac's



you need is hot water treatments.'

"Of course, the President was disappointed. 'At least you've told me the truth,' he finally said. 'We'll forget all about my paralysis. How about giving me a course of Swedish massages to keep me fit for work?'"

"That was easy. We got to be great friends, and we're good friends to this day."

Perhaps you can't give yourself the Swedish massage, with its vigorous kneading and pummeling, at home. But then you won't need it, if you take time out for exercising at night and in the morning. You can keep yourself in trim with just a few simple stunts, plus some

common-sense attention to what you eat. The human body is like putty, Jac Auer maintains, and you can mold it as you will.

A goodly percentage of the radio and society folk who go to Jac Auer's want, first and foremost, to reduce. Women worry most about their tummies and hips. Men about their triple chins, bay windows and that tired feeling.

**A**ND when women come in, trouble usually follows. Recently Sylvia Froos came to Jac's, to keep her hips slim. "We had quite a job with Sylvia," Jac told me laughingly. "You know, when you suddenly go in strong for exercise, you gain a few pounds at first, because you pack in a lot more chow and water. Well, Sylvia was terribly worried when she gained two pounds on a reduction schedule.

"Then she became stiff, almost lame from the unaccustomed exercise, and tearfully threatened to sue me. She was sure she wouldn't be able to walk, that I'd ruined her career. You should have seen her face and her mother's.

"When the stiffness wore off, she became a swell patient. And the woman in charge of our girl clients insists that Sylvia wears the cutest lingerie of any girl along radio row."

The one thing Jac has against women is the fact that we pay so little attention to posture, the principal ingredient of beauty. "It beats all how a (Continued on page 79)









# why

# the STARS go to

# Jac's

By MARY JACOBS

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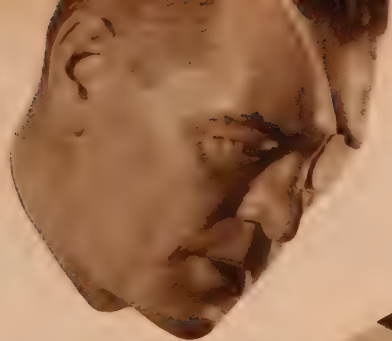
Let me tell you the story of that ace radio personality, President Roosevelt, who is a very good friend of the tall, blonde, husky Jac Auer, the son of Bavaria who has been kneading people into shape for twenty-seven years.

"I first met President Roosevelt ten years ago, when he was a cripple confined to a wheel chair. I had treated Teddy Roosevelt, and when his cousin came in I thought nothing of it. At the time, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was managing Al Smith's campaign for Governor, and a mighty wearing job it was too.

"I've heard you have helped loads of people who were crippled like me," President Roosevelt said. 'Perhaps you can help me too.'

"I looked at the President, a helpless figure in a wheel chair. I examined him, and then shook my head sorrowfully. 'Sorry,' I said, 'there isn't anything I can do. What

Floyd Gibbons (above) runs in on Jac Auer when he wants to pep up. Right, meet the husky son of Bavaria, the man who keeps the stars fit. Below, the Sisters of the Skillet clown around a bit before the rub-down. When Lowell Thomas (opposite page) visits the gym he's due for a lot of kidding, and below him, you'll find Bing Crosby with the look he registered the time he first visited Jac's.



If you feel blue—if you want to get slim—if you want to gain weight, take a tip from the man who pummels 'em into shape

you need is hot water treatments.'

"Of course, the President was disappointed. 'At least you've told me the truth,' he finally said. 'We'll forget all about my paralysis. How about giving me a course of Swedish massages to keep me fit for work?'

"That was easy. We got to be great friends, and we're good friends to this day."

Perhaps you can't give yourself the Swedish massage, with its vigorous kneading and pummelling, at home. But then you won't need it, if you take time out for exercising at night and in the morning. You can keep yourself in trim with just a few simple stunts, plus some

common-sense attention to what you eat. The human body is like putty, Jac Auer maintains, and you can mold it as you will.

A goodly percentage of the radio and society folk who go to Jac Auer's want, first and foremost, to reduce. Women worry most about their tummies and hips. Men about their triple chins, bay windows and that tired feeling.

**A**ND when women come in, trouble usually follows. Recently Sylvia Froos came to Jac's, to keep her hips slim. "We had quite a job with Sylvia," Jac told me laughingly. "You know, when you suddenly go in strong for exercise, you gain a few pounds at first, because you pack in a lot more chow and water. Well, Sylvia was terribly worried when she gained two pounds on a reduction schedule.

"Then she became stiff, almost lame from the unaccustomed exercise, and tearfully threatened to sue me. She was sure she wouldn't be able to walk, that I'd ruined her career. You should have seen her face and her mother's.

"When the stiffness wore off, she became a swell patient. And the woman in charge of our girl clients insists that Sylvia wears the cutest lingerie of any girl along radio row."

The one thing Jac has against women is the fact that they pay so little attention to posture, the principal ingredient of beauty. "It beats all how a (Continued on page 79)







# MY OWN SPY

**A** COLD mist was falling that particular dawn, a mist typical of France in 1916. It lay glistening on the leather helmet of my pilot as he sat forward in the open cockpit of the small two-seater plane and worked the instruments on the panel board.

I watched him tinker and toss away a damp cigarette before he waved a signal that he was ready. Shivering in my worn suit of civilian clothes, I climbed in and tucked my legs in the cramped space behind. The roar of the motor drowned out my shouted farewells. A lurch, a sudden zoom, and we were off!

I had made my first move in the most dangerous game an Intelligence Officer can play with the enemy. I was going behind the German lines, a spy with only a prayer and a passable knowledge of languages to get me safely back.

Don't imagine that this trip was my own choice of what to do at four in the morning. I had been sound asleep, dreaming of nothing more than a comfortable bed and a real spring mattress, when my orderly burst into my quarters.

"You're wanted at Headquarters immediately. Special orders are waiting."

And the next thing I knew, I had donned a helmet and was carefully wrapping four precious carrier pigeons in a small crate. My orders—they were oral instructions—had been carefully memorized and tucked in the back of my mind.

It seems that Headquarters was expecting an attack by the enemy at any moment in the Laventhe Sector. But how to be dead sure? Simple! Just send a man to contact the



ILLUSTRATION BY  
CARL LINK

A minute passed—The plane had circled and was gone in the mist! I listened intently. The drone of the motor had faded away. I was alone in enemy territory!

agent behind the German lines, have him say what was needed in the way of information, hand over the pigeons, and presto! the job was over. How to get him back? Why, in the same plane that took him over, if nothing went wrong. Which was the biggest IF I ran up against during the war.

So we were off, headed for a little farmhouse a mile or two from the front trenches. The trip itself, I had been told, was comparatively safe. Perhaps a few shells bursting around, maybe even a few fragments whistling through, the fusilage of the plane. But nothing really dangerous, you understand.

Sailing around in that heavy fog was about the most ghostly trip I'd ever taken. One minute complete darkness, and the next a shell bursting brilliantly. A violent swerve and we'd be on our way again. By the time my pilot was ready to land, I was beginning to wonder if it was an early morning joy ride.

At last he turned around in his seat and pointed down at a ramshackle barn standing at the edge of a clearing. Our landing place! He dipped down low, skimming the tops of the trees, his motor barely turning over. The wheels hit the rough ground, bouncing the plane like a toy ship on a heavy sea.

Gathering my legs under me, the crate of pigeons held in my left hand, I waited until the plane slowed. With a last grimace at my pilot and a handshake, I slipped over the fusilage, rolling away from the plane as it started up. Another minute and the plane had circled and was gone in the mist. I was a lone spy in enemy territory. I listened to the steady drone of the motor until it faded away before striking out for the barn.

Fighting off a panicky impulse to shout out loud, I repeated my orders to myself, making sure that I had them right. "Wait in the deserted barn until you make contact with the agent, Jean Remau. (Continued on page 64)

For Capt. Healy's  
program, the Ivory  
Stamp Club, see  
page 54—6 o'clock  
column.



# STORIES

BY CAPTAIN TIM HEALY

How this popular radio star  
escaped from a thrillingly dan-  
gerous situation in his multi-col-  
ored career of espionage









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The Fiddlers Three—Wilberforce J. Whiteman, father of the famous Paul Whiteman, and Paul, Jr., who had his own band last summer.

# WHAT'S NEW

By  
JAY PETERS

Snappy chatter,  
newest news and  
interesting gossip  
about your favorites



Wide World



**W**HAT with Geraldine Farrar serving as commentator on the Metropolitan Operas, Elsie Janis functioning as America's first woman announcer, Beatrice Lillie and Helen Hayes joining the already long list of feminine stage and opera stars on the air, the parade of women to the studios assumes impressive proportions. In the beginning of broadcasting and for a long time women were not welcome in the air castles. Indeed, their male competitors were not above making things unpleasant for them, surreptitiously, of course. But since then they have abundantly proved their right to a place in the radio scheme of things and can be depended upon to march on to even greater honors.

**N**ETWORK affiliations don't mean a thing any more. Two years ago NBC was busy building-up Donald Novis as a rival attraction to Columbia's Morton Downey. Now Novis is singing on CBS and Downey on NBC. It is the sponsor who decides who will play on whose network and when and why . . . The same week Downey landed a sponsor, after a long absence

Eddie with Ida and four of the Cantor daughters, just before sailing on the liner Rex for a much needed vacation.

from the air waves. Kate Smith, who was made a sustaining "institution" by Columbia while marking time, also signed a commercial contract. . . . Downey gets \$6,000 for broadcasting twice a week but has to pay his orchestra and other talent from that sum. . . . Kate's salary is \$5,000. But she should worry about salary. She has a bank-roll now as big as herself. In the last four years she has acquired \$1,000,000.

**G**RACIE Allen and George Burns are so pleased with the girl-baby they adopted they are looking around for

a companion for Sandra. This time they want a boy and have already decided on his name—Allen Burns . . . Milton Watson, who plays the rôle of Captain Flynn O'Flynn on the operatic serial, "The O'Flynn's", is the husband of Peggy Bernier, the actress.

**T**HE Davises are well represented in the affairs of "The Gibson Family", radio's first original musical comedy. Owen Davis, the veteran playwright, writes the scripts in collaboration with his son, Donald, and another son, Owen, Jr., is an actor in the cast.



# on RADIO ROW

**O**N the air the voices of Jack Benny and Goodman Ace of "Easy Aces" sound so similar some listeners can't tell which is which. The comedians have another similarity—both smoke about twenty cigars a day. Benny never puffed a perfecto until comparatively recently. He started in a stage play where he was cast as a derby-hatted, cigar-smoking detective. The habit formed then continued.

**W**HEN Rudy Vallee finished the film, "Sweet Music," and left the Coast for Broadway he presented Alice with a dog. But such a dog! He is a mammoth bow-wow, part Belgian police dog and chow, and as big as Rudy's famous Windy. So big, in fact, that Alice had to lease another apartment spacious enough to accommodate her and the bodyguard which the thoughtful Rudy provided.

No self-respecting intruder would venture upon the premises of the fair Alice if he knew of the presence of

this ferocious-appearing sentinel—and it is no secret in Hollywood he is there. Indeed, the boulevard gossips would have you believe that Rudy trained him to attack any male who might make advances, amorous or otherwise, toward the lovely Faye. Personally I don't believe that but dismiss it as one of those Hollywood legends. Still, you never can tell what Rudy may do.

As for what Alice Faye thinks about it, see her story on page 16 of this issue.

And another thing—if The Great Crooner invites you to his Maine lodge, for a week-end go prepared to abide by the rules and regulations he has drawn up for the conduct of visitors. Most hosts take the attitude that the guest is always right but not Rudy.

For instance, he is annoyed by those recipients of his hospitality who are careless about restoring stoppers to bottles of toilet and medicinal preparations and urges them to "put back things where and as you find them." Early risers are admonished to refrain

from loud talking and unnecessary noises on the theory they disturb those still sleeping.

There are many similar hints for the behavior of guests in Rudy's book of rules. All of them are remedies for little annoyances which other hosts would like to remove but which they hesitate to suggest, etiquette being what it is. Rudy, a young man with the courage of his convictions and the ability to express them, never falters in what he deems his duty to his fellow man.

**E**VERY so often the Scarsdale (N. Y.) Women's Club goes into a huddle and decides which radio programs are good for children. Their latest bulletin gives first honors to Albert Payson Terhune's dog stories. "Roses and Drums" and Edwin C. Hill are approved as "very good" and Lowell Thomas, H. V. Kaltenborn and Rudy Vallee are voted "good." And here is a surprise: Joe Penner, Uncle Don and Amos 'n' Andy are rated "poor" while Little Orphan Annie and Myrt and Marge are branded "very poor." A number of strictly children's programs are ignored in the survey and others considered of strictly adult appeal are appraised. It is a remarkable list in more ways than one.

## IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL:

Romantically speaking, the big news of the month was the announcement of the engagement of **Muriel Wilson**, the singing Mary Lou of Show Boat, to **Fred Hufsmith**, the tenor. You may remember this department hinted several weeks ago the romance was developing. It had its inception on a program (not Captain Henry's) when **Miss Wilson** and **Mr. Hufsmith** sang a duet. Meanwhile those listeners who loved to think that **Lanny Ross**

(Continued on page 72)

The new addition to the Burns and Allen team is Sandra Jean Burns, their newly adopted daughter. Aren't they the proud parents, though!

Be it known that John Charles Thomas' severest critic is Max, his Schnauzer Pinzer dog who sits in on all rehearsals at the American baritone's home.



Wide World



Wide World



# COAST-TO-COAST

## Chicago

by Chase Giles

### DIGNIFIED DELIVERY

**A** DIGNIFIED and cultured north shore society woman was bawling out the Chicago office of the Columbia network and WBBM for having cut off a Philharmonic symphony concert.

"I want you to put the symphony back on right away," she stormed in a cultured voice.

"I'm sorry, madame, but there's nothing I can do," replied the polite telephone girl.

The mad matron exploded.  
"The hell you can't."

**B**ECAUSE an aunt whom he's never seen, heard and liked his news commenting on the Realsilk show Don McGibeny has been named in her will, according to a letter he just received from her.

### SURE HE KNEW

**A**N elderly lady was shopping in an art store for some paintings. With her was her young nephew. Among the paintings was one of Daniel in the lion's den. It caught the boy's fancy and he stood staring at it. Trying to be pleasing, the tail-coated salesman turned to the child.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the kid.  
"That's Frank Buck!"

### FIRST AID

**B**ABY LILLY SEGUST lay dying in the charity ward of the Cook County hospital in Chicago. Her mother was desperately ill at home. The child's father waited by the bedside, hopeful but helpless. Finally the doctor gave his verdict. Only a blood transfusion at once could save the child's life. The father volunteered immediately only to find his blood was not the right type. He telephoned a friend who

The handsome officer is known to radio listeners as Heinie of the Grenadiers. He's Jack Bundy, heard from Milwaukee.



Above is the popular genial host of the "House by the Side of the Road." Tony Wons, the philosopher of the scrapbook was caught in the middle of a word of advice.



rushed over. Again the wrong kind of blood. Then a neighbor had an inspiration. The radio!

He telephoned WLS' studios. Notes were made, the typewriter rattled off its message. The note was handed to the announcer who put it on the air. Within five minutes the first volunteer reached the hospital, rushed to the operating table. His blood was all right. Within five minutes, two more volunteers reached the hospital. Within fifteen, the transfusion was going on. Baby Lilly Segust recovered and today is happy and healthy.

**O**NE day Tony Wons made the mistake of broadcasting his lack of a rabbit's foot. A week later he had a bushel basket full from helpful listeners. And they are still coming in! Tony wonders if there's any future in a rabbit's foot farm. Maybe he ought to look into Joe Penner's duck farm.

(Continued on page 61)



# HIGHLIGHTS

## *Pacific*

by Dr. Ralph L. Power



Meet Lois Austin, San Francisco's gift to radio. She's known for her fine interpretations of Shakespeare's heroines over KDO.

**W**HEN you gotta go, you gotta go. Page that guy Ripley. Why?

Well, that's how James A. Petersen, announcer at Tacoma's KVI got his first radio job.

Back in '26 at KICK, Red Oak, Iowa, the regular announcer pressed Jimmie into emergency service. The lad made a hit and has been at it since . . . announcing mostly, but singing sometimes.

Some of these days he hopes to be able to take a year or two off to study singing. He's one of the few eligible radio bachelors in the good ole n'west . . . aged 25, dark brown hair, blue eyes and medium build.

**F**OSTER RUCKER, youthful blond announcer for KFOX in Long Beach, has been with the station practically since he got out of high school a few years ago. Though most Long Beach residents came from Iowa, young Rucker was born in Kokomo, Indiana. Still single, he still an-



This is Ynez Seabury, young Los Angeles actress whose voice comes to you on NBC's Shell Show. She's guest starred for Vallee, Hall of Fame and was Mary Pickford's stand-in.

swers his own fan mail . . . goes horseback riding, reads modern-day dime novels and wants to be an ocean explorer.

### 'ROUND ABOUT THE BAY DISTRICT

Glen Goff, KYA organ grinder, has collaborated with two other bay region musicians to write "When the Moon Peeps Above Hawaii," and it's a swell waltz piece. Never knew before that announcers have trademarks. But along comes Jack Nesbitt from out of the great n'west (KGA and KHQ) to do KFRC mike speling. And the home town papers label him as "the announcer with the boyish voice." NBC's Paul Carson, who does the "Bridge to Dreamland" organ program, got his annual yuletide gift from the wife . . . she will again write the continuities for his program throughout the year. Before their marriage she was Jean MacMillan, whose brother owned KMPC in Beverly Hills. She read poetry over the station, met Mr. Carson who was then in the southland, and they were later married in the north. March the 17th will be a celebration for Edward Fitzpatrick, NBC conductor in 'Frisco. The Irish lad will celebrate St. Patrick's Day and the third month of married life. He was spliced three months ago that day to Mary Wood, pretty blonde soprano. They first met on the NBC Magazine of the Air, continued the romance via mail from Los Angeles and then to the bay district for ye wedding bells. Wife of Ken Carney, NBC producer, shows her allegiance with NBC monogram . . . not for National Broadcasting Co. but for Nell Bemish Carney.

**O**LE SVENSON, KHJ comic, was born up in Portland, Oregon, as Richard Le Grand, likes to fish but (Continued on page 62)



# Rose Bampton's Own Wardrobe



● Rose Bampton, contralto and youngest star of the Metropolitan Opera, is a new recruit to radio. Miss Bampton's "Songs You Love," sponsored by Smith Brothers, are a popular feature of the air and her guest appearances on those Chase & Sanborn Sunday night operas have added to her popularity. We're proud to present this lovely singer in the costumes recently designed for her by the eminent stylist, Elizabeth Hawes.

● At the left is Miss Bampton in an afternoon dress of grey Bianchini silk with two rows of self-covered buttons strung from the round neck to the hem. The plum felt hat has a pleated shell-shaped brim in front and her purse and gloves are beet-root suede. Above, the lovely contralto selected a brown velveteen evening coat which is both warm and smart. The flattering mink collar may be worn standing high around the neck.

**Gowns for Miss Bampton created by Elizabeth Hawes.**





Rose Bampton is heard on  
the Smith Brothers' "Songs  
You Love" program.  
See page 55—  
9 o'clock column.

● The vogue for buxom opera stars has passed, and today their sveltness is as much a part of their careers as their voices. Above, Miss Bampton pauses a moment on the stairs to show you her new evening dress of white georgette. The becoming neckline is square and is held by small lingerie straps of the same material. The back, you will notice, is very low and is finished off with a small butterfly bow of the material.

● To the right, Miss Bampton is well-dressed for the afternoon in her tailored coat of tan covert cloth, fastened at the natural waistline with two large self-covered buttons. The neckline is effectively accented by pointed flaring revers. Over her shoulders the stately star has thrown a scarf of three sables. The pert hat was selected because of its vagabond style and is of rust felt. A brown ante-lope bag and gloves round out the costume.



**Photos made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR.**





# Tracking Down *and his Sinclair*

by  
JANE  
COOPER



Top The Sinclair Quartet—left to right, Pat Patterson, Art Jones, Al Rice and Fritz Clark; upper circle, Mac McCloud, "Mama's Little Red-Hot," one of the end men, in the act of making a snappy comeback; lower circle, Joe Parsons, the show's popular bass singer.

**T**HE year: 1928—the scene: Chicago—the first act: a three man, three instrument, ten minute performance.

The year: 1934—the scene: Chicago—the second act: The NBC Sinclair Minstrel Show, with its cast of twenty-six, its fifteen piece orchestra, in full costume, playing before a capacity audience.

I'd like you to meet the star performers of this second act—Gene Arnold and his minstrel men, those rollicking stars who fill our blue Monday nights with gayety and fun, hear the story of their dramatic rise from a local station to fourth ranking place in national audience popularity.

First—Gene Arnold himself, the man who asks the simple question and who gets the funny answers in these weekly broadcasts.

"I came to Chicago in 1928," he told me, "to see if there was anything in radio for me. I'd been on the stage as director and performer with the original 'Red Mill', 'Merry Widow', and 'Algeria' companies. I got a couple of auditions as a singer at WOK, a small local station. There I met Chuck Haynes and Ray Ferris, and we appeared on the air as the Harmony Slaves."





# GENE ARNOLD

## *Minstrel Men*

Out of these short programs, with a page and a half script, was born the idea for a minstrel show which was to eventually become such a hit on the air.

Gene realized that the public, mindful of the days when Lew Dockstader, Honeyboy Evans, Al G. Fields, and others gave their minstrel shows with morning parades and evening performances, still craved the variety such entertainment provided.

So he formed the Wiener Minstrel Company and won his first big sustaining broadcast, after a successful audition. When the Sinclair Company came to NBC a few years ago looking for a program to sponsor, Gene and his minstrels were elected.

At first the problem of providing the national audience with enough good jokes nearly stumped him. Then he hit on the novel idea of appealing to his listeners for contributions they'd like to hear. As a result, he has a million gag writers, and he doesn't have to pay them one cent. In fact, they're delighted if their contributions are chosen.

Some of the gags sent in (*Continued on page 74*)



Top, Gene Arnold poses with Bill Childs, left and Clifford Soubier, right, in costume; below is Gene Arnold, interlocutor and originator of the Sinclair Greater Minstrel show heard over the National networks which has become so popular with Monday night ether audiences.



# Beauty

## REVEALING THE BEAUTY SECRETS OF BEATRICE LILLIE

By JOYCE ANDERSON

**H**OW—without expensive and elaborate treatments—can you obtain that longed-for English complexion of natural loveliness?

Beatrice Lillie, new NBC star whose perfect skin has helped make her the musical comedy toast on two continents, has the answer—and she finds it at the dressing table in her bedroom.

A woman with an English title who is known in America as the funniest woman on the stage, she uses her own complexion treatments to keep her skin as fresh as it was the day she sailed for England, a Canadian girl in her teens. And she goes to beauty shops only for marcel and finger waves.

What are her secrets? How, in her own apartment, does she substitute for facials and massages which so many women find necessary aids to beauty?

"The answer is simple," she told me the afternoon I went to see her. "There are several easy rules I follow which I think I can recommend whole-heartedly.

"In the first place, I feel that diet is more important than the kinds of creams or powder you use. I've been commuting between London and New York for about eleven years now and the sharp change in climate which usually plays havoc with English complexions hasn't caused me a bit of trouble. I'm sure it's because of my daily menu.

"This is what I eat during an average day: in the morning, one or two cups of tea, usually without cream. Never any lunch except for a rare glass of milk. Then, at dinner, I have plain roasts of all sorts and I eat enough to go without dessert. And never any coffee, partly because I have an English aversion to it, but mostly because I think tea is ever so much better for your skin."

If that sounds more to you—as it did to me—like a reducing diet than a complexion hint, be consoled by the fact that this stage star who is nearing forty still has the fresh beauty of a sixteen-year-old girl.

"The next important thing is my daily walk. No matter how hot or how cold the day nor how tired I may be, I walk until my face tingles with the increased circulation. And I wash my face clean of powder and dirt before going for the walk, giving the skin a chance to breathe the fresh air."

Miss Lillie believes in generous applications of hot water and soap, followed by ample use of cold water to close up the pores and leave the skin firm and supple. At night she pats on very lightly a tissue cream which she leaves on the face until morning. She wipes it off, along with accumulated dirt, with a cleansing cream and a soft cloth



"You know," she said, "so many Hollywood stars think they must go to masseuses for facials and heavy exercise. But I disagree with them. Such treatments are often too hard on the face and body. Why not just a plain diet, a few minutes' walk every day, and plenty of hot water and soap?"

There is another at-home treatment, so easy that it only takes fifteen minutes and with such wonderful skin results that I suggested it to Miss Lillie. Even with her already perfect complexion the idea intrigued her and she promised to try it. Now I want to pass it on to you.

The whole treatment doesn't take more than fifteen minutes of your time and all you need will be two cloths and a tea kettle. Put some water on to boil in the kettle. While you are waiting for it to steam, fill a bowl partly with ice and pour in cold water up to the top.

Now, when there is a plentiful supply of steam coming from the spout of the kettle wrap a cloth about it. When it is hot to the touch, take it off and wrap it carefully around the head and face. Repeat this process for about ten minutes, by steaming the second cloth while the first is on the face. Now remove the cloths, go to the bowl and plunge your face deep into ice water. Hold it there a minute or two. Feel that wonderful new glow of health? Touch your face. The skin is velvety and firm.

I have another treatment for skins which are susceptible to nervous rash, a treatment you can use in the privacy of your own bedroom and which costs very little money. And for those of you who would like to try a simple method of reducing heavy hips and stomach, without diet, anything to take internally, or anything to wear—just drop me a line and the suggested treatments are yours. Address: Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York.



# In the Stars' Kitchens

By JOYCE ANDERSON



HOW  
PAUL WHITEMAN  
KEEPS HIS  
FIGURE

**Y**OU all know that when Paul Whiteman proposed to Margaret Livingston, her answer was brief and to the point—

"Never, until you've lost a hundred pounds."

But the sequel is not so obvious, for Paul not only lost the hundred and won the wife, but—what is more important—after three years of marriage, tips the scales with what for him is the same sylph-like figure he boasted on his wedding day.

Paul was responsible for the initial weight loss, but it has been Margaret who has waged the unceasing battle against flesh since the marriage. Paul, she discovered, was only human and a man. If he were to keep his new waistline, it would be her own doing.

Realizing that since the Whitemans were still completely happy, Margaret must hold some secret for feeding Paul and keeping him thin, I went to see her in their new Fifth Avenue apartment.

This was important. What dishes can be served a man with a healthy appetite which will satisfy his taste, leave him comfortably filled, and yet will not add damaging extra poundage?

"Well," Margaret began, thumbing a neat pile of her own recipes. "Here's one for a salad, only I don't know whether to give it to you or not. I've been fooling Paul with it for over a year and I'd hate to have him know. You see, it looks like a lot, served correctly, and tastes like a lot. Paul eats it twice a day, not knowing that it's all part of his diet."

Anything which seemed as good as that, I wanted for this cooking department. Here, in all probability, was the answer to the wife of a man with a disturbing gross displacement. With Margaret's consent, I am publishing it now for RADIO MIRROR readers whose husbands need judicious dieting.

## PAUL WHITEMAN SALAD

lettuce  
chicory  
escarolle  
romain  
water cress

sliced and quartered tomatoes  
chopped green peppers  
chopped celery  
sliced radishes  
peeled and sliced cucumbers

### Dressing:

vinegar  
Russian oil  
dash of dry mustard

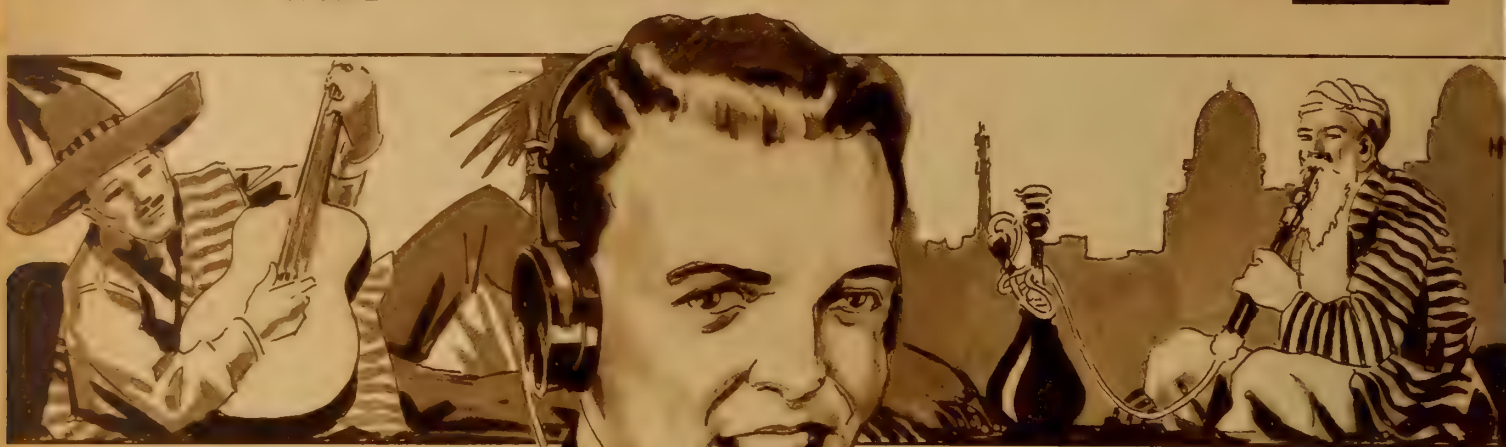
salt  
paprika  
black pepper

To get the proper benefits, Margaret advises mixing all the dressing ingredients at one time, adding salt and pepper to taste. When the time comes to blend the dressing with the salad ingredients, a wooden bowl is needed. And this is Margaret's real secret for the success of the dish.

Rub the inside of the bowl lightly with a small piece of garlic, then fill with the salad ingredients. Stir in the dressing with a spoon until it is completely blended, using according to individual taste. (Continued on page 81)



# LET'S SEE THE FOREIGN COUNTRIES WE HEAR



**H**ALF the fun of short wave radio is visualising the cities from which the broadcasts emanate. We like to lean back in our chairs and visualize the rosy-cheeked, wooden-shod peasants in Huizen, the home of PHO, the stalwart blacks in Johannesburg, where JHT is located, the burnoose-clad Arabs of Rabat, under the towers of CNR. Don't we?

So let's journey in fancy to some of these outlands, to get a glimpse of their romance, past and present.

Rabat was once the toughest town in the world. In fact, so dark is its history that its name has been changed several times. First, under the Romans, it was Sala Colonia, which the Berbers corrupted to Chella when they captured it some years later.

In the Twelfth Century, this had become Salee, and the notorious Salee Rovers, the most bloodthirsty pirates in the history of mankind, had their fortified stronghold there.

Even its present name is based on battle; Sultan Abdel Munen named it Rabat el Fath (meaning The Camp of Victory) after winning a battle there.

And battle is still in the minds of its inhabitants, for Rabat is the headquarters for the French Foreign Legion, famed in song and story for its valor and loyalty. It is, in short, the seat of French residency in Morocco and the Capital of the French protectorate.

There are two sides to Rabat—the handsome, residential section where live its 14,000 Europeans, and the dingier, squalid buildings that house most of its 24,000 natives.

In the territory outside the city, things are pretty primitive. The villages are provided with guest houses, where the traveller may spend the night. No restaurants are to be found, but the peasants bring the stranger gifts of milk, goat meat and fruit, for which he expects to receive presents in return—not money but trinkets. Rabat, itself, however, has regulation hotels.

Now let's shift to Johannesburg, the youngest city in the world. As you approach it, there is apparently a dense fog hovering over it, and you hear the booming of the surf. You wonder why, for everywhere else the sun is

shining—and you are about three hundred miles from the sea. Though it is warm, you see what seemed to be hills of snow.

When you get closer, these mysteries are solved. The fog is powdered rock; the noise is the working of gigantic ore crushers which operate twenty-four hours a day; the hills are heaps of ore and tailings from which the ore has been extracted.

The city, called Jo'berg by those who live there, is named in honor of Johannes Rissik, who was Surveyor-General of the Transvaal when gold was first discovered there in 1886.

It is a comparatively modern town, with paved streets, having gutters three feet wide and several feet deep to carry away the heavy rains that would otherwise flood the city. There are a large number of rickshaws, each

pulled by a husky negro, wearing a brilliantly colored ostrich-plume head-gear almost exclusively. The rickshaws are for the especial benefit of tourists, who like to be photographed in them.

Most of the white people who live in Jo'berg are small-towners at heart, but there is also a society set, who drink, dance and flirt in the moonlight which makes their gardens nearly as bright as day.

**E**VEN as near home as Canada we find glamor and romance. Stop off at Bowmanville, where the programs of VE9GW originate, and you'll find a busy little farming and manufacturing center. But until 1794 no white man had ever set foot upon its ground. In that year three men went to this land and built mud-and-log huts, established trapping routes and raised some corn; then sent for their families. To have their corn ground into meal, they took a two weeks' canoe trip to the nearest flour mill.

In 1824 Charles Bowman bought a flour-mill and general store that had been set up there a few years earlier. Bowman was a true philanthropist, who extended liberal credit to all needing it until they were able to get on their own feet. And that is where Bowmanville got its name.

Moscow, home of RV59 and capital of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics (Russia), also grew from a collection of log shanties. It was, (Continued on page 65)

## Dialing the

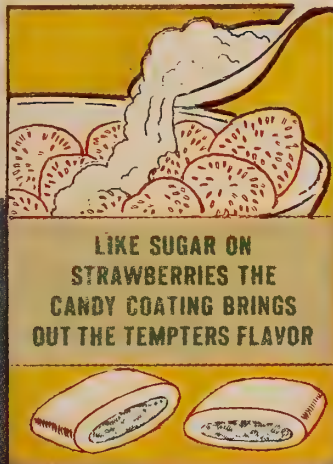


By **TERRY MILES** — **THE GLOBE TWISTER**





**T**he delicious candy coating is the secret of Tempters goodness. At your first delightful bite you are greeted by a burst of full flavor—fresh and delicate, with all the new-made tastiness sealed up tight in the candy coating. Each gay color is a different flavor—peppermint, spearmint, cinnamon, wintergreen, tutti frutti. Try any or all of them today.





*A quick beauty pick up!*



#### BEAUTIFUL SCREEN STARS KNOW

... that sparkling eyes and round, tempting lips demand good facial circulation. Try one of their secrets — start up your circulation by enjoying **DOUBLE MINT GUM**. The beauty result is immediate. Buy a package. You'll like it.



## Flirting Her Way to Success

(Continued from page 29)

they lost complete and immediate interest for her. It was always the next that seemed more important—for of course Elsie had promptly developed into an unconscious flirt!

School offered a wider range of possibilities and Mrs. Hitz recently recalled how this capacity for unconscious flirting proved valuable in high school.

"Elsie's last year," she said, "was punctuated by countless attacks of flu, grippe, laryngitis and plain garden variety of cold. She was absent from school much more than present and, under the circumstances, graduation seemed as good as lost. Her teacher, a quiet, grave man in his late thirties, was dreadfully upset at her predicament—much more so than Elsie—and volunteered to coach her himself.

"At the close of school, each day, he would accompany her to the house and I would overhear his patient voice as Elsie obediently 'crammed.' After the test—which Elsie passed with marks which assured her graduation—I was amazed to discover that somehow, by coincidence, the test questions were identical with those with which he had taken particular pains!"

Coincidence? Yeah, premeditated coincidence!

It soon became a foregone conclusion that stage hands would misunderstand Elsie's sweet manner and her voice, which had such a personal note, for more than mere friendliness. She has received countless such proposals and yet is always just a little surprised. Once, several years ago, when a play in which Elsie had her first important part was tried out in Boston, these flirtatious little traits created quite a situation, although it had a surprise climax!

One of the stage hands, a good-looking, likable chap, was deeply affected by the famous Hitz voice and smile and did all sorts of things to please her, often missing a cue.

Opening night he was so upset to see the leading man making too realistic love that he gave a wrong signal which brought the curtain down in the midst of the passionate scene and gave a comedy twist which very nearly ruined the play's chance for success. The manager was so furious that he fired the boy, who, it turned out, was the son of a prominent and wealthy leader of industry, and when the story found its way into print called so much attention to the play that people crowded to it, assuring its popularity! No one knew why the boy had been so absent-minded except Elsie, and, of course, she wasn't telling!

She receives innumerable letters all of which reveal one of the most curious effects of personality in all radio.

They are written by a wide variety of people in all walks of life and stress the feeling that Elsie is talking, as they say, "only to me." Here is a typical example:

"Dear Miss Hitz:

Last night I heard another episode of 'Dangerous Paradise' and enjoyed it just as much as I always do. I could say I enjoyed it more than ever because when you were talking soft in that love scene something made me feel, just as plain as anything, that you were talking just to me. Maybe I'm wrong, but maybe you were too, how do I know? Anyway I feel that way."

This phrase comes up again and again, sometimes couched in the choicest language and sometimes terribly misspelled. It is, of course, the result which every dramatic actor or actress on radio strives for, yet Elsie achieves it wholly without effort.

### Jack Pearl COMES BACK

The Pearl of great price, in the platinum setting of a new character, Peter Pfeiffer, can again be heard on Wednesday nights at ten (EST) on a 75-station Columbia network. Supported by Freddie Rich and Pattie Chapin, he's sponsored by Frigidaire, causing Broadway wisecrackers to gag, "Frigidaire Charley?"

Watch for the exciting feature about the New Jack Pearl—coming in RADIO MIRROR.

That voice of hers is something which was natural, and yet, as she says, "developed." She admits she probably used it at first as a potent force against her sisters' irresistibility! This, of course, was when they were very young, because now they are all tremendously devoted and whatever thought of rivalry there may have been in their childhood has long since disappeared.

That a voice can take on new vitality and charm and yes, magic, she says is simple—simple, that is, if you have that kind of voice to begin with. She urges everyone to try it for themselves and then to watch for results! But when I say Elsie's voice holds charm and magic I don't mean that it is throaty or strained or the least bit artificial. It is none of those things. It simply has music in it and there is pleasure in just listening to the sound of it. There is, also, a certain "sexiness" tucked away, somewhere, that

makes you know quite certainly that she says that "only for you!" You see she has the uncanny ability for saying "a nice tenderloin steak please" and really making it sound like the whispered murmurings of a rendezvous!

SUCH a voice you must know would have certain drawbacks. The telephone rings each day early and very, very often. Probably the first call comes from Elsie's mother. "Elsie," the voice will say firmly, "please call up Wunderstromford and tell him I want some *especially* nice endives and a dozen perfect artichokes, I'm having company. And tell them to send them immediately. Thank you darling I know they'll do it for you!"

Next one of Elsie's sisters will run in with a coat she just purchased a month ago!

"Elsie, be a dear, I know I shouldn't have kept this coat so long but I just *couldn't* make up my mind. But I simply *can't* keep it. Do be a sweet and get them to give me my money back. I know *you* can!"

Or even a friend will run in. "Elsie, my dear, you simply *must* phone up to Placid and get some reservations for Easter week. They tell me they're packed and haven't a room, but I know if *you* call they'll manage somehow!"

And the amazing thing is they do! Man, woman or child, rich man, poor man, beggar man—all are prey to the flirt that lurks in Elsie's voice! Nick Dawson, who appears with her in the current series "Dangerous Paradise" vows that all the men in the studio, from the page boys to the sound effects men, musicians and announcers constantly think up new ways to attract her attention and seek her approval, and naturally Ned Weaver, who played opposite her in the famous True Story programs, during which they were known as the "Lovers of the Air," was her very ardent admirer.

Of course you must have guessed that Elsie is married. How could she escape? Jack is both pleased and amused at the furore which his young wife causes, without exception, among the men. He knows, too, that as well as stagehands and life-savers she has attracted the attention and admiration of several millionaires who have offered her, not only matrimony, but all sorts of impossible things, including a boat in the South American passenger service which one of them requested she accept for her own as a small token of his esteem! Nothing is too fantastic or too improbable. Elsie has had offers of them all. But Jack isn't jealous, not a bit, for he admires his wife tremendously, too, and is absorbed in her career. And he realizes that her flirting is as much a part of her, as unconscious as breathing. And then, in common with a few thousand of her fans, he knows, quite definitely, that that throbbing thrill in Elsie's voice is meant solely and only "for him!"



# We Have With Us—

## RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

### LIST OF STATIONS

| BASIC | SUPPLEMENTARY |          |
|-------|---------------|----------|
| WABC  | WDOO          | WHEC     |
| WADC  | KRLD          | KTSA     |
| WOKO  | WBIG          | KSCJ     |
| WCAO  | KTRH          | WSBT     |
| WNAO  | KLRA          | WMAS     |
| WGR   | WQAM          | WIBW     |
| WKRC  | WSFA          | WWVA     |
| WHK   | WLAC          | KFH      |
| CKLW  | WDBO          | WSJS     |
| WDRB  | WDBJ          | KGKO     |
| WFBM  | WTOC          | WBRC     |
| KMBC  | WDAE          | WMEB     |
| WCAU  | KFBK          | WMT      |
| WJAS  | KDB           | WCCO     |
| WEAN  | WICC          | WISN     |
| WFLY  | KFPY          | WLBZ     |
| WSPD  | WPG           | WGLC     |
| WJSV  | KVOR          | WFEA     |
| WBBM  | KWKH          | KOH      |
| WHAS  | KLZ           | KSL      |
| KMOX  | WLBW          | WORC     |
|       |               | WBT      |
|       |               | WDNC     |
|       |               | WALA     |
|       |               | KHJ      |
| COAST |               | CANADIAN |
| KOIN  | KFBK          | CKAC     |
| KGB   | KMJ           | CFRB     |
| KHJ   | KMT           |          |
| KFRC  | KWG           |          |
| KOL   | KERN          |          |
| KFPY  | KDB           |          |
| KVI   | KHJ           |          |

## HOW TO FIND YOUR PROGRAM

1. Find the Hour Column. (All time given is Eastern Standard. Subtract one hour for Central time, two for Mountain time, three for Pacific time.)
2. Read down the column for the programs which are in black type.
3. Find the day or days the programs are broadcast directly after the programs in abbreviations.

## HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR STATION IS ON THE NETWORK

1. Read the station list at the left. Find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, Coast, and Canadian; NBC—on the following two pages—into Basic, Western, Southern, Coast, and Canadian.)
2. Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your group is included.
3. If your station is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour columns.
4. NBC network stations are listed on the following page. Follow the same procedure to locate your NBC program and station.

5 P.M.

6 P.M.

4 P.M.

3 P.M.

12  
NOON - 1 P.M.

2 P.M.

**12:00**  
**Salt Lake City**  
**Tabernacle:** Sun.  
½ hr. Network  
**Voice of Experi-**  
**ence:** Mon. Tues.  
Wed. Thurs. Fri.  
½ hr. Basic minus  
WADC WOKO  
WNAO WGR  
WFBM KMBC  
WSPD Plus Coast  
Plus WOWO WBT  
KLZ WCCO KSL  
WWVA

**12:15**  
**The Gumps:** Mon.  
Tues. Wed. Thurs.  
Fri. ½ hr. Basic  
minus WADC  
WKBW WFBM  
KMBC WFBM  
WSPD WJSV  
WHAS Plus WBNS  
KFAB WCCO  
WHEC WNAC plus  
Coast

**12:30**  
**Tito Guizar:** Sun.  
½ hr. WABC and  
Network.  
**Wallace Butter-**  
**worth:** Mon. Wed.  
Fri. ½ hr. WABC  
and Network.  
**Smiling Ed Mc-**  
**Connell:** Thurs.  
½ hr. Basic minus  
WADC WOKO  
WCAO WGR  
WSPD Plus Coast  
Plus WBT WBNS  
KLZ WWVA  
WICC WHP  
WFEA WISN  
WCCO KSL  
WORC

**12:45**  
**George Hall Or-**  
**chestra:** Thurs. ½  
hr. Network

**1:00**  
**Church of the Air:**  
Sun. ½ hr. Network  
**George Hall Orches-**  
**tra:** Mon. Tues. Wed.  
Fri. Sat. ½ hr. Network

**1:15**  
**Frank Dailey Orches-**  
**tra:** Thurs. ½ hr.  
Network.

**1:30**  
**Little Jack Little:**  
Sun. Wed. Fri. ½ hr.  
Basic minus WOKO  
WCAO WNAC WKBW  
WDRB WEAN WSPD  
Plus KRLD WBT  
WOWO WCCO.  
**Esther Velas Ensem-**  
**ble:** Tues. Sat. ½ hr.  
Network

**1:45**  
**Pat Kennedy and Art**  
**Kassel:** Sun. Mon.  
Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. Basic  
minus WADC WOKO  
WNAC WDRB WEAN  
WFBM WKBW Plus  
WOWO WGST WBNS  
KRLD KLZ WCCO  
WDSU KSL WMT  
CFRB WFBM Plus  
Coast  
**The Cadets:** Wed. ½  
hr. WABC WNAC  
WGR WBBM CKLW  
KMBC WJAS KMOX  
WJSV.

**1:50**  
**George Hall Or-**  
**chestra:** Thurs. ½  
hr. Network

**2:00**  
**Lazy Dan:** Sun. ½ hr.  
Basic minus WOKO  
WGR WSPD Plus  
Coast Plus WOWO  
WGST WBT WBNS  
KRLD KLZ KFAB  
WCCO WLAC WDSU  
KOMA KSL WMBG  
WMT WDBJ WHEC  
WIBW

**Marie, The Little**  
**French Princess:** Mon.  
Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.  
½ hr. WABC WNAC  
WBBM WKRC WHK  
CKLW WCAU WJAS  
KMOX WJSV KRLD  
KLZ WDSU WHEC  
KSL KHJ KFBC  
KERN KMJ KFBK  
KDB KWG

**2:15**  
**The Romance of**  
**Helen Trent:** Mon.  
Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.  
½ hr. WABC WNAC  
WKRC WHK CKLW  
WCAU WJAS KRLD  
WJSV KRLD KLZ  
WDSU WHEC KSL  
KHJ KFRC KERN  
KMJ KFBK KDB  
KWG

**2:30**  
**Hammerstein's**  
**Music Hall of the**  
**Air:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic  
minus WOKO WGR  
WSPD Plus Coast Plus  
WGST WBT KRLD  
KLZ KFAB WCCO  
WLAC WDSU KOMA  
WMBG WDBJ WHEC  
KSL WIBW WBNS

**2:30**  
**The School of the**  
**Air:** Mon. Tues. Wed.  
½ hr. Network  
**The Round Towners:**  
Sat. ½ hr. Network

**3:00**  
**New York Philhar-**  
**monic:** Sun. two hrs.  
WABC WOKO WGR  
WKRC WHK CKLW  
WFBM WJAS WSPD  
WJSV Plus Supplemen-  
tary minus KFBK  
KFPY WPG WWVA  
WBRC Plus WREC  
WHP WMBD WSFA  
WDSU WBNS WIBX  
Plus Canadian  
**Your Hostess, Cobina**  
**Wright:** Mon. ½ hr.  
Network

**Columbia Variety**  
**Hours:** Tues. ¾ hr.  
Basic minus WNAC  
WKBW WBBM  
WHAS KMOX Plus  
Supplementary minus  
KFBK KFPY WIBW  
WWVA KSL Plus Cana-  
dian Plus WNOX  
WHP KOMA WHAC  
WMBG WDSU WBNS  
WREC WIBX

**Kate Smith:** Wed. ¾  
hr. Basic minus KMBC  
WKBW WBBM  
WHAS KMOX Plus  
Supplementary Plus  
Canadian Plus WHP  
KOMA WDSU WBNS  
**Roadways of Ro-**  
**mance:** Thurs. ¾ hr.  
Basic minus WNAC  
WKBW WBBM  
WHAS KMOX Plus  
Supplementary minus  
KFBK KFPY WMBR  
KSL Plus WNOX WHP  
KOMA WNAC WDSU  
WBNS Plus Canadian

**3:45**  
**Easy Aces:** Mon. Tues.  
Wed. Thurs. ½ hr.  
Basic plus Coast

Have you tuned in  
the new noon-day  
program with Wal-  
lace Butterworth?  
... Marie, The Little  
French Princess was  
dropped overnight  
and immediately  
signed up again.

**4:00**  
**Visiting America's**  
**Little House:** Mon.  
Tues. Thurs. ½ hr.  
Network  
**National Student**  
**Federation Program:**  
Wed. ½ hr. Network

**4:15**  
**Fats Waller:** Mon. ½  
hr. Basic minus WCAU  
WBBM WHAS KMOX  
Plus Supplementary  
minus WDAE KFBK  
KDB KFPY WPG  
WIBW KGKO WCCO  
Plus Canadian Plus  
WHP WMBG WORC  
WNOX WDSU WBNS  
WREC  
**Poetic Strings:** Wed.  
¾ hr. Network  
**Salvation Army Band**  
Thurs. ½ hr. Network

**4:30**  
**Chicago Varieties:**  
Mon. ½ hr. Basic minus  
WBBM KMOX WHAS  
Plus Supplementary  
minus KGKO Plus  
Canadian plus WMBG  
**Dick Messner:** Thurs.  
½ hr. Basic minus  
WBBM WHAS  
KMOX WCAU Plus  
Supplementary minus  
KFBK WPG KLZ  
KFPY KVOR Plus  
Canadian

In the place of the  
Royal Hawaiians,  
Hill's have substi-  
tuted Hammerstein's  
Music Hall of the  
Air. It's heard on  
Sundays at 2:30 for  
half an hour...  
Easy Aces at its new  
hour, 3:45 on Mon.,  
Tues., Wed., Thurs.  
of each week. They've  
been given more  
network stations, too  
along with an extra  
day... Did you  
know that Cobina  
Wright was former-  
ly one of New York's  
biggest socialites.

**5:00**  
**Open House, Freddie**  
**Martin:** Sun. ½ hr.  
Basic minus WNAC  
WKRC Plus Coast Plus  
WLBZ WBT WDOO  
KRLD KLZ WBIG  
KTRH KLRA WCCO  
WLAC WHEC KSL  
KTSA WMAS WIBW  
KFH WORC WOWO  
WGST WBRC WKRC  
WDSU KOMA WMBG  
KTUL WKBN  
**Og, Son of Fire:**  
Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr.  
WABC WAAB CKLW  
WJAS WCAO WBNS  
WKRC WGR  
**Dick Messner Or-**  
**chestra:** Tues. ½ hr.  
Network  
**Loretta Lee:** Thurs.  
½ hr. Network.

**5:15**  
**Skippy:** Mon. Tues.  
Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic  
minus WBBM WHAS  
KMOX WADC WNAC  
WFBM KMBC Plus  
WAAB WHEC CFRB

**5:30**  
**Crumit & Sanderson:**  
Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus  
WNAC WKRC WBBM  
WKBW Plus WAAB  
WICC WDSU KOMA  
WHEC WBNS WMAS  
WWVA KFH WORC  
WIBX KTUL  
**Jack Armstrong:**  
Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.  
Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus  
KMOX WBBM WHAS  
WCAO WNAC WFBM  
WKRC WDSU WFBM  
KMBC Plus WAAB  
WHEC WMAS

**5:45**  
**Songs:** Mon. Tues.  
Wed. Thurs. Fri.

Open House (Sun-  
days at 5:00) has  
changed its person-  
nel. Donald Novis  
and Vera Van are  
now starred along  
with Freddy Martin  
and his band in  
place of newcomers  
to the network which  
was the routine be-  
fore the first of the  
year.

C O L U M B I A B R O A D



7 P.M.

8 P.M.

9 P.M.

10 P.M.

11 P.M. MIDNIGHT

12

6 P.M.

**6:00**  
**Amateur Hour with Ray Perkins:** Sun. ½ hr. WABC and Network

**Buck Rogers:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WBNS WHEC  
**Pinaud's Lilac Time:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus W K B W W K R C WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY KLZ WMAS WMBR KSL Plus WHP KOMA WNAX WNOX WDSU WBNS

**6:15**  
**Bobby Benson:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WAAB WGR WCAU WFBL WLBZ WOKO WDRC WEAN WHEC WMAS

**6:30**  
**Smiling Ed McConnell:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR KMBC WSPD Plus Coast Plus WGST WLBZ WBRC WBT WBNS KRLL KLZ WLBW WHP KFAB WFEA WREC WISN WCCO WLAC WDSU KSL WWVA WICC  
**The Shadow:** Mon. Wed. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB W K B W W D R C WCAU WEAN WFBL WJSV WHEC WORC  
**Understanding Music, Howard Barlow:** Tues. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO W K B W W K R C CKLW WDRC WJAS WEAN WSPD WNOX WBRC WJSV WQAM WDBO WDAE WLBZ WBT WDOD WLBW WBT WHP WGLC WLBG WFEA WSFA KLAC WDBJ WHEC WTCC WMAS WWVA WSJS WORC WDNC WALA WHK WMBR WMBG WDSU WREC WCAU WAAB  
**Shell Products, Eddie Dooley:** Sat. ½ hr. WABC and Network

**6:45**  
**Voice of Experience:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WFBM Plus WAAB WOWO WBT WCCO WWVA  
**Wrigley Beauty Program:** Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. WABC WCAO WKBW WNAC WDRC WCAU WEAN

**7:00**  
**Alexander Woolcott:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus KLZ WCCO KSL CKLW  
**Myrt & Marge:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus W F B M K M B C WBBM KMOX WHAS Plus WQAM WDBO WDAE WBT WTOC WWVA  
**Soconyland Sketches:** Sat. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WNAC WGR WDRC WEAN WLBZ WICC WMAS WORC

**7:15**  
**Just Plain Bill:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WJSV

**7:30**  
**Gulf Headliners:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR WFBM KMOX WBBM KMBC WFBL Plus WOWO WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE WGST WLBZ WBRC WBT WDOD WBNS KRLL KTRH KLRA WFEA WREC WLAC WDSU KTSa WTOC WACO WMAS WORC WALA WBG WMBG WHEC WDBJ WFBU  
**The O'Neills:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WGR WORC WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WHP W H E C W M A S WWVA WORC  
**Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade:** Sat. ½ hr. WABC and Network

**7:45**  
**Boake Carter:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WKRC WDRC WFBM WEAN WFBL WSPD Plus WBT WCCO

In place of George Gershwin, his sponsors now have an amateur hour, with Ray Perkins as master of ceremonies. Modeled after Major Bowes' local amateur program, it brings each week to the mike eight or ten unknowns with talent of some kind or other. It's on Sundays at 6:00 . . . Saturdays at 7:30 bring famous outdoor women to the mike. Each week another highlight in the day's news — aviatrices, golf players, swimmers — will be heard . . . Will Rogers on Gulf Headliners again.

**8:00**  
**Eddie Cantor:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary Plus Coast  
**Diane and Her Life Saver:** Mon. Wed. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus KLZ KSL  
**Lavendar and Old Lace:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WKBW  
**Hour of Charm:** Thurs. ½ hr. WABC and network.  
**Roxy and His Gang:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC Plus Coast Plus Canadian Plus WGST WBRC WDOD KRLL KLZ KTRH KLRA WREC WCCO WLAC WLF C WDSU KOMA KSL KTSa WIBW WMT WORC

**8:15**  
**Edwin C. Hill:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WKBW plus WCCO

**8:30**  
**Club Romance:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary Plus Coast  
**Kate Smith's New Star Review:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary  
**Melodiana, Abe Lyman:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus W O W O WCCO CFRB  
**Everett Marshall:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHK Plus Coast Plus WOWO WBT KRLL KLZ WLAC KOMA WDSU KSL WIBW WCCO, WHK  
**Forum of Liberty, Liberty Magazine:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus WOWO  
**True Story Hour:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBM WKBW Plus WCCO WOWO WHEC WORC KFAB

**8:45**  
**Musical Revue, Robert Armbruster's Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WKBW Plus Coast Plus WBT KRLL KLZ WOWO WCCO KSL KWKH

Welcome back to Eddie Cantor, who returns the first week of February from a trip abroad. He will have Parkyakakas with him, the much acclaimed new stooge . . . Ford, please note, continues his symphonies at a new hour, 9 to 10, on Sundays, relieving the eight-o'clock congestion of the airwaves . . . Club Romance! It's the new Hall of Fame, a correction from last month's listing which had scheduled Helen Hayes as the star. Conrad Thibault and Lois Bennett head the cast of well knowns, with Don Voorhees providing musical background to the comedy drama.

**9:00**  
**Ford Symphony:** Sun. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary Plus WNOX WKBH WGST WBNS WDSU W N A X W K B M WACO KTUL WIBY WOWO KWO Plus Canadian  
**Chesterfield Hour:** Mon. Wed. Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR Plus Supplementary minus KFPY KVOR WSBT WWVA WGLC Plus WOWO WGST WBNS WHP WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO W N A X W K B H K G M B W M B D WNOX WIBX WCOA WNBH

**Bing Crosby:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus WOWO WBT KTUL WGST KLRA KTRH KTSa  
**Camel Caravan:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KDB KFPY KVOR KLZ WSBT WWVA KGKO WGLC KOH WDNC KHJ Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WOWO WDSU KOMA WMBD WMGB KTUL WACO WNAX WKBW  
**The March of Time:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus KMBC Plus Coast plus WOWO WGST KRLL KLZ WCCO WDSU KSL

**9:30**  
**The Big Show:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic Plus WOWO WICC WBT WBNS KLZ KFAB WREC WCCO KCAC WDSU KSL  
**Isham Jones, Chevrolet:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast Plus a Supplementary network  
**Adventures of Gracie:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS Plus Coast Plus WBT KRLL KLZ WBG KTRH WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL KTSa WORC WOWO  
**Fred Waring:** Thurs. one hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK Plus Supplementary minus KDB KWKH WSBT WWVA Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBW KNOX WMBD Plus Canadian  
**Hollywood Hotel:** Fri. one hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WWVA WGLC Plus Canadian Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG WMBD KTUL WACO WNAX WNOX WIBX WKBH  
**Richard Himber, Joey Nash - Studebaker:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS WNOX WGR Plus WAAB WGST WBT WCCO WBNS WDSU WSBT KFH

**10:00**  
**Wayne King, Lady Esther:** Sun. Mon. ½ hr. Basic minus WNAC WEAN Plus Coast Plus WAAB WIBW WBNS KRLL KLZ KFAB WCCO WDSU KSL  
**Camel Caravan:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KDB KFPY KLZ WSBT WWVA WGLC KOH KSL WDNC Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA W M B D W M B G KTUL WACO WNAX WKBW KFBW WIBX  
**Jack Pearl:** Wed. ½ hr. Complete Network

**10:30**  
**William A. Brady:** Sun. ½ hr. Network  
**Fats Waller Rhythm Club:** Tues. ½ hr. Network  
**Melody Masterpieces:** Wed. ½ hr. Network  
**O'Flynn:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WNAC WCAU WHK KMOX WBBM WHAS Plus Supplementary minus WDBJ KFPY KFBK KTSa WSBT WWVA WMBR WCCO KSL Plus Canadian Plus WAAB WNOX KOMA WMBD WACO WNAX  
**Saturday Revue:** Sat. ½ hr. Network

**10:45**  
**Emery Deutsch:** Mon. ½ hr. Network

Hear the new Hour of Charm (Thursday at 8:00) with Phil Spitalny's 32-piece, all-girl orchestra. Phil hand picked these women after a talent search which lasted nearly a year, auditioning in all over 1,000 aspirants. When he was through, more than seventeen states were represented . . . Bing Crosby has lost the Boswell Sisters, or the Boswell Sisters have lost Bing. Take your choice, but now the Mills Brothers have been signed to co-star with the Hollywood crooner for ten weeks. Right now we can't say whether the trio of gals will be back or not . . . Chesterfield has dropped its three operatic stars in favor of Andre Kostelanetz and his music. The director has added a full chorus and will be heard at the same three hours on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday . . . Fred Waring has been handed a new 12-month contract, calling for \$12,000 per week.

**11:00**  
**Little Jack Little Orchestra:** Sun. Thurs. ½ hr. Network  
**Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra:** Mon. ½ hr. Network  
**Joe Haymes Orchestra:** Tues. ½ hr. Network  
**Leon delasco Orchestra:** Wed. ½ hr. Network  
**Ozzie Nelson Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr. Network  
**Elder Michaux and His Congregation:** Sat. ½ hr. Network

**11:30**  
**Leon Belasco Orchestra:** Sun. ½ hr. Network  
**Henry Busse Orchestra:** Tues. ½ hr. Network  
**Ozzie Nelson:** Wed. ½ hr. Network  
**Herbie Kay Orchestra:** Thurs. ½ hr. Network  
**Jacques Renard Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr. Network  
**Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr. Network

More of the same. Myrt and Marge, after months of practice, have become expert trap shooters . . . Nino Martini (wonder what program he'll be on now that Chesterfield has dropped him?) has a style innovation for harassed party goers. It's wearing a soft white collar with your dress suit . . . Did you know that Glen Gray, of Casa Loma fame, has been nicknamed Spike by his band men? And also, that he has been voted in a poll of college campuses the most popular jazz conductor in the country? . . . Hollywood Hotel, the most ballyhooed of all CBS hour programs last fall, is slowly catching on in popularity. With Dick Powell as master of ceremonies and Ted Fio-r-i-to's music, the Friday night broadcasts have risen high on the list of most-often-listened-to programs . . . So far, the only thing CBS has done to compete with NBC's Let's Dance broadcasts is their American pageant, which they tried the last of December.



12 NOON 1 P.M. 2 P.M. 3 P.M. 4 P.M. 5 P.M. 6 P.M.

BLUE NETWORK

12:00  
Gigantic Pic-  
tures, Inc.: Sun.  
1 1/2 hr. Network  
Fields and Hall:  
Mon. Wed. Thurs.  
Fri. Sat. 1/4 hr.  
Network

12:15  
Charles Sears,  
tenor: Mon.  
Wed. Fri. 1/4 hr.  
Network  
Merry Macs:  
Thurs. 1/4 hr.—  
Network  
Genia Fonari-  
ova, soprano:  
Sat. 1/4 hr. Net-  
work

12:30  
Radio City  
Music Hall: Sun.  
Hour—Network  
National Farm  
and Home Hour:  
Mon. Tues. Wed.  
Thurs. Fri. Sat.  
Hour—Network

1:30  
National Youth  
Conference:  
Sun. 1/2 hr. Net-  
work  
Vic and Sade:  
Mon. Tues. Wed.  
Thurs. Fri. 1/4 hr.  
W J Z W B Z  
WBZA WSYR  
WLW  
Words and  
Music: Sat. 1/4  
hr. Network.

1:45  
NBC Music  
Guild: Mon.  
Thurs. 1/4 hr. Net-  
work  
The Ranch  
Boys: Tues. 1/4  
hr. Network  
Words and  
Music: Wed. Fri.  
1/2 hr. Network

2:00  
Anthony Frome,  
the Poet Prince:  
Sun. 1/4 hr. Basic  
minus WHAM plus  
WKBF  
RCA Matinee:  
Wed. 1 hr. Network  
2:15  
Bob Becker's  
Fireside Chats  
About Dogs: Sun.  
1/4 hr. Basic

2:30  
Lux Radio  
Theater: Sun. one  
hr. Basic plus West-  
ern minus WTMJ  
W WNC WBAP  
WJAX plus Coast  
plus WLW WIBA  
K F Y R W D A Y  
K T H S W F A A  
K T B S W T A R  
C F C F

2:45  
Echoes of Erin:  
Thurs. 1/4 hr.—Net-  
work

3:00  
Radio Guild: Mon.  
Hour—Network  
Art Collins Orches-  
tra: Tues. 1/2 hr. Net-  
work  
The Ramblers Trio:  
Wed. 1/4 hr. Network  
Castles of Romance:  
Thurs. 1/4 hr. Network  
U. S. Marine Band:  
Fri. one hr. Network

3:15  
Joe White, tenor:  
Wed. 1/4 hr. Network

3:30  
National Vespers:  
Sun. 1/2 hr. Network  
Music Magic: Tues.  
1/2 hr. Network  
Jerome Twichell Or-  
chestra: Wed. 1/2 hr.  
Network  
Saturday Songsters:  
Sat. 1/2 hr.—Network

4:00  
The Adventures of  
Sherlock Holmes: Sun.  
1/2 hr. Basic minus  
WHAM WJR KWK  
Betty and Bob: Mon.  
Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.  
1/4 hr.—Basic minus.  
KSO KWCR WREN  
Plus Coast Plus WOAI  
WLW WFAA WTMJ  
KSTP KVOO WKY  
KPRC

4:15  
Songs and Stories:  
Mon. 1/4 hr. Network  
Eddie and Ralph: Tues.  
Wed. Thurs. Fri. 1/4 hr.  
Network

4:30  
Carlsbad Presents Mor-  
ton Downey: Sun. 1/2  
hr. Basic minus WJR  
WGAR KWK  
Stanleigh Malotte,  
News Rhymer: Mon.  
1/4 hr. Network  
Rochester Civic Or-  
chestra: Wed. one hr.  
Network  
Platt and Nierman:  
Thurs. 1/4 hr. Network  
Three C's, vocalists:  
Fri. 1/4 hr. Network

4:45  
Horatio Zito's Tango  
Orchestra: Mon. 1/4 hr.  
Network  
General Federation of  
Women's Clubs: Fri.  
1/4 hr.—Network

5:00  
Roses and Drums: Sun.  
1/2 hr.—Basic plus WLW  
KTBS WKY KTHS  
WBAP KPRC WOAI  
Al Pearce and His  
Gang: Mon. Fri. 1/2 hr.  
Network  
Your Health: Tues. 1/4  
hr. Network  
Stanleigh Malotte:  
Thurs. Sat. 1/4 hr. Net-  
work  
George Sterney Or-  
chestra: Sat. 1/4 hr.

5:15  
Jackie Heller: Mon.  
Tues. Fri. Sat. 1/4 hr.  
Network  
The Three Scamps:  
Thurs. 1/4 hr. Network

5:30  
Cook's Travelogue:  
Sun. 1/4 hr. WJZ Network  
Singing Lady: Mon.  
Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.  
1/4 hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ  
WBZA WHAM KDKA  
WGAR WJR WLW

5:45  
Terhune Dog Drama:  
Sun. 1/4 hr.—Basic plus  
Coast  
Little Orphan Annie:  
Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.  
Fri. Sat. 1/4 hr.—Basic  
minus WENR KWCR  
KSO KWK WREN  
KOIL Plus WRVA  
WJAX CRCT WCKY  
WPTF WFLA CFCF  
WIOD  
Ranch Boys: Sat. 1/4 hr.  
Network

LIST OF STATIONS

BLUE NETWORK

BASIC

WJZ  
WBAL  
WMAL  
WBZ  
WBZA

WSYR  
WHAM  
KDKA  
WJR  
WENR  
WGAR

KWCR  
KSO  
KWK  
WREN  
KOIL

WPTF  
WTMJ  
KSTP  
WWNC  
WKY  
WBAP

KPRC  
WEBC  
WRVA  
WJAX  
WFLA  
WOAI

COAST

KOA  
KDYL

KGO  
KFI  
KGW

WLS

KOMO  
KHQ

RED NETWORK

BASIC

WEAF  
WTAG  
WBN  
WCAE  
WTAM

WWJ  
WLW  
WSAI  
WFBR  
WRC

WGY  
WJAR  
WCBS  
WLIT  
WFI

WEEI  
KSD  
WDAF

WHO  
WMAQ  
WOW  
WTIC

WESTERN

KSTP  
WTMJ

WEBC  
KPRC

WKY  
WOAI

KVOO  
WFAA

WBAP  
KTAR

SOUTHERN

WIOD  
WFLA  
WWNC

WIS  
WPTF  
WRVA

WJAX  
WMC  
WJDX

WSB  
WSM  
WSMB

WAPI  
WAVE

CANADIAN

CRCT

CFCF

COAST

KHQ  
KDYL  
KOA

KGO  
KHJ  
KGW

KOMO  
KFI

RED NETWORK

12:00  
"The Story of  
Mary Mar-  
lin": Mon.  
Tues. Wed.  
Thurs. Fri. 1/4  
hr.  
Gould and  
Shefter: Thurs.  
1/4 hr.  
Arm chair:  
Quartet: Sat.  
1/4 hr. Network

12:15  
Honeyboy and  
Sassafras:  
Mon. Tues.  
Wed. Thurs. Fri.  
Sat. 1/4 hr. Net-  
work

12:30  
University of  
Chicago Dis-  
cussions: Sun.  
1/2 hr. Network  
Merry Mad-  
caps: Mon.  
Tues. Wed.  
Thurs. Fri. Sat.  
1/2 hr. Network

1:00  
Dale Carnegie:  
Sun. 1/2 hr.—  
Basic minus  
KSD W O C  
WDAF WMAQ  
WOW

1:15  
Peggy's Doctor:  
Mon. Wed. Fri.  
1/4 hr. WEAF  
WTIC WTAG  
WEEI WJAR  
WCBS WFI  
WFBR WGY  
WBN  
D'Orsey Brothers  
Orchestra:  
Sat. 1/4 hr.

1:30  
Little Miss Bab  
O: Sun. 1/2 hr.  
Basic  
Master Music  
Hour: Tues. 1 hr.  
Airbreaks:  
Thurs. 1/4 hr.  
Jan Brunasco:  
Sat. 1/4 hr.

2:00  
Venida Hairnet  
Program: Sun. 1/4  
hr. WEAF and Net-  
work  
Revolving Stage:  
Mon. 1/4 hr.  
Two Seats in the  
Balcony: Wed. 1/2  
hr. Network  
Stones of History:  
Thurs. 1/2 hr.  
Magic of Speech:  
Fri. 1/2 hr. Network  
Metropolitan  
Grand Opera:  
Sat. 3 hrs. WEAF  
and WJZ Networks.

2:30  
Frank Luther:  
Sun. 1/2 hr. Basic  
minus WWJ WLIT  
KSD WDAF WHO  
Vaughn de Leath:  
Wed. Thurs. 1/4 hr.  
2:45  
Vic and Sade:  
Mon. Tues. Wed.  
Thurs. Fri. Basic  
minus WLW plus  
Coast

3:30  
Penthouse Serenade,  
Don Mario: Sun. 1/2  
hr.—Basic plus Coast  
Woman's Radio Re-  
view: Mon. Tues. Wed.  
Thurs. Fri. 1/2 hr.—  
Network  
Weekend Review: Sat.  
Hour—Network

Lovers of Grand  
Opera have been  
able to sit back this  
month of January  
and listen peaceful-  
ly (Saturday after-  
noons) while the  
Metropolitan goes  
on the air from the  
stage of the roman-  
tic old House, with  
Geraldine Farrar as  
narrator, explaining  
and illustrating.

3:00  
Sally of the Talkies:  
Sun. 1/2 hr. Basic minus  
WTIC plus WJDX  
WSMB WSM WMC  
WSB WAPI  
Oxydol's Ma Perkins:  
Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.  
Fri. 1/4 hr.—Basic minus  
WJAR WHO WDAF  
WMAQ WOW—plus  
WKBF WSM WSB  
WAPI WAVE WSMB

3:15  
Dreams Come True:  
Mon. Wed. Thurs. 1/4  
hr. Basic minus WHO  
WDAF WMAQ WOW  
Morin Sisters: Tues.  
1/4 hr.  
Dorothy Page, songs:  
Fri. 1/4 hr.

3:30  
The Jesters Trio: Tues.  
Wed. 1/4 hr. Network  
Arlene Jackson, songs:  
Thurs. 1/4 hr. Network  
Our Barn, children's  
show: Sat. 1/2 hr.  
Network

4:00  
Rhythm Symphony:  
Sun. 1/2 hr. Basic minus  
WCAE KSD WHO  
WOW plus Southern  
minus WWNC WIS plus  
Coast minus KHQ KHJ  
plus WIBA WEBC  
WBAP KTBS KPRC  
WOAI KFSD WKY  
John Martin's Stories:  
Mon. 1/4 hr. Network  
Willie Bryant Orches-  
tra: Tues. 1/2 hr. Net-  
work  
Blue Room Echoes:  
Thurs. 1/2 hr. Network  
NBC Music Guild  
Fri. one hr.—Network

4:15  
Gypsy Trail: Mon. 1/4  
hr. Network  
"The Herald of  
Sanity": Wed. 1/2 hr.

4:15  
The Jesters Trio: Tues.  
Wed. 1/4 hr. Network  
Arlene Jackson, songs:  
Thurs. 1/4 hr. Network  
Our Barn, children's  
show: Sat. 1/2 hr.  
Network

4:30  
The Jesters Trio: Tues.  
Wed. 1/4 hr. Network  
Arlene Jackson, songs:  
Thurs. 1/4 hr. Network  
Our Barn, children's  
show: Sat. 1/2 hr.  
Network

4:45  
Dream Drama: Sun.  
1/4 hr.—Basic minus  
WHO WOW  
The Lady Next Door,  
Madge Tucker: Mon.  
Tues. Wed. Thurs. 1/4  
hr.—Network

5:00  
Sentinel Serenade: Sun.  
1/2 hr. Basic plus Coast  
plus WMC WSB WSM  
WAVE WTMJ WEBC  
KFYR WIBA plus  
Canadian  
Kay Foster, Songs:  
Mon. Sat. 1/4 hr. Network  
Meredith Willson Or-  
chestra: Tues. 1/2 hr.  
Network  
N't'l Congress Par-  
ents, Teachers Pro-  
gram: Thurs. 1/2 hr.  
Network

5:15  
Tom Mix' Raiston  
Shooters: Mon. Wed.  
Fri. 1/4 hr.—Basic minus  
WFBR WHO WDAF  
WMAQ WOW

5:30  
The House By Side of  
Road: Sun. 1/2 hr.—  
Basic plus WWNC WIS  
WPTF KPRC WKY  
WOAI KVOO WBAP  
plus WTAR KTHS  
WVAX KSD plus  
Canadian  
The Sizzlers Trio:  
Mon. 1/4 hr. Network  
Sugar and Bunny:  
Tues. Thurs., 1/4 hr.  
Alice in Orchestra:  
Wed. 1/4 hr. Network  
Interview, Nellie Revell  
Fri. 1/4 hr.  
Our American Schools:  
Sat. 1/2 hr.—Network

5:45  
Ivory Stamp Club Cap-  
tain Tim Healy: Mon.  
Wed. Fri. 1/4 hr. Basic  
minus WLW WLIT plus  
WTMJ WIBA KSTP  
WEBC  
Nursery Rhymes: Tues.  
1/4 hr. Network



6PM. 7PM. 8PM. 9PM. 10PM. 11PM. MIDNIGHT. 12

**6:00**  
**Heart Throbs of the Hills:** Sun. ¼ hr. Network  
**U. S. Army Band:** Mon. ¼ hr. Network  
**Angelo Ferdinand:** Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. Network  
**Education in the News:** Wed. ¼ hr. Network  
**William Lundell Interview:** Thurs. ¼ hr. Network  
**Jack Berger Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr. Network  
**Angelo Ferdinand Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr. Network  
**6:15**  
**Tom Coakley Orchestra:** Thurs. ¼ hr. Network  
**6:30**  
**Grand Hotel:** Sun. Basic plus Coast plus W T M J K S T P W B C  
**6:45**  
**Lowell Thomas:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WENR K W C R K S O K W K W R E N K O I L Plus W L W C R C T W J A X W F L A C F C F W I O D W R V A

Note that on the column to the right, Vick's has dropped Mildred Bailey and is now content to star only Willard Robison. Don't miss Edgar A. Guest on Tuesdays.

**7:00**  
**Jack Benny:** Sun. Basic Plus Western minus K S T P W W N C W B A P W L S Plus W K B F W I B A K F Y R W I O D W T A R W A V E W S M W S B W S M B K V O O W F A A K T B S W S O C W D A Y W M C A m o s a n d A n d y : Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W S Y R K W K K W C R W R E N K S O K O I L — plus W L W C R C T W R V A W P T F W I O D W F L A W C K Y

**7:15**  
**Vicks with Willard Robison:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus W G A R W R E N Plus **Gems of Melody:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic  
**7:30**  
**Baker's Broadcast, Joe Penner:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus W W N C W B A P Plus Coast Plus W S M B K V O O W F A A **Red Davis Series:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W J R W G A R Plus Western minus W T M J W B A P W L S Plus W I B A W I S W I O D W S M W M C W S B W J D X W S M B K T B S W T A R W A V E W S O C W K B F K O A K D Y L W L W W F A A

**7:45**  
**Dangerous Paradise:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic Plus K T B S W S M W S B W F A A W K Y W L W W H O **Ruth Etting:** Thurs. ½ hr. W J Z and Network

**8:00**  
**General Motors Symphony Concert:** Sun. one hr. Basic minus W E N R plus W C K Y **Jan Garber:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus W E N R plus Coast plus W L S W L W W K B F **Eno Crime Clues:** Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus W H A M W E N R plus W L W W L S **Penthouse Party with Mark Hellinger:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus W H A M W E N R plus W L W W L S

**Irene Rich:** Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W J R W G A R W E N R K W K plus W L S W S M W M C W S B W A V E **Art in America:** Sat. ½ hr.—Network  
**8:15**  
**Dick Liebert's Musical Revues:** Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus W B A L W H A M W E N R K W K Plus W K B F W L S

**8:30**  
**Carefree Carnival:** Mon. ½ hr.  
**Lawrence Tibbett:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus W E N R K W K plus W L S C R C T C F C F **Lanny Ross, Log Cabin Orch.:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus W B Z W B A W E N R K W K plus W L S W C K Y

**Melodies Romantic:** Thurs. ½ hr.—**The Intimate Revue:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus W E N R plus W L S **George Olsen Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr.

**9:00**  
**Melodious Silken Strings Program:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus W T M J K S T P W B A P W E B C W O A I plus W L W W I O D W A V E W S M W S B W M C W J D X W S M B W F A A K T B S K T H S **Sinclair Minstrels:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic Minus W M A L W E N R W S Y R K W C A plus Western minus W B A P K O M O K D Y L K H Q K G W plus W S B W I B A W D A Y K F Y R W F A A W I S W I O D W S M W S M B W J D X K T B S K V O O W S O C W T A R W M C K T H S K F S D K T A R K P O **Grace Moore:** Tues. ½ hr. W J Z and Network  
**Warden Lewis E. Lawes:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus W E N R plus W L S W K B F plus Coast  
**Death Valley Days:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Basic minus W E N R plus W L W W L S **Beatrice Lillie:** Fri. ½ hr. W J Z and Network  
**Radio City Party:** Sat. ½ hr.—Basic minus W E N R plus W C K Y W L S plus Coast

**9:30**  
**Walter Winchell:** Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus W L W **Princess Pat Players:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic **Hands Across the Border:** Tues. ½ hr. (Continued on last col.)

**10:00**  
**L'Heure Exquise:** Sun. ¼ hr. Network  
**Little Jackie Heller:** Mon. ¼ hr. W J Z and Network  
**Seven Seas, Cameron King:** Tues. ½ hr. Network  
**Parade of the Provinces:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network  
**10:15**  
**Madame Sylvia:** Wed. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W J R plus Coast plus W T M J W R V A K S T P W E B C W I B A W C K Y

**10:30**  
**An American Fireside:** Sun. ½ hr. Network  
**Tim and Irene:** Tues. ½ hr.—Network  
**Conoco Presents:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus W B Z W B A K D K A plus W C K Y W T M J W E B C W D A Y K F Y R W R V A W K Y W F A A K O A K S T P **Economic and Social Changing Order:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network  
**The Jewish Program:** Fri. ½ hr. Network

What's this? Grace Moore with her own program, and Beatrice Lillie with hers! That's news for the thousands of fans who have had only snatches of these famous women before. Grace on Tuesdays, Beatrice, Fridays.

**11:00**  
**Roxanne Wallace, songs:** Sun. ¼ hr.  
**Emil Coleman Orchestra:** Mon. ½ hr. Network  
**Del Campo Orchestra:** Tues. Sat. ½ hr. Network  
**Emil Coleman Orchestra:** Wed. ½ hr.  
**Enric Madriguera Orchestra:** Thurs. ½ hr.  
**Jack Denny Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr.  
**Henry King Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr.  
**11:30**  
**Henry King Orchestra:** Sun. ½ hr.  
**Jolly Coburn's Orchestra:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr.  
**Art Kassel Orchestra:** Wed. ½ hr. Network  
**Eddie Duchin Orchestra:** Thurs. ½ hr.  
**Freddie Martin Orchestra:** Fri. Sat. ½ hr.

(Continued)  
**John Charles Thomas:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast  
**Musical Keys:** Thurs. ½ hr. Network  
**Armour Hour, Phil Baker:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus W P T F W B A P plus Coast plus W I O D W S M W M C W S B W A P I W S M B W F A A W A V E W C K Y **National Barn Dance:** Sat. Hour Basic plus W L S W K B F

**9:45**  
**Armand Girard:** Sun. ¼ hr. Basic

BROADCASTING COMPANY

**6:00**  
**Catholic Hour:** Sun. ½ hr.—Network  
**Xavier Cugat Orchestra:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network  
**Tom Coakley Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr.

**6:15**  
**Mid-week Hymn Sing:** Tues. ¼ hr. Network

**6:30**  
**Armco Iron Master:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus W T A G W J A R W C S H W E E I W T I C plus K P R C W K Y W O A I W B A P K T B S K V O O **Press Radio News:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

**6:45**  
**Billy Batchelor:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W S A I W H O W D A F W M A Q W O W **Thornton Fisher:** Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W C A E W H O W D A F

As far as we know, when Coca Cola (10:00 column) went on the air the first week in January, it was their first network advertising. They're presenting a 100 voiced symphony, which is an orchestra of 65 men and a chorus.

**7:00**  
**Martha Mears:** Sun. ¼ hr.  
**Ray Perkins:** Mon. ¼ hr. Network  
**King's Guard:** Tues. ¼ hr.  
**The Pickens Sisters:** Wed. ¼ hr.  
**Phil Cook:** Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. W E A F and Network

**7:15**  
**Whispering Jack Smith:** Tues. Thurs. Sat. ¼ hr.

**7:30**  
**Sigurd Nilssen, basso Graham McNamee:** Sun. ¼ hr.—W E A F W T A G W J A R W C S H W R C W G Y W T A M W W J W S A I W M A Q K S D W O W W B E N **Mollie Minstrel Show:** Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus W B E N W F I W E E I W T I C

**7:45**  
**The Fitch Program:** Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus W E E I W D A F plus C F C F W K B F **Radio Station E-Z-R-A:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus W C A E W F B R W J A R W E E I K S D W I C **Vaughn de Leath:** Tues. ¼ hr.

**8:00**  
**Chase and Sanborn Opera Guild:** Sun. Hour—Complete except W B A P plus K F Y R W D A Y **Studebaker, Himber, Nash:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus K V O O W K Y W F A A K P R C W O A I K T B S

**Leo Reisman:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus W S A I plus Western minus W U A I W F A A plus Southern minus W R V A W A V E plus W K B F W I B A W D A Y K F Y R W S O C W T A R **Mary Pickford:** Wed. ½ hr.—Complete plus K T B S W C K Y K F Y R W D A Y W I B A **Rudy Vallee:** Thurs. Hour—Complete plus K F Y R W D A Y **Cities Service:** Fri. Hour—Basic minus W M A Q plus Western minus Coast plus C R T C K O A K D Y L **Swift Hour:** Sat. Hour—Basic minus W H O plus Western minus K V O O W F A A K T A R plus W I B A K T B S

**8:30**  
**Voice of Firestone:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus W F A A W B A P K T A R plus Southern minus W R V A W A P I plus W D A Y W K B F W I B A K F Y R W S O C W T A R K T B S **Lady Esther, Wayne King:** Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. Basic minus W F B R plus W T M J K S T P W K Y K P R C W S M W S B W M C W O A I W K B F W S M B W B E N W T I C W B A P K V O O

**9:00**  
**Manhattan Merry Go Round:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus W B E N W C A E W E E I plus W T M J K S T P W E B C C F C F plus Coast **A and P Gypsies:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus W L W W F B R W R C

**Ben Bernie:** Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus W D A F plus W T M J K S T P W D A Y K F Y R W M C W S B W B A P K T B S K P R C W O A I K O A W F I K V O O **Fred Allen:** Wed. Hour—Basic plus W I S W J A X W I O D W S B W T M J K T B S K P R C W O A I K S T P W R V A W S M B K V O O W K Y W E B C W P T F W S M W M C **Showboat Hour:** Thurs. Hour—Complete plus W K B F K G A L K T B S K F S D K G I R **Waltz Time:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus W E E I **Songs You Love:** Sat. ½ hr.—Basic minus W H O plus W T M J W I B A W D A Y K S T P W E B C K F Y R

**9:30**  
**American Album of Familiar Music:** Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus W T I C W A P I W A V E W E B C W B A P K T A R —plus Canadian **Colgate House Party:** Mon. ½ hr.—Complete minus W T I C W A V E K T A R W A P I W B A P plus K T B S **Ed Wynn, Eddie Duchin:** Tues. ½ hr.—Complete minus W S A I (Continued on last col.)

**10:00**  
**Pontiac, Jane Froman:** Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus K S D K V O O W F A A plus W K V F W S O C W I B A K T H S W D A Y K T B S K G I R K F S O K F Y R K G H L

**Contented Program:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus K S T P W T M J W E B C K P R C W O A I W F A A K F Y R W S M W M C W S B W K Y **Palmolive:** Tues. hour—Basic minus W F I W T I C plus Coast plus Canadian plus Southern minus W A P I plus W D A Y K F Y R W S O C K G I R K F S D K G H L W K B F

**Lombardoland:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic plus Southern minus W A P I plus W K B F W K Y K T H S W F A A K P R C W O A I K T B S K V O O **Whiteman's Music Hall:** Thurs. hour—Complete minus W M C (at 10:30) W F A A plus W D A Y K F Y R K T B S K T H S W I B A **Campana's First Nighter:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus K V O O W B A P K T A R plus W S M B W M C W S M W S B

**10:30**  
**One Man's Family:** Wed. ½ hr. basic minus W F I W D A F W H O plus Southern plus Coast plus W S O C W T A R W K B F **Coco Cola Program:** Fri. ½ hr.  
**Let's Dance Program:** Sat. 3 hours W E A F and Network

**11:00**  
**The Grumitts, Senator Ford:** Mon. Tues. ¼ hr. Network  
**Emil Coleman Orchestra:** Tues. ¼ hr. Network  
**Adventures in Literature:** Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network  
**George R. Holmes:** Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

**11:15**  
**Jesse Crawford, organist:** Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network  
**Voice of Romance:** Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. Network

**11:30**  
**Will Osborne Orchestra:** Tues. ½ hr. Network  
**Jolly Coburn Orchestra:** Wed. Fri. ½ hr. Network  
**D'Orsey Brothers:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network  
**Freddie Martin Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr. Network  
**Paul Whiteman's Saturday Night:** Sat. ½ hr.—Network

(Continued)  
**W A P I W F A A plus W I B A W S O C K G A L W D A Y K T H S K F S D K T B S K F Y R K G I R W K B F**  
**Pick and Pat:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus W E E I  
**9:30**  
**Gibson Family:** Sat. hour—Basic minus W H O plus K S T P W T M J W E B C K H Q K D Y L K O A K F I K G W K O M O K F Y R W D A Y W I B A





# What Do You Want To Know?

## DEAR FRIENDS,

I don't know how I'll ever catch up with the endless questions that have come in and are still coming in. Would you believe it, I'm answering right now questions from our readers that came in way back in August. Now you can just imagine what I'm up against. Don't think for a minute that I don't like the game of questions and answers. The more questions I get the more I enjoy it. So don't hold back. Keep throwing them at me and watch for your answers in RADIO MIRROR.

Here they come! Look and ye shall find!

Always willing,  
THE ORACLE.

**Miss E. C., Camden, N. J.**—Do Harriet Hilliard and Loretta Lee answer their own fan mail? Why of course. Just try them. Address Miss Hilliard to the New Yorker Hotel, New York and Miss Lee, the Taft Hotel, New York. Last month we had a swell picture of Harriet in the gallery. I hope you saw it. And in this issue you'll find Loretta looking coquettishly at you on page 11.

**Miss Mabel F., Somerville, Mass.**—So far as I know, Lanny Ross is not forsaking the Showboat. Can you imagine all the disappointed people if he did? He has been combining moving

picture work with radio work and when he is in Hollywood, he broadcasts from there.

**Miss B. M., New York City**—I'm almost sure that the reason Frank Parker didn't send you his photograph is because he probably didn't get your letter. Why don't you try him again in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York? That charming Mexican singer, Tito Guizar can be heard on Columbia's WABC, Monday afternoons at 4:15.

**Herman H. B., Biddeford, Maine**—Although I do not make it a practice of answering the same question twice, I'm forced to do so in this case because of the number of people who have asked it. Eddie Duchin's theme song is Chopin's "Nocturne in E Flat". I don't blame you, folks, it's a beautiful composition by that famous composer.

**Sumner B. C., Portland, Maine**—The Goldbergs, the Goldbergs! I've had so many anxious fans requesting information about them. At present they're off the air. But you can't tell, by the time you read this Molly's and Jake's voices might be coming over your loudspeaker.

**Andrew L. C., Detroit, Mich.**—For a picture of Molasses and January,

write them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York. Address Borah Minevitch and his Rascals to station WOR, New York.

**Connie R., Provincetown, Mass.**—Right now, Eddie Cantor is sunning himself in Sunny Italy but by the time you read this he'll be back on the air in his new Pebeco program over the Columbia airwaves. Address your letter to him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, 485 Madison Ave., New York.

**Gloria R., San Petro, Calif.**—Really now, I've heard Lanny Ross being linked in romance with other feminine stars but never Ann Sothorn. She was, however, the charming little lady who played opposite him in his first picture, "Melody in Spring." You can reach Bing Crosby at the Paramount Studios in Hollywood.

**J. M. P., Reading, Pa.**—Little Jack Little is playing quite often now over the Columbia airwaves. Address him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave., New York.

**Dot and Jane, Poughkeepsie, New York**—Try addressing the Radio Rogues in care of the National Broadcasting (Continued on page 63)

**Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and have your questions about players and programs answered**



**This is your page, readers! Here's a chance to get your opinions in print! Write your letter today and try for the big prize!**

**I**T really is a pleasure to read the letters of criticism that have been coming in from RADIO MIRROR's readers. They are full of worthy suggestions and intelligent opinions, and we regret that we cannot give you all a prize for your fine efforts.

To many of you who have requested us to publish radio contests in conjunction with our program guide, we wish to state that were it practicable to do so it would be done. But, the magazine goes to press so far in advance that the contests would be off and new ones added by the time you received your next copy of RADIO MIRROR.

Now, let's see what swell letters you can think up for this month. Don't forget, we pay twenty dollars for the best letter, ten dollars for the next best letter and one dollar each for the next five selected.

Please try not to write more than 200 words and send your letter in not later than February 22 to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This month's prize winners follow:

#### **\$20.00 PRIZE**

**I** AM taking the liberty of sending you my reactions to the opinions expressed by the prize winners whose letters were published in the February issue of your worthy magazine. So here goes.

The first prize winner doesn't like handclapping and loud laughter. I, for one, enjoy hearing the applause after a fine performance. It brings in the air of the theatre into the home.

The second winner believes that self-commendation of a program is an infamous practice. My reaction to this is that this is the oldest form of boosting and should be conceded to the people who pay for our fine programs.

As to the third prize winner who bemoans the dearth of good music, I am sure she has changed her mind by now after listening to the fine operas and concerts broadcast these days.

Prize winner number four thinks the sports announcers are partial. When a team makes a successful play they naturally announce it in an exciting manner. I've never noticed that a particular team is ever discriminated against.

I heartily agree with number five who believes that radio is a real contribution to civilization and we should be grateful.

Prize winner number six, I sure sympathize with you in your complaint about local stations butting in and cutting off good chain programs. But what to do about it?

And last but not least is the lady who has so many good things to say

about what radio has done for the housewife.

CARRIE STAMEN, Washington, D. C.

#### **\$10.00 PRIZE**

**W**E all pretty much consider radio a fixture in our lives; but I wonder how many of us realize what a gap it would make if our programs were suddenly to be taken from us. Radio has become a well nigh indispensable form of entertainment for every member of the family, from Mother and Dad with their appreciation of good music, down to kid brother with his enthusiasm for the sport broadcasts, and we would miss it, in my opinion, even more than we would miss the theatre if we were deprived of that.

From its babyhood, radio has been steadily developing into an intelligent young adolescent, still making mistakes but willing to learn how to rectify them, and, most important, still progressing.

We, the audience, understand how difficult it is to please everyone but I think every fair minded person will agree with me, that the programs on the whole are getting better and more finished.

In closing I want to say that RADIO MIRROR magazine is doing a valuable work in (*Continued on page 87*)

# What Do You Want To Say?





# The Man Who Saved Eddie Cantor's Life

(Continued from page 31)

normal, physical equilibrium. He forces him to take exercise and he is right there at the end of every broadcast to unpinch and loosen up his body.

Eddie had an opportunity—and took it—to pay his debt to Frenchy a few years ago when Frenchy came down with kidney colic. Something which few people ever have. The only way to describe it is by asking you: how would you like to have a permanent red hot rivet in the small of your back? Frenchy got it years ago not long after he crashed in a bicycle race in Switzerland, and had had it on and off ever since. He folded in California. This time it was serious. He shrank to skin and bones, gross weight eighty pounds. A doctor came to look at him, discovered he was a valet and departed.

When Cantor heard this, he went right up through the roof and didn't stop until he had called the doctor every name in his own vocabulary, including twenty or thirty which he himself had forgotten he knew. Anyhow, the doctor came back and did a job. Eddie then called in the best surgeon in California. He removed the kidney and Frenchy lived. That evened the score. A life for a life.

**F**RENCHY was with Eddie when the stock market crashed. He said Eddie took it standing up, with a grin. "He makes more fuss over a button missing from a shirt than he made over the crash. He never fusses over big things. I think the only effect of that thing in Wall Street was to make him work a little harder. It's what made him go in for radio and for writing for the magazines."

According to this constant companion, Eddie is always nervous before a performance. But not superstitious.

"Once I was in his dressing room, whistling away," he said, "when one of the actors came along and whispered to Eddie to make me stop. Whistling in a dressing room was sure to lead to misery. Eddie only laughed. 'Let him whistle, he enjoys it,' was all he said."

He never eats before a radio performance. At most a bowl of soup. When the show is over, he takes a massage, then goes off with a few friends to a restaurant. In New York it is either Moore's or Lindy's. They gorge. But he drinks a glass of milk and some crackers. He knows from past experience that he would not be able to digest anything else.

Generally speaking, he is careful of his diet. He has learned prudence in eating as a result of much painful experience. He avoids fried foods of every description. He likes pot roast and occasionally, a steak. He likes radishes, onions and cucumbers served in a bowl of sour cream. Smoked white fish is a passion with him. He loathes tomatoes and cannot stand garlic.

Frenchy tells the story of a new cook who served him stuffed green peppers, a dish done in garlic and containing tomatoes. Eddie talked about it for

hours—as if a major crime had been committed. Now all cooks have their instructions. No spices, no tomatoes, no frying, no garlic. They fool him on the garlic. It gets in—sneaky like—and he never knows it.

Monday morning, his week begins. He gets up about ten in the morning, calls for Frenchy who gives him a massage and puts him through his exercises. Eddie makes use of massage time to clear his throat and do the vocal exercises—the ah-ah-ah-ah and ee-ee-ee-ee he learned less than a year ago from a voice instructor in Hollywood. He may then sing a song. But do not think Eddie is all worked up over his voice. On that subject, he has no illusions. He knows as well as you that he is far from operatic timber.

The massage completed, he steps out of bed with perhaps a glance at the picture which hangs over the head of it—a pencil drawing done from a photograph of his mother whom he lost at the age of twelve. Two other paintings adorn the walls. These walls are cream color, almost white, the rug brown, the furniture modernistic but not garish. A million dollar radio set stands in the corner.

From the bed to the green tiled bathroom with glass enclosed shower is only a step. And he takes it every morning. Frenchy is witness that Eddie is one of the cleanest men in the world. For all that he changes only once a day despite the fact that he owns twenty-six suits of clothes (size 34), twelve pairs of shoes (size 9), twenty-three suits of underwear, thirty-one shirts and at least a hundred neckties. None of his clothes are flashy. His one extravagance in clothes is neckties. An old woman whose son is ill knows it. She always shows up at the studio or the theater with a selection of ties for him. His suits are modest browns and grays and blues, mostly grays, made of British cloth by New York and Hollywood tailors, ranging in price from \$75 to \$125.

The underwear he steps into when the bath is over is a silk and wool combination, gay but not pansy in color. In winter the underwear is of the same material but somewhat heavier. The warm underwear, summer or winter, is another aftermath of his pleurisy.

**M**ONDAY morning is song day. It is the day on which the music houses and individual composers bring down their songs for him to make a selection of those he will sing on the Sunday night broadcast. Eddie dons a bathrobe—a blue bathrobe usually—slicks his hair with brilliantine and goes down to listen.

The songs are tried out in the great drawing room. Mama Cantor, Frenchy, Margie Cantor, his eighteen year old daughter, and Ben Holtzman, his business manager attend.

Frenchy stands by during rehearsals. Eddie needs him there as moral support although to look at the buoy-

ant, self-confident Cantor, you'd think he was quite independent of any outside aid. Eddie is always turning to Frenchy, to ask his opinion—on a song, a joke, a situation. He values the opinions of Frenchy because Frenchy always tells the truth.

When the rehearsal is over, Eddie, Mrs. Cantor, a daughter or two or three, pile into the car and drive out to Westchester where Eddie has recently purchased a farm. A small ten acre farm in a Jewish community. The house has only twelve rooms—which is small considering the size of his family—and the number of his friends. Eddie is a reckless driver, the kind who gets to thinking of other things when he is at the wheel. Frenchy, with his hand hovering over the emergency brake, has saved him from many an accident.

Friday and Saturday at the farm are the only relaxation Eddie gets when he is working in radio. He has a great many plans for the little place. It is part of his dream—the dream of a man who has spent his entire life on city pavements. He is going to have chickens and cows and horses.

Sunday afternoon he is at the studio for the second and last rehearsal.

Frenchy and he go down to the studio when the program hour draws near. Eddie is as taut as a fiddle string but he is able to joke with his fellow performers. As the show goes, Eddie sets the pace, establishes the tempo. He watches his companions. If they lag or lack in enthusiasm he frowns at them, motions to them to speed up. He does his own job, while carrying the responsibility for the success of all the others.

This theatrical business bores Frenchy. Massage is his career. His parents were masseurs before him.

Still, Frenchy enjoys life in the Cantor home where no one treats him as a servant. And even if he were, it wouldn't be so bad because servants in Cantorville are regarded as human beings.

**O**NCE in a great while Eddie explodes. Then life is not very pleasant for Frenchy. There was that time in Florida when Frenchy had packed all the comedian's white pants into the shoe compartment of a wardrobe trunk. It wasn't a sin except that Eddie came in all pepped up with the idea of going to a party clad in whites. He raged for almost an hour. Frenchy, who knows people, said not a word, simply looked quietly at Eddie throughout his tirade. Finally Eddie shouted, "All right—get mad! See if I care!" When Eddie returned from the party he had forgotten the episode; Frenchy was still upset.

So there, my friends, you have Eddie Cantor as he is seen by the honest, unimaginative eyes of his valet. Not quite a hero to his valet—but not quite a master. To Frenchy Eddie is an idol, a friend and an entertainment machine capable of going on forever.



# "I ADORE YOU..."



## THRILLING WORDS...

### BUT NOBODY SAYS THEM TO THE GIRL WHO HAS COSMETIC SKIN

**S**OFT, LOVELY SKIN is thrilling to a man. Every girl should have it—and keep it!

So what a shame when a girl lets unattractive Cosmetic Skin rob her of this charm! This modern complexion trouble can be so easily guarded against.

#### *Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way*

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a woman who *thinks* she removes make-up thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores. Gradually they become enlarged—tiny blemishes appear—blackheads, perhaps. These are warning signals of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, gently removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night, protect *your* skin with the care 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars use!

OF COURSE, I USE  
COSMETICS, BUT I NEVER  
WORRY ABOUT COSMETIC  
SKIN — THANKS TO  
**LUX TOILET SOAP.**  
IT'S EASY TO HAVE A  
GORGEOUS SKIN THIS WAY.

## GINGER ROGERS

STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S "ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN"





## What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 57)

bringing the performers closer to the public and is making itself an appreciated visitor at every home.  
MARYEL McGRATH, San Francisco, Cal.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

May I suggest more varied programs for Saturday nights? I realize Saturday night isn't a favorable one for sponsors, but it seems they could supply those who can only stay home and take a bath, with "Listenable" programs. After a trip over the dials now on a Saturday night, I can't go to bed without feeling that a cow will step on my face or a chicken will lay an egg in my pajama pocket. And all night long I roll and toss, yes, to the tune of "She'll Be Comin' Round The Mountain" Boy! Can those fiddles take it! Wait! Change that up a bit . . . Boy! Can those fiddles! There! That's better.

And advertising. Those one-minute "dramas" demonstrating the efficacious-

ness of Blah's Pills get my nanny. Or a letter from Mary Nonsuchperson telling of the wonderful success she has had with Gitsinyourey Soap. Why, oh why, can't sponsors realize they are only cheapening their programs and products by such advertising methods.

I could probably write books on the subject of radio improvement, but as my word limit is up, I can only say as Will Rogers does when his alarm clock rings,—"Aw shucks! I just got started!"

ALAN SCHMIDT, Memphis, Tenn.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

Yes, indeed! There are things over the radio harder to listen to than advertising. But, isn't cleverly done advertising a boon to a program, and the product, though?

In my opinion, the Jello program starring Jack Benny, wins "grand prize" for that sort of thing. More power to 'em. They're wise, for they don't give

you a chance to get bored, and turn the dial when they tell about Jello.

Concerning RADIO MIRROR. It's a grand magazine, full of interesting news about our favorites of radioland. RADIO MIRROR's Gallery of Stars present excellent photographs. Keep up the good work!

DOROTHY HOAGLAND, San Fernando, Cal.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

I believe radio criticism is rather inconsiderate. It is just natural that some souls swing to pulsing jazz while others soar high on the wings of the classics. Still others can be raised from the depths of despondency by a blood-chilling murder. Tastes differ in radio entertainment as in foods. Few people enjoy both classical and jazz programs.

The public will never be satisfied with radio entertainment. Is there anything in this world that satisfies everyone? Men and women desire what they

(Continued on page 87)

## "I'll Never Marry Rudy Vallee!" Says Alice Faye

(Continued from page 17)

pretty definite ideas about marriage. I don't think you can mix a career and marriage. Maybe some people can, but I couldn't. In the case of Rudy and myself that goes double all around.

"Being Rudy Vallee's wife is a full time, twenty-four hour a day job. You haven't any idea how hard he works. When he comes home, he's tired out, just plain exhausted. Sometimes that makes him cranky and irritable. Now please don't misunderstand me; I don't mean that he has a crabby disposition—but the strain he works under leaves him with frayed nerves.

"When Rudy finishes work and comes home, he needs someone to wait on him, to give him every attention, to completely submerge herself. That is his right. He deserves it; so does any man who works like he does. That's what a home is for. It's a place for a man to come to when he's dead tired and worn out. And any wife worth the name recognizes that it's the biggest part of her job of being a wife to help her husband relax at such times, and give him the comfort he has earned."

Then Alice explained to me why she could never hope to tackle that big job. She spoke of her own ambitions.

"I want to be somebody in my own right," she declared. "I couldn't give Rudy—or any other man—the things a husband has a right to expect from a wife. I'd be too much preoccupied with my own problems and career to be sufficiently absorbed in his. I couldn't be the right kind of a wife, so I don't think I'd better try being a wife at all."

"Never?" I asked. Alice laughed.

"Well, of course, never is a long time," she admitted.

"Another thing which most people forget is that although Rudy may be the 'romantic lover' to his listeners, he is first and foremost a very clever show-

man. I believe he is interested in me first as a protegee—then as a person. He not only got me started, but he's guided every move of my career since then. I consult him about everything.

"Why it was Rudy, himself, who sent

me away from his band to go in the movies on my own. He felt that my real future lies in a film career. I guess maybe if he'd been in love with me he wouldn't have done that," she added mischievously.



Here's further proof that Alice Faye is going places without Rudy Vallee. Her escort to one of Hollywood's recent swanky affairs was Charles Lemaire, motion picture executive.



## Coast-to-Coast Highlights

## Chicago

(Continued from page 40)

**R**UDOLPH GANZ is important in Chicago's music circles. Ralph Richards, featured pianist with Al Pearce and his gang, tells the story of a party in the Ganz home while Rudolph was his music teacher. Among the guests was Paderewski. The immortal Pole agreed to play the piano. Just as his first number ended the telephone rang. The landlord complained the Ganz party was getting too noisy!

**R**ECENTLY there was a real honest to goodness merry-go-round operating in the lobby of Chicago's Hotel Sherman. One afternoon there was only one rider. She was a little girl on a big white horse. She was having the time of her life. As she whirled giggling by we recognized her. It was Jeanie Lang.

**W**HAT young Chicago radio singer who hasn't worked much lately, spent every penny he made on his last job on Dorothy Stone while the famous daughter of the famous Fred Stone was playing in "As Thousands Cheer" in Chicago?

**M**ARIAN and Jim Jordan of NBC's Smackout and Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten broadcasts received a large black walnut splinter, the gift of a Washington, D. C., listener, through the mail this week. The sender said it was from Abraham Lincoln's favorite arm chair at the White House. How it was obtained is not explained.

**O**N your birthday give your wife a car—is the slogan of Norm Sgerr, Chicago CBS staff pianist, who did just that on his own birthday anniversary. The car, by the way, is a convertible roadster in green, his wife's favorite color.

**T**HE Mexicans have a word for him, Jesse Crawford, NBC organist has learned. Frequently styled in English speaking countries as "The poet of the organ," in Mexico, writes one of his listeners, Crawford is known as "El mago del organo"—the magician of the organ. His recordings are among the best sellers in the land below the Rio Grande.

**M**ORGAN L. EASTMAN, conductor of the orchestra on the Contented program, used to be a star water polo player at Wisconsin. Reason: he could remain under water for two minutes.

**D**ICK PLATT and Sid Nierman make up one of the nation's most popular radio teams but they're not satisfied with what they know about music and the piano.



... but he's saying "I'm sorry" now!



It was Ada who really saved me. I was telling her how Bill and I had quarreled that morning because I couldn't get his shirts white enough to suit him.



"Your trouble sounds like tattle-tale gray," Ada told me—"and that means left-over dirt. Change to Fels-Naptha—its richer golden soap and lots of naptha get out ALL the dirt."



And am I glad I listened to Ada! My washes are like snow. They've lost every bit of tattle-tale gray. Bill's so tickled with the way his shirts look that he's been sweet as pie ever since!

**Y**OU bet Fels-Naptha will get your clothes cleaner—and whiter!

For Fels-Naptha brings you something that no "trick" soap can—two dirt-looseners instead of one. Not just soap alone, but good golden soap with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha.

Chip Fels-Naptha into your washing machine—and see what a gorgeous job it does. It's great in your tub and for soaking or boiling. You'll find it gentle—safe for your finest silk stockings and daintiest lingerie. And it's kind to hands, too—for there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar! . . . Fels & Co., Phil., Pa. © FELS & CO., 1935

**Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"**  
with *Fels-Naptha Soap*





# Give That COLD Just 24 Hours!

**Colds Go Overnight When You  
Take the Right Thing!**

A COLD doesn't have to run its course and expose you to serious complications.

A cold can be routed overnight if you go about it the right way. First of all, a cold being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. Secondly, a cold calls for a COLD remedy and not for a "cure-all."

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what a cold requires. It is expressly a cold remedy. It is internal and direct—and it does the four things necessary.

## Fourfold in Effect

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones and fortifies the entire system. Anything less than that is taking chances with a cold.

Get Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine at any druggist.



**GROVE'S LAXATIVE  
BROMO  
QUININE**

Listen to Pat Kennedy and Art Kassel and his Kassel-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:45 p.m., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

The two former University of Illinois students who appear regularly over NBC networks disclosed that they are going on with their piano studies. Platt in composition and Nierman in harmony.

Their teacher is Dr. Samuel Lieberman of Chicago, noted composer and director. He recently wrote a prize symphony in a Hollywood bowl contest.

MARY HUNTER, who plays the part of Marge on the Easy Aces sketch was a hostess at WGN, Chicago, when Goodman Ace was looking for "A girl with a good laugh." He auditioned several with small success. While waiting a cue to go on the air one evening, in the reception room, he heard Miss Hunter let out a chuckle. It intrigued him, and next day he gave her an audition. She got the job.

GLENN ROWELL, second half of the team of Gene and Glenn, has an amusing room in his summer home at Rowell Lake, Wis. The walls are papered with renewals and "first night" wires of good wishes and congratulations and the furniture is labelled with the name of the program and the sponsor whose salary check bought each piece.

PAT BARRETT, who is bringing his "Uncle Ezra" to NBC networks met his wife Nora Cunneen, while they both were on the stage in Chicago. He married her at 10 o'clock in the morning and immediately caught a train for Joliet where he had a matinee vaudeville engagement. It was several days before the bride and groom were reunited.

## Coast-to-Coast Highlights Pacific

(Continued from page 41)

he can't be coaxed onto a vessel. Reason . . . when he was a youngster he shipped aboard a sailing craft and landed in New York . . . after four long weary years at the mast! He made his stage debut in "Lady Margaret", starring Amelia Bingham, at the old Bijou Theatre in New York nearly thirty years ago.

He was with KFWB, Hollywood, then at NBC in the north and in recent years has been a KHJ staff comic. And a pretty good one. For the program with an audience he dresses up like a Swede janitor. The other day, when he was going down a corridor, a new station executive dashed out and asked Dick to come in and sweep out the office for him. And, just to be a good guy, he swept out the office . . . though admitting he wasn't much of a success at broom whisking.

BING CROSBY got his nickname from his proclivities fighting imaginary injuns on the sidewalks when he was a youngster. But Harry Ander-

son, KOL announcer and comedian, had a different locale. He was brought up, during boyhood, on a Sioux Indian reservation on historic Fort Totten in the northern part of North Dakota. His hobbies are hunting, trapping and aviation. Single, and still in the twenties, he has his own mental conception of a wife and always wanted to get married in the springtime. Fair readers . . . you can get in touch with him at the Seattle station.

SAM HAYES, Richfield reporter on coast NBC lines gets some more movie jobs. See him at the mike in "Living on Velvet", Warners, and "Silver Streak," RKO. John McIntyre, NBC announcer from Hollywood . . . Vallee, Pickford, Hall of Fame 'n' others . . . was one of the first Los Angeles announcers to be married over the air. But the matrimonial voyage busted up on the rocks. He was born in a Montana log cabin 27 years ago, and was a naval seaman a couple of years.

DOROTHY ROBINSON BAIN is mistress behind the singing strings of violin melodies at KOIN in Portland. Besides that, she is in the first violin section of the Portland Symphony.

She was a music prodigy in Portland and Spokane but now uses music as an "outside interest." In private life she is the wife of a physician.

JANE WILLIAMS, on the CBS "Hollywood Hotel," had, her name changed from Rowene Williams by the program officials. She was the national contest winner last fall for the radio job. She was born in Buffalo twenty-eight years ago next June. The petite blonde singer is not married . . .



This dark-eyed, raven-haired little lady is Esther Mason who originally hails from Manchester, England. She's heard over WGAR from Cleveland, Ohio, in "The Tellers of Tales" program on Sunday afternoons.



has no hobbies . . . speaks French, Italian and German.

**S**EEMS as though the turnover in the Al Pearce NBC troupe is terrific, or whatever they call it in show circles. Only five remain from the original gang of five or six years ago . . . Al and Cal Pearce, Mill Wright, Hazel Warner and Monroe Upton.

**M**ADELINE DE MICHEL, who was christened as Mary in Nelson, B. C., does lots of personal appearances and the flash of the spotlight on her accordion makes a dazzling and pulchritudinous picture. But nowadays the KFRC girl is getting sparkles on a pretty diamond ring. Yes, sir, and ladies . . . Elliot Babbini, young bay region bank employee, is the lucky man. Wedding has been set for the springtime and the dazzling brunette will probably be through with radio.

## What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 56)

Company in Hollywood, Calif. The Pickens Sisters are at present appearing in a current musical comedy hit but find time to frequently send their melodious voices over the ether. They can be heard on Saturdays at 7:45 P. M. and on Wednesdays at 7:00 P. M. (NBC). Address them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, New York. Helen, the oldest Pickens sisters, is married to an artist.

**Carl B., Providence, R. I.**—The above will be of interest to you. As for Patti Pickens, the youngest of the trio, she's only 17 years old.

**G. M. A., Phila., Pa.**—All I know is what I'm told, and I'm told that Annette Hanshaw is not married. If you're real patient and give us a little time we'll try and dig up a picture of Fred Hufsmith for you and publish it in a future issue of RADIO MIRROR.

**R. E. M., Port Chester, New York**—Yessir, youse all guessed it. Molasses and January of the Showboat and Pic and Pat on the Dill's Tobacco program are one, or I should say two. Their names are respectively Pic Padgett and Pat Malone. They do not make up for their negro characters in their broadcasts.

**Rose L., Washington, D. C.**—You say that your friend's Aunt and Uncle were practically brought up with Eddie Cantor and that they know he had a very hard childhood. Eddie, therefore, deserves a lot of praise for having reached the top of the ladder in spite of his hardships. Don't you think so? Myrt and Marge are mother and daughter. Myrt was Myrtle Vail and Marge was Donna Damerel. (Damerel is her father's name.) However, Marge recently got married to Gene Kretzinger. So there you have it all in two nutshells.

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**GERM-FREE**  
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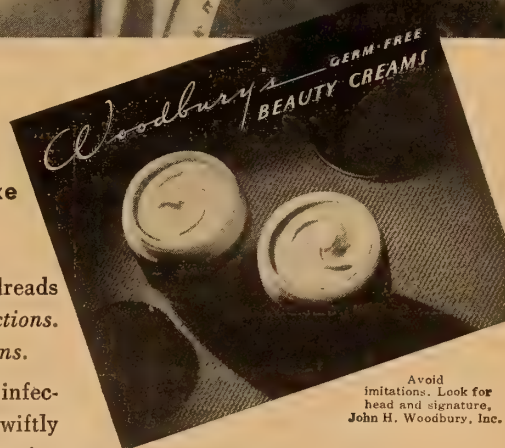
**Woodbury's Creams**  
stay germ-free as long  
as they last, protect and make  
beauty doubly sure

**T**HE blemishes that every woman dreads are generally due to *tiny infections*. And these are *always* caused by *germs*.

To protect your complexion against infection, to make beauty come more swiftly and stay safe, Woodbury skin scientists have created two new beauty creams which *keep themselves germ-free throughout their use*.

Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams contain a special element which keeps them germ-free as long as they last, even when exposed to germ-laden air or to fingers which are not sterile. Over 100 skin specialists who've tested them agree that they give your skin twice the protection that ordinary creams afford.

Woodbury's Cold Cream contains a second exclusive principle which causes the oil glands beneath the skin's outer surface to function better. Element 576 wakes them up, stimulates them, preventing—and overcoming—Dryness.



Avoid  
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John H. Woodbury, Inc.

Woodbury's Facial Cream provides a delicate film that stands between your sensitive skin and wind, dust, cold; that holds your powder and rouge unruffled; *plus* a special protection against the presence and threat of germs.

Woodbury's delightful Beauty Creams with their special protection, cost only 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ in jars; 25¢ and 10¢ in tubes.

**SEND FOR 4 WOODBURY BEAUTY AIDS**

Enclosed find 10¢. Send me the "Woodbury Loveliness Kit" containing a guest size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, generous tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, and six packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder—one of each of the six fashionable shades.

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# When a girl needs a girl friend

*"Those were his very words!"*



"What do you suppose that new young doctor said to Jack after the dance? When Jack asked him how he liked the rush Jane was giving him, he just looked bored and said, 'Why doesn't some kind girl friend tell her she needs Mum?' Those were his very words. Imagine!"

*What an old meanie she is for not telling!*

"Mr. Glover said he was afraid he'd have to let Ann go. Wish I had the nerve to tell her that a jar of Mum would save her job for her."



*(In other words, young lady, you need Mum.)*

"I'm sorry, Miss Clark, but I hardly think you'd fill the requirements of our position here."

**S**HE'S bound to lose out every time—the girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. For people will not excuse this kind of unpleasantness when it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. And it lasts all day. Use it any time—when dressing or afterwards. It won't harm your clothing.

Mum is soothing to the skin. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum at once.

Another reason you'll like Mum—it prevents every trace of ugly odor without preventing perspiration itself. Be safe every day—use Mum! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

## MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

**YOU NEED MUM FOR THIS, TOO.** Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete relief from this worry.

## My Own Spy Stories

(Continued from page 37)

Identify him by Code. He will repeat a certain sentence to you twice." Easy, certainly, if Jean was around.

Then, apparently out of nowhere, a voice boomed, shattering the eerie quiet: "Jean has much good red wine for sale." I waited, holding my breath. If he repeated the message he was my man! "Jean," the voice continued, "has much good red wine for sale."

**A** MOMENT later Jean strode out of the gloom, a wide smile wreathing his homely features.

"Thank God you made it," he said fervently. "Let us go up into the attic where we can be safe from prying eyes. The enemy is planning an attack. You will be safe here. The Germans are all my good friends. They know how I hate the English." He stopped and laughed softly, this man who had been serving his country since the beginning of the war.

Once we were inside the torn walls of the old barn, I heaved a vast sigh of relief. Jean, I knew, was our most brilliant man. He held the record of having never lost a spy who came to him behind the lines. Because he was an old man, apparently harmlessly engaged in selling chickens and eggs to the German officers, he had free passport into the enemy camp, where his keen mind and all-seeing eyes missed little that was to be observed or overheard.

That afternoon we prepared our first message to go back to Headquarters, carried by the fastest of the pigeons I had brought with me. Squatting on the damp hay in the loft, Jean and I wrote out the code instructions.

Jean was gone to the village to send the pigeon, and was back before I woke up the next morning. I stretched wearily stiff from my sleep on the wet straw which served as a bed. "Good news, my friend," he told me. "The pigeon has gone, bearing our information about the attack planned by the Germans."

The next day, a second messenger went safely homeward. But the third day, watching Jean head for the village, I felt an uncomfortable foreboding. This was to be the message informing Headquarters that I was through and was ready for a plane to take me back. My mission completed so far without mishap, would I be lucky enough to get a plane ride back again? I doubted it. My good fortune had held too long.

I spent a restless day, wondering if, at dusk, my plane would dip down on the field. What made it worse was the knowledge that German troops would begin moving up to the front in the afternoon, complicating my getaway.

Jean came back early, and we discussed the chances of my pilot's coming. At four we went out to the field to wait and see. An hour, two dragged by. Still no welcome drone of our plane. Jean stirred restlessly, glancing over his shoulder more and more often.

Once he left and disappeared in the

barn. He came back shaking his head. "Enemy troops are moving up the road to the front," he said. "Our game is up for the moment. Your pigeon must have been lost. Get back in the barn quickly."

He turned to go. "I must leave now, but I will be back soon. You shall remain in the barn." And he was gone down the path.

Reluctantly, I sauntered from the field. In the distance came the heavy muffled tread of soldiers tramping. German sons, brave men, walking into a trap of heavy artillery fire from our batteries.

But wait! There, over to the left, wasn't that the piercing drone of an airplane motor? I strained forward, listening. It was more distinct now. Was it a plane? Yes! My plane, I was sure.

Running, I came to the edge of the clearing as the shadow of a plane sailed over the field and was lost in the trees. For a moment it was gone in the low hanging clouds. Then it was back.

Could the pilot see me? I threw up my arms and stared hopefully at the undercarriage of the plane. A sudden cold chill ran through me.

A German plane!

Wide black crosses glistened deathlike in the mist. I stared helplessly at them, paralyzed into a moment of motionless agony.

**T**HE staccato burst of machine gun fire shocked me to my senses. I awoke with a shudder to my situation as the plane carried past me and banked.

One tremendous dive carried me headlong into the welcome protection of the woods. Wisps of mist enveloped my head and shoulders. Brambles caught at me from all sides. But I was safe. At least for the moment. No pilot, even with the eyes of an eagle, could find me here.

So my pigeon had been intercepted and an enemy plane sent to pick me up! And to pick me up after I had been loaded down with lead! Well, I had escaped that. Now to go a mile and a half through German troops, fight my way into "No-man's Land," and stagger into friendly arms.

"Only a mile and a half," I muttered, staring blankly at the impenetrable walls of darkness ahead of me. "Well, let's get going."

Slowly, dodging from tree to tree, lying as still as the dead when I heard German voices, I began my journey on foot. On foot! And when I had scheduled for myself a pleasant twenty-minute ride in the soft safe air of the heavens above.

Disorder was everywhere. The afternoon attack evidently had splintered on a solid Allied front. Horses and men were piled high around me as I neared the front trenches, the dead and the wounded scrambled hopelessly together.

A flare burst high in the air, casting



a weird greenish glow over the earth. I lay flat until it died out, but in that moment of light I had seen the body of a German soldier sprawled clumsily across his gun a few feet away. Just what I needed! The very proximity of the body showed me in what danger I stood, in my strange garb. Perhaps in a German uniform, no one would stop me.

I made for the corpse, stumbling in my frantic haste. At last I found him. The feeling of cold flesh sent a shiver through me, but I kept at my task. Soon I had stripped the body of the uniform. It was not as easy forcing my own body into it. Unfortunately, I realized, I was a few inches rounder and taller than my dead German.

Finally it was on me. I could only hope that in the dark, the ill fit would not be noticed. More boldly then I struck out for the front.

At last! I felt the mud of "Norman's Land" in my face, and it had a sweeter taste than the finest food in the world. It meant that I was past the enemy lines! Now to be picked up by a patrol, German or Allied, I no longer much cared. I was hungry, dirty and tired.

Light began to lift in the East and I was still out in that desolate area. Then I saw soldiers moving toward me. Suddenly it dawned on me what I might expect. Here I was still in the German uniform which had carried me through. What British patrol could guess I was not an enemy? Out of the gloom on top of me came the familiar squat-helmet of a British soldier.

It must have been the crazy fit of my German uniform that saved my life. When I stood up and waved my arms, I looked more like a scarecrow than a human being. The British patrol held its fire to investigate. After that, it was only the work of minutes before I was safely back in our trenches, weak and dripping with clay.

Just one more task completed in the life of an Intelligence Officer working as a spy. I crawled gratefully into a ready bed, only half conscious of the ministrations of my orderly. If tomorrow was another day, another job, who cared right then?

## Dialing the Short Waves

(Continued from page 48)

in the Twelfth Century, merely the home of a group of peasants on Prince Yuri Dolgoruk's estate. And now look at it! Why, it has nearly a thousand factories, giving employment to more than three quarters of a million workers!

Caracas, a few miles inland from the coast of Venezuela, is the city where YVIBC is situated. It was settled about a hundred years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

The natives of Caracas are regular. Travelers who have been there say they love to play the lottery and don't like to work, which makes them practically brothers of ours.

Even more so does the fact that



# NEED A BLONDE FADE EARLY?

By Lady Esther

People say that blondes have a brilliant morning, but a short afternoon. In other words, that blondes fade early!

This, however, is a myth. Many blondes simply look older than their years because they use the wrong shade of face powder.

You should never choose a face powder shade just because you are a blonde or brunette. You should never try to match the color of your hair or the particular tone of your skin. A blonde may have a dark skin while a brunette may have quite a light skin and vice versa.

A face powder shade should be chosen, not to match your hair or coloring, but to flatter your whole appearance.

### To Find the Shade that Flatters

There is only one way to find the shade of face powder that is most becoming to you, and that is to try all five basic shades.

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to you! One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So

I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. Try all five! Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

### Stays on for Four Hours —and Stays Fresh!

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note, too, how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a clinging face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

Write today! Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther, 1935

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (10) **FREE**  
Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



# BOTH Mother and Daughter PREFER Maybelline

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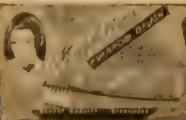
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BROWN AND BLUE



BLACK AND BROWN



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BLACK OR WHITE  
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BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY,  
VIOLET AND GREEN

- ... absolutely harmless
- ... most effective
- ... of highest quality
- ... the quickest and easiest way to have the natural appearance of attractively beautiful eyes.

From sweet sixteen to queenly fifty, women of all ages the world over have learned that Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are the safe, simple way to lovely eyes—eyes that instantly appear larger, brighter and more expressive. Beauty-wise women appreciate, too, the never-failing high standard of purity and harmlessness guaranteed by the famous name of Maybelline. Try these delightful aids to a new and more beautiful YOU!

Maybelline Eye Shadow  
Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil  
Maybelline Eyelash Tonic  
Cream  
Maybelline Eyebrow Brush  
and the world-famous, approved Maybelline mascara.

All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Try them today!

nearly every Caracasian is an ardent radio fan. Venezuela, though it has a population of only a little more than three millions, plans to have twenty-two radio stations in operation soon. Here's hoping you can get them all!

## THE REST OF THE CODE:

Last month we learned the alphabet in the Continental Code. Now let's take the numerals and principal punctuation marks.

The numbers are very simple. Each of them is made up of five units (either dots or dashes.) No. 1 is one dot and four dashes; No. 2, two dots and three dashes; etc. The number of dots gives the number, for the first five figures.

Beginning with No. 6, each dash represents one added to five. Thus, No. 6 is one dash followed by four dots, etc., until five dashes signifies 0.

The code is, then:

- 1 dit-dah-dah-dah-dah
- 2 dit-dit-dah-dah-dah
- 3 dit-dit-dit-dah-dah
- 4 dit-dit-dit-dit-dah
- 5 dit-dit-dit-dit-dit
- 6 dah-dit-dit-dit-dit
- 7 dah-dah-dit-dit-dit
- 8 dah-dah-dah-dit-dit
- 9 dah-dah-dah-dah-dit
- 0 dah-dah-dah-dah-dah

The easiest way to learn the punctuation marks is just to study them. There aren't many, so it is not too difficult. Those used most frequently are:

- dit-dit dit-dit dit-dit
- dit-dah-dit-dah-dit-dah
- dit-dit-dah-dah-dit-dit
- dah-dah-dit-dit-dah-dah

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

SWL, Keokuk, Ia.:—YV1BC operates on 49.10 meters, or 6110 kilocycles.

T. D. J., St. Paul, Minn.:—Sorry, but there is not enough space for us to list all the amateur radio operators in the United States. There is a book—a thick one—on sale at your news stand which will give you the list. W2FEZ was located in midtown New York. I haven't heard him lately either.

C. T. J., Memphis, Tenn.:—When you connect your A. C. set to a D. C. line you may have burned out either a transformer, the switch, or a fuse. Be sure that the set is not provided with fuses before having a new transformer installed. You can take your local dealer's word for it if you haven't the technical knowledge to locate any possible fuses yourself.

H. E. M., Hollywood, Calif.:—To stop the sparking of the motor in your refrigerator, clean the commutator and put in new brushes. If necessary, have the commutator reground. You can also get two 4. mfd. fixed condensers, and connect one from each brush to a good ground. Be sure to get condensers rated to withstand your line voltage. If it is 110 volts, get 200 volt condensers. And thanks for your kind comment.

# STOPS PAIN! OF TIGHT SHOES

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## The Human Side of the "Met"

(Continued from page 19)

stand around to chat, until it's time to go inside for work. Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Richard Crooks, and Lawrence Tibbett are talking about a party that somebody gave last night. Rose Bampton joins them now, and Gladys slips an arm about her waist. They are "rival" contraltos, those two . . . yet Gladys never misses a chance of telling people that Rose has "one of the most glorious voices in the world to-day". Hearing the talk about "last night," Rose's eyes dance.

"Oh, I had the grandest time last night. . . ." she begins.

But a sudden peal of laughter cuts her off. Wilfred Pelletier, the conductor, sticks his head out of the public telephone booth, at the same moment that the House-operator sticks her head out from behind the House switchboard, not ten feet away.

"Was that you, Mr. Pelletier," she asks in bewilderment, "calling the House, when you're right here?"

"Heavens! I thought I was calling my own home! I must have gotten my numbers mixed! Well, that's one on me. . . ."

Lucrezia Bori steps into the lobby now. She is, perhaps, the best-beloved member of the Metropolitan family. She collects her mail . . . it wasn't sorted when she arrived . . . and joins the group, now talking excitedly about some of the chorus, who have bought tickets on the next Sweepstakes race. Maybe they'll win!

At last they are ready to go in, and the postmistress presses the door-opener. No one can enter the Opera House unless he is known, vouched for, and admitted by that click of the door-opener. Inside, they part company. Miss Bori is going to the main stage. Crooks and Lily Pons have been called to the cloak-room on the Grand Tier Box floor. Tibbett is due on the roof-stage. The house is dark. Only the stage is lighted. Cleaning women, with cloths over their heads, are working their way through the long rows of seats, polishing, brushing, moving about unconcernedly. Members of the house-staff are hurrying back and forth from the box-office, where already long queues of ticket-purchasers are waiting their turn, all unconscious of the bustle of activity that pulses through the darkened house, not ten feet away.

The men of the orchestra are tuning up, playing their incessant runs and trills, in different keys. Half a dozen singers are sitting in the front of the orchestra, waiting to begin work. Some of them are smoking. Gladys Swarthout joins them. She has no work this morning, but she makes it a point to be on hand whenever she can, to observe and learn. Mary Garden taught her that trick!

To the left, is a runway of plain, unpainted planks. Someone is coming down it now . . . a chorus woman. Rose Bampton goes to greet her. The last



"Just look at this polish! See how it flakes off."

"Well, evidently, Dorothy, you are NOT using Glazo  
—and Glazo is only 25 cents."



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- ✓ losing weight
- ✓ nervous
- ✓ pale
- ✓ tired



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time they met, the chorus woman's mother was ill. Rose enquires for her now, and is delighted to learn that she is better. They talk a while about their families.

"I was home last night," says Rose Bampton. "I had a free evening, so I caught an airplane, for Buffalo, and had a good three hours' visit with my mother, before coming down for work to-day. I do that every chance I get. It's wonderful to be at home!"

The rehearsal is on... *Pelleas and Mélissande*. Miss Bori mounts to the stage, in a red silk dress, and takes her place at the castle window, where *Pelleas* begs her to let down her hair. Edward Johnson follows her to the stage rock beneath the window.

**D**OWN in the house, other singers are coming, and going, and waiting to be called for work of their own. Grete Stueckgold and Rosa Ponselle, "rival" sopranos, are comparing notes on frocks. Stueckgold, who travels with the music season to Paris, Vienna, London, Rome, buys all her dresses here in America. She believes American style is the smartest in the world! She tells of some of her new gowns; offers the names of dressmakers. Ponselle sighs. She hasn't had time to do much shopping. She's been nursing a black-and-blue bump on her head. She got it when the baritone miscalculated distances, and threw her to the stage with such force, during the "death-scene" of *La Gioconda*, that she was knocked unconscious.

Meanwhile, two flights up, a *Lucia* rehearsal is getting started in the cloak room. Lily Pons, in a tailored brown suit and a high-buttoned blouse, is telling Crooks how much she misses Ita, the Brazilian jaguar which she kept as a pet three years, and finally gave to the Zoo, because people were afraid to travel with her.

"Ita was sweet," Lily insists. "Bad natured? Nevaire! Oh, yes, she make little scratches on me... maybe once, maybe twice. But that is her nature! I put on the iodine. She sleep in a bathtub... so sweet! And she take the walks with me, on a leash! I miss her so much! Was I afraid of her? I am nevaire afraid of anything! What will happen, will happen. It is no sense, being afraid."

The conductor enters, and suddenly they are galvanized into action. Talk stops. Work begins. Lily opens the collar of her mannish blouse and begins the *Mad Scene*. The vivacious girl is transformed into a serious artist. Her eyes take on a different expression. You forget she wears a plain tailored suit. You forget she was talking everyday matters a moment ago. She is *Lucia*, and she stirs your heart. Crooks intones the duet they have together. They discuss a better blending of voices... a bit louder here, a bit softer there. And on the roof stage, at the top of the house, Tibbett has stopped telling stories about his Uncle Ed, who used to be a bartender, and the *Tannhäuser* rehearsal goes forward in the same way.

But now let's go backstage, during the Saturday matinee, that is be-

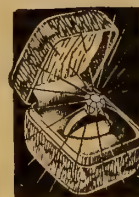
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ing sent out over the air to three million listeners. This time there's little of the easy chatter of rehearsal. The tension of the big show ahead is in the air, and the singers save their voices as much as possible.

Helen Jepson is in the first dressing-room, getting to work on her make-up. She puts on a plain washable kimono, to catch any powder or grease-paint, and gets out jars and pots and pencils. Eyebrows, eyelashes, cheeks, lips. While she works, her dresser brings down her costumes, freshly pressed, from the wardrobe room, and hangs them against the wall. She ties her hair back into a sort of silk-net bathing-cap, and the wig goes on. She speaks to her dresser in a whisper. The room is queerly quiet. The wig is patted into place and combed out on the head.

Suddenly, a pearly scale of song tears out through the quiet. In the next room, Gladys Swarthout is trying out her voice. Now the first-act costume goes on. The wardrobe-mistress enters, on her round of the dressing-rooms, to see that every detail of the costume is as it should be. She is personally responsible for them all. Outside, the opera is in full swing. Society fills the boxes, and plain music-lovers crowd the standees' rail. But through the sound-proof doors that separate the dressing-rooms from the stage, not a note is audible.

Through the quiet, you feel the expectant pulsing . . . the zero-hour tension that keeps singers on their toes. Outside is a full house . . . and a nation of listeners. Now the call-boy taps on the door again.

"We are ready for you now, Madame!"

Out through the sound-proof doors and on to the stage. Men's voices ring out. The orchestra is playing, and drums crash. The wings are crowded with singers and choristers, waiting to go on, or just coming off. The chorus masters, balanced like jugglers on tall ladders, hidden in the wings, give the people the conductor's beat, from "out front". Helen is unconcerned enough, and waves a greeting to the various "family members."

Out front, the harpist is beginning the long prelude to Helen's first aria. She picks her way, back of the canvas scenery on its pulleys, to enter from the proper side. There is thundering applause . . . Helen Jepson is on!

**E**ND of the First Act! No visitors are allowed in the dressing-rooms between acts. The singers must change, and relax as much as they can. John Charles Thomas sits before his mirror, going over his make-up. There is a knock on the door, and Earl Lewis, the genial box-office treasurer comes in.

"Hello, John. You were swell!"

"Thanks. Everybody was swell."

"Right-o. Say, how about some golf to-morrow?"

"Great!" Thomas twists his mouth around and works deftly with a red pencil.

In the other dressing-rooms, the singers rest according to their tastes. Gladys Swarthout reads. When Lily

PERHAPS I SHOULD  
HAVE KNOWN

## Is she WRECKING her marriage ?

**H**AS she been unreasonable, after all? Has she tried "controlling" instead of "understanding?" Has she allowed fear and squeamishness to get the upper hand?

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Pons is in a cast, she plays piano between the acts. Costumes are changed. The Second Act! Rush and bustle; the drums and the violins; the chorus masters beating time on their tall ladders; and applause from out front.

Helen Jepson comes off now, and stands in the wings with Gladys Swarthout. Helen tells about her baby daughter. She's just had her out shopping, for new dresses, and she laughs at how "cute" she was in the stores.

"Stop me if I bore you," says Helen. "I know my worst fault's talking about the baby!"

Gladys isn't a bit bored. She wants to hear more. The baby's newest tricks come to light. Out front, the audience is wondering what the singers do when they're not busy on the stage. Just now, they're talking about Helen Jepson's baby!

Nino Martini, in street clothes, comes from the front of the house to join them. He's glad to-morrow's Sunday! Enthusiastic motorist that he is, he will spend his one free day driving out into the country. They compare notes on roads and speeds and scenery and good places to stop at, for lunch.

"I'm not much help on restaurants," laughs Gladys. "I never have more than a salad or a sandwich for lunch, and that's good anywhere!"

Another bit of rest. The Third Act. The end of the opera! Now there is a frantic rush in the wings, as singers and chorus make for their rooms, their street things, and home! The tension is gone. The house applauds. The great gold curtains part for final calls and bows. The show is over! The people are pleased! Normal life may once more be resumed!

Back in their dressing-rooms, the singers dash off make-up and slip into street clothes, to be ready for visitors. A few friends come in, but they know the exhaustion that follows a performance of opera, and they don't stay long. Autograph hunters try to get in, but the dressers ask them to wait outside, while they take their programs in to be signed. Reporters come. Or photographers. Or society acquaintances, with someone who wants an introduction, and stands there electrified at being "back-stage" and talking to a real opera star! The performers are gracious and smiling . . . but tired! At last, the busy corridors are empty. They slip out, one by one, past the crowd gathered in the dusk, outside the stage-door. A taxi! Then . . . home and rest! And to-morrow is Sunday!

But on Monday morning, the singers will come trooping in at the stage-door again, for rehearsals and work. That's what you find "inside" at the Metropolitan. A lot of human warmth. A lot of zestful, interesting people. A lot of pulsing vitality. And, most of all perhaps . . . a lot of earnest, hard work!

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## Radio News Flashes

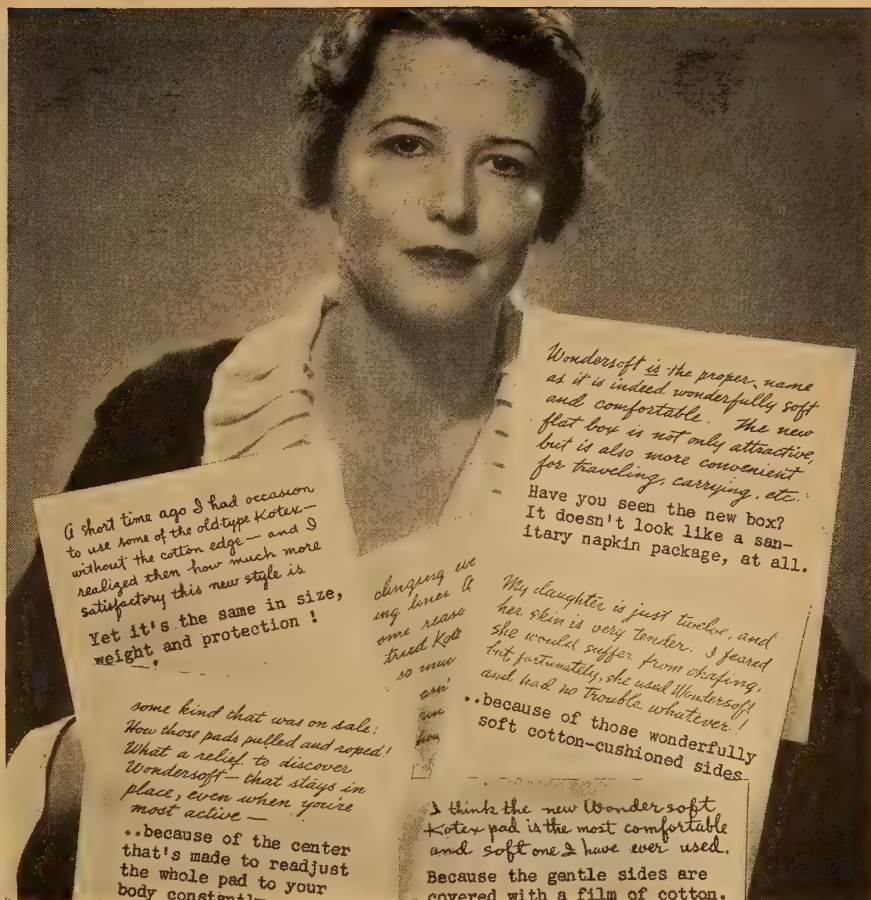
**A**NDRE KOSTELANETZ isn't using the radio in his car any more. His orchestra was on the air with a substitute leader and he was motoring home with the loudspeaker going when the oboe player hit three sour notes in a row. Kostelanetz was so upset he ripped the receiver out by the roots. And what he had to say to that oboe player the next day was plenty.

**E**D WYNN doesn't spend all his time thinking up jokes with which to slay Graham and the radio audience. A good part of his time is spent dodging process servers, for the Fire Chief has come to be the most-sued man in or out of radio. The collapse of the ill-fated Amalgamated Broadcasting System, his dream of a national network, brought down upon his head many suits, but other actions independent of that venture have been instituted against him. One of these is that of Mrs. Ruth Greenberg who is trying to collect \$100,000 in the New York Supreme Court for services as nurse and companion to Mrs. Ed Wynn. The latter, formerly Hilda Keenan, daughter of Frank Keenan, popular actor of another generation, has long been an invalid and a constant worry to her husband. With great fortitude, Wynn, proving a modern Pagliacci, has carried on to preserve the "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" tradition.

**C**OLONEL Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle has been burning the midnight oil in his laboratory again. As a result he has emerged with these devices to help—or hinder—humanity: rugs without edges, so you don't have to sweep things under them... Spaghetti with holes in it for people who prefer macaroni... A radio that gets nothing but static for people who don't like radio... A bookcase without shelves so people who have a book can leave it on the table... Calendars with only five days a week, to help along the recovery plan... Ashtrays that are always tipping over, for people who don't feel at home without ashes on the floor... And most important of all: a training school for radio comedians, so more people can listen to symphony concerts.

**G**ERTRUDE NEISEN, who is pretty darn busy these days, rushes everywhere by taxicab. The other evening she had a breath-taking experience. The pilot swerved madly around an "EI" post and narrowly missed charging into another car. He jammed on the brakes, hurling Gertrude from one corner of the back seat to the other and dislodging her hat. Then he turned around, smiling. "Were you surprised?" he inquired. "Yes," said Gertrude. "Honest I was. I was that surprised."

**R**ICHARD LEIBERT, organist heard on several NBC programs as well as in the Rainbow Room in Radio City, reports a friend is writing a book on movieland divorces. The title, says Dick, will be "Who's Whose in Hollywood."



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**A**MILLINER, who sits at her work all day, writes to tell me that Wondersoft Kotex has relieved her entirely of the chafing that used to make her "perfectly miserable." That's because Wondersoft Kotex is filmed in tender cotton at the sides, where the pad touches, but the surface is free to take up moisture.

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*Mary Pauline Callender*

Author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday"

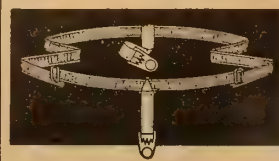


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### WONDERFORM



or De Luxe



## What's New On Radio Row

(Continued from page 39)

and Mary Lou were really, truly sweethearts are frankly upset by this turn of affairs.

Frank Parker and Helen Gleason, the Metropolitan Opera soprano, since appearing together on the Gulf Headliners show, have started the gossips a-talking. There is no question they are most congenial companions and Radio Row has an idea that it won't be long now before it loses one of its most eligible bachelors.

Roxanne, the blond orchestra leader, has severed the ties that bind. She was married when she was 13... And Bess Johnson, the Lady Esther of Wayne King's broadcasts and dramatic actress heard on several programs originating in Chicago, has come to the parting of the ways from her dentist husband... Radio Row hears—and credits—the rumor that Helen Morgan is plotting to marry Lon Alter, the composer, when she shelves Buddy Maschke.

"The Lonesome Cowboy," Johnny Marvin, is on his way to becoming more lonesome, for divorce proceedings from his wife of many years impend. But that condition won't endure long, if Radio Row has the right dope on the situation. "They say" another Mrs. Marvin is due just as soon as the decree is made final.

For those who try to keep up with the love affairs of Abe Lyman, Mary McCormic is rated as his latest heart's interest... Betty Barthell is being squired by Charlie Day, of the Eton Boys... Elaine Melchior, Columbia dramatic actress, is the recent bride of Leon F. Anspacher, a new York business man. This is Elaine's second venture into matrimony. Her first husband was Lyle Talbot.

**BITS ABOUT BROADCASTERS:**  
Bing Crosby cherishes two newspaper clippings. One, a review of "College Humor," his first picture, doesn't even mention his name as a member of the cast. The other compares him to a rival star in these words: "He can't act as well as Bing Crosby—who can't act at all!"

Paul Whiteman and Jack Pearl have at least one trait in common. Neither will ride in a crowded elevator... Preferring radio to the movies, Vivienne Segal has put her Hollywood home up for sale... You wouldn't think it possible but a colored youth tried to crash the gate at a broadcast of Captain Henry's Show Boat claiming he was a cousin of Molasses of Molasses and January!

Julia Sanderson wears a dainty ankle bracelet which emphasizes her trim legs and feet... Irene Wicker, The Singing Lady, is wearing a diamond studded wrist watch, the wedding anniversary gift of her husband, Walter Wicker, the radio actor and continuity writer... Dell Sharbutt, CBS announcer, plays the piano, organ, clarinet, flute,



Fashion emphasizes the "Ensemble Idea" in costumes. Hat, frock, shoes and accessories... all of matching color. And now the smartest women are seeking the same exquisite harmony in their make-up.

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It's amazing how this famous scalp treatment cleans out dandruff and accumulations that choke your scalp pores—how it stimulates circulation in the scalp to nourish starved hair roots.

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oboe and—much as I hate to say it—the saxophone.

**ROBERT SIMMONS**, the popular tenor, a guest at a friend's home for dinner, had been discussing popular songs. Seeking to have his host's eight-year-old daughter participate in the conversation, he said: "And what is your favorite piece, my dear?" . . . "A piece of apple pie," replied the youngster.

**ROSEMARY LANE**, charming bit of personality who teams with Tom Waring on the Ford Dealers program, has grown one full inch in the past year.

She studied music for eight years with a concert pianist's career in view. The instrument she used, a beautiful baby grand, was the gift from Sister Lola of motion picture fame. Then she broke the little finger on her right hand. When the bone set it curled inward toward her third finger. This caused a long interruption in practice and final abandonment of her cherished ambition.

Tiring of life in the sleepy village of Indianola, Iowa, Rosemary persuaded her mother to take her and Priscilla to New York. The girls' voices soon won them employment in Tin Pan Alley demonstrating songs for publishers. Fred Waring heard them and signed them for his Pennsylvanians. Rosemary has been singing soprano parts for the troupe since then. At 19 she is a veteran of two years on the big-time programs.

## POSTSCRIPTS:

At least one and some times two secretaries accompany **Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt** to the studios for her broadcasts but a Secret Service guard is rarely in evidence. The First Lady never fails to appear in evening gown if her program is scheduled after 6 p. m. . . . Big business note: **Meyer Davis**, the millionaire maestro, has as many as 80 bands playing about the country under his name.

**Pick Malone** and **Pat Padgett**, "Molasses 'n' January," write a humorous column for a Southern newspaper . . . **Lud Gluskin**, the conductor, studied dentistry and made two ventures in the commercial world, before he decided on music as a career . . . Vocalist **Dick Robertson** has a lodge in the Catskills near Barryville, N. Y., where he is respected by his neighbors as a deputy sheriff.

Years ago the leading music teacher in David City, Nebraska, advised **Ruth Etting's** aunt not to waste any more money trying to train her niece's voice as it wasn't worth it. But look at Ruthie now! . . . **John P. Medbury** and **Eugene Conrad**, aces among aerial gagmen, collaborate with George Burns on the writing of the **Burns and Allen** comedy.

**Beatrice Lillie** is reported the highest salaried artist on the air just now . . . **Vivienne Segal** was a soprano when she was a stage prima donna. She became a contralto when she went on the radio.



Posed by professional model

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No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

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To start you building up your health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out seal on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 223 Atlanta, Ga.

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POUNDS *fast***



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"I was so skinny I'd hide off alone. Nothing helped till I tried Ironized Yeast. In 4 weeks I gained 12 lbs." *Dorothy Gregory, Angier, N. C.*



## Tracking Down Gene Arnold and His Sinclair Minstrel Men

(Continued from page 45)

frankly couldn't be used over the air, but the writers send them anyway for Gene's private amusement. Some have to be rejected because he has already used them or because they might tend to offend a race, sect, or nationality.

Now that you've heard the story of these minstrels who have been on the air, under one name or another, without a break for six years, let's meet the individual personalities and take up the circumstances under which they joined the show.

Gene, interlocutor, chief stooge, what you will, is a robust five feet eleven inches with ruddy complexion and brown hair, handsomely streaked with gray. He has a genial disposition which at the same time allows him to take his work very seriously.

In fact, he is so sincere about his job that he refuses to accept any program unless he believes in the product which it advertises.

From the moustachioed villain of the First Nighter program to genial black-face in the Sinclair show is a far jump, but Cliff Soubier made it without detriment to either work.

He is what is technically known as an end man, the wisecracking performer who gets the laugh on Gene when it comes time for another joke.

The Cliff Soubier of real life is one of the most likable chaps on the air. Short and undeniably plump, with sandy hair and blue eyes, he's just as affable as he is villainous on his other program.

Cliff never goes on a diet, although his wife, the former Maria Wood, objects to his program of three square meals a day, to say nothing of extras.

So that's what the Little Chocolate Drop, Cliff Soubier, is really like.

And now meet "Mama's little red hot," six-foot Mac McCloud.

His passport description would read: weight, 145 pounds; hair, black; eyes, dark brown; height, five feet eleven and a half; full time occupation, orchestra leader in and about Chicago; radio work, Sinclair Minstrels.

"Mac joined our show about three years ago," Gene related, "and the way he got the job is one of those stranger-than-fiction stories.

"One night Ollie Riehl, musical director at NBC turned on the radio and heard a voice that reminded him of a youngster who had sneaked into the navy, during the war, by some subterfuge or other and had been assigned to his detail. What was the kid's name now? It was being announced over the air; that was right—Mac McCloud.

"Grabbing his hat and coat, Riehl went out to the night club where the youngster was singing and asked him to try out for our minstrel show. He gave us an audition and made a great hit with that "Yas suh, das all," in his grand Southern accent. Oh yes, he's married and has a young son."

Perhaps your favorite minstrel is



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# HELP KIDNEYS

Big Bill Childs, known by his co-workers as radio's original gift to the ladies, whose tap dancing routine is one of the best in the business.

What sort of a person is this Bill Childs? His six feet and a half earn him his nickname, and with gray eyes and dark hair he is more than handsome enough for his wife and three grown-up children.

Slow of speech, much in the manner of his role in the minstrels, Bill is inclined to be rather quiet. But is he important! The truth is, Bill's official rating is executive in the Elgin Watch Company. The Sinclair show is only a side line.

Another end man is "That sentimental son of the south," Fritz Clark, who joins the Quartet when he isn't busy getting the laugh on Gene.

He's as tall as any of the others, too, standing six feet and weighing a good 215 pounds. His wife never complains about his light complexion, blond hair and blue eyes.

Fritz, who discarded the name Meisner as too hard to remember, was singing over WLS in Chicago as the tenor of the Maple City Four, when he was offered the job as end man on the Minstrel show. He joined them and within a few months persuaded the other members of the Maple Four to come on the new program with him.

Then there are the solos by Joe Parsons of the deep bass profundo voice. Joe is the proud possessor of a three-octave range from B flat to high G, and can get down lower than any other singer in radio.

He is as big and hearty physically as is his booming voice. Six feet—yes, again—dark brown hair, and ruddy complexion, he isn't at all assertive, but quiet and reserved. Living in a Chicago suburb where he can fuss over the vegetables and flowers in his garden, Joe takes good care of his wife and three children, who all want to be baseball players.

Here's how Joe got into the Sinclair Minstrels:

Let Gene take up the story. "We used to room together at Mrs. Stein's boarding house on West 45th street in New York, when we were both trying to get a start on the stage. Then we lost track of each other and I didn't see him again for years.

"Then we met accidentally in a Chicago music store in 1931. Joe was in vaudeville at the time, where his low booming voice made quite a hit. I told him that radio could use that voice, and asked him to join our show. As soon as his contract would let him, he took our offer."

And so there you have them—these rollicking minstrels. While each man is a story in himself, it's their combined work that makes the minstrel program so popular.



*.. don't take drastic drugs*

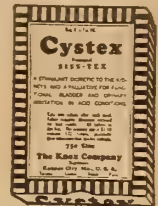
**Y**OU have 9 million tiny tubes or filters in your Kidneys, which are at work night and day cleaning out Acids and poisonous wastes and purifying your blood, which circulates through your Kidneys 200 times an hour. So it's no wonder that poorly functioning Kidneys may be the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic Pains and other troubles.

Nearly everyone is likely to suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys at times because modern foods and drinks, weather changes, exposure, colds, nervous strain, worry and over-work often place an extra heavy load on the Kidneys.

But when your Kidneys need help, don't take chances with drastic or irritating drugs. Be careful. If poorly functioning Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, Acidity, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Loss of Vitality, Dark Circles under the eyes, or Dizziness, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex). See for yourself the amazing quickness with which it soothes, tones and cleans raw, sore irritated membranes.

Cystex is a remarkably successful prescription for poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder. It is helping millions of sufferers, and many say that in just a day or so it helped them sleep like a baby, brought new strength and energy, eased rheumatic pains and stiffness—made them feel years younger. Cystex starts circulating through the system in 15 minutes, helping the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out the blood and removing poisonous acids and wastes in the system. It does its work quickly and positively but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. The formula is in every package.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success, the Doctor's prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.



W. R. George  
Medical Director

of Indianapolis, and Medical Director for insurance company 10 years, recently wrote the following letter:

"There is little question but what properly functioning Kidney and Bladder organs are vital to the health. Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with aching back, weakness, painful joints and rheumatic

## City Health Doctor Praises Cystex

pains, headaches and a general run-down exhausted body. This condition also interferes with normal rest at night by causing the sufferer to rise frequently for relief, and results in painful excretion, itching, smarting and burning. I am of the opinion that Cystex definitely corrects frequent causes (poor kidney functions) of such conditions and I have actually prescribed in my own practice for many years past the same ingredients contained in your formula. Cystex not only exerts a splendid influence in flushing poisons from the urinary tract, but also has an antiseptic action and assists in freeing the blood of retained toxins. Believing as I do that so meritorious a product deserves the endorsement of the Medical Profession, I am happy indeed to lend my name and photograph for your use in advertising Cystex."—Signed W. R. George, M.D.

### "ENCHANTED LADY"

A fascinating novel of radio and romance starting in next month's RADIO MIRROR. You'll enjoy every line of it.





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**PILES** are enough almost to drive one mad! They torment you day and night, even while you are abed.

The pain is a severe drain on your strength and vitality and handicaps you in your every activity. The dangerous part about Piles is that because of the delicacy of the ailment many are reluctant to seek relief. For this reason Piles often develop into something very serious.

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Pazo comes in two forms—in tubes and tins. The tubes have a special Pile Pipe for insertion in the rectum. All drug stores sell Pazo at small cost. Mail coupon for free trial tube.

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## Gray Hair

### Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



### No House-to-House Canvassing

New kind of work for ambitious women demonstrating gorgeous Paris-styled dresses at direct factory prices. You make up to \$22 weekly during spare hours and get all your own dresses free to wear and show. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised and are known to women everywhere.

**No Investment Ever Required** We send you an elaborate Style Presentation in full colors and rich fabrics. Write fully for details of this marvelous opportunity giving dress size and choice of color.  
**FASHION FROCKS Inc.** Dept. C-200 Cincinnati, O.



## Gracie Allen Is Really Scared to Death

(Continued from page 22)

she had bought as a present for me and tossed them into the stove. I had wanted them for a long while. She made me stand on a chair and watch them while they burned.

"I was scared to death recently when I heard that Nat and I had to appear at a Friar's club dinner in honor of the Postmaster-General. There were going to be some really big names there—Bert Lytell, Jack Benny, names like that. I almost died when I heard I was going to be the only girl on the dais. I wanted to back out, but of course I couldn't. You can't back out of things like that. You can't admit how scared you are. Nat kept comforting me and saying, 'Googie, it will be all right.' And it was all right. Once we started acting, I lost all my fear and the audience was grand to us. Once I do a thing, I'm all right. But I can't help being terrified before I do it. Each time we broadcast I feel like running away from the studio, but I've got to go through with it. I know I've got to. I can't let the world know what a coward I am underneath.

"I WAS afraid to get married. Oh, I wanted to get married. I'd made up my mind I'd get married if it was the last thing I ever did in my life. But it seemed such an important step to take. Somehow I never thought for a second, 'If this marriage doesn't work out, we can get a divorce.' I felt I was taking an irrevocable step. And I tantalized myself with a million doubts. 'Should I marry an actor or is it a terrible mistake? Do I love George enough to take this terrific gamble? Perhaps he won't be able to make me happy.' I pictured myself and George going through terrible unhappiness together, and the whole future seemed dismal and uncertain.

"And then suddenly something in me said 'Yes' and I knew that I was going to marry George, willy-nilly. But even then I didn't dare make too many plans. I didn't have an elaborate trousseau. In fact, I didn't have any kind of a trousseau. The only new clothes I had were the ones on my back. You see, I was afraid that if we planned our marriage too carefully, something would go wrong. Maybe it's the Irish superstition in me.

"There was one thing I wasn't afraid of, however. Though we're of different religions, I wasn't afraid that it would make us unhappy. I knew that George was tolerant, and I hoped I was too. George is Jewish and I am as Irish as Paddy's pig, but neither of us would think of trying to change the other's religion. I could go to church every day in the week, and George wouldn't dream of objecting. And my people adored George, and George's people liked me, so that really wasn't a problem that scared me.

"Of course most of the things I'm

# RED, CHAPPED HANDS?

*relief*

**GUARANTEED OVERNIGHT**



## Hands made smoother, softer, whiter—too, with famous medicated cream

HERE'S A sure way to relieve badly chapped hands—a quick way to make red, rough, ugly-looking hands soft, smooth and white. Try it—if it doesn't greatly improve your hands overnight, it will cost you nothing!

### A hospital secret

This famous medicated cream was used first as a chapped hands remedy in hospitals. Doctors and nurses have a lot of trouble with chapped hands in winter—they have to wash hands so frequently. They found that if they applied Noxzema Cream liberally on their hands at night, all soreness disappeared by morning—hands became smoother and whiter.

Today millions of people use this "overnight remedy for chapped hands." If your hands are chapped, see for yourself how wonderful Noxzema is for them.

Make this simple test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight—rub plenty of it into the pores. Leave the other hand with nothing on it. Note the big difference in the morning. Feel the difference, too! One hand still red and irritated—the other smooth and white.

Noxzema is a snow-white, dainty, greaseless cream—not sticky, gummy or messy to use.



Get a jar of Noxzema today—use it tonight. Sold on a money-back guarantee. It relieves and improves Red, Chapped Hands overnight—or your druggist gladly refunds your money!

### To end skin faults

Over 10,000,000 jars of Noxzema are used yearly to relieve skin irritations—not only chapped hands, but chapped lips, chafing, chilblains, etc. Thousands of women apply Noxzema as a powder base and at night to end Large Pores, Pimples, Blackheads, Oiliness and other ugly skin faults.

### WONDERFUL FOR SKIN FAULTS, TOO



HELPS END  
LARGE PORES  
BLACKHEADS  
PIMPLES  
OILY SKIN  
FLAKINESS

### SPECIAL OFFER!

Noxzema costs very little. Get a jar at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15c for a generous 25c trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 103, Baltimore, Md.



# How to get rid of CORNS.. easily and without danger of infection



• All persons now suffering from corns are urged to get relief immediately with this approved Blue-Jay method.

Blue-Jay is amazingly easy to use. Quickly applied, without fuss or bother. Pain stops instantly—soft, "common sense" pad removes all pressure on the corn. Then, the safe Blue-Jay medication gently but surely loosens and undermines the corn. In 3 days you lift the corn right out, completely.

Try Blue-Jay today. (25c at all druggists). Note the new Wet-Pruf adhesive strip that holds pad securely in place (waterproof—soft, kid-like finish—does not cling to stocking).



## Mercolized Wax



### Keeps Skin Young

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the beautiful, soft, young skin that lies underneath. It is the one beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. Mercolized Wax has been making complexions radiantly lovely for nearly twenty-five years. Let it make your complexion fresher, prettier and clearer. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin.

Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

### Powdered Saxolite

is a refreshing stimulating astringent lotion when dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. It reduces wrinkles and other age lines. When used daily, Saxolite refines coarse-textured skin, eliminates excessive oiliness and makes the complexion with fresh, warm, youthful color.

afraid of never happen, but that doesn't keep me from going right on being afraid.

"When Nat and I decided to adopt a baby, I was afraid to make any plans for the baby. Oh, we wanted one so much it hurt. But when we were traveling in London and Paris and could have bought beautiful things for the baby, I didn't dare do it for fear things would go wrong. I didn't buy a stitch of baby clothes till the day I finally picked out the baby I wanted, and then I went right down to the store and bought everything in the world for her. I didn't even have a bed ready for her, and she had to sleep in the basket in which I'd carried her home.

"Three babies were given me to choose from, and my heart almost broke trying to decide which one to take. Finally I picked the tiniest one. She was so cute that when you held her, all you could see of her were her great big blue eyes. On the train home I was afraid I'd picked the wrong baby and that maybe Nat wouldn't like her. But the moment I brought her home everybody in the house went wild about her, and Nat was just goofy about her. So I must have picked the right baby, even though I was afraid I wouldn't.

"I'M not afraid of burglars, kidnapping or being left alone in my room, but I'm always afraid to travel. Why, even when I'm on a street car, I'm afraid to ask the conductor if the car stops at the street I want to get off at, because I'm afraid he'll say no and then I won't know what car to take. I just sit there and worry and worry and worry as the streets go by. It would relieve my mind tremendously if I could just get up courage enough to ask the conductor about it, but I can't.

"I love going to Europe, but the only way to get there is by boat, and every time Nat and I get on a boat, I just know that the steamer is going to sink in mid-ocean, and that we will never be saved. I can't even tell Nat about it, because if I did he'd say I was crazy, and he'd be right. But every time a bell rings on the boat, I think, 'this is it. Something has happened. I'm sure the ship is going to sink.' And when a foghorn blows suddenly, I lie in bed and cower, waiting for someone to wake me up and tell me what to do. You know the fire-drills that are held on boats? Well, every time there was a fire-drill on the boat I was on, I thought, 'they're just pretending it's a drill. It's the real thing. I know. It's come.'

"I can't get over it. I'm like a child in the dark. I keep telling myself how foolish I am, and then I jump at every noise, at every weird sound.

"You can imagine how I felt when my sister, mother, niece, my husband and I took a plane from Oakland to Los Angeles. I was petrified before we got into that plane. There stood my niece, eight years old, thrilled and excited and not at all afraid. Oh, how I wanted to back out, to run away and say, 'I'm not going to do it. I tell you

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"This Empire Presser surely does sell—here are 32 more orders for today. I never dreamed a thing could sell so fast," says Henry of New York. Robinson sold 51 in one office building in two hours. F. Shur placing order for additional 500 pressers by wire.

**Wonderful New INVENTION Empire Electric Trouser Presser**

Keeps pants always pressed. Puts in a knife-edge crease while you count 10. What a Whale of a Demonstration—does the job even while trousers are worn—that's the secret of quick sales and the unusual earning records shown above. Made of steel, beautifully plated, with hardwood enameled handle, complete with 6-ft. rayon cord. Looks rich. Year's guarantee. Easily carried in pocket. Over 300,000 now in use. Your profits in advance. Simply write order. Bonus given. Empire sells quickly—Average Sale made in 6 minutes. Newest thing out. Big repeater.

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SAMPLE OUTFIT EASILY CARRIED IN COAT POCKET—ONLY WEIGHS 10 OZS.

**PROTRUDING EARS**

A simple modern device sets them in position immediately. **Invisible—comfortable—harmless**, worn any time by children or adults. Endorsed by physicians and users as the best method for correcting this disfigurement. Send stamp for free booklet and trial offer.

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Free course in typing included.

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**Like Taking LIGHTED Cigarettes from Your Pocket**

**MAGIC CASE AMAZES EVERYBODY**

Gaze in wonder while I show you a new way to smoke. LOOK! I take a beautifully smoked one from my vent pocket. I touch a magic button! There is a Spark... a Flame. Just one motion... the pressure of one finger delivers a LIGHTED cigarette to my lips. I PUFF and SMOKE! No matches or separate lighters necessary.

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Get a Magic Case on 15 days' trial at our risk. Get amazing facts how this great invention can make you big money without selling.

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**Old Money and stamps WANTED**

**POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid P. J. D. Martin, Virginia, \$200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, \$2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams \$740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.**

**I WILL PAY \$100 FOR A DIME**

1894 S. Mint; \$50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

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something's going to happen. We're all going to be killed.' But I couldn't back out. When my eight-year-old niece wasn't a bit scared, I was ashamed to admit how scared I was. So I went up thinking, 'this is the last time I'll ever see Nat and my mother.' Every time the plane swooped, I knew we would be dashed against a cliff. I pictured all sorts of horrible accidents happening. And it was all my fault. After all, I should have warned them that we were going to be killed.

"Of course nothing happened. The plane landed beautifully, and everyone was thrilled—everyone except me. Well, I was too in a way, because I'd never expected to see the beautiful brown earth again."

"Everything I've ever dreamed about has come true. I never would have dared plan the beautiful things that have happened to me. I would have been afraid that if I did plan them, they wouldn't happen. But I'll always be afraid—afraid that everything I do will fall short of what I want to do. I'll never get over it, I guess. I'm terribly aware of my shortcomings, and I guess that's what makes me afraid. But life has been very good to me. I keep on doing the wrong things all my life, and no matter how wrong they are, some kind-fate makes them come out right somehow."

## Why the Stars Go to Jac's

(Continued from page 35)

supposedly sensible girl will almost kill herself living on lettuce and water or some other crazy fad diet to get a Janet Gaynor figure, while she's content with a posture like a camel's.

"When you stand with your shoulders curved, instead of straight, you can only use about one third of your lung capacity, so the blood cannot circulate freely, and presto, there comes a cold."

"**N**OTICE the way Floyd Gibbons walks. There's a man for you, full of pep, vim and vigor! Floyd doesn't need building up or reducing, he keeps in swell shape. But he comes in more or less regularly when he wants to pep up. And does he pep up!

"I'm just surprised about one thing in Floyd. You know his lightning speech over the air? Well, he never talks quickly here, just at a moderate pace. What he loses in speed, though, he makes up in volume. You can hear him all over the place.

"When he comes in he strips in two seconds, throws his eye shield to one of the boys, and hops right into his exercises."

Lowell Thomas really doesn't need any exercise. He's got an upstate place and is always hopping around. It's the relaxed feeling he comes in for. Whenever he comes he brings his own dressing gown and slippers, and has an individual dressing room. Lowell

# "SUB SOIL" GROWS GOOD BLACKHEADS



## ONLY A PENETRATING FACE CREAM WILL REACH THAT UNDER-SURFACE DIRT!

By *Lady Esther* Those pesky Black-heads and Whiteheads that keep popping out in your skin—they have their roots in a bed of under-surface dirt.

That underneath dirt is also the cause of other heart-breaking blemishes, such as: Enlarged Pores, Dry and Scaly Skin, Muddy and Sallow Skin. There is only one way to get rid of these skin troubles and that is to cleanse your skin to the depths.

### A Face Cream that Gets Below the Surface

It takes a penetrating face cream to reach that hidden "second layer" of dirt; a face cream that gets right down into the pores and cleans them out from the bottom.

Lady Esther Face Cream is definitely a *penetrating* face cream. It is a reaching and searching face cream. It does not just lie on the surface. It works its way into the pores immediately. It penetrates to the very bottom of the pores, dissolves the imbedded waxy dirt and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

No other face cream has quite the action of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. No other face cream is quite so searching, so penetrating.

### It Does 4 Things for the Benefit of Your Skin

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes

dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

### Prove It at My Expense

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for your skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge.

Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.



### Make This Test

Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sure sign of "sub soil" or under-surface dirt.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther, 1935

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (10) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)





## THEIR MEDICINE CHEST FOR 20 YEARS

JUST 20 years ago they found this safe all-vegetable laxative. Ever since, they have kept remarkably free from biliousness, colds, headaches, and the ills of bowel sluggishness. "That little box of NR Tablets is our medicine chest," they tell their friends.

Common sense tells you your doctor is right when he says: "Use an all-vegetable laxative." Modern diets, refined foods rob you of natural vegetable laxative elements you were intended to have. It's so sensible to go to nature for help. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contain natural plant and vegetable laxatives properly balanced—nothing else. No mineral or phenol derivatives. The best proof of the difference is the way you feel after using them. Refreshed, more alive, thoroughly clean inside. Not depressed and given out. Another proof. You'll find no need to increase the dose. They're non-habit forming. So kind to your system. It's important to use the right laxative. And so easy to find out for yourself. The handy NR box containing 25 doses, only 25c at any drug store.

**FREE** 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples **TUMS** and **NR**. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 119CX, St. Louis, Mo.

**Nature's Remedy** GET A  
**NR TO-NIGHT** TOMORROW ALRIGHT **25c BOX**

**"TUMS"** Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

## MAKE DRAB HAIR



## GLEAM with GOLD in one shampoo —WITHOUT BLEACHING

**GIRLS**—when hair turns drab, it dulls your whole personality. Bring out the fascinating glints that are hidden in your hair. Get Blondex, the glorious shampoo which will uncover the gleaming lights of beauty—keep them undimmed. Made originally for blondes—Blondex has been adopted by thousands with drab brown and medium dark hair. For they have found it gives their hair the sheen and sparkle that they cannot get with ordinary shampoos. Try Blondex today and see the difference after one shampoo. At all good drug and department stores.

wears blue-striped undies, and do the boys kid him about them!

"If the average person would devote ten minutes every morning and night to proper exercise, and eat sensibly, cutting down on rich foods, we wouldn't have so many women who are overweight nervous wrecks and men who say they're run down because of overwork. The biggest joke about American business men is their plea that overwork is the cause of their poor condition. The truth is that a man suffers most not from what he does between nine and five, but after five. He overeats, overdrinks and undersleeps.

"And as for the ladies—all you ever hear from them is diet, diet, diet. If little Miss America wants a lovely figure, I'd advise her to forget all about fad diets, throw away her box of chocolates, forget the boy friend's car, and go in for exercise."

If you feel blue, exercise. If you want to get slim, exercise. If you want to gain weight, exercise. These are Jac's tips to you and me.

**H**ERE'S a bright spot for us ladies who don't look like angleworms suspended in the air. Jac doesn't approve of the recent craze for hipless, bustless, flat women. "A beautiful woman is not a thin woman, nor a fat woman, nor a hipless, and flat-breasted creature," he told me. "I would rather see a woman five pounds overweight than underweight, she's far prettier."

"Don't you believe it when they tell you girls are the weaker sex. Women can take more punishment than men and work harder," Jac claims.

"A lot of men have the best of intentions, but it's more like a New Year's resolution with 'em—after a few treatments they've had enough."

"And as to vanity, sister, the men have it all over you. You should see the way they worry about a double chin, or a bay window. You should see the dive they make to stand in front of the mirror when they exercise. We had a mirror in the door, and three or four of the men refused to exercise till they could get there and watch themselves. It got so bad we had to take the mirror out."

I told you everyone but Bing Crosby, who'd been to Jac's came out happier. Here's the story about Bing.

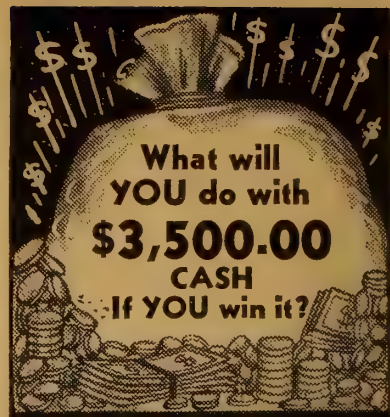
One afternoon, just before Bing went back home to California, he dropped in to Jac's with a friend. For an hour Bing watched his friend sweating and panting and puffing and taking considerable punishment. Jac's is no kindergarten.

The more Bing watched, the less interested he became in enrolling himself. He had seen too much.

Auer kidded him about his reluctance, and gave him a good sales talk.

Finally, his sense of humor got the best of him. "You see, I'm a little guy, and furthermore my nature rebels at such an ostentatious display of nudity," he explained. "Maybe I'll be back sometime, when I return from Hollywood," as he reached for his hat.

And my hunch is that that's the reason Bing has never come back East.



## I'll Pay \$250.00 Cash for the Winning Answer

Again I'll award \$3,500.00 to some ambitious person. You may be the one to get it! How would you use it? Tell me in 20 words or less: "What will YOU do with \$3,500.00 if YOU win it?" There is nothing else to do... Nothing to buy or sell. I will pay \$350.00 Cash just for the answer selected as the best.

## 20 WORDS WIN \$350.00

Neatness, style, or handwriting not considered. It's what you say in a sentence of 20 simple words or less that counts. The prize is \$350.00 for the winning answer. Send yours quick. Just Sending An Answer Qualifies You for the Opportunity to

## WIN \$3,500.00

in final prize distribution, details of which I'll mail you at once. More than \$6,000.00 cash will be awarded. Someone will get \$3,500.00 Cash—including \$1,000.00 for promptness. Send no money, just your answer—a postcard will do. Prizes duplicated in case of ties. Answers must be postmarked not later than May 31, 1935. Mail yours at once—TODAY.

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Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny Dept. 18, 254 W. 31 St., New York

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Get this handsome instrument NOW. Here's how. Just send your name and address (SEND NO MONEY). WE TRUST YOU with 27 packs of Garden Seeds to sell at 10c a packet. When sold send \$2.70 collected and WE WILL SEND this mahogany finish guitar and Five Minute Instruction Book absolutely FREE. Write for seeds NOW. A post card will do. Address: **LANCASTER COUNTY SEED COMPANY** Paradise, Pennsylvania Station 209.

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**Easy! Call on Friends**

Yest! RINGLESS Silk Hosiery that resists SNAGS and RUNS, and wears twice as long! Patented process. Now hosiery lasts out in half! Every woman wants a SNAG-PROOFED. Show actual samples. How we'll send you, FREE. Take orders from friends, neighbors. No experience necessary.

**Your Own Silk Hose**

**FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE**

Make big money in spare time—easy. Rush name at once for complete equipment, containing TWO ACTUAL FULL SIZE STOCKINGS. Everything FREE. Send no money—but send your home size. Do it now.

**American Hosiery Mills, Dept. H-11, Indianapolis, Ind.**



## How Paul Whiteman Keeps His Figure

(Continued from page 47)

Margaret never washes this bowl after it has been used. In this way it always remains highly seasoned, adding to the tang.

When the salad has been mixed, place it in an ordinary serving bowl also rubbed with garlic in the same way. With a plentiful display of lettuce, it is ready for the hungry lord and master and should fool him as completely as it does Paul.

There is another recipe Margaret gave me. This one is for chicken, which Paul especially likes and insists on having. Rather than argue with him, Margaret devised a way of roasting it so that it was thinning. Here it is:

### ROAST CHICKEN

Make all the usual preparations for roasting (have the fowl cleaned at the butcher's), then place it in a roasting pan, with two lean strips of bacon and one good sized onion on the breast. For basting, use:

1 teaspoon mustard  
Juice of half lemon  
Salt  
Pepper

Mix this thoroughly with one cup of water and stir into the roasting pan, pouring it carefully over the chicken. The usual time for roasting is to allow fifteen to twenty minutes to a pound.

Margaret has two more surprising recipes which she uses to keep Paul's waistline in and which any of you may have by simply sending me a letter, care of RADIO MIRROR magazine. Write for them today and try them on the boy friend or the husband (as the case may be)—or yourself, if you're the one who is slipping over the boundary of healthful weight. Address: Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, New York.

## Radio's Debt to Roosevelt on His 53rd Birthday

(Continued from page 15)

which have become high national occasions, with every grillroom and nightclub, not to mention every little cross-road store, turned into "listening-posts" for the occasion. It is estimated that fifty million people listen in at these noteworthy talks, preceded always by the simple announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, The President of the United States."

**W**ILL you join one of these broadcasts? The hour of ten is but fifteen minutes off, and the guests are gathering. Here stands Mrs. Roosevelt at the door with her knitting. Whenever her husband broadcasts, the First Lady is always present, selecting a seat in a corner and clicking her needles with the precision of a metronome.

The Diplomatic Reception Room is

## "THE AVERAGE CHILD NEEDS ONE QUART OF MILK PER DAY for normal growth and development"

H. C. SHERMAN, Ph. D., Sc. D.  
"CHEMISTRY OF FOOD AND NUTRITION"  
courtesy of MacMillan Company



## THIS DELICIOUS FOOD-DRINK PROVIDES *almost twice* THE FOOD-ENERGY OF MILK ALONE

**D**OCTORS, dieticians, pediatricians agree that growing children need a quart of milk a day. For milk gives the most valuable nourishment for strong bones, sound teeth, straight legs and active muscles.

Unfortunately, many children do not receive sufficient milk as part of their daily diet—either because they dislike milk—or because a quart a day, every day, soon becomes monotonous.

Doubly valuable, therefore, to growing children is Cocomalt. For not only does Cocomalt make milk delicious, but made as directed, it almost **DOUBLES** the food-energy value of every glass or cup of milk.

### Add 5 vital food essentials

Cocomalt is rich in five important food essentials. It supplies *extra* carbohydrates which provide food-energy needed for pep and endurance. It supplies *extra* specially valuable proteins that help replace used or

wasted muscle tissue—for building solid flesh and muscle. It supplies *extra* food-calcium, food-phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D for the formation of strong bones, sound teeth.

Doctors advise busy adults and convalescents to drink Cocomalt in milk every day because it is easily digested, quickly assimilated and because of its high nutritional value. A hot, non-stimulating drink, helps to induce restful sleep. Cocomalt taken hot at bedtime helps you to sleep soundly.

Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in 1/2-lb. and 1-lb. air-tight cans. Also in the economical 5-lb. hospital size. In powder form only, easy to mix with milk—delicious **HOT** or **COLD**.

**Special Trial Offer:** For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send name and address (with 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. NA3, Hoboken, N.J.

# Cocomalt

Prepared as directed, adds 70%  
more food-energy to milk



Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Prepared by an exclusive process under scientific control, Cocomalt is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocos, barley malt extract flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. (Irradiated ergosterol.)







AWAKEN love with the lure men can't resist . . . exotic, tempting IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. It stirs senses . . . thrills . . . sets hearts on fire. Use Irresistible Perfume and know the mad joy of being utterly irresistible. Men will crowd around you . . . paying you compliments . . . begging for dates. Your friends will envy your strange new power to win love.

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**Irresistible**  
PERFUME AND BEAUTY AIDS "FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y."



**TRY this pleasant  
WEEK-END TEST!**

IS YOUR skin pimply, dull, unattractive? Don't despair! Thousands of women have found a quick, simple way to gain and keep a skin that is clear and smooth, a complexion fresh, lovely and alluring. But not by artificial means! Skin troubles usually indicate internal trouble—sluggish elimination, or blood impoverished by lack of calcium. Stuart's Calcium Wafers correct both of these troubles. Their gentle action rids the system of bodily wastes. Enrich and tone the blood with the calcium you need. Pimples disappear. Dull skin becomes clear and firm—the complexion aglow with health and loveliness. Try this pleasant beauty aid. Often one week-end will show a big improvement! At all drug stores—10¢ and 60¢.

**STUART'S** Calcium Wafers

situated on the first floor of the White House; a long, oval-shaped room, hung with many paintings of former presidents. It boasts few chairs, not more than six at most, so some of the dozen or more guests are usually seen standing, strolling and chatting here and there. Several members of the press are occupying seats on friendly divans. F. D. always has an open eye for their comfort. If you're green, some one of these may be counted on to point out the dignitaries.

"Who's the husky lad beside Mrs. Roosevelt who looks like a college football player?"

"That's young Jimmie Roosevelt, of course, the President's son. He seldom fails to be present, too. Watch him shake hands. The true Roosevelt grip . . . it darn near tears your fingers apart."

"Those two scholarly men talking together over there in the corner? Watch them closely. You'll note they never crack a smile. They're Secretaries Dern and Ickes of the War and Interior Departments.

"**B**UT keep your eyes on those three fellows over yonder there who carry the real responsibility for making the wheels go round. There they stand in the little group chatting together by the window. That pleasant-faced fellow with the specs is Clyde Hunt, Columbia's ace engineer; as a matter of fact, he's been on the job some three hours, working with his staff of helpers, checking, double-checking and triple-checking all the elaborate mechanism, against any slight chance of a break. He's had charge of the technical set-up for all the presidential broadcasts since Mr. Coolidge's day. He knows how to take it, yes."

"And that small, dignified youth resembling Harold Lloyd, without his glasses?"

"That's Carleton Smith, official presidential announcer for NBC. He has more poise than a Metropolitan singer."

"Who's the six-footer with the jet black curls, the Sherlock Holmes pipe, and the solemnity of an undertaker?"

"That's Bob Trout, presidential announcer for CBS. Yes, he does look solemn, but think of the responsibility he carries. He'll brighten up quickly enough when it's all over. Sh . . ."

You look at your watch. Exactly five minutes to ten . . . conversation is choked off as dead as a cut motor. The President is approaching, with his constant elbow-attendant, Gus Gennerich, the Secret Service man who bears the special charge of the President's safety. But no hint of formality is in the hearty, booming voice that hails: "Well, well, is the gang all here?" And now the cheerful babble of voices bursts out again: "Good evening, Mr. President." "How are you, Mr. President?" With practised eye the Chief Executive glances around the room and then turns to Stephen Early, the closest of his under-secretaries, who serves always as a buffer on these occasions.

"Everything all set, Steve? And you, too, boys?" Always the F. D. smile for the two announcers!

## What made their hair grow?

**Here is the Answer**

"New hair came almost immediately after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing," writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

Frances Lonsdale also has thick wavy hair now although at one time it was believed

her hair roots were dead. She used Kotalko. Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling, dandruff has been eliminated or new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where roots were alive, after using Kotalko.

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not use Kotalko to stimulate new growth of hair? Kotalko is sold at drug stores everywhere.

**FREE BOX** To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon  
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Grow Mushrooms in your cellar or shed. Exclusive new process. Bigger, better, quicker crops. More money for you! Enormous new demand. Write for Free Book. American Mushroom Industries, Dept. 976, Toronto, Ont.

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**CLASS PINS**—any letters, any year, any colors. Silver plated, 1 to 11, 40¢ ea; gold plated, 50¢ ea; sterling, 60¢ ea. Silver plated, 12 or more, 35¢ ea; gold plated, 40¢ ea; sterling, 55¢ ea. Sterling silver rings as shown, 1 to 11, \$1.90 ea; 12 or more \$1.65 ea.  
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**RINGER DO-NUT CO., 108 Main St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.**



"Yes, Mr. President," Steve and the two announcers chorus together. It is now four minutes to ten. Just time for the President to take one last glance at his manuscript—or what should be his manuscript, but alas, is not. To the consternation of all, it is discovered he has brought the wrong paper. A near-tragedy? You don't know the President, or by the same token, Steve Early, the ever-ready. In far less time than it takes to tell it, he has lifted the special emergency phone to his own office and told his waiting assistant to rush the only extra copy available right over to the Diplomatic Reception Room. The distance is not far. It has already arrived, without one particle of confusion. The day is saved... the tension relaxed, but there was no occasion for worry, really.

But no matter what happens, you can't upset the President. . . . Listen to him joking now. He must have his joke.

"If anyone must cough," the President is saying, "let him do his coughing now." He has turned his eyes to Engineer Hunt, and reads there the signal to start. Bob Trout starts his introductory speech. The broadcast is on.

Many listeners want to know why Bob Trout of Columbia starts his introduction before Carleton Smith of National begins his. The reason is the CBS and NBC begin and end their programs at slightly different times. For instance, under the NBC system, the preceding broadcast always ends at ten o'clock sharp, which is the time the CBS program begins. In other words, Columbia starts all its programs twenty seconds sooner than does National.

THE show is over. A bit more of small talk, of good-natured banter, and some taking of pictures. Sometimes he remains for a few minutes longer to chat with close friends or cabinet members, but Trout, Smith and Hunt may now go home to bed. Another historic occasion has passed. Their night's work is done.

What are the special gifts the President brings to these broadcasts that have served to make him the greatest ether star of the nation? After listening to anecdotes and checking up testimony for three days, these seem to me four, which let me briefly mention, though not in any attempted "order of importance".

First, *Simplicity*. Some Presidents think and speak in pronunciamientos and provisos. F. D. speaks in terms so simple that an eight-year-old child can understand him, as testified by the White House files. "Dere Mr. president," reads a postal card, one of the most valued White House documents: "I have listened to your speech on the radio, but there can't be much to it, for I understood every word." This from an eight-year-old boy.

The speech to which he referred was the first of the "Fireside Chats" on March 12, 1933, the one on the Banking Crisis. The President, it is known, had spent laborious hours over that speech, so reassuringly simple was it in its informal salutation: "My friends."

## THIS TAKES THE

# "cuss" out of Custards!



### EAGLE BRAND BAKED CUSTARD

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

$2\frac{1}{4}$  cups hot water

3 eggs

$\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt

Grating of nutmeg

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk with hot water, and pour gradually over slightly-beaten eggs. Add salt. Pour in a baking pan or in custard cups. Sprinkle with nutmeg, place in a pan filled with hot water to depth of custard, and bake about 40 minutes in a slow oven (300° F.) or until custard is set. A knife blade inserted will come out clean when custard is done. Serves six.

● Far less chance of wateriness—or curdling—when you use this recipe. For Eagle Brand—which is milk and sugar already "cooked down"—blends smoothly with eggs, makes custard-cooking so much surer! ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



### FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts, 130 recipes including: Lemon Pie Filling without cooking! Foolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Shake-up Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. MG-35, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name

Street

City  State

(Print name and address plainly)



But was it simple enough to meet the need of every anxious heart in the nation needing reassurance? Here was testimony that it was. The President was delighted.

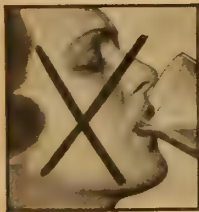
Ordinarily, his official "taster" for a Fireside Chat is one of the White House porters with whom he has always chatted with complete ease. "Anything about this that isn't perfectly clear to you, Zeke?" "No, Mr. President, I guess I gets it all." "Perfectly satisfied, are you, Zeke?" "Yes-sir." When Zeke is perfectly satisfied the message is clear, then the President begins to be satisfied. Until then, no. No speaker has ever labored more earnestly than he for simplicity. In all this he has been immeasurably helped by:

Second: *His sense of showmanship*. A fairly uncanny sense this, enabling him always to fall on his feet and, as we have seen, laugh in the face of any mischance; indeed even to capitalize any trifling accident, as with the now famous glass of water. His friends love to tell and retell the incident.

One sizzling hot night in the summer of 1933, you may recall, he was right in the midst of his Sunday night chat when he suddenly stopped talking. Just for a matter of three or four seconds at the most; still, a very perceptible break. The reason, though known to few, was that the presidential throat suddenly became dry; he stopped long enough to swallow a glass of water and observe simply, ad lib: "It's mighty hot



# SWEETENS STOMACH GENTLY (CONTAINS) (NO SODA)



**Delightful Mint  
Relieves Gas...  
Heartburn...Sour  
Stomach...Quick  
Relief for Millions**

PHYSICIANS have warned against treating acid indigestion with harsh, raw alkalies—the tumbler and spoon method. Strong, water-soluble alkalies, taken in excess, may turn the stomach juices into an *unnatural* alkaline condition—actually arresting digestion!

TUMS free you from this danger. They act as an acid "buffer." The scientific explanation of TUMS is that it acts *gently*—just enough of the antacid compound is released to counteract over-acidity. When your heartburn or sour stomach is corrected—the balance passes on inert and undissolved, without affecting the blood or kidneys.

Try TUMS. Munch 3 or 4 when distressed. Millions have turned to this gentle, *effective* treatment—it's quite likely you will, too. 10c at all druggists. 3-roll carrier package, only 25c.

**Free** 1925 Calendar - Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 14CMM, St. Louis, Mo.

**TUMS** FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE! ANTACID... NOT LAXATIVE

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**PRINT SNAPSHOTS** ON ANY PAPER, FABRIC, RUBBER. Astonishing effects with TRANSFOTO—sensational, new discovery! Reproduce permanent, washable pictures on almost any surface—DIRECT FROM NEGATIVE! Simple, speedy! No dark room or equipment. Complete treatment, 200 3x5 pictures 50c postpaid (C.O.D. 65c).

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**and Look 10 YEARS YOUNGER**

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-three years by thousands of women. Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

Brownatone is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee, or—

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Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly cost of packing and mailing.

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Print Your Name and Address

down here in Washington." What a touch of genius! Instantly he had the whole nation smiling in sympathy with him. It definitely established the grilling scene—the sweltering onlookers, the life-saving glass of water—and put the whole speech over with a bang.

**YES**, the President is the master showman of his age. He has broadcast, all told, some forty-four times. It might just as easily have been four hundred, but his fine sense of showman's strategy has forbidden that. He has saved his thunder; he will never speak to a nation that yawns: "Ah, there's the President on again." His innate showman's wisdom has enabled him after two years to stay the nation's greatest head-liner, instead of just another voice.

And with what a courtesy he treats "his friend." Yes, that's gift number three, his unfailing *Courtesy*. The President is the great mike Diplomat. Never is this courtesy more conspicuous than in the arrangements for the Sunday night broadcasts. "Clear all wires and right of way for the President at ten p. m." might so easily be the command. But that's not the F. D. way, to issue commands when a gracious request can meet the need.

"The President wonders if you can suggest an hour suitable for him to talk to the nation next Sunday?" Stephen Early invariably puts his request in this form—Steve can adopt a savvy equal to his Chief's—and the hour of ten p. m. (seven for the Pacific Coast) has unvaryingly been offered with the greatest cheerfulness, though each time this happens it costs each broadcasting company from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars in network-time alone, not counting the cost of commercial contracts canceled and artists' time still to be paid for. No laments on this point have been heard, however. The habit of courtesy is infectious and far-reaching. F. D. has unquestionably set a standard of microphone manners from which bumptious Congressmen and even Senators and movie-magnates have more or less reluctantly had to take their cue and grumblingly fall in line. Yes, he's the Big Arbiter of Microphone Manners, handed out under the gay garland of his smile.

Yes, that's number four, that famous *Smile* of his. Oh yes—I know. You may call it Old Stuff; call it a mere appendage of personal charm for which he's no more responsible than was that other Roosevelt for the castenet clicking of his teeth. You may say it's just one more valuable and useful adornment to be appraised and used as part of a naturally magnificent personal equipment. Just one more Gift of the Gods to Franklin Delano Roosevelt, fifty-three years ago this January thirtieth. Well, it's all that, but more, vastly more. A spiritual symbol. A high badge of Hope and Invincibility—the form of courage before which no man or nation can go down to defeat.

Just one of the many reasons for radio's debt of gratitude to Franklin Delano Roosevelt on his fifty-third birthday!

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**10¢ a Day**

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**Learn Teach Typewriting**  
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System—fully illustrated,  
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Send coupon for 10-day Trial—if you decide to keep it pay only \$3.00 a month until \$44.90 (term price) is paid. Limited offer—act at once.

**INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE**  
231 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. 303

Send Underwood No. 5 (F. O. B. Chicago) at once for 10-day trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it express collect. If I keep it I will pay \$3.00 a month until I have paid \$44.90 (term price) in full.

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Wear the coat and vest another year by getting new trousers to match. Tailored to your measure. With over 100,000 patterns to select from we can match almost any pattern. Send vest or sample of cloth today, and we will submit FREE Sample of best match obtainable.

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**JUST WIPE IT ON WITH A CLOTH!**  
Magic-like fluid covers old paint with tough, elastic coat. Absolutely transparent, self-leveling, self-polishing. Guaranteed. Lasts 8 to 12 months. Equal in beauty to repaint job costing \$25 to \$75. Write for Free Sample to prove our claims and Territory offer. Opportunity For Distributors in Foreign Countries.

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Send me your free book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." This does not obligate me. (Please print plainly.)

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## What Aunt Rose Did for Ruth Etting

(Continued from page 33)

Those trains were real, a magic carpet that could transport you to Chicago and New York where there were buildings which reached into the sky.

When Ruth grew up she wanted to go to Chicago. She wanted to study art. Her father and her grandfather frowned and shook their heads. Chicago, they said, was no place for a girl alone. A girl like Ruth with eyes the blue of faraway hills and hair like the soft gold silk you pull from corn ears.

Rose Etting went to bat for Ruth. She had watched Ruth copy the heads of Brinkley girls from newspapers. She felt Ruth had talent.

"Stuff and nonsense," she told those careful German Etting men. "I've had the rearing of that girl. And it's not only dreams I've taught her. She'll be all right. Let her go and learn the things she wants to learn. Let her have her own life and I promise you she'll do something with it!"

She convinced those men. Ruth went to Chicago. And you know how she switched her interest from art to entertaining. When she was helping the wife of the manager of Marigold Gardens design chorus costumes and the manager met her and offered her a job.

It was following her engagement at Marigold Gardens that she sang in that cellar café. Where she experienced plenty of things calculated to turn any girl's eyes hard and her smile brittle.

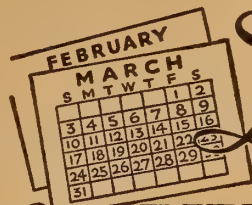
"However," Ruth says "it was in that café that I learned to place my voice. I had to sing softly, yet clearly. Other girls were singing at other tables. I learned what songs people really like to hear too. A man who has had a great deal of wine has no pretensions. His emotions are closer to the surface. And always it was the simple songs they asked for.

"Sometimes," she went on "it was horrible. Really horrible, I mean. The patrons at the tables would be insulting. 'Don't give her anything,' one customer would say to another. Or 'We're not being entertained. Send over somebody with more zip!'

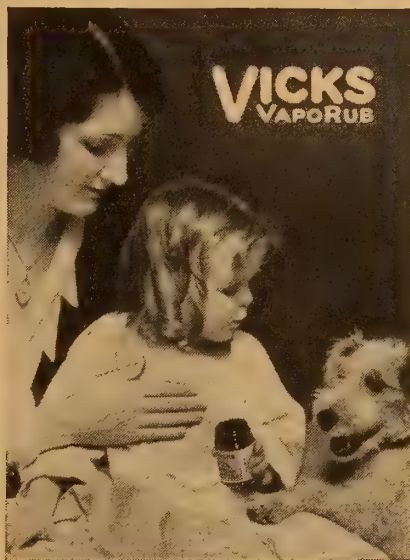
"Drunks were the worst of all. Especially when one took a liking to you. I can shiver now when I remember how I'd find a drunk's eyes on me as I went my rounds, singing my songs. For I'd know it was only a matter of minutes before he'd want to dance.

"When things got too unpleasant we girls used to run in the Ladies' Room and hide. Not that it ever did a particle of good. Drunks are persistent. Good customers too. The bouncer would be sent in after us and he'd push us out onto the floor again."

It was far from an elevating existence. Without the benefit of her substantial early training and without her contact with her Aunt Rose, which continued faithfully in spite of the



# Dangerous Days for KIDDIES' COLDS



**TAKE CARE, mother!** This is the danger season for children's colds especially. Colds are more prevalent now, and so apt to lead to more serious diseases—such as bronchitis and pneumonia.

But don't worry—and don't experiment. Just treat every cold promptly with Vicks VapoRub, the *proved external* method. VapoRub can be used freely—and as often as needed—even on the youngest child. No "dosing" to upset delicate little stomachs and thus lower resistance when most needed.

Just rubbed on throat and chest at bedtime, VapoRub acts *direct* through the skin like a poultice or plaster, while its medicated vapors are inhaled *direct* to inflamed air-passages. Through the night, this *double direct* attack loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—helps break congestion.

**STANDBY OF MOTHERS IN 68 COUNTRIES**

### AGENTS...Smash Go Prices!

Santos Coffee 12c lb. 4-oz. Vanilla 8½c. \$1.00 size Tonic 14c. Razor Blades 10 for 8½c. 100 sticks Chewing Gum 12c. 150 other bargains. Experience unnecessary. Write—  
CARNATION CO., MF, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

**NURSES ATTENDANTS**  
AND OTHERS  
EXPERIENCED & INEXPERIENCED  
MALE AND FEMALE desiring information regarding positions in hospitals, sanitariums and institutions any part of U. S. or Canada, write NOW enclosing stamp to Scharf Bureau, Dept. 3-48, 145 W. 45th St., New York.



## Three New OLIVE OIL CREAMS—

Three new creations by Vi-Jon! Fine, delicate Vi-Jon Creams blended with pure, imported Olive Oil, with its soothing, nourishing effect on the skin. For amazing results, try these new Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams. A thorough, complete facial treatment for a few cents.

**Sold at the better 10c stores**

If your 10c store has not yet stocked Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams, send us 10c for full size jar. State whether for cleansing or finishing. Larger sizes at 20c and 35c.

VI-JON LABORATORIES, 6300 Etzel Av., St. Louis

## IF YOU HAD BEEN NANCY—

Nancy E—'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support . . . not much money to depend upon . . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E— is making \$30 a week as a C. S. N. Graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for

### CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

This school for 35 years has been training men and women, at home and in their spare time, for the dignified, well-paid profession of nursing. Course endorsed by physicians, prepares for all types of nursing. Equipment included. Lessons clear and concise. Easy Tuition Payments. Be one of thousands of men and women earning \$25 to \$35 a week as trained practical nurses. High school education not required. Best of all, you can earn while learning! Mrs. A. B. R. earned three times the cost of the course while studying. Doctors say C. S. N. graduates make their best nurses. Send coupon today and learn how you can become self-supporting in the splendid profession of Nursing.



**CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING**  
Dept. 103, 26 N. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name.....

City.....State.....Age.....





## LIVELY, LOVELY HAIR Free of DANDRUFF!

IN BOTH business and social life first impressions are more important than ever. Dandruff has always been a Menace to the scalp and untidy to one's personal appearance. For two decades Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic for Dandruff has easily and quickly corrected these conditions for millions everywhere. A single application stops that miserable itching—a single bottle Guarantees Results. Costs little at Druggists and Barbers.

Also makers of Lucky Tiger Magic Shampoo, Lucky Tiger Hair Dressing for Dry Scalp, and Lucky Tiger Antiseptic Ointment for Ringworm, Athlete's Foot and Skin Infections.

**Lucky Tiger**  
HAIR TONIC  
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE



Extract of a medicinal herb—stimulates throat's moisture glands

NATURE put thousands of lubricating glands in your throat and bronchial tubes. When you catch cold, these glands clog, throat dries, phlegm thickens and sticks... tickles... you cough! You must stimulate your throat's moisture glands. Take PERTUSSIN. The very first spoonful increases the flow of natural moisture. Throat and bronchial tissues are lubricated, soothed. Sticky phlegm loosens. Germ-infected mucus is easily "raised." Relief. Get a bottle from your druggist.



**PERTUSSIN**  
Tastes good, acts quickly and safely

many miles which now lay between them, I doubt Ruth could have survived it.

**O**FTEN when she reached her furnished room early in the morning, after her night's work, there would be something waiting for her, something that had come from her Aunt Rose in Nebraska. It might be a newsy letter. A rich German pound cake, with a fine brown crust. Jelly made from grapes from the arbor under which Ruth had played house as a little girl. Or an interesting new book, chosen undoubtedly, because there was some situation in it which Rose Etting felt it would profit Ruth to read.

Half a dozen rich and influential men in Chicago paid Ruth attention. But she married an obscure young man who clerked in the City Hall.

That day at luncheon I asked Ruth if she'd ever been tempted to marry one of those other men, one of those rich men. She shook her head.

"Never," she told me with grave honesty. "We form our ideas and our ideals while we're pretty young, I guess. And back home it hadn't been the richest young couples Aunt Rose had pointed out as luckiest. It had been those couples who loved each other, who were happy and romantic doing even the most unimportant things."

It only had been a few months before while she and her husband were back in Nebraska on a holiday that Rose Etting had brought up the very subject of instincts. Colonel Schneider had been praising Ruth, insisting that it was miraculous that she had been able to come through such experiences as she had known entirely unscathed. And Rose Etting, listening with calm blue eyes, had agreed that Ruth had done a good job. But, true to her German attitude, she had added:

"Ruth's fortunate, of course. She has an advantage in that she comes from substantial stock. She inherits common-sense. She knows the difference between right and wrong. She has a natural feeling of what is becoming to her and what isn't."

Today, an established success on the screen, on the stage, and on the air, Ruth Etting is happiest when she is able to be in California. There in the hills she has built her home.

"I belong in the country," she will tell you "I'm a hick at heart."

In the meantime out in Nebraska Rose Etting sits alone. She might live with Ruth in her beautiful house in Beverly Hills and stop with her in a deluxe hotel suite in New York City in the winter time. But she prefers the white house close by the old rolling mills on the outskirts of that little western town.

There are visits whenever Ruth has the time. And then there's the telephone. It's likely to ring at the most outlandish hours. Just as Rose Etting is putting a cake in the oven or turning out her light for the night. With Ruth calling from California or Chicago or New York, saying "Aunt Rose, the most wonderful thing has happened. Listen..."

# How you can get into Broadcasting



FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Radio Broadcaster

BROADCASTING offers remarkable opportunities to talented men and women—if they are trained in Broadcasting technique. It isn't necessary to be a "star" to make good money in Broadcasting. There are hundreds of people in Broadcasting work who are practically unknown—yet they easily make \$3000 to \$5000 a year while, of course, the "stars" often make \$15,000 to \$50,000 a year.

An amazing new method of practical training, developed by Floyd Gibbons, one of America's outstanding broadcasters, fits talented people for big pay Broadcasting jobs. If you have a good speaking voice, can sing, act, write, direct or sell, the Floyd Gibbons School will train you—right in your own home in your spare time—for the job you want.

Get your share of the millions advertisers spend in Broadcasting every year. Our free book, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons Course—how to prepare for a good position in Broadcasting—and how to turn your hidden talents into money. Here is your chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send the coupon today for free book.

Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting  
2000 14th St. N. W., Dept. 5072, Washington, D. C.  
Without obligation send me your free booklet "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" and full particulars of your home study course.

Name..... Age.....  
Please Print or Write Name Plainly

Address.....

City..... State.....

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Learn by Doing—many earn while learning. Free employment help after graduation. You don't need advanced education. Send for big new FREE BOOK and my "PAY TUITION AFTER GRADUATION" PLAN.  
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100% Improvement Guaranteed  
We build, strengthen the vocal organs—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct vocal exercises. and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100%... Write for wonderful voice book—sent free—but enclose 3c for part postage. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone unduly delayed by post.  
PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 79-13  
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**GET THIS BANJO**  
New Imported Banjo Beauty. You will be delighted with the "Old Time" tone of this lovely instrument. With 6-minute Instruction Book we send along, you can learn to play without lessons. Send No Money. Just name and address. We Trust You with 27 pkts. Garden Seeds to sell at 10c pkts. When sold return \$2.70 collected and we'll send "Old Time" Banjo and Instruction Book. No more money to pay. WRITE TODAY. A Post Card will do.  
LANCASTER COUNTY SEED CO., Station 15, Paradise, Pa.

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Hides Large Joints Keeps Shoes Shapely  
Before **Fischer Protector** After  
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Thousands owe relief from Painful Bunions and swollen joints to the Fischer Bunion Reducer. Sold for over 25 years by Shoe Dealers, Druggists and Dept. Stores. Ask your dealer, or write us direct for a Free Trial Offer. Sole owners, manufacturers and Patentees.

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SALARY TO START \$105 to \$175 MONTHLY  
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Send me FREE particulars "How to Qualify for Government Positions" marked "X". Salaries, locations, opportunities, etc. ALL SENT FREE.  
Name.....  
Address.....



## What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 60)

know is beyond reach. The worthwhile things in life are overlooked, while the gaudy, unnecessary luxuries are craved by all.

Program sponsors should be encouraged by knowing that for every heartless criticism there are two compliments that, although they remain unvoiced, are still felt.

PEGGY YOUNKIN, Lincoln, Nebraska.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

It is your idea that we readers of the RADIO MIRROR offer our suggestions for better radio programs. Here are a few I'd like to offer.

First, I think there should be more mystery dramas. Dramas of the Fu Manchu type. They were the kind of blood-curdling tales everyone enjoys. Just now the Crime Clues and The Shadow dramas are about the only good mystery plays I know of.

Now, a suggestion to the comedians. To me there is nothing so tiresome as listening to a comedian repeat some particular "gag phrase" every program simply because it goes over big a few times. I think they are rather funny for awhile but then it should be dropped. I've heard many people say they tire of many comedians for this particular reason. Jack Benny is my idea of a good comedian because he has no set phrases that he repeats every performance. His humor is refreshing and decidedly different.

ERNA REIN, Conshohocken, Pa.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

One of the worst ideas ever inaugurated by the Columbia and National networks is that of having headline programs at the same time.

Why must these two great networks engage in this sort of competition? The minute one puts a good program on the air, the other one comes along with a good program at the same time.

Tastes are different and no matter how many listeners may be won by one program, some will naturally favor the other program.

Radio programs depend mainly on the sponsors but the sponsors are dependent on the general public. This open competition is not fair to the public and should be abolished.

STEPHEN R. WENZEL, Fingal, N. Dak.

## THE DOUBLE LIFE OF NICK PARKYAKAKAS

Read the interesting inside story of the man behind the voice of the Greek comedian on Eddie Cantor's program. You'll be surprised when you learn who—and what he really is in RADIO MIRROR for April.

# Half a Million People have learned music this easy way

You, too, Can Learn to Play Your  
Favorite Instrument Without a  
Teacher

## Easy as A-B-C

MANY of this half million didn't know one note from another—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music *amazingly easy*.

No monotonous hours of exercise—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method, perfected by the U. S. School of Music, made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

From the very start you are playing *real* tunes perfectly by *note*. Every step, from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are *told* how to do a thing, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose.

### LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano Violin  
Guitar Saxophone  
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Hawaiian Guitar  
Piano Accordion  
Or Any Other Instrument

Learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends. Change from a wallflower to the center of attraction. Musicians are invited everywhere. En-



joy the popularity you have been missing. Start now!

### FREE BOOKLET AND DEMONSTRATION LESSON

If you really *do* want to play your favorite instrument fill out and mail the coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our newly perfected method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. U. S. School of Music, 3063 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
3063 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....



## Learn Public Speaking



At home—in spare time—20 minutes a day. Overcome "stage-fright," gain self-confidence, increase your salary, through ability to sway others by effective speech. Write now for free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*.

North American Institute, Dept. 1383  
3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## STOP Your Rupture Worries!



C.E. Brooks, Inventor

Why worry and suffer with that rupture any longer? Learn about my perfected invention. It has brought ease, comfort and happiness to thousands by assisting in relieving and aiding many cases of reducible hernia. It has Automatic Air Cushions which **bind and draw the broken parts together as you would a broken limb**. No obnoxious springs or pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores nor by agents. Write today for full information sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

H. C. BROOKS, 182-B State St., Marshall, Michigan

## 250% PROFIT

**MAGIC FLUID  
MENDS - PATCHES  
Without Needle or Thread!**  
Sell No-stitch—the Magic Mender. Repair rips, tears, holes in stockings, clothing and all materials. Takes 1-10 the time of old needle and thread method. Makes neater, stronger mend. Practically invisible. Will stand washing and ironing. Only 25¢—enough for 150 mends. Easy demonstration makes quick sales. Write for special offer and sample on cloth. For full size sample tube—send 25¢. **QUEEN CITY MFG. CO.**  
812 Rockdale Ave., Dept. TR-35, Cincinnati, Ohio

## Prices Are ADVANCING Buy at BOTTOM Prices

All over the world, thrifty, far-sighted people are going to take advantage of this last chance to buy quality watches at these low prices. We bought these watches for you at bottom prices. When these are gone, even our great buying power will not enable us to continue selling these fine watches and diamonds at such low prices.

### Diamond Rings Wrist Watches

Write for our New Diamond Ring of Romance and Bulova Wrist Watch. Catalog showing marvelous new designs at prices which cannot be continued. Catalog sent FREE. All Watches and Diamonds Sold on Easy Payments.

Don't Delay—Send for Catalog at Once

**SANTA FE WATCH CO.**

Dept. 397, Thomas Bldg. Topeka, Kan.

## NEW! SCIENTIFIC AERIAL

With the Dual Connection

The DUAL CONNECTION, a new feature exclusively our own, gives better distance and positive performance on all electric radios (pat. pend.). This aerial can be installed without tools by anyone in a minute's time. Goes right inside the radio completely out of view and it does not use any electric current. No climbing on roofs, etc.

### NO OSCILLATING OR WHISTLING

This DUAL type aerial uses a new scientific principle which completely eliminates this annoyance as commonly experienced on inside aerials. It also eliminates lightning hazards, unsightly poles, guy wires, etc. Enables the radio to be readily moved when desired. A complete aerial in itself—nothing extra to buy. Permanently installed and requires no adjustment. Ends aerial troubles forever.

Try One 5 Days at Our Risk—More Distance and Volume

- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00 for Scientific Aerial, prepaid. If not pleased will return after 5 day trial for refund.
- ☐ Check here if desired sent P.P. C. O. D. \$1.00 plus few cents postage.

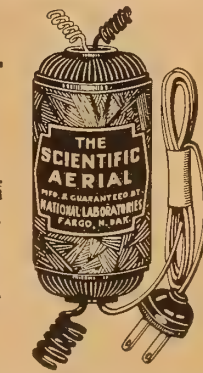
Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

**\$1.00**  
Complete  
Postpaid

### National Laboratories



Dept. M., Fargo, N. Dak

Not an experiment, but fully tested. Many users report over 3,000 miles reception. Gives triple the volume over regular inside aerials on many sets. Guaranteed for 5 years. Distributors and dealers write for sales proposition.



# YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO ENTER AND WIN!

## RADIO MIRROR

# \$250.00

## CASH PRIZE

# NAME GAME



Picture No. 3

Name of Star.....

### Begin by Naming These Two Drawings Then Get 1 and 2 and Go on to Win

**Y**OU still have time to enter and win one of Radio Mirror's many cash prizes even though you did not get started last month. You can get started right now and your chance to win is still excellent. Begin by reading the rules carefully. Then study the two drawings above. See what names you can find hidden in them. Drawing 3 may prove easy or perhaps No. 4 will be the one to give you the least trouble. At any rate some careful analysis should result in your having both drawings successfully named.

#### LATE ENTRY

With these drawings named you will require the first two of the series in order to complete your set to date. A mailed request addressed as in Rule 6 will bring these to you without delay or charge. Name them and your entry will be even with the field.

|   |          |
|---|----------|
| FIRST PRIZE.....                        | \$100.00 |
| SECOND PRIZE.....                       | 50.00    |
| TWO PRIZES, Each \$10.00..              | 20.00    |
| SIX PRIZES, Each \$5.00.....            | 30.00    |
| TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES,<br>Each \$2.00..... | 50.00    |
| TOTAL, 35 PRIZES.....                   | 250.00   |



Picture No. 4

Name of Star.....

#### THE RULES

1. Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish two contest drawings each of which will indicate, suggest or reveal the first and last names of a prominent radio star.
2. To compete, clip or trace the pictures and under each write the name of the radio star it reveals to you.
3. When you have a complete set of six pictures and names, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the entertainers you have named is your favorite and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference judged on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Tuesday, April 9, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
6. Submit all entries by First Class Mail to NAME GAME EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

## NEXT MONTH THE FINAL DRAWINGS OF THIS SERIES!



## A-B-C Shorthand IN TWELVE easy LESSONS

High school, college, or technical students who have at their command a practical, easy and efficient method of taking down lecture notes have a marked advantage over those who must set down all notes in long-hand. Not only do you get far more from the lecture when it is delivered but when *examination time comes* a review of a word for word transcript of each lecture is the finest kind of preparation for successful passing.

Whereas it takes about two years to learn conventional shorthand methods, A. B. C. Shorthand can be mastered in from twelve to fifteen hours' study. Convince yourself of this fact by examining a copy of A. B. C. Shorthand now selling for only \$1.00 postpaid. You risk nothing, for if it does not prove to be satisfactory in every way you can return it and your money will be refunded.

Send \$1.00 today

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE

Dept. RM-3

1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

## HOW TO WIN \$\$\$ IN CONTESTS

Every year \$5,000,000 is awarded by sponsors of slogan, statement, etc. contests. Win your share by submitting your entries in the right way. "How to Win Advertising Contests," a new book written by an outstanding winner, reveals new and most effective methods. Send 50c to RAYMOND PRESS, Dept. 21, BOX 14, AUBURN, N. Y.

## Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

40th Yr. Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture, Stock Theatre Training, appearances while earning. For catalog, write Sec'y RAMI, 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.

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**PSORIASIS · ECZEMA**  
AND OTHER OBSTINATE SKIN ERUPTIONS. Why suffer from these unsightly skin tortures? Psoracine, a wonderful new discovery is now relieving many stubborn cases. Try it, no matter how long afflicted. Write for sworn proof and free information. Ill. Medical Products, 519 No. Central Pk., Dept. 607, Chicago, Ill.

**Denison's Plays**  
57 Years of Hits  
We supply all entertainment needs for dramatic clubs, schools, lodges, etc., and for every occasion.  
Songs Minstrels Musical Comedies Operettas Vaudeville Acts Blackface Skits  
Catalogue Free  
T. S. Denison & Co., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 28 Chicago

## FEMINE HYGIENE Safe Booklet Free

FOLLOW DOCTOR'S ADVICE



Avoid Danger; use reliable non-poisonous MU-COL instead of corrosive carbolic or mercury compounds that can injure delicate membranes. Hosts of women write us that their doctors recommend MU-COL as best for feminine daintiness, cleanliness and bodily comfort. Sample makes 3 quarts MU-COL solution—still cheaper in drug store sizes. Write for free Booklet.

MU-COL CO., Dept. 228-E, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Send MU-COL sample and free booklet. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Name.....  
Address.....

## The Strange Ordeal of the New Cap'n Henry

(Continued from page 21)

"Vanity Fair", instead of his Latin or Greek. Some day he would play the part of Joseph Sedley, the fat "fop" who descends the golden staircase with Becky Sharp at a ball given in honor of the Duke of Wellington.

As he wished, so it happened. Seven years later, Frank McIntyre made his appearance as Sedley in a dramatization of "Vanity Fair" and wearing the patent leather boots, with red heels and tassels and all, he descended the golden staircase, with the immortal Mrs. Fiske, as Becky Sharp, leaning on his arm.

SINCE those early days he has starred in road tours of stock companies, including his own, played in silent pictures, vaudeville acts and musical comedies. In addition, he found time to write lyrics for popular songs.

And suddenly radio opened the golden gates of opportunity!

On December 8, 1933, the Lambs—that famous theatrical club of which Frank and Winner have been members so many years—held a Repeal Ball and Gambol at the Hotel Astor, in New York. Frank was one of several club members who appeared before the microphone which was carrying the Gambol to radio audiences throughout the East.

As the night grew on, other scheduled appearances failed to materialize and Frank found himself talking on and on, describing the affair like an announcer at any huge football game. As it happened, Bill Batcher, at that time writing the Showboat for the advertising agency, was listening in.

Two months later when Palmolive decided to try the idea of operettas over the air, Batcher called up McIntyre and told him to hurry down for the first rehearsal.

"We're auditioning 'The Vagabond King'," he explained, "and I want you to play the role of King Louis XI."

"I can't," McIntyre wailed. "I've got a cold and the doctor says I must stay in bed. Besides..."

"Your voice is just the way I want it," Batcher interrupted. "Hop into a cab and hurry down here."

And so began McIntyre's first professional radio work. Several roles in succeeding Palmolive Beauty Box operettas followed, roles in "The Chocolate Soldier," "Floradora," "Sweethearts," and many others.

And now he stands on the threshold of greater success than he has ever known.

But remember, when you hear the voice of the new Showboat Captain booming forth each Thursday night from your loudspeaker, the dramatic story that lies behind that voice. The story of a man who met and conquered a tough assignment—the job of displacing the most beloved personality in radio and one of his dearest friends.

## FREE LESSON Home Art Craft

**GOOD MONEY FOR SPARE TIME**  
A new way. Art novelties in big demand. Get free lessons and quickly learn to decorate Gifts, Bride Prizes, Toys, etc. No experience necessary. Anyone can succeed with simple "3-step" method and you earn as you learn. Everything furnished including supply of Novelties for you to decorate and Homecrafters outfit.  
**No Canvassing**  
Just sit at home and make up to \$50 a week spare time or full. Write today for big illustrated book and **FIRST LESSON FREE**. Absolutely not one cent to pay. Lesson is free. Opening in every locality. Write quick  
**Fireside Industries**  
Dept. 34-C ADRIAN, MICH.

## A WOMAN PROPOSES!



WHEN a woman proposes it's worth listening! And many a man is forging ahead today, earning more money and heading toward a brighter future, because a woman proposed that he acquire more training in his spare time. Such men are following in the footsteps of business leaders who attribute their success to mastery of I. C. S. Courses. Spare time is an opportunity! This coupon is an opportunity!

### INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS.

"The Universal University" Box 2274-C, Scranton, Penna.  
Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacturing  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping                           | <input type="checkbox"/> Woolen Manufacturing  |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engines                                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Farming   |
| BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES  |  |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accountant                                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy and C.P.A. Coaching                 | <input type="checkbox"/> English <input type="checkbox"/> Signs                                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping                                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service   |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship                                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Grade School Subjects   |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship                                    | <input type="checkbox"/> College Preparatory   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Service Station Salesmanship                    | <input type="checkbox"/> First Year College  |
|  | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning                      |

Name.....Age.....  
Street Address.....  
City.....State.....  
Occupation.....  
If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada





# C'MON BOYS-GIRLS-PICK YOUR PRIZE!

## FINE PRESENTS SURE TO BE YOURS!

For selling only 27 packets of "Garden-Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and returning the \$2.70 collected. **Positively nothing more to sell—No Extra Money to Pay**, excepting on special value Wrist Watch. Everybody plants Garden-Spot Seeds. Beautiful colored packets filled with living seeds guaranteed to grow. Known with favor for more than 28 years from Maine to Mexico. Lots of people will take five to ten packets. Your own family and a few friends will buy all of them. You can sell out in no time. **Here's What You Get for Selling only 27 Packets:**

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Whizz! You turn the corner with a bang. You beat your friends in every race when you have genuine Skates. The smooth-running, easy-bearing rollers make fast skating easy—they go like the wind. They will expand to fit any shoe. Improved type Skate Key **FREE** with every pair. **For selling 27 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c a Packet, Sent POSTPAID.** Send all orders to Lancaster County Seed Co., Station 431 Paradise, Pa.



**SEND NO MONEY  
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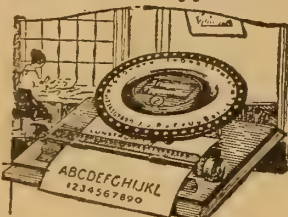
## VIOLIN, Bow and Instruction Book Imported from Europe

**Send TODAY**



This Violin is imported from Europe where they know so well how to make violins. Nicely made, highly polished. A pleasing model of good shape. Well-finished finger board and tall plate. Has a full set of strings, bow, and 5-minute Instruction Book with many Popular Songs in words and music. With this remarkable book you can quickly learn to play without a teacher. **Send no money.** Just name and address. We trust you with 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds to sell at 10c a Pkt. When sold send the \$2.70 Collected and Violin Outfit will be sent to you Postpaid. Send your order to Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta. 431, Paradise, Pa. We Pay Postage.

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Learn to typewrite—it's heaps of fun. Everybody should know how these days. Easy to learn—soon you will be writing letters, school compositions, stories, etc. This typewriter makes legible copies in fact just as neat as one which costs \$100. **TEN DOLLARS IN PRIZES** for best letters written on this machine during the next year. Full instructions and extra ink with typewriter. **EASY TO EARN.** Send for 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds, sell at 10c a Pkt. Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta. 431, Paradise, Pa., MAIL COUPON.

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Handsome decorated, leatherette case: 8 Pencils for every purpose: 1 Jumbo Pencil for heavy marking; Compass, Ruler; Pens and Holder; Pencil-sharpener; Eraser; Colored Crayons, a complete Dictionary, Self-Filling Fountain Pen, Pocket Memo to jot down notes; Mirror in colors. Order 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds, sell at 10 cts a Pkt. return \$2.70 collected and this handsome Set is yours. No money to pay. Send for Seeds TODAY.

## The WATCH for Men

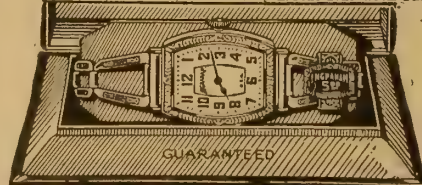
**Read This Remarkable Offer!**



A "regular" man's Watch. Completely new standard design thin model, with improved movement, a guaranteed accurate time-keeper. A dependable and faithful companion. **Given for selling only 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c a Pkt Sent postpaid. Send NOW.**

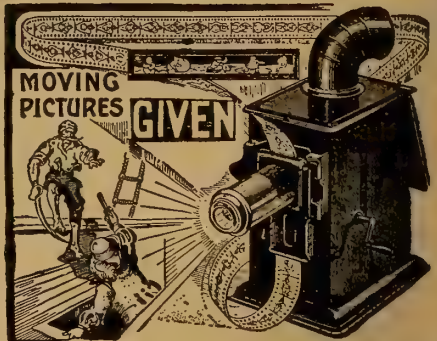
## Guaranteed Chromium WRIST WATCH

A big American Watch factory worked three years to make this Watch possible. See the graceful shape, the smartly designed case, the swanky metal dial with raised gold numerals. Movement guaranteed. Case is all one-white metal. This beautiful Watch given for selling only 27 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds and 38c extra or given with **no extra money** for selling only 54 Pkts. Write for Seeds today. We trust you. Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta. 431, Paradise, Pa.



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Think of the fun in this straight-shooting gun. Steel barrel and walnut stock. Shoots B B shot with force and accuracy. A gun any boy can be proud of. Sell only 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. a Packet. Sent postpaid.



**MOVING PICTURE MACHINE.** Here is the greatest prize of all. You can now show movies right at home. Uses films like big machines. Made of metal with snappy black enamel finish. Uses oil and comes complete with lamp-globe, film, and colored slide. Stormy nights need not be dull. Have lots of fun giving shows. **Given for selling only 27 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c a Packet. We pay postage. Send to Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta. 431 Paradise, Pa.**

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This Giant Spy Glass brings distant objects close and clear. See moon and stars and people miles away. Gives new pleasure to home, farm and Camp. Just the thing for trappers, hunters, automobilists and all who love the great outdoors. This powerful three-foot telescope has five sections and stretches out to 36 inches. Covered with leatherette, brass bound, imported from Europe, and there are none to be had in most American cities. **Given and SENT POSTPAID for selling only 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c a Pkt. Send TODAY.**

## Genuine Leather BASKETBALL

Share the thrill of basketball—now a major sport. Grand for both girls and boys. This genuine, pebble-grained cowhide Basketball will withstand the grind of many a game and the roughest practice. Latest type bladder. Complete with lacing needle and rawhide lace. **Given for selling only 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c a Pkt. Send for seeds today—we trust you until sold.**



## ALL GIFTS SENT POSTPAID

No Charges to Pay on Delivery  
Cut Here

**ASK DAD OR MOTHER—THEN  
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!**

Lancaster County Seed Co.,  
Station 431, Paradise, Pa.

Please send me at once 27 packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds. I agree to sell them within 30 days and return the money for my gift according to your offers. You agree to send my Gift promptly, postpaid.

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State \_\_\_\_\_

Street or R.F.D. \_\_\_\_\_ Box \_\_\_\_\_

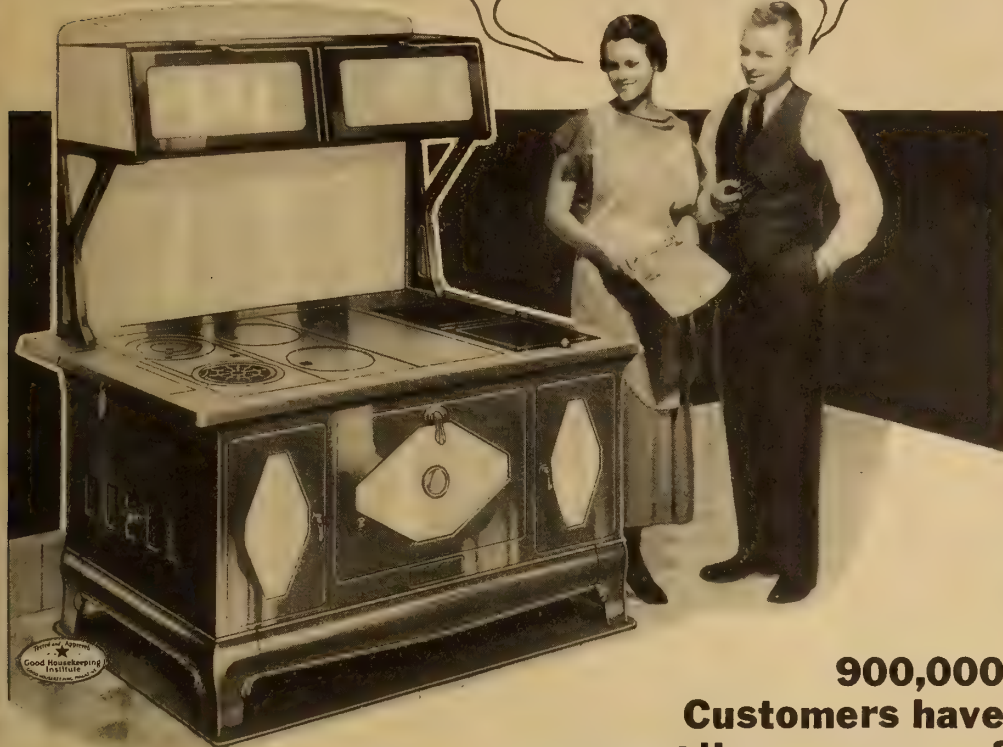
Print your last name plainly below

Save 2 cents by filling-in, pasting and Mailing this Coupon on a 10 Post Card TODAY



We couldn't beat Kalamazoo quality

And we couldn't beat Kalamazoo Factory Prices



900,000  
Customers have  
proved the economy of

# FACTORY PRICES

## A New Kalamazoo for 18c a Day!

Mail coupon now—get this new FREE SPECIAL SALE CATALOG featuring FACTORY PRICES and easy terms—as little as 18c a day—a year to pay.

### 200 Styles and Sizes

More bargains than in 20 Big Stores. Quality is the same that over 900,000 satisfied users have trusted for 35 years.

### The "Oven That Floats in Flame"

Read about the marvelous "Oven that Floats in Flame"—also the new Non-Scorch Lids, new Copper Reservoirs and many other features. Read why Century of Progress Prize Winners prefer Kalamazoo Ranges.

### What This SALE Catalog Offers

1. Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges; Coal and Wood Ranges; Circulating Heaters; Furnaces—both pipe and one-register type—all at FACTORY PRICES.
2. Cash or Easy Terms  
—Year to Pay—As Little as 18c a Day.
3. 30 Days' FREE Trial  
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4. 24 Hour Shipment  
—Safe Delivery Guaranteed.
5. \$100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of Satisfaction.
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**"A Kalamazoo  
Trade Mark  
Registered  
Direct to You"**

See the Porcelain Enamel Heaters with big doors, big fire pots. Make a double saving by ordering your furnace at the factory price. FREE plans. FREE service.

### Buy Your Stoves Direct from the Men Who Make Them

You don't have to pay more than the Factory Price. Come straight to the Factory. Follow the lead of 900,000 others. Mail coupon now for this new special sale catalog.

THE KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.  
469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.  
Warehouses: Utica, N. Y.; Akron, Ohio

## FREE Catalog

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.  
469 Rochester Avenue  
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sirs,

Please send me your SALE CATALOG—FREE.

Check articles in which you are interested.

Coal and Wood Ranges ( ) Heaters ( ) Oil Stoves ( )  
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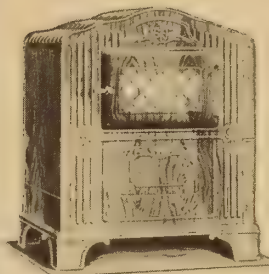
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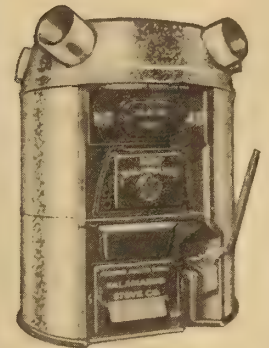
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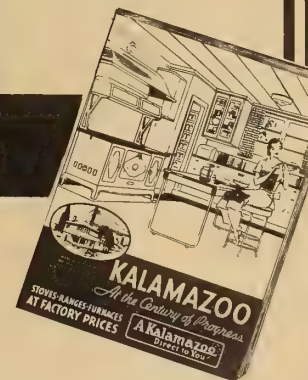
Porcelain Enamel Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges



Sturdy Porcelain Enamel Heat Circulators built like a furnace  
Fire Door 20" Wide  
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Make a big saving on your Furnace at the Factory Price. FREE plans







*-take it from me  
Chesterfields are Milder*

*-take it from me  
Chesterfields Taste Better*





THE REAL REASON SINGING SAM CAME BACK

# Radio MIRROR

APRIL



10¢

A  
MACFADDEN  
PUBLICATION

JACK BENNY  
MARY LIVINGSTONE



Beginning—  
**ENCHANTED  
LADY**

The story of a fame-hungry  
girl who plunged into the  
radio maelstrom

The **EXCLUSIVE STORY** of the JACK BENNYS' BABY



For beauty of lips  
and neck-line enjoy  
Double Mint gum. Every  
day! Wherever and  
whenever convenient! It  
is a sure beauty exercise.





**"TERRIBLE!"** —SAY THE BOOKS OF ETIQUETTE  
**"EXCELLENT!"** —SAYS DENTAL AUTHORITY



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

OF course it's terrible to the dictators of etiquette and the arbiters of polite society. "Why," you can hear them chorus, "such a performance would make any girl a social outlaw."

But it certainly isn't terrible to



**IPANA**  
**TOOTH PASTE**

the modern dentist—to *your own dentist*.

"Excellent," would be his emphatic retort. "If you and every one of my patients chewed as vigorously, I'd hear a lot less about 'pink tooth brush.' And if we moderns all ate more coarse, hard foods, a big group of modern dental ills would practically disappear."

Dental testimony is unanimous! Modern gums need more work for health—vigorous workouts with coarse, raw foods. Our modern soft and well-cooked foods are to blame for the wide spread of that tell-tale dental warning, "pink tooth brush."

#### DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" is a first warning. But neglected—it often proves to be the first downward step towards such serious gum disorders as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea.

Play safe—rouse your gums to health with Ipana and massage. Clean your teeth

regularly with Ipana—and each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Ipana with the massage speeds circulation through the gum tissues—and helps them back to healthy firmness. And healthy gums mean whiter teeth and a brighter smile.

#### WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages *now*—a month of scientific dental care, . . . 100 brushings . . . brighter teeth and healthier gums.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. MM-45  
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





# Radio MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

VOL • 3 NO • 6

APRIL • 1935

In the May RADIO MIRROR:

(On Sale on March 26th)



For the first time, the real inside story of Joe Penner's romance and marriage—a revealing, heart-warming feature . . . Also, How Much Money Can YOU Make in Radio?, which tells you the hitherto unknown salaries of all radio people, from page boys to stars . . . And: Why Warren Hull Went Into Exile, a thrilling human document.

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### Cover Portrait

JACK BENNY AND MARY LIVINGSTONE

By A. Mozart

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Kay and Bess decide to share an apartment. Everything is lovely at first. But soon—

#### A SAD DISCOVERY

IMAGINE A NICE GIRL LIKE BESS BEING CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."! HOW CAN I GIVE HER A HINT? WAIT...I HAVE AN IDEA



#### A WEEK LATER

HERE'S THAT NEW SOAP KAY USES NOW—LIFEBOUY. SHE SAYS IT'S SO REFRESHING I BELIEVE I'LL TRY IT



Kay's "plot" worked! Both girls became Lifebuoy fans

#### "B.O." GONE—wedding near!

RENEWING YOUR LEASE, LADIES?

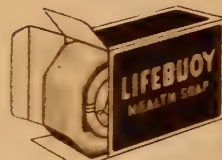
NO, WE'RE BOTH GETTING MARRIED...A DOUBLE WEDDING



TWO LOVELY BRIDES AND TWO LOVELY COMPLEXIONS! AND GUESS WHAT WE OWE IT ALL TO

LIFEBOUY, of course! It's mild, gentle, *kind* to the skin. Scientific tests made on the skins of hundreds of women show that Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Even on cool days, our pores give off a *quart* of odorous waste daily. Play safe with "B.O." (*body odor*)—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Lathers freely in hardest water. Its own clean scent rinses quickly away. *Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.*



## IT'S THE SUDS THAT COUNT



YOUR WASHING MACHINE IS FOUR YEARS OLD...YET YOUR CLOTHES ALWAYS COME OUT SO SNOWY

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO GET SNOW-WHITE WASHES FROM MY MACHINE



MY WASHER IS BRAND NEW...YET I CAN'T SEEM TO GET THE CLOTHES SNOWY

THE AGE OF THE WASHER HAS LITTLE TO DO WITH THE WHITENESS OF THE WASH. IT'S THE **SUDS** THAT COUNT. TRY RINSO AND SEE THE DIFFERENCE



#### FOLLOWING MONDAY

WHY ALL THE SMILES? DID SOMEONE LEAVE YOU A MILLION DOLLARS?

OH, JIM, I'M SO HAPPY! LOOK! I USED A NEW KIND OF SOAP TODAY...RINSO...AND THE WASH TURNED OUT SO SNOWY



IT WASN'T THE FAULT OF THE WASHER THAT MY CLOTHES LOOKED DINGY. IT WAS THE FLAT SUDS, BUT WITH RINSO I'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY AGAIN!

THAT'S GREAT!



The makers of 34 famous washers say, "Use Rinso for best results!"

A B C  
American Beauty  
Apex  
Automatic  
Barton  
Bee-Vac  
Blackstone  
Boss  
Conlon  
Dexter  
Fairbanks-Morse  
Fairday

Faultless  
Gainaday  
Hazz  
Horton  
Magnetic  
Meadows  
National  
"1900"  
Norge  
One Minute  
Prima

Rotarex  
Roto-Verso  
Savage  
Speed Queen  
Thor  
Universal  
Voss  
Westinghouse  
Whirldry  
Woodrow  
Zenith

AND for tub washing Rinso is truly remarkable. It *soaks* out dirt—saves scrubbing. Clothes come whiter, brighter—*safely*. They last 2 or 3 times longer, because they're not scrubbed threadbare. Gives rich suds—even in *hardest* water. Grand for dishes and *all* cleaning. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

A LITTLE GIVES A LOT OF SUDS

YES! EVEN IN WATER AS HARD AS NAILS



The biggest-selling package soap in America



# Pageant of the Airwaves



1. SINGS  
AFTERNOONS,  
DIRECTS  
NIGHTS



2. IN THE  
MODERN  
MANNER

## HERE COMES THE LEADER



3. NATIONAL BISCUIT  
MUSIC DIRECTOR

1. Little Jack Little is now a day-time, night-time star. Afternoons he sings under sponsorship, evenings he directs his orchestra which he formed last year.

2. Johnny Green laid down his baton last fall to become one of CBS's highest paid musical directors. Now he is back on the air with his dance orchestra, providing music in the modern manner for which he has become famous.

3. Kel Murray is Murray Kelner, violinist for years for maestros such as Nat Shilkret. This is his first job of conducting, which he is doing on Let's Dance, Saturday night. His type of music is the slow-tempoed style.

4. Bobby Dolan was once the piano player for Walter O'Keefe when these two boys performed at Barney Gallant's, one-time New York speakeasy. Now he is with Burns and Allen, with his band, Wednesday evenings.

5. Born in Mount Moriah, Missouri, Leith Stevens got his professional start through Madame Schumann-Heink. He is blond, married to Mary McCoy, and directs the orchestra on the Pinaud's Lilac Time program, Saturday evenings during the dinner hour.



4. BURNS AND  
ALLEN OR-  
CHESTRATOR

5. LILAC TIME'S  
MISSOURI  
MAESTRO





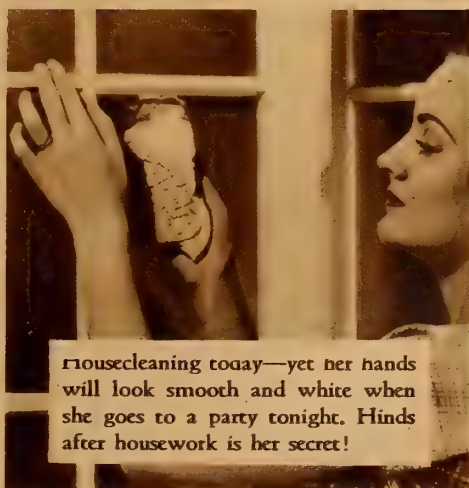
# Chapped busy hands made thrillingly smooth with **HINDS**



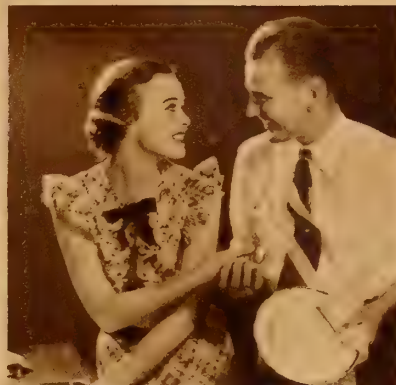
Smooth hands can say so much. But chapping, roughness, are ugly, unfeminine. Keep your hands nice with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Hinds *does more* for your hands because Hinds is a rich cream—in liquid form. When you smooth in Hinds, it soaks dry abused skin deeply with healing oils. It quickly restores a thrilling smoothness.



Soothe chapped little hands and knees with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It's easier to "wash clean" when Hinds keeps skin smooth.



Housecleaning today—yet her hands will look smooth and white when she goes to a party tonight. Hinds after housework is her secret!



Busy hands needn't chap or roughen. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream soaks the skin with rich oils—to replace those "dried out" by hot suds or wind.



So easy. Rub in a little Hinds after soap tasks . . . and before bedtime. Just 1½ minutes' care a day gives lasting smoothness.



IT is too bad to lose the endearing smoothness of your hands when you can keep it so easily—in spite of housework. It takes only about a minute and a half a day—it costs only a mere fraction of a cent a day—with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. . . . And your hands keep that lovable smoothness.

So many women have decided that Hinds does *more* for their hands. This is why:

Hinds is richer. It is a luscious *liquid cream*. When you rub in Hinds, it soaks the skin deeply with healing soothing oils—it replaces oils stolen from the skin by soap suds, housework and wind! Use Hinds after soap tasks—and always at night, to restore thrilling smoothness quickly. 50¢ and 25¢ in drug stores, a 10¢ size in the dime store.

## **HINDS** *Honey and Almond* **CREAM**

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1935





**1. OUTDOOR GIRL**

1. Brunette Gladys Baxter, with singing success in opera behind her, takes the leading rôle in CBS's Outdoor Beauty Girl Parade, new Saturday evening program. Born in Virginia, Gladys made her first outstanding stage début last summer, taking the title rôle in Jerome Kern's "Sweet Adeline," produced by the Saint Louis Opera Company.



**2. BRUNETTE CHARMER**

2. Here is one of the Hour of Charm soloists, under the direction of Phil Spitalny. Maxine, whose last name has been forgotten since her radio advent, comes from Columbus, Ohio, via successful work as band soloist in vaudeville. Spitalny bills her as the girl with radio's deepest voice.

## *Pageant of the Airwaves*



**3. MISSOURI SOLOIST**

3. Left, meet Martha Mears, who could have been a school teacher and who wasn't. Martha spent four years at the University of Missouri getting a life degree for teaching, only to become a singing star at various local Saint Louis radio stations. Five years of professional work in church choirs as soloist paved the way for her first NBC network appearance a few months ago. She went on the Phil Baker show in October and has been appearing as guest star on the Colgate House Party.



**4. CITIES SERVICE  
CONDUCTOR**

4. Right, the conductor on the Cities Service program, Rosario Bourdon. Canadian born and educated in the Jesuit College in Montreal, Rosario studied music in Ghent, Belgium, where he learned to play the 'cello. A year later he became soloist with the Kursal Orchestra of Ostend, Belgium. Since then he has been engaged with several of this country's best known symphony orchestras. He is one of NBC's outstanding musical directors.



# The GIBSON FAMILY



**DOT MARSH**, Bobby Gibson's girl—16 years ago, reclining in Ivory-washed clothes on an Ivory-washed blanket.

**TODAY** Dottie uses pure Ivory Flakes because salespeople in fine stores still advise Ivory, just as they did when she was a baby.

Ivory Flakes suit Dot's impatient generation to a "T." No dilly-dallying—those curly Ivory Flakes burst into instant suds the minute they touch lukewarm water. And delicate textures and colors are protected by the soap that's "pure enough for a baby's skin."

*Economy note:* The big blue box of Ivory Flakes is your biggest bargain in a fine-fabrics soap. You get 1/5 more flakes for your money!

**IVORY FLAKES · 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE**



"**DAT OL' TEA SET** of yo' great granny's ain't wuth damagin' yo' hands fo', Miz Gibson," grins Theophilus. "Don' yo' want yo' hands to look nice fo' this here impo'tant tea party?"

"Give me that Ivory and start making the sandwiches, 'Awful'," says Mrs. Gibson briskly. "Long before you came here to work, I washed dishes all the time with Ivory Soap. I *know* how nice it always keeps my hands!"

**PURE IVORY PREVENTS "HOUSEWORK" HANDS**



"**PURL TWO — SLIP ONE,**" recites Dot Marsh grimly. "Gosh!—Where'd I lose those crazy stitches? Honest, Miss Jensen, will this ever be a sweater? Look at it—it's dirty *already*!"

"When and *if* it gets done, Miss

Marsh," encourages helpful Miss Jensen of the Knitting Shop, "just douse it up and down in cool Ivory suds and it'll look dandy. Every department in this store is advising customers to use Ivory Flakes now!"

**"WASH WOOLS WITH IVORY!" SAY FINE STORES**



"**YOU'RE QUITE MISTAKEN**, Mr. Hamilton," teases the Masked Mystery. "I'm *not* Sally Gibson!"

"Oh, Sally, darling," whispers Jack, "what a punk disguise. I'd recognize your complexion in Timbuctoo!"

"Oh, Jack!" melts Sally, "I ought to put that in an Ivory testimonial, since Ivory is my beauty soap!" Yes, pure Ivory has kept Sally's complexion lovely since she was a baby.

**DOCTORS SAY "PURE IVORY FOR SENSITIVE SKIN!"**



# Pageant of the Airwaves

1. BACKSTAGE WITH MARY



2. LAUGHS WITH GRACIE



3. BIG SHOW  
BIG SHOTS



4. BACKSTAGE  
WITH LUX



## 1. BACKSTAGE WITH MARY

Mary Pickford heard Gale Gordon in radio on the West Coast and hired him on the spot when she organized her dramatic company for her Royal program. Gale has been on the New York stage in productions of "The Dove" and "The Dancers" before making his debut in California.

## 2. LAUGHS WITH GRACIE

Our prize candid camera shot of George and Gracie in the middle of a Wednesday night show. Until January only studio officials and production men could witness Gracie's work at the mike. She relented and let the public in on the fun while they were broadcasting from Hollywood.

## 3. BIG SHOW BIG SHOTS

Block and Sully, husband and wife, stooge and comic, in costume for the Monday night Big Show. When Eddie Cantor gave this vaudeville team a break on his former Chase and Sanborn hour he was starting one of radio's most successful teams. We understand they're due in Hollywood again soon for a picture.

## 4. BACKSTAGE WITH LUX

This is a complete production shot of the Sunday afternoon Lux Theater of the Air, which began early this winter with the first radio presentation of "Seventh Heaven." Deep in the background you can find Leslie Howard and Helen Chandler, in working costume, at the microphone.

# Two of the 46,000,000



WHEN we tell you that 46 million people bought Ex-Lax last year we aren't just bragging. And we aren't talking about ourselves...but about *you* and a problem of *yours*!

Here's why it is important to you. Occasionally you need a laxative to relieve constipation. You want the best relief you can get... thorough, pleasant, painless.

And when 46 million people find that one certain laxative gives them the best relief... well that laxative *must* be good. When 46 million people agree on *one* thing, there must be something about it that is different... and better.

### *Why America buys more Ex-Lax than any other laxative*

Here are the reasons: People realize more and more how bad it is to blast the system with harsh laxatives. Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take, yet it is *gentle*. Unlike harsh laxatives, it won't cause stomach pains, it won't upset you, it won't leave you feeling weak afterwards. People realize that habit-forming laxatives are bad. And they have found that Ex-Lax doesn't form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. People hate nasty-tasting medicines. Ex-Lax is a pleasure to

take... for everybody likes the taste of delicious chocolate.

### *That "Certain Something"*

There's something else these millions of Ex-Lax users find in Ex-Lax. A "certain something" beyond the facts just listed. It can't be described in words, or pictures. But it's there. It is the ideal combination of all these Ex-Lax qualities, combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way. Once you try Ex-Lax you'll understand. And nothing else will ever do.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes — at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

**COLD WAVE HERE...** and we mean *colds*. Sneezing, sniffing, coughing, misery-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up — **KEEP REGULAR...** with Ex-Lax.

#### MAIL THIS COUPON — TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170  
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

F45 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

When Nature forgets—remember  
**EX-LAX**  
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



# 1. A FRIEND INDEED



## Pageant of the Airwaves



# 2. SINGING IRISHMAN

# 3. REHEARSING WITH LYMAN



# 4. ARMCO IRON MAN



1. She's Stella Friend, leading spirit of Stella and her fellows quartet with Fred Waring. Stella, who comes from California, lost her voice for nearly a year, found it again, met Paul Gibbon, Charles Craig Leitch and Ray Ringwald in Hollywood and brought them to New York. She was on the Chesterfield program early in the year.

2. The Singing O'Flynn—Milton Watson, another California product. Graduating from college in 1924, he gained an audition with Paul Ash in San Francisco and was brought east by the band leader. Scored a stage success with the Four Marx Brothers in "Animal Crackers" and was heard over CBS in the Evening in Paris programs.

3. Abe Lyman, who probably has seen more of the country in vaudeville tours than any other popular band maestro, caught in rehearsal by the candid camera. He's playing now on both NBC and CBS radio networks.

4. The Armco Ironmaster musical conductor—Frank Simon. Formerly first cornetist with John Phillip Sousa, he organized his own aggregation of band men ten years ago. He has been heard with the band over station WLW in Cincinnati for the past five years. Last year he was put on an NBC hookup every Sunday afternoon and was carried over into this season, finishing his current series the fourth Sunday in March. Ferde Grofe, former arranger for Paul Whiteman, has been writing the music for the popular pieces which the band plays.



# WHY JOHN HERRICK REMAINS SINGLE

This popular New England singer is called "The Celibate Baritone." Here's the reason—

By  
ARTHUR C.  
JOHNSON

John Herrick is heard on the "Gems of Melody" program and also his own program on Saturday nights. See page 53 —7 o'clock column.



**O**N Boston's Radio Row they call him the "Celibate Baritone" and yet he has more feminine acquaintances than any other kilocycle artist in the celebrated city of the bean and the cod. But he claims he shall never marry.

His friends just can't grasp the idea. Why, they persist in asking, should John Herrick betray such marked timidity toward the marital tie?

Has some girl spurned his affections at some time during his earlier youth so that he hates all women? No. He considers a close pal of his one of the most prominent lady surgeons in Massachusetts. Another is a rising young female lawyer of Boston. Still another is a well known painter, several others are singers and instrumentalists.

Some of the more romantically inclined among Boston's gossipers have spread the rumor that Herrick was once engaged to a beautiful girl who died a week before the announced wedding day and that Herrick has been heart-broken ever since. Although it has been denied hundreds of times before, the rumor persists. It is, nevertheless, so much tommyrot.

Herrick throws off an airy reply to such an intimate question. "Why should I add another woman to my household?" he asks smilingly, "when all my brothers really turned out to be sisters, my nephews are all nieces and my

cousins and the rest of the present family tree are practically all members of the fair sex. My father and I were brought up completely surrounded by women. And although I thoroughly enjoy their company, I still look upon the marriage contract as one of those far away projects to be taken up in a whimsical dotage."

There is a deeper reason. One that goes down into the deepest recesses of this young baritone's heart. There is a woman in Herrick's life. Therein lies a tale. It is a tale about Mother and Son and in the telling you will find one of the most unusual twists you have ever heard. She passed away shortly before Christmas after a long illness.

This revelation of Herrick's relations with his mother is not the typical story of a love between a woman and her child. Julia Herrick was always more than a mother to her now famous son. She was a musical coach and spiritual confidante. She was an active partner in his profession, and she spent more than twelve years desperately trying to make her son change his mind about taking up singing as a career.

Julia Herrick came from a family of singers. And in the beginning of her vocal career she married a singer. Out of this union several children were born, all of them were girls except (Continued on page 85)

# I was half sick all the time



• I am a practical nurse and for the benefit of others I am writing this. It's no fun taking care of others when you're half sick all the time from constipation. Everything I took for it either griped or left me completely tired out. One of my doctors suggested I try FEEN-A-MINT. I consider it the ideal laxative—I don't have to worry about upset stomach and distress any more. FEEN-A-MINT certainly gives the system a marvelous and comfortable clearing out. It's so easy and pleasant to take that it's wonderful for children and saves struggling with them when they need a laxative.

## Chewing gives greater relief

We have hundreds of letters telling of the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given people. It works more thoroughly and more comfortably because you chew it and that spreads the laxative more evenly through the system, giving a more complete cleansing. People who object to violent laxatives that cause cramps and binding find FEEN-A-MINT an ideal solution of their problem. Over 15,000,000 men and women can testify to the satisfaction FEEN-A-MINT gives. And it's so easy to take, with its refreshing mint flavor. Try it next time. 15 and 25¢ at all drug stores.

**CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE...**  
BY CHEWING, THE  
LAXATIVE IS SPREAD MORE  
EVENLY THROUGH THE  
SYSTEM SO THAT IT  
WORKS MORE COMPLETE-  
LY. THAT IS WHY FEEN-  
A-MINT GIVES MORE  
COMPLETE AND  
PLEASANT RELIEF.



**CHEW YOUR  
LAXATIVE  
FOR EASIER RELIEF**

# Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE





# A Fortune FOR PLAYTHINGS



Yet she uses this **25¢ Tooth Paste**

*Do you realize why? Results, that's all!*

**I**T is no accident that women of wealth and position, fastidious and critical in selection of all things, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

Obviously, the price of 25¢ would have no weight in making their decision. The reason for their choice is the quality of the paste itself, the definite results it brings.

You will find, as more than 3,000,000 men and women have found, that Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth a brilliance and lustre not obtainable with ordinary dentifrices. You will observe also that this paste is safe and gentle in action; accomplishes amazing cleanliness without harm to precious enamel. Try it yourself and see teeth improve.

As you continue to use it you'll realize that at last you have a superior tooth paste, worthy of your patronage, and worthy, too, of the old and trusted name it bears. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Missouri.

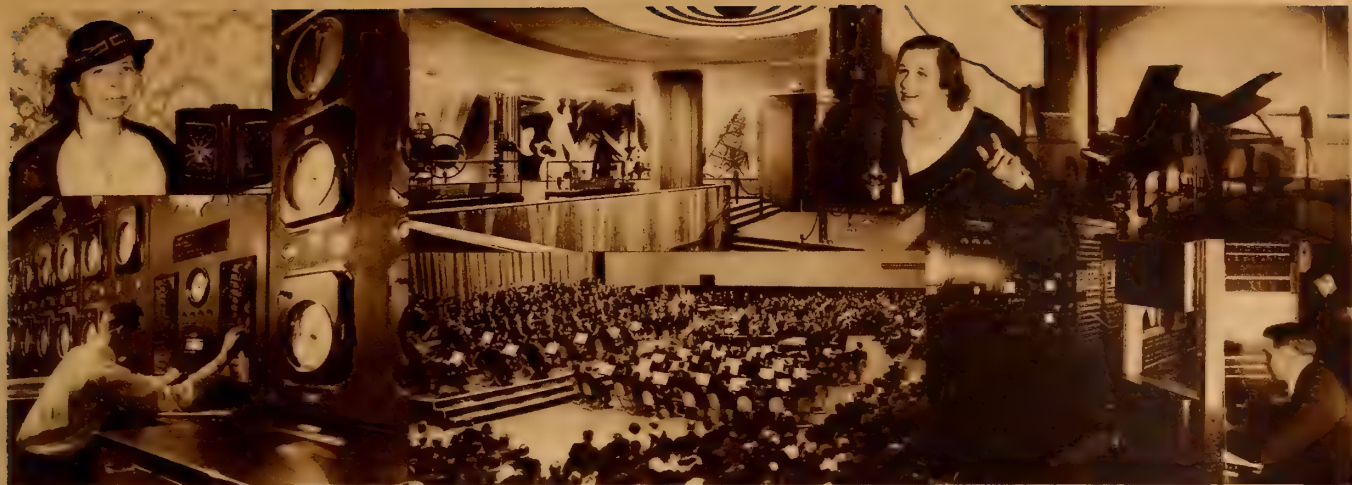
## TO USERS OF TOOTH POWDER

Your druggist has a new, quick cleansing, gentle acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.

Listerine  
TOOTH POWDER  
25¢

**LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . Regular Size 25¢ Double Size 40¢**





# REFLECTIONS in the radio mirror

**I**'M tearing my hair because—At nine o'clock (EST), Tuesdays, I can't make up my mind between Grace Moore, Ben Bernie, and Bing Crosby plus the Mills Brothers . . . Beatrice Lillie, who's so very swell, obviously meets the tastes of so few people . . . Mary Pickford is going off the air . . . I never know where Charles Winninger is going to be next and because I wonder whether he'll like working on the Showboat, if he returns to it . . . More people don't listen to the most finished program on the air, the Lux Theatre . . . Sponsors still insist on long, wearying advertising plugs, apparently unaware of how many potential customers are being antagonized by the unnecessarily tedious interruptions (don't let me have to mention this again).

**T**HE March of Time can now be seen in movie form. When I saw the first reel in preview, two things impressed me: what a fine, intelligent job it is and still, how much more vivid are the backgrounds when you listen to the air version and have to supply them with your own imagination! This is radio's greatest quality—its ability to stir your imagination, lulled to sleep by other forms of entertainment, notably motion pictures.

**A**N announcement appeared recently that a dignified group of dancing masters had selected a certain obscure orchestra leader as their choice for the best exponent of dance music in the country.

Then the dancing masters disowned the selection. And it turned out to be the boldly cooked-up stunt of a press agent, who wished to put his relatively unknown client into the lime-light. He might have realized that it actually did his client more harm than good—for who will ever believe another news item about that unfortunate young man?

**O**NCE long ago, Eddie Cantor got 300,000 letters in response to one program—but that was long ago. Nor were they just plain, disinterested missives. Most of them asked for a swell premium which Eddie had offered.

Just before he sailed for

Europe he did a little skit and made a little speech and this time he got 100,000 letters. And there were no premiums offered. The letter-writers wrote because what Eddie had said aroused in them a great enthusiasm. The response was without precedent.

That was the famous S.O.S. program—Save Our Schools. There were at least a hundred from presidents of universities, thousands from teachers and school principals; thousands more from the rich and the powerful. The quality of the response was what was most amazing. What's more, they're still coming in and it's well over four months since he made the appeal.

You may remember the program as the one in which Eddie pleaded with his listeners to keep the schools open. He pointed out directly and by way of a little sketch that thousands of schools in the country, especially in the rural districts, were closed for lack of funds—that thousands more were threatened with a similar fate. But Eddie got more than applause. His appeal brought action. Schools that had been closed were reopened. Schools whose doors were swinging were assured of a continued existence.

People wrote in urging Eddie to head a national organization which would dedicate itself to the job of keeping the schools open. Others offered to finance him in a drive for a Federal appropriation which would finance the bankrupt schoolboards of the nation. All of these offers, Eddie refused. He was a comedian. He had set the wheels in motion. That was enough. He had done his part.

Clever Cantor, these are the ways he keeps interest in him alive—the reason he tops all other comedians, none of whom has ever had the courage or the inspiration to step out from the gag line and say something about things that affect our daily lives.

I'm cheering because, beginning April 3, Chase and Sanborn sponsors One Man's Family, Wednesday evenings at 8 EST . . . and because Charlie Winninger stopped me from tearing my hair by singing that swell "The Cabbie's Last Ride" on his Gulf program; he's going to sing one song every week!

Here are my frank, personal opinions on what's right and what's wrong with radio—with casual comments on this and that. Do you agree with me? Whether you do or not, write me; prizes for best letters are announced on Page 47. Here's your chance to say your say about stars and air programs.

*Ernest V. Heyn*



# The EXCLUSIVE of the Jack Bennys'

By DORA ALBERT

**T**HIS is the only story that Mary and I will ever give out about the baby we have adopted," Jack Benny told me.

For months the intimate friends of Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone have been aware of how much the coming of Joan into their home has changed the whole pattern, the whole gay routine of their lives. From two Broadway-ites, living and working during terribly irregular hours, they've turned into a model Papa and Mama, going to bed early and rising early just so they can keep up with little Joan. Their friends have been amused at seeing these two sophisticated young people go as completely ga-ga over their adopted baby as the most unsophisticated and un-

worldly young mother and father. It's revolutionized them!

But at first Mary and Jack steadfastly refused to give out any interviews about the baby.

"This is different," Mary said at the time. "This isn't part of my work, of my public life. This is something I've dreamed about for a long time. I won't talk about Joan. Not until I've had a chance to have her to myself for a few months. She belongs just to Jack and me, and we don't want to share her with anyone else. Not now. Not yet."

Finally they agreed to give out this one interview about the baby, to explain what she means to them and what their plans for her are.

Jack Benny said to me, "We'll never want Joan to be far

from us. No boarding schools for her when she grows up. You see, for the first few months of her life she was deprived of having any mother or father with her. In all the later years we'll remember that and try to make it up to her."

And Mary said, "When Joan gets old enough to understand, I'll tell her that she's adopted. But in the meantime I want her to call me 'Mother' and think of me as 'Mother'. The biggest thrill of my life will come when Joan calls me 'Mother' for the first time. So far the biggest thrill of my life was having Joan put her soft hands on my cheeks. Nothing that has ever gone before, no success on the stage or radio ever meant as much to Jack and me."

Yes, this is Mary Livingstone speaking, Mary, the cold, the poised, the worldly young woman who fought her way up by using that shrewd and clear brain of hers. If what she says sounds mushy and sentimental, it's because something has happened to Mary. If I had told Mary a year ago that one day she

Jack and Mary have never known such bliss. Their cherished dream of a child is now a reality. On the opposite page is the proud mother and adorable baby Joan Benny.





# STORY *Baby*



would be dithering over an adopted baby like any other *hausfrau*, I'm sure she would have told me to stop telling bedtime stories.

If I had told Jack Benny, Jack who put his work above everything else, that he would be tossing important scripts aside to get down on his knees to play with a baby, he would have told me to act my age.

**B**UT what has happened? Flash! Look at this scene! I was sitting in the Benny living room. The nurse wheeled in six-months-old Joan in her crib. She was smiling. She is always smiling. She has curly blonde hair and her eyes are blue just like Jack Benny's. The minute she catches sight of him she makes a dive for him. She did now.

Jack took her into his arms. Her tiny hands caressed his cheeks. She beamed. Jack beamed. Mary beamed. Then Jack put one finger gently into the baby's mouth. She loved it. Soon he had two fingers in her mouth, then three like a teething ring. And Jack looked as if he was having the time of his life.

Then Mary took the baby into her arms, and she looked goofier than Jack. Goofy about the baby, goofy about life, goofy about the world which gave her this final, supreme treasure. The baby began to pull her hair. Mary only grinned while the baby pulled and pulled. And then she said, "What do you want to do, pull out your mother's hair so early in life?"

Do you remember the picture, "A Bedtime Story," with Maurice Chevalier, and how everybody in it catered to the whims of a little boy, even to giving him watches to smash? Well, Jack and Mary are like that. For instance, Baby Joan loves to pull at Jack's ties. Particularly red ones. The redder they are, the better she likes them. So lately, Jack has taken to wearing nothing but red ties, so as to give Joan something to grab at. While she grabs, he bends over her crib and beams.

**A startling change has come into the lives of Jack and Mary—told here for the first and last time**

*The Bennys are on the Jello program, see page 53—7 o'clock column.*

And Mary is even worse, with her eight baby books in which she scribbles down every move Joan makes. Every day she and Gracie Allen exchange stories about their adopted babies. Gracie calls her on the phone to gurgle, "Oh, you should have seen Sandra today. The way she looked up at George, you'd almost think she was winking at him." Then Mary says, "Joan looked as if she was trying to pick a fight with her daddy today. Why, when Jack was bending over her crib, she actually clenched her fist at him."

Gracie and Mary send gifts for each other's babies, and because Gracie's gifts so often duplicate Mary's, both babies have practically the same toys. "It's the dream of our lives," Mary Livingstone told me, "that when the two girls grow up they'll be the best of friends, as good friends as Gracie and I are."

Of course Baby Joan is getting the best of care. She has one of the finest baby specialists in the country to watch her health, and a very wise Scotch nurse has charge of the nursery. Oh, she's very capable. She's fully able to give Joan her bath, and feed her at the right time and see that she gets to bed at the right (Continued on page 64)



# Helen Jepson was

# until—

She has a secret of dreams,  
a secret of painful drudgery  
and disappointment that led  
to sudden, breath-taking fame

by ROSE HEYLBUT

**H**ELEN JEPSON is one of the magic names of the air. You hear her on the Whiteman hour, on the Chase and Sanborn opera hour, and in the great Metropolitan broadcasts . . . where she is the first woman star ever to be engaged for leading rôles direct from radio work. You see pictures of her slim, radiant blonde beauty, and you say, "That girl has glamor!" And so she has. But she has something more, besides. She has a secret of dreams that once seemed hopeless, and disappointments that looked crushing . . . the secret of any small town girl who longs for *the One Big Chance* that doesn't seem possible to get. It is just this secret that has made Helen Jepson what she is.

Come back with me about eight years, to Akron, Ohio. In a plain little room in a plain frame house, an eighteen-year-old girl is dragging herself wearily out of bed, to face another long day of drudging behind a shop counter. An interesting sort of girl. Blonde, lovely, with dreamy brown eyes, she is going through the hardest problem a human being can face—the problem of planning what to do with her life.

Two roads are open before her. One leads on, endlessly, through the plodding of a shopgirl's work. She knows all about that! Nine hours a day behind a counter, and your feet get so tired! You learned long ago that if you ever let yourself stop to think about your feet, you'd go crazy. So you don't think about them.

You arrange your hair before the glass now, and try not to think too much about anything. Today may be easier. You say that every morning. Yesterday was a corker! That fat old woman who looked as if she didn't have a worry in the world, and raised such a fuss about a bolt of tape that didn't match! How can a person carry on like that just about *tape*! If she had anything real and throbbing to think about. . . .

Now the other road opens before her—the way it flashes into everything, no matter where she starts thinking! This

other road leads into the magic world of music . . . to concert halls, to radio maybe; yes, even to the glamorous opera itself! Anything is possible . . . in a daydream. That's why daydreams are so comforting. The little shop-girl finishes dressing for the day's work and her thoughts run on.

Funny, to have a queer *something* in your throat that makes your voice sound . . . different. Funny, but grand, too! You sang solos at church and everybody praised you. And that time you'd sung the leading part in the High School show . . . my, how people had been excited over you! That was wonderful! If only you could live like that always. . . . Yes, but how could you if you were poor?

People said, "With a voice like that, you ought to do something!" But what? You couldn't afford music lessons, not even cheap ones. You couldn't even afford the *time* for them! You had earnest obligations. You had to go to work, and use your salary to help at home. Whatever happened, you couldn't fail the folks at home. You felt a beating of wings within you; there were times when you thought you'd die if you couldn't do *something* to get your big chance. . . .

Well, there was one thing you could do. You could be gallant; you could hope and dream and tell yourself that life isn't done at eighteen, even (*Continued on page 59*)

Below, the courageous, ambitious former shopgirl when she was arguing with her unwilling destiny at Curtis Institute.





# Just a SHOPGIRL

For the Whiteman Hour,  
see page 53, 10 o'clock  
column; also, Chase and  
Sanborn broadcast (8  
o'clock column) and Lis-  
terine, page 52—2  
o'clock column.







# Enchanted Lady



# Beginning the thrilling story of Ginger Wallis, a fame-hungry girl, who crashes radio's guarded gates through a daring ruse

by DOROTHY BARNESLEY



**T**HIS is Mark Hammond broadcasting from the roof terrace of the Berkeley Hotel, through Station WSR, New York."

The maestro made his own announcement, bending close to the microphone.

In the radio world Mark Hammond's popularity ranked second only to that of Rudy Vallee himself. His fan mail ran into thousands, and required the attention of three secretaries. His signed, smiling portrait adorned the wall of many a boudoir.

When Mark sang his crooning songs of love, débutantes sighed, the hearts of staid society matrons skipped beats, and housewives forgot their routine duties. Men fidgeted enviously, seeing their sweethearts captivated by a voice on the air.

Mark symbolized the romance and glamour of every girl's dream lover. His voice was irresistible, and his personality magnetic. On various occasions he had been reported engaged to a film star, a Broadway actress, and a temperamental young prima donna. But not one of them had lured him to the altar.

Mark Hammond was a free soul. He loved life as it was. He appeared at the fashionable late spots with a different beauty every night.

A writer for a radio magazine quoted him as saying, "I shall not marry until I give up my radio work. My work brings me in contact with too many charming women. I feel that a happy marriage would be impossible for me I have seen other marriages among professionals like myself crash sordidly. I prefer to keep romance."

The columnists panned him for his egotism, but Mark laughed it off. It was good publicity. Besides he wasn't entirely egotistical. He was just shrewd enough to know that his enormous popularity depended upon his appeal to the fair sex.

The voice which carried thrillingly into the homes of America announced, "The opening number on tonight's program will be, 'I Saw Stars'."

"Stars!" echoed Ginger Wallis, seated at her obscure table at the far end of the terrace.

**G**INGER WALLIS had hitched her wagon to a star. A radio star. Ginger knew that she could sing. The radio was her consuming ambition. She haunted the broadcasting studios, trying to get an audition. She read the radio magazines avidly. The celebrities of the air were her idols. Ginger had a little book filled with autographs.

It lay on the table before her now. Ginger said to her companion, "I got another one today. Guess who?"

Larry Bryan just looked at her. A sullen-faced young man to whom radio stars were just voices on the air, not flesh and blood humans as they were to Ginger.

Ginger raced on, "Ruth Etting! She was coming out of the studio. WEA. Her husband was with her. I walked right up to her and asked her for her autograph. She smiled at me. Gosh, she's sweet! Look what she wrote."

Larry read, "Wishing you success—Ruth Etting."

"Look what you've done, you little—." She caught at the ruffles on Ginger's dress. The ruffles ripped. In an instant it was a personal fight between two girls who wanted the same thing.







ILLUSTRATED BY CARL PFEUFER

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through a daring ruse

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The voice which carried thrillingly into the homes of America announced, "The opening number on tonight's program will be, 'I Saw Stars'."

"Stars!" echoed Ginger Wallis, seated at her obscure table at the far end of the terrace.

**G**INGER WALLIS had hitched her wagon to a star. A radio star. Ginger knew that she could sing. The radio was her consuming ambition. She haunted the broadcasting studios, trying to get an audition. She read the radio magazines avidly. The celebrities of the air were her idols. Ginger had a little book filled with autographs.

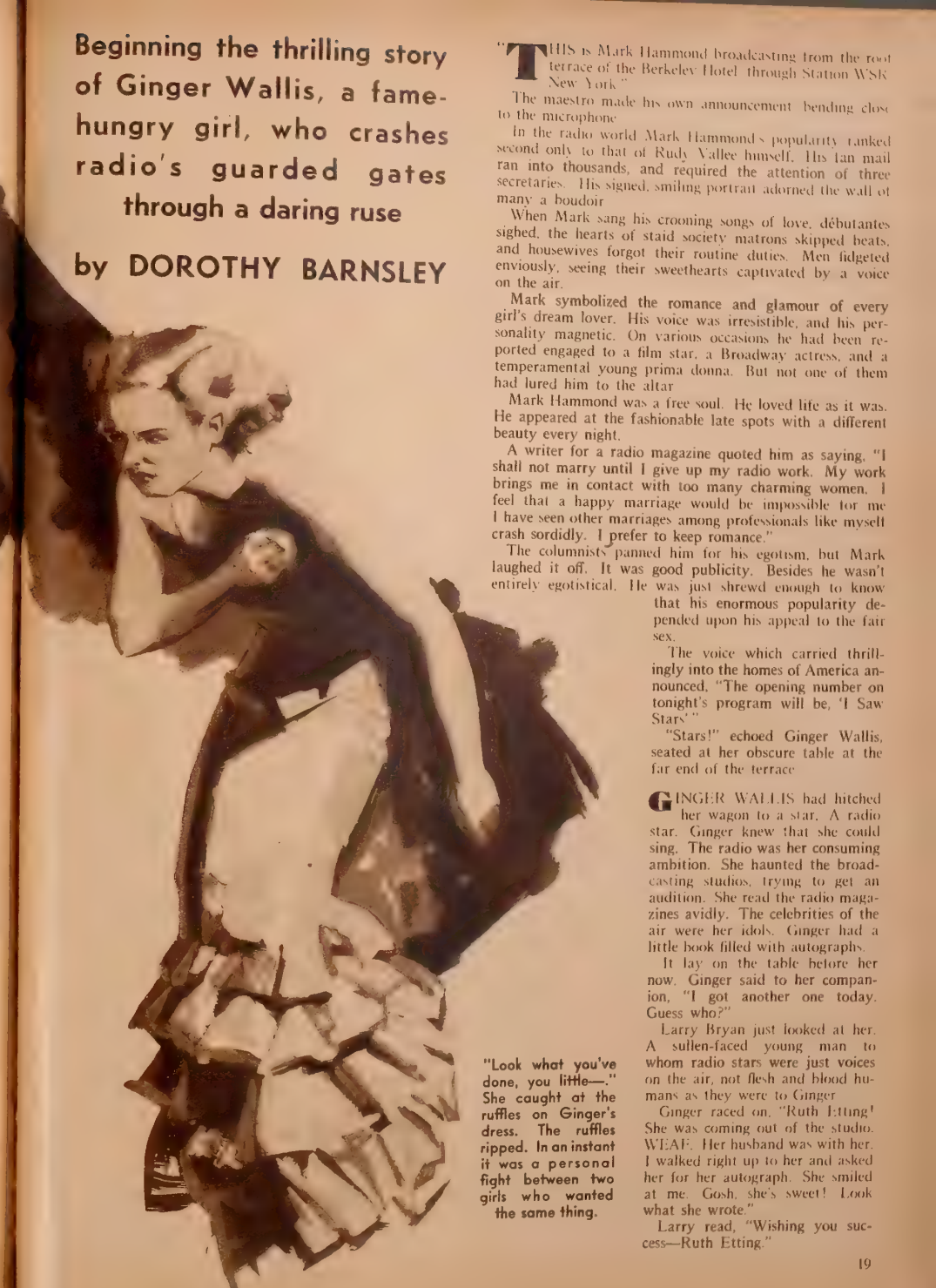
It lay on the table before her now. Ginger said to her companion, "I got another one today. Guess who?"

Larry Bryan just looked at her. A sullen-faced young man to whom radio stars were just voices on the air, not flesh and blood humans as they were to Ginger.

Ginger raced on, "Ruth Etting! She was coming out of the studio. WEAF. Her husband was with her. I walked right up to her and asked her for her autograph. She smiled at me. Gosh, she's sweet! Look what she wrote."

Larry read, "Wishing you success—Ruth Etting."

"Look what you've done, you little—." She caught at the ruffles on Ginger's dress. The ruffles ripped. In an instant it was a personal fight between two girls who wanted the same thing.





The enchanted Ginger said, "I'm going to get Mark Hammond's, too."

"Hammond!" Larry exploded. "Why, his flock of secretaries wouldn't even let you get near him. Mark Hammond hasn't got time to waste on a girl like you. He's out for society."

"I'll get it," Ginger repeated.

"And when you do, what good will it do you?"

Ginger's blue eyes held a faraway look.

"It will bring me a little nearer to a dream of mine. Oh, I know you think I'm a fool, Larry. But I know what I want. Some day I'm going to be a star myself. I'm not going to chase celebrities for their autographs forever. I'm going to be one of them!"

"You and I don't belong here tonight. We're out of place, and uncomfortable. My dress isn't right. It's cheap and gaudy, and it clashes with my hair. I can see that now. But it won't always be like this. I'm going to be different. I'm going to be famous. I'm going to be *somebody*!"

Ginger was slim, and vibrant, and red-headed. She was right about her dress. It was flame-colored, and all wrong with that hair of hers. Ginger had got away to a wrong start in life. She had known poverty, and hard knocks. But she had never lost faith in her own talent.

Larry said, "And you think hanging around the broadcasting studios, staring goggle-eyed at the Great Ones, and being rebuffed at every turn is ever going to get you anywhere? The air is overcrowded now. There are thousands of girls like you who think they can sing."

"I know I can sing," she interposed quietly.

"An unknown doesn't stand a chance these days. There's only room on the air for people with big names."

"People have to *earn* big names," Ginger said. "I was reading about Mark Hammond in a magazine the other day. Two years ago all the studios turned him down. He started in to work for practically nothing. The little money he received he turned over to the boys in his band, just to keep them from deserting him. He only had one suit of clothes, and his shoes were worn through at the bottoms. Now look where he is."

**T**HE smiling Mark Hammond had paused to introduce some notables at nearby tables. A famous film star, visiting from Hollywood, cooed a greeting into the microphone to her unseen audience.

Mark said, "And here is my friend, Lew Littell, the old keyhole peeper in person! Come and tell the folks the latest gossip, Lew."

A murmur of interest rippled from table to table as the famous Broadway columnist stepped up to the microphone. A short, slight man with very shrewd eyes, and the pallid face of one who habitually turns nights into days, and days into nights.

Ginger Wallis watched eagerly, her face shining with all the awed interest of an unknown for those whose magic names are household words. Because she read her radio magazines so carefully Ginger knew the part Lew Littell had played in raising Mark Hammond to stardom.

The friendly feud between these two had made radio history. It started a year ago when Littell, on one of his own broadcasts, had made a wise crack at Mark's expense. Mark retaliated wittily,

to the amusement of his radio audience.

Both men suddenly found that they had stumbled upon something which was priceless publicity. They kept it up. On the air they banded wise cracks back and forth. Off the air they were friends.

Ginger knew that the amusing publicity Lew Littell had given Mark Hammond had helped to put the young bandmaster over. She knew, too, that publicity was the only thing which could help her. Right then she was desperate enough to do almost anything which would earn notice for herself.

Littell's voice was staccato, "Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Listener-in. Flash!—Important secret developments in an internationally famous kidnapping case indicate that a suspect will be definitely named in a very few days. Flash!—In spite of indignant denials the Johnny Harvards will get that divorce, and the charges will be sensational. And now we'll tell one on our genial maestro."

Littell grinned. "Maybe Mark Hammond won't thank us for reporting this. Frances Marsden, featured singer with his band, eloped last night with a lad who has too much coin. Mark is looking for a new songbird. Here's a wide-open chance in a million for a girl with a voice, and plenty of it, those, and them. Step right up, youngsters, but don't get crushed in the mob!"

Mark grimaced at the smiling Littell as he waved him away from the microphone.

Ginger Wallis sat up very straight suddenly. She never heard the rest of that broadcast. She never heard what Larry Bryan was saying to her.

"A chance in a million for a girl with a voice—"

Her chance! Just how she was going to thrust herself before Mark Hammond's eyes she had not the least idea. She only knew that somehow she had to do it. And she had to do it tonight.

The half-hour broadcast was (Continued on page 54)



"I understand, all right," Mark said grimly. "Just because you have a crazy idea you want to sing over the radio you think you can put me on the spot."





*Culture Service*

Little Michael takes up a great deal of his daddy's time. And Lawrence Tibbett is the busiest man these days what with his Packard broadcasts on Tuesday nights and his opera work. He's now preparing for the title rôle in the new American opera, "The Pasha's Garden," by John Laurence Seymour.

**TIBBETT  
and CO.**





*Homer Van Pelt*

The Campbell Soup star of Columbia's Hollywood Hotel program seems to have turned back the pages of history. Dick Powell, as he appears with Gloria Stuart, his new partner in Warner Brothers' film, "Golddiggers of 1935."

On the right, the lovely Irene Rich of radio, stage and screen fame, has just renewed her contract with Welch's Grape Juice. Miss Rich is proof of our modern-day miracles that one can be both successful and beautiful at forty.

*Herbert Mutchall*







NELSON EDDY



*Photo by Virgil Apper*

One of America's handsomest baritones, and he knows his opera, too. He can sing thirty-two operatic rôles in six different languages. Mr. Eddy is featured on the Firestone program over the National networks.



# RUTH ROBIN



*Photo by Joseph McElliott*

Only nineteen years old but this Brooklyn gal is going places. Ruth is Leon Navara's soloist, whose orchestra plays interesting dance tunes at the St. Moritz Hotel in New York, overlooking Central Park.



# 32 GIRLS



## WHO CAN'T MARRY

Would you sign away your love-life to play in Phil Spitalny's band?

By JOHN EDWARDS

*Heard on the Linit Hour of Charm.  
See page 51—8 o'clock column.*

each member of his band sign when she joined.

Over a year ago Spitalny began a talent hunt for women musicians. He wanted an orchestra composed solely of girls and he wanted them single. It took nearly twelve months before he was through, but when it was all over, he had what he had been looking for. You hear the orchestra every week now, on

**I**F you were in your twenties, single, and you found the right man, and he proposed to you, would you marry him? But wait—What if you had signed a legal contract promising not to marry anyone for two years? Then what would you do?

That's the situation facing one of the most unique musical organizations in the world. There they are—thirty-two girls who can't marry and they don't know what to do about it.

Before you pass any snap judgments, read the story of how these girls came to find themselves in such circumstances, how they came to be radio stars, all thirty-two of them, and yet couldn't marry—not one of them.

It's the story of Phil Spitalny and his all-girl orchestra which the Linit Hour of Charm features over a CBS nationwide hookup and of the unique legal documents he made

Thursday nights, from eight to eight-thirty.

The selection wasn't as easy as it may sound, because Spitalny not only wanted them single—he wanted them to promise not to marry for two years! And that is how one of the strangest contracts in radio came to be drawn up between a band leader and his musicians. There's a sound reason for this contract which Spitalny himself gave me and which I'll tell you later.

But what if you played a musical instrument and were offered an engagement on a coast-to-coast hookup? All right, you sign an agreement not to marry for two years. Then after you sign, you meet the man of your dreams and he says "let's get married." What do you do then?

I went to a rehearsal of the Spitalny orchestra with these questions in mind, looking for some of the girls who by this time must have had answers to (Continued on page 80)



by FRED SAMMIS

# The Real Reason Singing Sam Came Back



**Why did radio's  
most popular  
baritone who  
quit for good re-  
turn to the air?  
Here's the low-  
down on the story**

**A** LITTLE over a year ago the most popular baritone voice radio ever found left New York and went home. Singing Sam had quit!

Now, with the rapid passage of the year, he is back on the air, on a new network program. Once more his husky, friendly voice booms out that familiar advertising slogan:

"Barbasol, Barbasol, no brush, no lather, no rub in. . ."

Probably you remember that when he let his contract expire, packed his baggage, and got out, he said in a magazine interview:

"I'm going home because I'm tired—tired of working, tired of singing. I don't think I'll be back."

Then why is he singing again? When did he return? And why has there been so little fanfare of trumpets announcing his arrival once more on the air?

In the story which answers those questions is wrapped up a boyhood dream and a man's lifelong yearning—all miraculously come true. Singing Sam is living the life he has always wanted, and he is back in radio because he has not had to give up what it took him so many years to find.

The truth is this. Harry Frankel, the Barbasol Man, has found home, the home he left as a young man to begin a vaudeville career which carried him back and forth into every large city and out-of-the-way village in the country. Now, day by day, he takes deeper and deeper root in the rich Indiana soil from which he sprang.

This writer traveled to Cincinnati to see Frankel, for it

is over the new Mutual network (WLW in Cincinnati, WGN in Chicago, and WOR in Newark) that he sings. We met on the eighth floor of the world's largest local station—WLW—the second Friday night of his new series.

Already his heavy, rather handsome face had the unmistakable marks of an outdoor man. The skin was tanned, leathery, flushed with health. He was no longer the Singing Sam who had quit because he was tired of working, and tired of singing. There was a sparkle in his blue eyes, his handclasp was firm.

And sitting at his side, quiet and smiling, was Mrs. Frankel, whom he introduced proudly as his bride of less than a year. Pretty, vivacious, she married Frankel last June and went to the farm with him to live. It was all a part of Singing Sam's plans when he dropped his Barbasol rôle and became a country gentleman.

When I asked him why he had come back to radio, his answer to my question was unexpected. In New York word had gone around that Frankel had lost all his money in a bank venture, that he had been forced to go, penniless, to his sponsors and ask for a job again. They had formed a mental picture of a man who had saved all his life only to lose his savings and find himself back where he started.

"Lose my money? Not at all," Frankel said unhesitatingly. "I came back because of a very different reason. Let me tell you about it."

"An hour's drive from Cincinnati (Continued on page 72)



# The DOUBLE

## Nick Parkyakakas

**C**LAD in typically conservative brown tweeds, one of Boston's youngest and most successful advertising men galloped for the train. In one hand he held a new hat, in the other he clutched a telegram from Eddie Cantor.

WANT TO AUDITION YOU FOR SUNDAY NIGHT'S BROADCAST COME AT ONCE REGARDS EDDIE CANTOR.

Harry Einstein read the telegram once more to make sure it was real, shoved his hat on his head, and boarded the train for New York. In five hours he was in the Grand Central Station. In another he had found Cantor, had his audition, heard the decision.

"You're on the next program. I predict that you will be a tremendous hit!"

And that is how Parkyakakas was introduced to a coast-to-coast network for Eddie Cantor's Chase and Sanborn hour and how he has found his way to Eddie's new Pebeco show on a CBS hookup.

"I never for a moment dreamed," said he—and he used

He's on the Cantor program. See page 51—8 o'clock column.



THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING

# WESTER UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON  
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

R. B. WHITE  
PRESIDENT

### CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination.

Received at

BZ160 14 4 EXTRA DUPLICATE OF TELEPHONED TELEGRAM

NEWYORK NY 28 607P

HARRY EINSTEIN=

18 ORKNEY RD BROOKLINE MASS=

YOU ARE IN SUNDAYS PROGRAM WIRE ME WHEN YOU ARRIVE=

EDDIE CANTOR.

| STATES IN TRANSIT |            |
|-------------------|------------|
| FULL-RATE         | DAY LETTER |



# L I F E o f

If Parkyakakas is Harry Einstein and Harry Einstein is the Advertising Director of a Boston furniture store, then who is the Greek comedian on the Eddie Cantor program? Read this!

By EDWARD E. LEWIS

Photo made exclusively  
for Radio Mirror



Harry Einstein, Advertising Director of the Kane Furniture Co., is the voice behind Parkyakakas. The card on the right is a sample of one of his gaga schemes.

the broad A common to Boston—"that such a part would ever be handed me on such a program."

Not by the wildest flight of imagination could Harry Einstein, the Monday morning I interviewed him, be taken for the master of the Greek dialect who had panicked, the night before, one of radio's largest audiences.

His sleeves rolled up to the elbows, a pencil jabbed down over one ear, he was interviewing printers, salesmen, department heads, and—in-between times—writing a new ad for the furniture company of which he is a director.

During the swiftly moving moments of his daily routine this young Boston business executive remains coolly efficient. It took a telegram from the world of entertainment, from Cantor himself, to upset his equilibrium.

"Because," as he confessed, "I was unable to eat or sleep. It was the greatest and happiest moment in my life, yet the most miserable. Miserable because my rise and fall depended on this first interview with Mr. Cantor."



**DON'T  
VOTE FOR**

**NICK PARKYAKAKAS**

KAY'S CANDIDATE

**for MAYOR**

Listen in Radio Station WNAC,  
Mondays and Fridays at 10:30 P.M.  
to Nick's political rallies.



**H**E sat back—this young man of thirty who controls a yearly appropriation of \$20,000 for advertising—drew a deep breath and explained:

"That train ride from here to New York was the longest period of my life. I never realized how slowly trains could run. I actually wanted to get out and push the cars myself."

But if Parkyakakas is Harry Einstein, and Harry Einstein is the advertising director of a Boston furniture store, whence the hilarious, successful Greek comedian?

The dialect which he mastered came easily to him and comedy was bred in his bone. (Continued on page 63)







# The DOUBLE LIFE of Nick Parkyakakas

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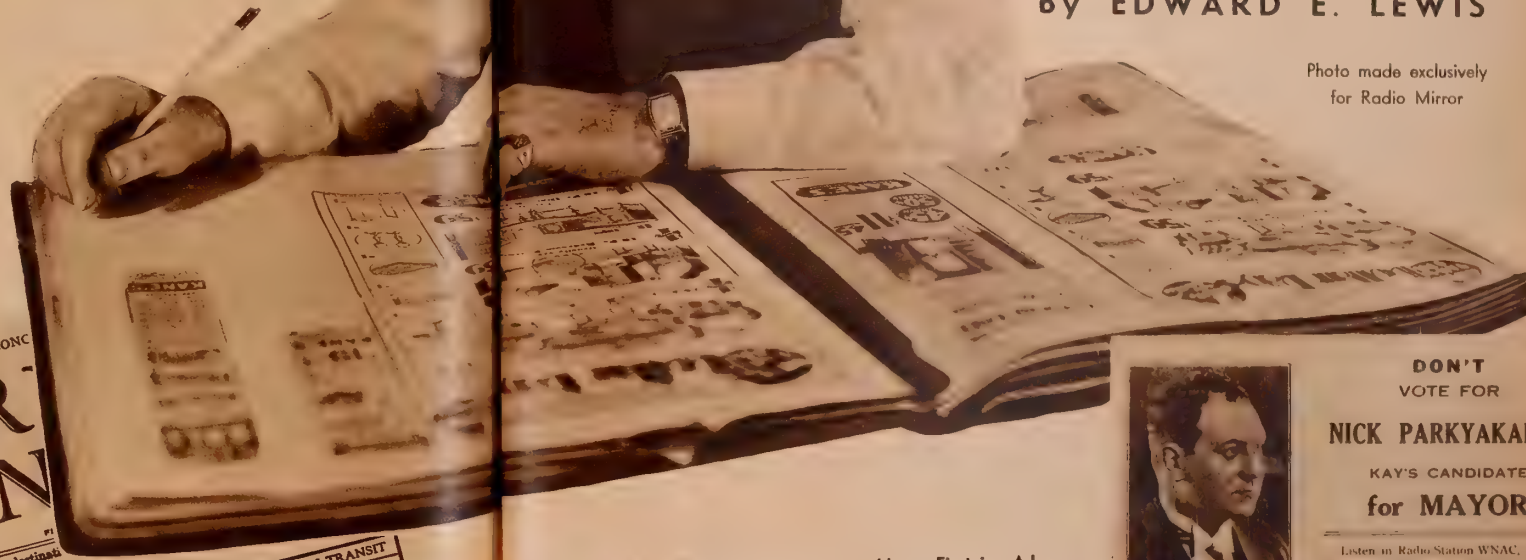
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Photo made exclusively for Radio Mirror

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NEWCOMB CARLTON  
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

R. B. WHITE  
PRESIDENT

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CLASS OF SERVICE

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YOU ARE IN SUNDAYS PROGRAM WIRE ME WHEN YOU ARRIVE

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The dialect which he mastered came easily to him and comedy was bred in his bone. (Continued on page 63)



# What's wrong with

## RAY PERKINS TELLS

By DAN WHEELER

*Photographs made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR  
by Wide World*



For Ray Perkins' Feenamint's Amateur night, see page 52—6 o'clock column.



**T**HE trouble with most amateurs—those with real talent, that is—is that they can't overcome the bugbear of audience-fright," says Ray Perkins. "They are defeated by their own fear."

You know Ray as the master of ceremonies on the first amateur program to be broadcast over a national network, the Amateur Night, sponsored by Feenamint and heard every Sunday afternoon at six o'clock, Eastern time. You hear him introduce the performers, and sometimes you hear the whistle he blows as a signal to Arnold Johnson, the orchestra leader, to play the loud G-major chord which cuts an amateur off in mid-flight.

Although he was away from the air for five months before becoming master of ceremonies for the Amateur Night, Ray's comedy and singing have been radio and vaudeville features since 1925.

A large part of Ray's present job is carried on behind the scenes. He is a member, and an important one, of the group which every Saturday listens to between two and three hundred eager, hopeful aspirants to microphone success, and decides which of them will be given their chances on Sunday's program. The Sunday broadcasts

are made up of bona-fide amateur talent, but it has to be sifted first, in order

to provide a half-hour's entertainment for the listening public.

A barrage of talent and no-talent is thrown at Ray every week, but in spite of it he has found time to sympathize with those who haven't yet arrived, and with those who, in all likelihood, never will; and to analyze the mistakes they make.

"In the first place," he said, "only five or ten per cent of the amateurs we listen to are really going somewhere. The other ninety or ninety-five per cent aren't. A small percentage? Well, maybe, but I don't think it is any smaller in radio than in any of the other branches of the entertainment field. Radio is a hard racket, but it looks easy and fabulously well paid, so a lot of people without any particular talent are attracted by it."

"When I say that the (Continued on page 74)

Ray Perkins says that the trouble with most amateurs is fear. Above, you see Ray blowing the whistle that spells "doom" to many aspirants.





# the AMATEURS?

## MAJOR BOWES TELLS

*Major Bowes' Amateur Hour is on Station WHN, New York. The Major's Capitol Family is on the NBC air Sunday mornings at 11:30.*

**T**HE trouble with most of the people who want to achieve fame on the radio is that they are lazy.

This is the startling conclusion of the man who has listened to more amateurs than any other person in New York—Major Edward Bowes, master of ceremonies on the WHN Amateur Hour, which he originated.

Hard words? Perhaps at first they seem so, but the Major's frank advice should be invaluable to all of us whose ambition it is to be a radio star.

The Major is one of radio's veterans—in fact, his Capitol "Family", which he has "fathered" for almost ten years, is the oldest non-commercial program on the air. You've heard him, as well, on numerous special broadcasts, and as a speaker at banquets and other public occasions which have included the radio public among their audiences.

Besides his radio appearances, he is the managing director of the Capitol Theatre in New York, vice president of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures Corporation, and managing director of WHN.

His long connection with radio and the theatre have given the Major a keen understanding of the difficulties which beset the path of the aspirant to fame—and for nearly a year now he has been the impresario of a weekly broadcast which draws all its talent from those whose names are still unknown to the world.

Unless you live in or near New York, you probably have never heard (Continued on page 75)

Major Bowes says that most people who want to achieve fame are lazy. Above, the Major striking that famous gong of defeat.





# How to get **MORE** out of

**We don't have to be high-brows or educated musicians to enjoy fine music -- this fascinating feature tells us why**

**"S**ERIOUS" music is rapidly becoming "popular" music.

More and more symphonies and operas and fine concerts are being broadcast and every day more and more people are listening in.

The big boys who sit behind walnut-topped desks, and chew cigars—the executives who control radio—are putting thousands of dollars this year into producing fine symphonic and operatic broadcasts. In the next few years, millions will be spent. All because the mass of radio listeners—you and I and the guy next door—are beginning to enjoy these programs.

That means we are learning how to listen to them.

We are finding out that you don't have to be a "high-brow" or a sissy, or an educated musician to enjoy symphonies and operas.

Anyone who likes jazz is musical. The only difference between liking jazz and liking serious music is in the way you listen. The blare of a jazz band comes out of your loud-speaker and hits you square between the eyes. In listening to the symphony, you must go half way to meet it.

A jazz band thrills you. Exhilarates you. Makes you want to dance.

A symphony makes you want to dance. Thrills you, saddens, depresses, elevates you. It makes you want to cry. To pray. To commit murder. To love. To worship beauty.

Millions are being spent on fine symphonic and operatic broadcasts. Rich and poor alike can enjoy the fruits of this golden harvest; the only ticket of admission is the trick of knowing how to listen.





# FUN MUSIC

Without any tomfoolery or hokey, Carleton Smith, famous music critic and friend of the great composers and musicians, shows us, in this fine story, how to give ourselves up to music and get out of it all we've been missing. Mr. Smith's knowledge of the art is only exceeded by his talent in writing about it.

—The Editor.

by CARLETON SMITH

Illustrated by  
HUBERT MATHIEU

It thrills you and makes you conscious of every living emotion. Think of it, all these experiences, all that one can feel in life and death, await you to experience and know in a great symphony. It's all in the art of listening, listening to hear.

You can hear a lot of Wagnerian music this winter on the radio—straight from the Metropolitan Opera House. The New York Philharmonic broadcasts several Wagnerian programs.

**J**UST for the fun of it, I want you to experiment a bit with this idea of listening to good music. Let us imagine that you and I are about to hear Wagner's "Tannhauser" together.

The thing to do is to get into an easy chair a few minutes before the broadcast begins. Take your pipe or your knitting with you. Relax. Be quiet a few minutes. Above all, don't be self-conscious. Realize that whether or not you are a musician doesn't matter. Just keep your ears open—and wait.

This opera that you're about to hear depicts the struggle of an ordinary man—a man like me or you—to choose between two kinds of loves; the sensual, passionate love that some of the famous harlots of history inspired, and the ideal, faithful, wifely love that every man wants in his heart. Both attract Tannhauser, the hero of this opera.

Now, we have three forces at work in the music: the calm, magnificent, beautiful quality of (Continued on page 68)









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# Frank Parker

## Radio's Best-Dressed Man

by FRED  
RUTLEDGE

*Photographs made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by  
William Hawssler*

He explains what clothes mean to  
him and what your clothes can—  
and should—mean to you and you

The tenor of the Jello and  
A. & P. Gypsies programs favors  
a grey, Scotch plaid double-  
breasted suit for business only.  
It's the suit pictured on the left.

For ordinary evenings, Frank  
dons a navy blue suit like the  
one below. It's double-breasted  
also, and of a basket-weave  
cloth. Can be worn Sundays.







**S**EVENTEEN suits hang in his clothes closet. Twelve pairs of shoes stand below them. Five felt hats, an opera hat, and a top hat sit on the shelf above. The suits have been cut by one of New York's finest tailors. The shoes are hand sewed. The hats come from Fifth Avenue's smartest shop. That is why Frank Parker is known as the best dressed man in radio.

Yet he says, "Any man on an ordinary income can look as well turned out as I do." And Frank should know whereof he speaks, for he spends almost a day a week with his tailor, studying style trends, picking out material for new suits, matching ties and shirts with the suits he already has. It's just another part of the business of singing.

Naturally most of us can't imitate this wardrobe, with its dozens of shirts, its thirty odd ties, its three overcoats and two topcoats—the ones we've described in detail under the pictures—but we can profit from Frank's experience in collecting such a wardrobe.

That is why we went to him when we wanted five plain, easy to follow rules on how to be the best dressed man in town on our present incomes. And that is why we asked him the questions we've asked you on the next page. Study his replies. Therein lies the real secret of good dress.

*What is the proper wardrobe for a man?*

Here is Frank's answer: "A man should have at least two business suits, two overcoats, one of which can be lightweight and can serve as a topcoat, a tuxedo, an afternoon suit, full dress for evening, two hats and three pairs of shoes."

Above, radio's bachelor, ready for a week-end of polo. His traveling suit is black and white tweed. The snappy costume at the right has checked trousers without the usual cuffs. The coat and double-breasted vest with lapels are black. With it go a derby, walking stick, gloves, and stiff collar.

"I include in the list, evening dress or "tails" and the afternoon suit—two things most men don't consider necessary. However, I feel sure that in a year or two the tux will never be worn after dinner. "Tails" are rapidly becoming very popular.

The afternoon suit or morning suit—is something which can be used Sunday afternoons and Sunday nights, at informal receptions, at cocktail parties or teas. And my suggestion to the man who feels he cannot afford this is to make sure that one of his business suits is dark. Then, with a pair of striped trousers to go with the coat, he has a complete new outfit—an afternoon suit."

*How much should it cost?*

"That of course," Frank told us, "is largely dependent on personal income. My own wardrobe, for instance, would be out of the question for the ordinary business man. My business suits cost \$125 each. My overcoats \$150. My evening dress \$175. And that is inexpensive for a professional.



"But no matter how small the salary, a man should pay \$40 for a business suit. This is only a matter of economy. In the long run it is less expensive than a so-called bargain suit. And he should have two suits at this price. His overcoat—\$45; his tuxedo—the same; his tails—\$50; his topcoat—\$35.

"Now we come to shoes and shirts and hats. Shoes at \$8 give the best value. Shirts from \$1.50 to \$2.00. Hats—good ones too—at \$5. That covers the list, except for ties at a dollar. The total: between \$300 and \$350.

*What are the mistakes most men make in dressing?*

"The choice of their accessories—their shirts and ties, the shoes they wear, the hats, the socks. That is why I say that any man with two or three suits can look very well dressed.

"More important than the number of suits is the proper use of shirts and ties. By changing accessories every day the effect of a whole new wardrobe can be obtained. And most men overlook this simple fact. If they change their shirt one day, they try to get along with the same tie. Or perhaps they wear the same shirt and just put on a different tie.

"Then they don't realize the importance of their shoes. No man can look properly turned out if his shoes need shining.

Frank Parker's formal evening suit. The coat is high-waisted, the tails extremely long. Extreme right, we have Beau Brummel himself, evening topper and all, ready for an evening of heigh-ho.



## CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

What is the proper wardrobe for a man?

How much should it cost?

What are the mistakes most men make in dressing?

How can a woman help the man she loves look well dressed?

Should you wear: spats; a handkerchief in your suit coat pocket; garters; polish on your nails; a derby?

*Frank Parker is heard on the Jack Benny program. See page 53—7 o'clock column; also A. & P. Gypsies, page 53—9 o'clock col.*



They are the key to the whole appearance. If they are kept shined, they will last longer and look newer, too. Neat shoes will set off the whole ensemble."

*How can a woman help the man she loves look well dressed?*

"Generally, a woman is a better judge of colors and ensembles than a man. When he goes shopping for shirts and ties, he should make a point of having his sweetheart or wife, as the

case may be, come along to help him in his selection.

"She should also see to it that he changes his shirt and tie every day. By making the suggestion in the right way she can point out to him that he doesn't look as well as he might, something he is prone to overlook.

"I say, by all means take a woman along when buying clothes."

*Should you wear: spats; a handkerchief in your suit coat pocket; garters; polish on your nails? A derby?*

"Although I personally do not wear spats, they are all right—if a man can stand the razzing he is likely to get from his friends.

"He should certainly have a handkerchief in his coat pocket. This is very important, because it helps so much in breaking up the solid color of the ensemble. I still wear a handkerchief with a tux, although the stylists say that is no longer correct.

"I don't know that there is much to be said about garters. Any man by this time should know (Continued on page 79)



# MARRIAGE

## *broke her heart!*

**“W**OMEN are out of luck. Once you've set your heart on making a career for yourself, you can be pretty sure your personal life will suffer,” Ramona, singing pianist with Paul Whiteman's band, said to me.

There were shadows under her dark blue eyes, and her face bore the look of a woman who has struggled hard to hold the happiness she longed for, only to fail. For years Ramona refused to talk about her marriage, knowing only too well how the ugly whispers of gossip-mongers had wrecked other marriages along the White Way and Radio Row. When writers asked her if she had ever been married, she shrugged her shoulders and said she had been too busy to marry. It was a white lie and a gallant one, told in the hope of saving her marriage from shipwreck.

But the thing she feared has happened in spite of anything she could do about it, and there is no reason now for not telling the whole truth about her marriage, and why it crashed. She and Howard Davies, whom she married when she was seventeen, were divorced recently. And all the bright gossamer dreams with which she entered that marriage are gone now, like unsubstantial bubbles.

Perhaps you remember the glorious, glamorous story of their charming romance? In its very charm lay the menace to its lasting, for where is the girl who at seventeen can wisely choose the man whom she will love when many years have passed and her standards have changed a great deal, and her life with them?

Ramona was a convent-bred girl. Naturally she didn't know many men. “Even when I got a job with Don Bestor's band,” she told me, “my family made him promise that he would take good care of me. He did. When drinks were offered at a party, he'd say: ‘I'll mix Ramona's. I know just what she wants.’ And I never got anything stronger than lemonade. He was perfectly grand to me, but I resented being watched over like a baby.”

Then she met Howard Davies, who played in Don Bestor's band. They were drawn to each other immediately. The first thing that attracted her to him, Ramona confided to *(Continued on page 88)*

The touching story of Ramona—married at seventeen, filled with hopes and dreams of love and a career.



To hear Ramona, tune in on Whiteman's Music Hall broadcast Thursday nights. See page 53—10 o'clock column.

b y E T H E L  
C A R E Y



# WHAT'S NEW

## Up-to-the-minute news, interesting chatter and gossip about radio stars

Wide World



contract when we went to press plans to present him in a Will Rogers type of program. Only the betting is Walker will make an also-ran out of Will for the cowboy-philosopher has slipped badly in recent weeks, apparently devoting little time to his air appearances.

**R**ADIO ROW hears that the boy king of Yugo-Slavia may broadcast in America via the short waves. The promoters seeking a sponsor for him promise the proceeds will not go to the child monarch. They are to be devoted to charities in America, the intent being to build up good will here for the Balkan state by so doing. It sounds rather fantastic, this project, but before you laugh remember any-

Mary Pickford's weekly radio visits have now become a welcome event. Left, "America's Sweetheart," leaving court after securing her divorce.

plays. The idea is to condense them for radio and project them with Theatre Guild casts, which means the best in the business. With the Theatre Guild on the job maybe the radio drama will get somewhere at last.

**B**ARBER'S itch isn't fatal, according to life insurance statistics, but it is proving fatal to Alexander Woollcott's disposition. A sufferer from that irritation, The Town Crier has been quite curt of late with autograph hunters and others who beset him after a broadcast. A gushing young thing demanded his opinion on honesty the other night. "My dear lady," snapped the Cream of Wheat sage, "when a man talks much about honesty it is like a woman boasting of her purity. I'm suspicious of both!"

**M**ORTON DOWNEY is no longer under the management of the CBS Artists Service Bureaus but on his own.

Hyman Fink



The "Hollywood Hotel" maestro, Ted Fio Rito and the Missus (left) at Santa Anita races in Calif.

The rumored engagement is now a fact. The newly affianced Dick Powell and Mary Brian (below)

Wide World

**J**IMMY WALKER, New York's self-exiled Mayor, is a definite radio possibility this Spring. The former Chief Magistrate of the metropolis is returning soon to his beloved Broadway and when he does he will probably take to the air for a national advertiser at plenty of dough per broadcast.

Jimmy, whose personality has endeared him to legions of admirers despite the collapse of his administration and his flight to Europe, is regarded as a natural as a broadcaster. His nimble wit and ability to turn a nifty wisecrack on any and all occasions assure him a large audience.

The advertising agency which was working out the details of the Walker

thing can happen in radio—and does.

**W**HEN we went galloping to the printers the New York Theatre Guild had an agent scouting the advertising agencies for a sponsor to back their plans to put one-hour dramas on the ether. This high-brow organization, the acknowledged leader among American theatrical producers, controls the rights to hundreds of excellent





# ON RADIO ROW

He quit Feb. 1st. The parting was quite sad, for Morton was the first performer to enlist under the banner of Columbia's employment department when it organized. As you know Downey is now whistling and warbling for Carlsbad salts on NBC, aided and abetted by Guy Bates Post as narrator.

**G**OOD old Charlie Winninger has been restored to radio, as was inevitable when he left to join a Broadway musical. Charlie is alternating with Will Rogers on the Gulf program but most fans would like to see him back in his old rôle as Captain Henry of the Show Boat. Not that Frank McIntyre isn't good in the part but Winninger seems born to it. Which, in a way, he is, considering that as a member of the Five Winners he got his early training as an entertainer on show boats.

**A**S was to be expected the new Gilbert and Sullivan series on NBC

season. They forget that NBC did a Gilbert and Sullivan series in 1929, another in 1931 and again in 1933.

**C**CHEER up, fans, Jessica Dragonette hasn't deserted you even though she is off the air for the month of March. Jessica is simply getting a well earned rest while Countess Olga Albani pinch-hits for her on the Cities Service concerts. The Countess has substituted

**T**here's nothing like a comfortable arm chair and a good magazine after a broadcast. Here's Jack Denny (right), popular band-leader, at his leisure.

William Haussler



**W**ill Rogers, left, was recently voted Los Angeles' most valuable citizen for 1934. He's here being presented with a gold watch on the occasion.



Wide World

won instant approval. And why shouldn't it, with Harold Sanford conducting and a cast that includes such air favorites as Muriel Wilson, Walter Preston and Fred Huffsmith? Some of the radio commentators ascribe this G. & S. revival to the success of the D'Oyly Carte Company on Broadway early this

for Jessica before and always does a swell job, too.

**W**HO is the author of this quip: "A nudist is a man who has burned his britches behind him." Frank Black, boss musician of NBC, wants to know, admiring it as "the finest definition of

a Nudist I have yet heard." He asked the conductor of this column if we knew the identity of the genius who gave it birth and we had to acknowledge our ignorance although we were familiar with the quotation. As service is our middle name we are passing this query on to our readers. Any one knowing who first said or wrote this priceless line please communicate direct to Frank Black, NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

## THE MONITOR MAN SAYS

**M**ary Pickford will retire from the air at the conclusion of her present contract. One reason is the difficulty of finding plays adaptable both to radio and her requirements. Another is her desire to do a picture . . . By the time you read this **Robert Simmons** should be contributing his voice to a Broadway musical . . . **Leon Belasco** has a collection of screen star's autographs insured for \$25,000. (Continued on page 66)



# Chicago

## COAST-TO-HIGH

By CHASE GILES

Chicago's unusual musical combination is the trio which presents "Melodies of Yesterday". They are Sara Ann McCabe, soprano, Margaret Sweeney, harpist, and Herbert Foote, organist.

"Love me, love my dog." The Spanish Don Mario takes up the question with Jean Muir out Hollywood way. Don is in the Maybelline show, "Penthouse Serenade."



**A**T least once every winter Chicago gets a good blizzard which ties traffic into knots.

Radio artists in the Chicago NBC studios mopped snowy brows as they stumbled into the Merchandise Mart for their programs and worried over the problem of returning home and getting back for their broadcasts the following day.

The Maple City Four took no chances. They appeared on the scene in full dress at noon lest the blizzard keep them from returning home to dress for the Sinclair Minstrels. Art Van Harvey, Vic, and Billy Idelson, Rush, barely reached the studios in time for the Vic and Sade rehearsal after battling the snow and wind.

Amos 'n' Andy made certain they'd get on the air by coming early, recalling a blizzard of several years ago when they were caught at the Blackstone Hotel. Correll had to return to the office to get the script, while Gosden went directly to the studio. Un-

able to get a taxicab, Correll finally talked a private motorist into taking him part way and bribed a coal truck driver with ten dollars to take him the rest of the way. He burst into the studio just as the theme song was being played. "Where have you been?" asked Gosden. "Don't talk to me for an hour," answered Correll, and they went on the air.

**D**R. E. E. Fress, eminent physicist and authority on noise, wanted to find out just how noisy the noisiest city in the United States was. And in true style Chicago came to the front. The Columbia Broadcasting System installed microphones in Times Square, New York, outside North Station in Boston, at 14th, and F Street in Washington, at Market and 13th in Philadelphia and at State and Lake Streets in Chicago. Chicago won the dubious distinction by a comfortable margin. Next in order of running were Boston, Washington, New York, and Philadel-

phia. Now what do you think of that?

**G**EORGE OLSEN'S first engagement in Chicago was at Marshall Field's store. But he didn't appear as a musician. No, sir. He was a salesman behind the basement counter and they paid him \$11 a week!

**B**OTH Art Kassel and Pat Kennedy who broadcast together noontimes over Columbia were orphanage boys. That's why both are always so glad to appear gratis for special parties given orphan and cripple children.

**F**ICTITIOUS characters which radio artists make up for their acts don't always remain fictitious. Take for instance the Dora Seeley who was the brain child of Clara, Lu 'n' Em. In their broadcasts the girls showed Dora to be a bride who had furnished her home with the kind of antiques the girls were afraid to sit on. Clara remarked in (Continued on page 62)



# COAST LIGHTS

By DR. RALPH L. POWER

# Pacific

No, she isn't Kate Smith. She's Helen Guest whose soft ballads are wafted on the air via KFI, Los Angeles.

Here's charming and vivacious Ruth Durrell. Some of you may recall her pleasing soprano voice on "Sunday Night Hi Jinks," broadcast over KFVB, from the Coast.



**W**ONDER what April Fool's Day will bring out here on the Coast in the way of bizarre programs concocted to give the public a thrill?

'Tis ten years since KFI staged the gag of having a tenor-announcer "shot" in the studio. Then they went off the air. Telephone lines, wire services and the mail ran the boys ragged for a couple of weeks, while the public tried to figure out whether somebody actually got bumped off or whether it was an April First performance.

Why, some of the people who take their radio seriously actually thought one of their favorites had been murdered and the press was covering up the crime.

Then there was the time that some of the lads at KGFJ rigged up a microphone from the ladies' rest room to a janitor's closet so they could get an earful.

Luckily they didn't hook it to the studio line for the public to hear. But

maybe that was just because nobody thought about doing it.

**T**ALKING about gags. What do you suppose Freeman Lang, that ace of announcers for theatre premieres, has done? He invites folks to go shooting on a fishing expedition!

But it isn't so crazy as it sounds. He has rigged up one of those clay pigeon trap shooting gadgets on the bowsprit of his big power cruiser. While the craft jogs down into Mexican fishing waters, his guests can do a little 20 gauge rifle practice.

**S**UCH is fame. Rush Hughes, m.c. on the NBC Shell Show on the Coast, has been selected as among the twenty-five most interesting people in the country today. That is, in the opinion of the students at the public school in little Buena Park, California.

**Y**OU'D expect Morey Amsterdam, comic on Al Pearce's frolic, to do

this. When he had a birthday the other day, he wired his parents to congratulate them on having such a swell boy. I shouldn't be surprised if he even sent it C. O. D.

**H**ERE'S a tip for disgruntled radio people. Take the boss down to Mexico and fill him full of tamales, enchilladas and chile con carne.

Salvatore Santaella, music director of KMTR in Hollywood, barged out the front door in a huff and phoned that he was all through with the joynt.

At the end of three weeks he was still out. So the big shot in the station made an arrangement to meet "Sally" down in Mexico for a peace parley.

They filled up on Mexican edibles, maybe even some Mexican fire water, and cemented (or plastered) up all difficulties. So now everything is well, and the diminutive but energetic baton wielder and classic piano purveyor, is back at the old job again.

(Continued on page 62)



# Cooking

à la KATE SMITH

**D**ID it ever occur to you that a popular radio singer who gives excellent advice to amateurs anxious to make a hit over the radio, can also teach professional wielders of the batter spoon and frying pan? Kate Smith—the genial, mellow-voiced air hostess, who has taken so many newcomers to radio under her wing can show any full-time chef a thing or two about cooking!

That kitchen of Kate Smith's is an inspiration to any housewife. Kate loves to cook and loves to talk about her favorite recipes. She bakes the most delicious cakes and pies and she doesn't treat the substantial foods lightly! Here are some of the recipes she gave me. If you want to prepare an especially good meal that can be cooked in one dish, place this before the hungry family—large or small:

## OLD ENGLISH BEEFSTEAK PUDDING

- 1 cup suet chopped fine
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt
- Enough water to make the dough stiff
- 2 lbs. round steak cut into small pieces
- 1 onion
- 1 slice of bacon

Roll out the dough. Line an ordinary crock bowl with the dough, saving a piece for the lid. Place on the steak an onion cut fine and a slice of bacon chopped fine. Add salt and pepper to taste. Fill the bowl with water, placing a dough lid over it. Moisten it around the edges, pinching the lid on firmly. Cover the whole with a piece of white cloth drawn tightly over the top of the bowl. Plunge it into a pot of boiling water and allow to boil vigorously for four hours.

These canapes make an excellent appetizer and a portion of the salad given here, will please the most critical of salad hounds!

## DANISH CANAPES

Cut stale bread in one-quarter inch slices and shape with a round cutter, about two and one half inches in diameter. Work the following ingredients into a paste:

- 2 tablespoons of butter
- Cream
- Chutney

Toast the shaped bread on one side and spread the un-



Come into your favorite stars' kitchens each month and find out just what delicacies they like best and just how they or their cooks prepare them.

Does your cake ever flop? Is your pie crust heavy? Tell me your troubles and I'll try and help you. Just write to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., today.

Our own Kate Smith is one of the few stars who really love to fuss over a hot stove. And can she bake! M-m-m, does that look good!

toasted side with the above mixture. Garnish with filets of anchovies arranged lattice fashion over the top.

## LAKEWOOD SALAD

- 1 Grape-Fruit
- 2 Oranges
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cup White Grapes
- $\frac{1}{3}$  Cup Pecan Nut Meats
- Romaine Salad
- Red Pepper

Cut the grape fruit and oranges in sections and free from seed and membrane. Skin and seed the grapes. Cut pecan nut meats in pieces. Mix prepared ingredients, arrange on a bed of romaine, pour over dressing and garnish with thin strips of red pepper.

For the dressing mix four tablespoons of olive oil, one tablespoon of vinegar, one teaspoon of salt, one-quarter teaspoon paprika, one eighth teaspoon pepper and one tablespoon of finely chopped Roquefort cheese.

For the bridge tea or supper, this quickly-made dessert is especially good:

## PINEAPPLE CREAM

- 2 Cups Water
- 1 Cup Sugar
- Grated Pineapple
- 2 Cups Cream

Make a syrup by boiling sugar and water fifteen minutes. Strain, cool, add pineapple and freeze to a mush. Fold in the whipped cream and let stand thirty minutes before serving. Serve in frappe glasses and garnish with candied pineapple.

Kate Smith also gave me recipes for Pumpkin Chiffon Pie, Lemon Pie and Avacado Salad. These are her specialties and Kate's friends will tell you how good they are. I'll send them to you if you will follow the instructions given in the next paragraph.

Have you a cooking problem? I'll try to help you solve it. Or have you run out of ideas for new and different dishes? The new recipe booklet has unusual nutritious menus in which brazil nuts are used. If you have never tried such dishes, write me in care of the RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope and you may have the booklet.

By JOYCE



# Beauty à la GLADYS GLAD

**C**LEOPATRA may have been a famous beauty, but none can deny that the charming hostess of Penthouse Parties, Gladys Glad, who reveals here her secrets of how to keep the body beautiful, can take her place among the chosen beauties of our time.

As I sat in her little sitting room, I marvelled at her clear complexion and the graceful poise of her slender body. "How do you do it?" I asked her.

"In the first place, a happy frame of mind is absolutely essential if those tell-tale lines of worry and care are to be erased from the face," said the popular beauty adviser. "A dissatisfied or unhappy expression is bound to show and rob a woman of her charm. So, if you want to attain beauty of face and feature, the first requisite is: *Keep the corners of your mouth turned up!*"

When I saw the proof of what this creed had done for Gladys Glad, married to the well-known newspaper columnist, Mark Hellinger, I promised myself that I would recommend it to all women.

"Eight hours' rest every day—and I mean every day," is another one of her rules. "This length of time for sleep is absolutely essential to relax the body and ward off the lines of fatigue."

"Don't stay up late three or four nights in the week and hope to catch up on that sleep you should have had. There are some things we simply must give up, if we want those sparkling, clear eyes and smooth skin."

"Daily exercise for a short period of time," Gladys continued, "keeps the body limber, and walking is the best outdoor exercise, so far as I am concerned."

Gladys never neglects these daily walks, even on rainy days. This is a good time to give the face a rest and forget the rouge, powder and lipstick. Gladys told me she takes her walking time as a stimulant and never loiters.

"Are there any other outdoor exercises that appeal to you as especially good for curve control?" I asked.

"Golf, to me, is an interesting and helpful game, but I never strive to make a good score or take my errors too seriously. This is the way I believe all games



The former Ziegfeld beauty is now hostess of those Penthouse Parties heard Wednesday nights at eight over NBC.

What every woman wants to know—the newest beauty secrets. How to take care of her complexion. How to preserve the health of her hair. What shades of powder and lipstick to use for her particular type. Write to Joyce Anderson, 1926 Broadway, New York, for advice on your beauty and diet problems.

should be played—just for fun."

You are all anxious to know about Gladys Glad's diet. Well, it isn't exactly a diet—just a sensible selection of plain foods that nourish without fattening. Listen to Gladys:

"I am one person who really likes spinach! I frequently order a large portion of it, either plain with lemon juice, or creamed, and this will sometimes constitute a meal for me. Very often I have prepared for me my special dish of vegetable stew with a tomato base, which I prefer to more elaborate dishes. I drink a great deal of tomato juice and milk—alternately."

"Meat I do not eat very often, but when I do, a lamb chop is more appetizing to me than squab; boiled chicken is more satisfying than the most tempting roast duck. Mixed green salad with French dressing flavored with garlic is a dish

I love. The health foods, especially the cereals, form a large part of my diet."

"How about desserts?"

"—I could not resist the question. Personally, I often wonder if every woman has to give up the pleasure of eating luscious cakes and juicy pies as I do, in an effort to reduce the ample curves."

"I neglect desserts for a month," was her answer, "and then eat them every day for a week, not only because I think every system requires sweets at times, but because I crave them occasionally."

And here is Gladys Glad's treatment for keeping her skin "baby

soft" and just as free of large pores as the skin of a baby.

"I do not believe in experimenting with too many creams," she said. "I get one that suits my skin and use it faithfully. At night, after I have removed the mascara from my eyelashes, I apply cold cream to my face. After I have wiped off this cream, I wash my face in warm water with a bland soap—one that is kind to the skin. Then I rinse my face in warm water and cold water, and recream it. The second application is always more effective. My favorite astringent is then applied, closing the pores and healing any skin blemishes."

Do you want to know the astringent which Gladys Glad uses? You can learn what it is free of charge, if you send your request to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

**ANDERSON**



# Behind the Scenes of the New HALL of FAME

by NORTON RUSSELL

At the extreme right is a typical get-together view of the entire cast. Right, the prima donna, Lois Bennett, who sings with thoughts of some day buying a farm for her youngsters.

**W**ANT to watch a radio broadcast tonight as a sponsor would see it and sit in the special spectators' booth reserved for them? Okay, then step into that enclosure which looks like a miniature cabin of the Graf Zeppelin. Throw your hat and coat on a chair and take a quick look around.

Dead ahead is the stage with its backdrop of soft white, fat pillars. You see it through double glass, slanted windows. Back over your shoulder is the audience. You can't hear 'em whisper or applaud. Your booth has been sound proofed. The program comes through that loud-speaker in the wall at your left.

You're in the remodeled 45th Street Avon Theater which CBS has called Playhouse Number Two. It seats close to two thousand people. Ready? The red stand-by signal is flashing thirty seconds to go. The new Hall of Fame is on the air!

The melody swings up, full tempo. The band is grouped in a half circle on the deep stage. Don Voorhees—glasses, flying hair—is directing. You stare hard as you begin to recognize the cast. Something strangely familiar about it, isn't there?

Ah! You remember. There's Conrad Thibault and Lois Bennett. And Adele Ronson. And Voorhees. Yes, they're all here. But they're on NBC's Gibson Family program, too. Right, you are seeing another of radio's strange phenomena. Almost an entire cast—same band, same soprano, same baritone, same double—has been borrowed for this new program.

Let's get on with the show.

"Club Romance" is on the air!  
Do you want to become a member—get in on the inside?  
Then come along and join us  
in a visit to CBS's new show



Lois is at the left as you face the stage. Her red hair shines softly in the pastel colors of the footlights. She taps a tiny foot, her blue eyes fastened on the announcer at the mike. It's David Ross, short, as bristling as a Prussian general. You hear his voice coming through the loud-speaker.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the new Hall of Fame, presented by the makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Club Romance is on the air."





The players, above, are David Ross, announcer, Lee Patrick, newcomer to radio; Adele Ronson, the speaking heroine, and Conrad Thibault, baritone and hero. Below, Don Voorhees' soft music helps put the show over.

For the Hinds Honey and Almond program, "Club Romance," see page 51—8 o'clock column.

Your eyes travel past the announcer, past the folding chairs which string out across the stage. They stop a moment and rest on Thibault. He seems happy tonight. His long New England face is spread in a genuine grin. Probably thinking of his salary check for this new program.

**B**UT who's that other red-head? You swing back and look again for Lois. Yes, she's right where she was. The second red-head you've just seen is Lee Patrick, newcomer to the radio fold. Good looking? Swell figure? Good voice? Sure, or how else could she have had a leading rôle in the successful stage play, "June Moon"? Incidentally, she's been a newspaper woman and a magazine columnist,

too. She's not singing tonight, just reading lines.

And that tall young man with the slightest trace of a moustache near Lee Patrick? You don't recognize him, though his pleasant voice strikes your memory chords hard. He's what press agents call radio's most romantic actor. Who is he? Ned Wever, for three years on the True Story hour, in stock before that, in Broadway hits, and just back from a Paris vacation.

He reads lines too and talks back to Lee. These two provide the light comedy relief for the more serious singing of Lois and Conrad.

Lois has just finished a song. She pulls up her dress, dodges around the choral group, and speeds into the wings. Adele Ronson is already at the mike. She speaks for Lois when the song is over. Go ahead and wave to her. She's looking this way, smiling. See (Continued on page 77)







# Behind the Scenes of the New HALL of FAME

by NORTON RUSSELL

At the extreme right is a typical get-together view of the entire cast. Right, the prima donna, Lois Bennett, who sings with thoughts of some day buying a farm for her youngsters.

**W**ANT to watch a radio broadcast tonight as a sponsor would see it and sit in the special spectators' booth reserved for them? Okay, then step into that enclosure which looks like a miniature cabin of the Graf Zeppelin. Throw your hat and coat on a chair and take a quick look around.

Dead ahead is the stage with its backdrop of soft white, fat pillars. You see it through double glass, slanted windows. Back over your shoulder is the audience. You can't hear 'em whisper or applaud. Your booth has been sound proofed. The program comes through that loud-speaker in the wall at your left.

You're in the remodeled 45th Street Avon Theater which CBS has called Playhouse Number Two. It seats close to two thousand people. Ready? The red stand-by signal is flashing thirty seconds to go. The new Hall of Fame is on the air!

The melody swings up, full tempo. The band is grouped in a half circle on the deep stage. Don Voorhees—glasses, flying hair—is directing. You stare hard as you begin to recognize the cast. Something strangely familiar about it, isn't there?

Ah! You remember. There's Conrad Thibault and Lois Bennett. And Adele Ronson. And Voorhees. Yes, they're all here. But they're on NBC's Gibson Family program, too. Right, you are seeing another of radio's strange phenomena. Almost an entire cast—same band, same soprano, same baritone, same double—has been borrowed for this new program.

Let's get on with the show.

"Club Romance" is on the air!  
Do you want to become a  
member—get in on the inside?  
Then come along and join us  
in a visit to CBS's new show



Lois is at the left as you face the stage. Her red hair shines softly in the pastel colors of the footlights. She taps a tiny foot, her blue eyes fastened on the announcer at the mike. It's David Ross, short, as bristling as a Prussian general. You hear his voice coming through the loud-speaker.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the new Hall of Fame, presented by the makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Club Romance is on the air."



Your eyes travel past the announcer, past the folding chairs which string out across the stage. They stop a moment and rest on Thibault. He seems happy tonight. His long New England face is spread in a genuine grin. Probably thinking of his salary check for this new program.

**B**UT who's that other red-head? You swing back and look again for Lois. Yes, she's right where she was. The second red-head you've just seen is Lee Patrick, newcomer to the radio fold. Good looking? Swell figure? Good voice? Sure, or how else could she have had a leading rôle in the successful stage play, "June Moon"? Incidentally, she's been a newspaper woman and a magazine columnist,



The players, above, are David Ross, announcer, Lee Patrick, newcomer to radio; Adele Ronson, the speaking heroine, and Conrad Thibault, baritone and hero. Below, Don Voorhees' soft music helps put the show over.



For the Hinds Honey and Almond program, "Club Romance," see page 51—8 o'clock column.

too. She's not singing tonight, just reading lines.

And that tall young man with the slightest trace of a moustache near Lee Patrick? You don't recognize him, though his pleasant voice strikes your memory chords hard. He's what press agents call radio's most romantic actor. Who is he? Ned Wever, for three years on the True Story hour, in stock before that, in Broadway hits, and just back from a Paris vacation.

He reads lines too and talks back to Lee. These two provide the light comedy relief for the more serious singing of Lois and Conrad.

Lois has just finished a song. She pulls up her dress, dodges around the choral group, and speeds into the wings. Adele Ronson is already at the mike. She speaks for Lois when the song is over. Go ahead and wave to her. She's looking this way, smiling. See (Continued on page 77)





# What Do You Want To Know?

**J**UST at the moment I'm sitting at my typewriter. My eyes keep straying out of the window to watch the fascinating snowstorm. The question in my mind is "are we really going to have a big blizzard?" And the funniest part about it is that when you read this, the snow that has been diverting my attention right now will be a thing of the past. See here, I better get down to business or I may have to be doing some tall snow shovelling. Now, let's see, there's—

**Miss Helene W., Clearwater, Fla.**—"Aphrodite" is the name of the theme song of "Today's Children." It's played by Bernice Yanacek. Boldi's "Chanson Bohemienne" is Vic and Sade's theme song and Larry Larsen plays it. You can tell your friends that the Three C's are white. Their real names are Walter, John and Peter Clitherow. Thanks, Helene, for waiting so patiently for your answers. But you know what they say about patience and its reward.

**Miss Evalyn P., Seattle, Wash.**—Well, I finally got some information for you on Vernon Craig. He's 23 years old. He hitch-hiked his way from Miami to Chicago in search of a job and then scored a hit at a Chicago loop theatre. Vernon was born in Bellefontaine, Ohio, studied for the ministry one year and

then decided to become a singer. He's about five-foot seven, stocky, weighs around 175 pounds and has dark brown hair.

**Robert S., Waco, Texas.**—I believe the program you referred to is "Professor Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten." The program is still on the air. Only the time has been changed. You can now hear it over the NBC-WEAF network on Saturdays from 5:00 to 5:30 P. M. CST.

**Harold L. B., East Greenville, Pa.**—So far as I can ascertain, the Sinclair Minstrels were never on the air for more than a half hour. You may be thinking of the Wiener Minstrels which were on for an hour over station WENR back in 1931. By the way did you enjoy the article on the Sinclair Minstrels in the March issue of RADIO MIRROR?

**Suffolk Fans**—Nick Dawson's birthday is May 3rd—I couldn't find out the year. Elsie Hitz is not married to the artist, Jack Welch, although that is her husband's name. Jerry Cooper is 26 years old. Here's quite a bit I picked up for you on Jan Garber. He was born in Indianapolis, went to school in Louisville then to University of North Carolina where he formed a jazz band. Was a member of the Philadelphia Sym-

phony and then came la guerre (the war). Later fiddled in dance orchestras; was fired when he took one too many days off for his honeymoon. He's still happily married, a successful band-leader and plays golf for recreation.

**Mrs. William S., Greensburgh, Pa.**—The instrument used in the Phillips Lord Country Doctor programs was a zither. At this writing, Bob James is not on the air. The last thing heard of him is that he was Advertising Manager of a large department store in Evanston, Ill.

**M. B., Loogootee, Ind.**—Last heard of Fran Frey—he had a program "Fran Frey's Friday Frolics" over station WOR in New York. Bobby Brooks left Jan Garber's orchestra last September and went back to dear old Texas. Lee Bennett, one of the three singers with Jan Garber, used to be a radio announcer in Lincoln Nebraska. One night one of the singers failed to appear. At the last minute Bennet took the part. Jan Garber heard him in Omaha and was impressed enough to offer him a job. I'm sorry but there's no information available on the other two singers, Lew Palmer and Fritz Heilbron.

**J. J. Lou**—Frank Parker is five feet ten inches (Continued on page 83)

**Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and have your questions about players and programs answered**



**This is your page, readers! Here's a chance to get your opinions in print! Write your letter today and try for the big prize!**

**O**UR PUBLIC" is becoming more radio conscious every day. We can tell that by the letters we have been receiving. Your comments, suggestions and criticisms are most interesting and helpful and we know that radio officials, radio performers and sponsors eagerly await your letters every month in the RADIO MIRROR magazine to find out what you all have to say. How, then, can they tell if their programs are good or bad? You see, listeners, you are the jury! And maybe you don't think that they have profited by your frank and sometimes perhaps brutal opinions. They sure have. Won't you write and tell us if you have found an improvement—or tell us what you don't like? Remember, twenty dollars for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best and one dollar each for the next five selected.

Send your letters in not later than March 22, to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York.

Here are the winners for this month—

#### **\$20.00 PRIZE**

**H**ERE it is, the letter about radio advertising to end all letters about radio advertising!

The radio public is fair enough to realize that advertising plays an important part in any program. The chief causes for complaint come from

the length and dullness of the "spiel." Radio fans enjoy advertising if it's brief and original. Those little skits on Fred Waring's hour are especially pleasing, but even a straight announcement is enjoyable if it is witty or concise. Witness the plugs in Town Hall Tonight. And of course, Jack Benny's style of kidding the sponsor is always delightful.

As to the number of ads—a fifteen minute program is worth two plugs; a half-hour, three; forty-five minutes, four, and an hour program three short skits and two brief announcements.

If the sponsors will play fair with the fans, they'll find we'll meet them half-way. We're always willing to listen to short and clever advertisements.

HANSFORD MARTIN,  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

#### **\$10.00 PRIZE**

**U**NLIKE the movie house, the theatre, opera or concert hall, the radio has no price of admission or definite seating capacity by which to judge the size of its audience. This modern miracle of the twentieth century boasts no ears to lend to the manner in which its offerings are received. Its very ability to give but not receive, which makes us the fortunate recipients of the most diversified entertainment in the world

free of charge, is a serious handicap to the sponsors. The popularity of a program depends on the fan mail received and this mail at best is only a very small percentage of the vast assembly of hearers that listen daily to the radio. This works a hardship on all concerned, and if wishes were horses I would have the matter remedied at once. I have been forcibly reminded more than once of the lack of proper response, when a favorite program of mine leaves the air to be replaced by another that does not appeal to me in the least. Then it is that I wish I had sent the penny postcard I always intended to write but never did.

May I now present my sincere appreciation of the Lux Radio Theatre and the Palmolive Beauty Box programs. The Hollywood Hotel hour and the fifteen minutes offered by Fels-Naptha's Tom, Dick and Harry are good for the lighter mood. Not forgetting Alexander Woolcott, nor our old friend Will Rogers, each in his own line the best of the best. Now you know I like Ben Bernie and I may as well confess I like Jack Benny, and of the crooners, Bing Crosby. Frances Langford and Ramona are my favorites among the singing ladies.

MRS. ERNEST DINWIDDIE,  
Crawfordsville, Ind.

(Continued on page 57)

# **What Do You Want To Say?**





are  
singers?  
sissies!

## EDWARD NELL USED TO THINK SO!

He resented his destiny,  
chose another profession—  
but read what happened!

**Edward Nell slaps  
on the Forum of  
Liberty program.  
See page 51—8  
o'clock column.**

who could not afford bigger orders.

It took years of laborious saving and self sacrifice before he could open a studio for voice instruction—his life dream—and by then he had married and Edward Nell, Jr., was over six years old.

He came home one night to his little family, his face wreathed in smiles. He had, it seems, met one of his old customers, an Italian peddler, whom he had not seen since he had quit selling and opened his studio.

"Nell, whata you doing theesa day?" the peddler had demanded.

"I'm teaching people how to sing," was the proud reply.

"Well," the peddler shrugged, "a man gotta do anything dese days to earn a living!"

Seven-year Edward Nell had been listening, his eyes glued on his father. He could see nothing to laugh at when the story was over. And he never forgot what the peddler had said—a man has to do anything these days to earn a living.

As he grew older and could realize that his father's dream in life was to see his son some day a popular and much acclaimed singer, he began to resent his destiny. More and more it seemed to him a lady's job, singing for a living.

Surrounded by music, he learned to play the piano, he sang in church, and he studied the banjo, until—ready to

When Edward Nell's father came to Indianapolis as a young man looking for a job, he turned to selling cigars from an open buggy pulled by an aging, disconsolate horse—selling them by the box to street peddlers



By AMELIA SCOTT

graduate from high school and now husky, broad shouldered, an athlete—he actively rebelled.

"Dad," he explained one day, "I want to go to college and study engineering. I don't want to go on with music and singing. That's no man's job, only sissies live that way."

Nell's father, although he saw his fondest hopes go glimmering, smiled and nodded his head. And Ed Jr. went to Purdue University, enrolled in the Freshman class of engineering, at his father's expense.

"I GUESS I had visions of building bridges over mountain rivers in South America," Edward Nell explained to me, stretching out comfortably in a deep upholstered lounging chair and looking proudly about at the penthouse apartment his singing has brought him.

"The turning point—though I didn't know it at the time—was the day some of the seniors in the fraternity I had joined learned that I could sing. They dropped into my room and suggested that I become a member of the University glee club. My protests and their arguments could have been heard a block away. It was touch and go until they stopped arguing and turned to their paddles.

"And that's how I found out that singing isn't any job for sissies. I don't mean because of the paddling, but because I did join the glee club and later the band, just before it went on its annual road tour."

What Nell saw at rehearsals of the glee club opened his eyes. They were like any professional group of performers going through long hours of strenuous, throat-straining work.

Personal vanity, too, took a (Continued on page 82)



# Dialing the



# TIPS FOR TUNERS

by TERRY MILES  
the Globe Twister

**I**F you really want to hear foreign stations, you must listen at the right time.

This does not mean that you must merely tune-in whenever they happen to be on the air. You must also pick hours when atmospheric conditions are most favorable for long distance short wave reception.

To do this, figure the time not only in your locality, but also in that of the city you want to hear. For example, when it is twelve o'clock noon, Eastern Standard Time, it is 5:20 P. M. in Amsterdam, Holland; 6:00 P. M. in Berlin, Geneva and Rome; 1:00 P. M. in Buenos Aires; 5:00 P. M. in London and Madrid; 11:00 A. M. in Mexico City; and 7:00 P. M. in Moscow. It is already the following day in Hongkong and Shanghai, where it is 1:00 A. M., in Yokohama, 2:00 A. M., and in Auckland, 4:30 A. M.

Radio waves travel differently at night than in the daytime. They go up from the aerial of the transmitter and strike a strata of ionized atmosphere known as the Kennelly-Heaviside Layer, from which they are reflected to earth—and to your antenna. This layer, under the action of the sunlight, sinks lower in the daytime and rises at night. Its height regulates the distance which radio signals are likely to "skip".

Then, too, the atmosphere surrounding the earth becomes ionized, rendering it a better conductor of electricity, under the action of the sun. When it is in this condition, much of the strength of the radio waves leaks away to earth, and the signals therefore lack something of their maximum carrying power.

Therefore, you are most likely to get good reception of distant foreign stations when there is a belt of darkness extending from the transmitter to your receiver—or over as much of that area as possible.

There are exceptions to this rule, caused by the shifting of the Heaviside Layer, and only experiment will enable you to find the best condition for the reception of any given short wave station.

Another tip is:—Turn your knobs and dials slowly. Many of the newer sets do not whistle when you are tuning-in a signal. Weak signals from distant stations will therefore be missed if you rotate the controls of your set too rapidly.

Simply adjust the regeneration or volume control knob to the point of greatest signal strength. Then look in your newspaper, to find the wave-length or frequency of what-



ever foreign station you want to hear. Finally turn the tuning knob to that setting, and move it slowly over a few scale divisions on either side. When you hear something, readjust the sensitivity or volume control for the clearest signal, retune if necessary, and—listen.

Ear-phones are useful adjuncts in picking up weak signals. Many which are not strong enough to move the big diaphragm of your loud speaker, will be strong and clear on the head-phones.

While many short wave or all wave sets are equipped with binding posts or jacks to make the connection of head-phones easy, other models are not. Your local radio dealer can supply you with an adapter to plug into one of the tube sockets to enable you to use phones in addition to the speaker. These devices usually sell for about a dollar, or less. Should you prefer, a permanent connection can be installed easily and cheaply. If you do this—or have it done—a jack will be more convenient than binding posts, permitting you to plug the phones in or out in an instant.

**S**HOULD you care to do the job yourself, be sure to insulate the jack, should your set have a metal panel or chassis. If you want the speaker to be working at the same time as the phones, simply get an open circuit jack and connect it across the primary of the second audio amplifying transformer. Should you prefer to have the speaker silent (with a corresponding increase of volume in the phones) get a three-prong, closed circuit jack. Break the lead between the primary of the second audio transformer and the power supply, and connect the shortest prong of the jack to the part running to the transformer. The part running to the power supply connects to the other prong of the jack, which makes contact with the plug when it is inserted. The frame of the jack may then be connected to the plate of the first audio tube, which remains connected to the transformer. Then the insertion of the phones will cut off the speaker—and your family will be able to sleep while you sit up and listen to Japan.

If your set tunes too broadly, a fixed or variable condenser can easily be connected in series with your lead-in, provided you are using an ordinary antenna. In most cases, a .00025 mfd fixed condenser will be satisfactory, but where tuning is entirely too broad—as when you hook a short wave set to a broadcast antenna—a .0001 mfd. may be better. If you want something a bit more effective, use a .00025 mfd. variable condenser. This will enable you to control the degree of selectivity simply by turning the knob. Also, signals of many of the higher frequency stations will be greatly strengthened and improved by the use of the condenser which, in effect, shortens the antenna to a closer approximation of the length of the wave being received.

Similarly, a doublet antenna which is out of balance may be corrected by the addition of a variable condenser in series with the half which has too great capacity.



# We Have With Us—

## RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

### LIST OF STATIONS

| [BASIC SUPPLEMENTARY |      |          |
|----------------------|------|----------|
| WABC                 | WDOB | WHEC     |
| WADC                 | KRLD | KTSA     |
| WOKO                 | WBIG | KSCJ     |
| WCAO                 | KTRH | WSBT     |
| WNAC                 | KLRA | WMA5     |
| WGR                  | WQAM | WIBW     |
| WKBW                 | WFA  | WWVA     |
| WKRC                 | WLAC | KFH      |
| WHK                  | WDBO | WSJS     |
| CKLW                 | WDBJ | KGKO     |
| WDRG                 | WTOC | WBRG     |
| WFBM                 | WDAE | WMBR     |
| KMBC                 | KFBK | WMT      |
| WCAU                 | KDB  | WCCO     |
| WJAS                 | WICC | WISN     |
| WEAN                 | KFPY | WLBZ     |
| WFBL                 | WPG  | WGLC     |
| WSPD                 | KVOR | WFEA     |
| WJSV                 | KWKH | KOH      |
| WBBM                 | KLZ  | KSL      |
| WHAS                 | WLBW | WORC     |
| KMOX                 |      | WST      |
|                      |      | WDNC     |
|                      |      | WALA     |
|                      |      | KHJ      |
| COAST                |      | CANADIAN |
| KOIN                 | KFBK | CKAC     |
| KGB                  | KMJ  | CFRB     |
| KHJ                  | KMT  |          |
| KFRC                 | KWG  |          |
| KOL                  | KERN |          |
| KFPY                 | KDB  |          |
| KVI                  | KHJ  |          |

## HOW TO FIND YOUR PROGRAM

1. Find the Hour Column. (All time given is Eastern Standard. Subtract one hour for Central time, two for Mountain time, three for Pacific time.)
2. Read down the column for the programs which are in black type.
3. Find the day or days the programs are broadcast directly after the programs in abbreviations.

### HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR STATION IS ON THE NETWORK

1. Read the station list at the left. Find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, Coast, and Canadian; NBC—on the following two pages—into Basic, Western, Southern, Coast, and Canadian.)
2. Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your group is included.
3. If your station is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour columns.
4. NBC network stations are listed on the following page. Follow the same procedure to locate your NBC program and station.

5 P.M.

6 P.M.

4 P.M.

3 P.M.

12  
NOON \* 1 P.M.

2 P.M.

**12:00**  
**Salt Lake City**  
**Tabernacle:** Sun.  
½ hr. Network  
**Voice of Experi-**  
**ence:** Mon. Tues.  
Wed. Thurs. Fri.  
¼ hr. Basic minus  
WADC WOKO  
WNAC WGR  
WFBM KMBC  
WSPD Plus Coast  
Plus WOWO WBT  
KLZ WCCO KSL  
WWVA

**12:15**  
**The Gumps:** Mon.  
Tues. Wed. Thurs.  
Fri. ¼ hr. Basic  
minus WADC  
WKBW WFBM  
KMBC WFBL  
WSPD WJSV  
WHAS Plus WBNS  
KFAB WCCO  
WHEC WNAC plus  
Coast

**12:30**  
**Romany Trail:**  
Sun. ½ hr. WABC  
and Network  
**Five Star Jones:**  
Mon. Tues. Wed.  
Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.  
WNAC WBBM  
WKRC WHK  
CKLW KMBC  
WABC WCAU  
KMOX WBT  
KRLD KLZ KSL  
KHJ KOIN KFRC

**12:45**  
**George Hall Or-**  
**chestra:** Thurs. ½  
hr. Network

**1:00**  
**Church of the Air:**  
Sun. ½ hr. Network  
**George Hall Orches-**  
**tra:** Mon. Tues. Wed.  
Fri. ½ hr. WABC  
WADC WOKO WCAO  
WAAB WHK CKLW  
WFBM KMOX WFBL  
WSPD WMBR WQAM  
WDBO WDAE KHJ  
WGST WPG WLBZ  
WBRG WICC WBT  
KLZ WBIG WORC  
KTRH KLRA WFEA  
WREC WCCO WALA  
CKAC WLAC WDSU  
WCOA WDBJ WHEC  
KSL KWKH KSCJ  
WMA5 WIBX WSJS  
WKRC WDNC KVOR  
KTSA WTCO WSBT  
KOH KOIN KVI  
KOMA KOL KGB  
WHP WDOB

**1:30**  
**Little Jack Little:**  
Sun. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.  
Basic minus WOKO  
WCAO WNAC WKBW  
WDRG WCCO WSPD  
Plus KRLD WBT  
WOWO WCCO  
**Esther Velas Ensem-**  
**ble:** Tues. Sat. ½ hr.  
Network

**1:45**  
**Pat Kennedy and Art**  
**Kassel:** Sun. Mon. Tues.  
Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic  
minus WADC WOKO  
WNAC WDRG WEAN  
WFBL WKBW Plus  
WOWO WGST WBNS  
KRLD KLZ WCCO  
WDSU KSL WMT  
CFRB WFBL Plus  
Coast

**2:00**  
**Lazy Dan:** Sun. ½ hr.  
Basic minus WOKO  
WGR WSPD Plus  
Coast Plus WOWO  
WGST WBT WBNS  
KRLD KLZ KFAB  
WCCO WLAC WDSU  
KOMA KSL WMBG  
WMT WDBJ WHEC  
WIBW  
**Marie, The Little**  
**French Princess:** Mon.  
Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.  
¼ hr. WABC WNAC  
WBBM WKRC WHK  
CKLW WCAU WJAS  
KMOX WJSV KRLD  
KLZ WDSU WHEC  
KSL KHJ KFBC  
KERN KMJ KFBK  
KDB KWG

**2:15**  
**The Romance of**  
**Helen Trent:** Mon.  
Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.  
¼ hr. WABC WNAC  
WKRC WHK CKLW  
WCAU WJAS KMOX  
WJSV KRLD KLZ  
WDSU WHEC KSL  
KHJ KFRC KERN  
KMJ KFBK KDB  
KWG

**2:30**  
**Hammerstein's**  
**Musical Hall of the**  
**Air:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic  
minus WOKO WGR  
WSPD Plus Coast Plus  
WGST WBT KRLD  
KLZ KFAB WCCO  
WLAC WDSU KOMA  
WMBG WDBJ WHEC  
KSL WIBW WBNS

**2:30**  
**The School of the**  
**Air:** Every school day  
½ hr. Network  
**The Round Towners:**  
Sat. ½ hr. Network

**3:00**  
**New York Philhar-**  
**monic:** Sun. two hrs.  
WABC WOKO WGR  
WKRC WHK CKLW  
WFBM WJAS WSPD  
WJSV Plus Supplemen-  
tary minus KFBK  
KFPY WPG WWVA  
WBRG Plus WREC  
WHP WMBD WFA  
WDSU WBNS WIBX  
Plus Canadian  
**Your Hostess, Cobina**  
**Wright:** Mon. ½ hr.  
Network  
**Columbia Variety**  
**Hour:** Tues. ¾ hr.  
Basic minus WNAC  
WKBW WBBM  
WHAS KMOX Plus  
Supplementary minus  
KFBK KFPY WIBW  
WWVA KSL Plus Cana-  
dian Plus WNOX  
WHP KOMA WHAC  
WMBG WDSU WBNS  
WREC WIBX

**Kate Smith:** Wed. ¾  
hr. Basic minus KMBC  
WKBW WBBM  
WHAS KMOX Plus  
Supplementary Plus  
Canadian Plus WHP  
KOMA WDSU WBNS  
**Roadways of Ro-**  
**manace:** Thurs. ¾ hr.  
Basic minus WNAC  
WKBW WBBM  
WHAS KMOX Plus  
Supplementary minus  
KFBK KFPY WMBR  
KSL Plus WNOX WHP  
KOMA WNAC WDSU  
WBNS Plus Canadian  
**Modern Minstrels:**  
Sat. one hr. WABC and  
network

For newspaper ro-  
manace, with the  
deeds of a re-  
porter's wife thrown  
in, hear the new  
Five Star Jones. It  
comes in every  
week day at ex-  
actly twelve thirty. . .  
Easy Aces back to  
NBC.

**4:00**  
**Visiting America's**  
**Little House:** Mon.  
Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr.  
Network  
**National Student**  
**Federation Program:**  
Wed. ¼ hr. Network

**4:15**  
**Tito Guizar:** Mon. ¼  
hr. Basic minus WCAU  
WBBM WHAS KMOX  
Plus Supplementary  
minus WDAE KFBK  
KDB KFPY WPG  
WIBW KGKO WCCO  
Plus Canadian Plus  
WHP WMBG WORC  
WNOX WDSU WBNS  
WREC  
**Curtis Institute of**  
**Music:** Wed. ¾ hr.  
WABC WADC WOKO  
WCAO WNAC WHK  
CKLW WDRG WFBM  
WCAU WJAS WEAN  
WFBL WSPD WJSV  
WMBR WQAM  
WDBO WDAE KOIN  
WGST WPG WLBZ  
WBRG WICC WBT  
KVOR WBNS KRLD  
WSMK KLZ WDNC  
WBG KTRH KLRA  
WFEA WREC WALA  
CKAC WLAC WDSU  
KOH WDBJ KTSA  
KWKH KSCJ WSBT  
WMA5 WIBX WMT  
KFH WSJS WORC  
WNAC WOC WKBN  
WKRC KGB KOL  
WHAS KVI WTCO  
KOMA WACO WNOX  
WDOB KDB WHP  
**Salvation Army Band**  
Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

**4:30**  
**Chicago Varieties:**  
Mon. ½ hr. Basic minus  
WBBM KMOX WHAS  
Plus Supplementary  
minus KGKO Plus  
Canadian plus WMBG  
**Dick Messner:** Thurs.  
¼ hr. Basic minus  
WBBM WHAS  
KMOX WCAU Plus  
Supplementary minus  
KFBK WPG KLZ  
KFPY KVOR Plus  
Canadian

**5:00**  
**Open House, Freddie**  
**Martin:** Sun. ½ hr.  
WABC WADC WOKO  
WCAO WAAB WKBW  
WBBM WKRC WHK  
CKLW WDRG WFBM  
KMBC WHAS WCAU  
WJAS WEAN KMOX  
WFBL WSPD WJSV  
KERN KMJ KHJ  
KOIN KFBK KGB  
KFRC KDB KOL  
KFPY KWG KVI  
WGST WLBZ WBRG  
WBT WDOB WBNS  
KRLD KLZ WBIG  
KTRH KLRA WREC  
WCCO WLAC WDSU  
KOMA WMBG WHEC  
KSL KTSA WMA5  
WIBW KTUL KFH  
WORC WKBN  
**Og, Son of Fire:**  
Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.  
WABC WAAB CKLW  
WJAS WCAO WBNS  
WKRC WGR

**5:15**  
**Skippy:** Mon. Tues.  
Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic  
minus WBBM WHAS  
KMOX WADC WNAC  
WFBM KMBC Plus  
WAAB WHEC CFRB

**5:30**  
**Crumit & Sanderson:**  
Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus  
WNAC WKRC WBBM  
WKBW Plus WAAB  
WICC WDSU KOMA  
WHEC WBNS WMA5  
WWVA KFH WORC  
WIBX KTUL  
**Jack Armstrong:**  
Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.  
Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus  
KMOX WBBM WHAS  
WCAO WNAC WFBL  
WKRC WDSU WFBM  
KMBC Plus WAAB  
WHEC WMA5

**5:45**  
**California Syrup of**  
**Figs program:** Mon.  
Tues. Wed. Thurs.  
Basic  
**Fascinating Facts**  
**with Art Dickson,**  
**baritone:** Sat. ¼ hr.  
WOKO WCAO WNAC  
WKBW WBBM  
WKRC CKLW WDRG  
WABC WCAU WEAN  
KMOX WJSD WCCO  
WMBG WHEC WMA5

C O L U M B I A B R O A D -



7 P.M.

8 P.M.

9 P.M.

10 P.M.

11 P.M. MIDNIGHT

12

6 P.M.

6:00

**Amateur Hour with Ray Perkins:** Sun. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WDRG WFBM KMBG WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WFLB WJSV KERN KMH KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBT WBNS WKRLD KLZ WREC WCCO WDSU WHCC KSL CFRB

**Buck Rogers:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFLB WJSV WBNS WHEC  
**Pinaud's Lilac Time:** Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus W K B W W K R C WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY KLZ WMAS WMBR KSL Plus WHP KOMA WNAX WNOX WDSU WBNS

**Bobby Benson:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WAAB WGR WCAU WFLB WLBZ WOKO WDRG WEAN WHEC WMAS

**Smiling Ed McConnell:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR KMBG WSPD Plus Coast Plus WGST WLBZ WBRG WBT WBNS WKRLD KLZ WLBW WHP KFAB WFEA WREC WISN WCCO WLAC WDSU KSL WVA WICC WORC  
**The Shadow:** Mon. Wed. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB W K B W W D R C WCAU WEAN WFLB WJSV WHEC WORC

**Understanding Music, Howard Barlow:** Tues. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO W K B W W K R C CKLW WDRG WJAS WBRG WSPD WNOX WDRG WJSV WQAM WDBO WDAE WLBZ WBT WDOD WLBW WBG WHP WGLC KLRA WFEA WSEA WLAC WDBJ WHEC WTCO WMAS WVA WSJS WORC WDNC WALA WHK WMBR WMBG WDSU WREC WCAU WAAB  
**Shell Products, Eddie Dooley:** Sat. ½ hr. WABC and Network

**Voice of Experience:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WFBM Plus WAAB WOWO WBT WCCO WVA Wrigley Beauty Program: Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. WABC WCAO WKBW WNAC WDRG WCAU WEAN

**7:00 Alexander Woolcott:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus KLZ WCCO KSL CKLW  
**Myrt & Marge:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WDRG WCAU WJAS WEAN WFLB WSPD WJSV WQAM WKBO WDAE WBT WTCO WVA  
**Soconyland Sketches:** Sat. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WNAC WGR WDRG WEAN WLBZ WICC WMAS WORC

**7:15 Just Plain Bill:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WJSV

**7:30 Gulf Headliners with Charles Wininger:** Sun. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WAK CKLW WDRG WCAU WJAS WEAN WFLB WSPD W M B R W Q A M WDBO WDAE WGST KLRA WFEA WREC WLZ WLAC WDBJ WLBZ WBRG WBNS WKRLD WBG KTRH WHEC WMAS WVA WORC WKBW WDSU KTUL WACO WKRC WJSV WBT WHAS WDOD WJSV  
**The O'Neills:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAU WGR WORC WCAU WJAS WFLB WJSV WHP W H E C W M A S WVA WORC  
**Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade:** Sat. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WBBM WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFLB CKAC CFRB

**7:45 Boake Carter:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ½ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFLB CKAC CFRB

**7:50 Club Romance:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary Plus Coast  
**Kate Smith's New-Star Review:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary  
**Melodiana, Abe Lyman:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus W O W O WCCO CFRB  
**Everett Marshall:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHK Plus Coast Plus W O W O WBT WKRLD KLZ WLAC KOMA WDSU KSL WLBW WCCO WHK

Biggest news of this month is publicity report that Charley Winner, returned to radio on the Gulf Headliners as Will Rogers' alternate, will soon take over his old post on Showboat. Neither Charley nor the sponsors of his former program have enjoyed his departure from radio. . . . Smiling Ed McConnell, long-time Cincinnati favorite, has recovered from winter sore throat by a protracted vacation in Florida. . . . Boake Carter hasn't missed a day at the Hauptmann trial.

**8:00 Eddie Cantor:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary Plus Coast  
**Diane and Her Life Saver:** Mon. Wed. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus KLZ KSL  
**Lavender and Old Lace:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WKBW  
**Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm:** Thurs. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRG WFBM KMBG WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN WFLB WSPD WJSV KERN KMH KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL WMAS WCCO KFAB  
**Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus a supplementary network  
**Roxy and His Gang:** Sat. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WKRC CKLW WDRG WFBM KMBG WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFLB WSPD WJSV KERN KMH KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBRG WDOD WKRLD KLZ KTRH KLRA WREC WCCO CKAC WLAC WDSU KOMA KSL KTSa WLBW CFRB WMT WORC

**8:15 Edwin C. Hill:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WKBW plus WCCO  
**8:30 Club Romance:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary Plus Coast  
**Kate Smith's New-Star Review:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary  
**Melodiana, Abe Lyman:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus W O W O WCCO CFRB  
**Everett Marshall:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHK Plus Coast Plus W O W O WBT WKRLD KLZ WLAC KOMA WDSU KSL WLBW WCCO WHK

**8:45 Club Romance:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary Plus Coast  
**Kate Smith's New-Star Review:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary  
**Melodiana, Abe Lyman:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus W O W O WCCO CFRB  
**Everett Marshall:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHK Plus Coast Plus W O W O WBT WKRLD KLZ WLAC KOMA WDSU KSL WLBW WCCO WHK

**8:50 Club Romance:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary Plus Coast  
**Kate Smith's New-Star Review:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary  
**Melodiana, Abe Lyman:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus W O W O WCCO CFRB  
**Everett Marshall:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHK Plus Coast Plus W O W O WBT WKRLD KLZ WLAC KOMA WDSU KSL WLBW WCCO WHK  
**Forum of Liberty, Liberty Magazine:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus W O W O  
**True Story Hour:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBM WKBW Plus WCCO W O W O WHEC WORC KFAB

Diane and Her Life Saver, twice a week show at eight o'clock, features Rhoda Arnold, lyric soprano, who has appeared on every type of program offered by CBS network—cathedral choirs, light opera, grand opera, recitals, now light musical comedy. From Chicago and work at Brevoort Hotel as singer, she made debut in New York in 1931.

**9:00 Ford Symphony:** Sun. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary Plus WNOX WKBH WGST WBNS WDSU W N A X W K B M WACO KTUL WIBY WOWO KWO Plus Canadian  
**Chesterfield Hour with Lucretia Bori, Lily Pons, Andre Kostelanetz:** Mon. Wed. Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR Plus Supplementary minus KFPY KFOR WSBT WVA WGLC Plus WOWO WGST WBNS WHP WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO W N A X W K B H K G M B W M B D WNOX WIBX WCOA WNBH  
**Bing Crosby:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus W O W O WBT KTUL WGST KLRA KTRH KTSa  
**Camel Caravan:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KDB KFPY KFOR KLZ WSBT WVA WGLC Plus W O W O W K H J Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WOWO WDSU KOMA WMBD WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBH  
**The March of Time:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus KMBG Plus Coast plus WOWO WGST WKRLD KLZ WCCO WDSU KSL

**9:30 The Big Show:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic Plus W O W O WICC WBT WBNS KLZ KFAB WREC WCCO CKAC  
**Isham Jones, Chevrolet:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast Plus a Supplementary network  
**Adventures of Gracie:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS Plus Coast Plus WBT WKRLD KLZ WBG KTRH WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL KTSa WORC WOWO  
**Fred Waring:** Thurs. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary minus KDB KWKH WSBT WVA Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBN KNOX WMBD Plus Canadian  
**Hollywood Hotel:** Fri. one hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WVA WGLC Plus Canadian Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG WMBD KTUL WACO WNAX WNOX WIBX WKBH

**9:30 The Big Show:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic Plus W O W O WICC WBT WBNS KLZ KFAB WREC WCCO CKAC  
**Isham Jones, Chevrolet:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast Plus a Supplementary network  
**Adventures of Gracie:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS Plus Coast Plus WBT WKRLD KLZ WBG KTRH WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL KTSa WORC WOWO  
**Fred Waring:** Thurs. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary minus KDB KWKH WSBT WVA Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBN KNOX WMBD Plus Canadian  
**Hollywood Hotel:** Fri. one hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WVA WGLC Plus Canadian Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG WMBD KTUL WACO WNAX WNOX WIBX WKBH

**9:45 Emery Deutsch:** Mon. ½ hr. Network

Grand Opera has come back to the Chesterfield series with a rush. First Lucretia Bori, long-time Metropolitan star, then Lily Pons, famous coloratura soprano, were signed. Reports come in as we go to press assuring us that Richard Bonelli also will sign, rounding out the three programs for the week. Kostelanetz with his arrangements of popular music remains, despite complaints from Harvard students that opera and jazz don't mix.

**10:00 Wayne King, Lady Esther:** Sun. Mon. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB W K B W W B B M WKRC WHK CKLW WDRG WFBM KMBG WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WFLB WSPD WJSV KERN KMH KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WBNS WKRLD KLZ KFAB WCCO WDSU WIBW  
**Camel Caravan:** Tues. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC W K B W W B B M WERC WHK CKLW W O W O W D R C WFBM KMBG WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFLB WSPD WJSV WFLB WQAM WDBO WDAE KERN KMH KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WPG WGST WLBZ WBRG WICC WBT WDOD KFOR WBNS WKRLD KLZ WDCN WKBW WBG WHP KTRH WFBM KLRA WFEA WREC WISN WCCO WALA WSEA WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBD KOH WMBG WDBJ WHEC KSL KTSa WTCO KWKH KSCJ WMAS WIBW KTUL WIBX WACO WMT KFH KGKO WSJS WORC WNAX

**10:30 Captain Dobbsie's Ship of Joy:** Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. WABC and network  
**Saturday Revue:** Sat. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WDRG WJAS WEAN WSPD WJSV WDBO WDAE KHJ WGST WPG WLBZ WICC WBT WBG WCCO WDSU WCOA WHEC WIBX WBNS WMBR WOC WDNC CKAC WSBT KOH WBRG KTSa KGKO WHP WTCO WMBD KGB WDOD WACO WNOX KOMA WFLB KTRH WFEA WMT KMBG KLZ WALA WDBJ WKRLD

**10:45 Emery Deutsch:** Mon. ½ hr. Network

**10:45 Emery Deutsch:** Mon. ½ hr. Network

When Frances Langford was no longer connected with Colgate House Party show, she struck out for California, auditioned and was taken on as blues singer for the CBS Hollywood Hotel hour. Jane Williams, contest winner, no longer is billed, will probably be dropped before this issue is on the newstands. At ten thirty on Tuesday and Thursday, CBS brings new program, Captain Dobbsie's Ship of Joy, and that's all we can tell you about it at present.

**11:00 Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra:** Mon. Sat. WABC and network  
**Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard:** Fri. WABC and network  
**11:30 Leon Belasco Orchestra:** Sun. WABC and network  
**Gus Arnheim Orchestra:** Mon. WABC and network  
**Johnny Green Orchestra:** Tues. Sat. WABC and network  
**Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard:** Wed. WABC and network

Rebroadcasts For Western Listeners:

**11:00 Myrt and Marge:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. W B B M W F B M KMBG WHAS KMOX KERN KMH KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBRG WKRLD KLZ KTRH KFAB KLRA WREC WCCO WALA WSEA WLAC WDSU KOMA KSL  
**Richard Himber and Studebaker Champions:** Sat. ½ hr. KERN KMH KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL

**11:15 Edwin C. Hill:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. KERN KMH KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL

**11:30 Kate Smith's New-Star Revue:** Mon. ½ hr. KERN KMH KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL  
**The Camel Caravan:** Thurs. ½ hr. KERN KMH KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KFOR KOH KSL



|                     | 12 NOON  | 1 PM   | 2 PM   | 3 PM  | 4 PM  | 5 PM   | 6 PM |
|---------------------|--|--|--|---|---|--|------|
| <b>BLUE NETWORK</b> | 12:00<br><b>Gigantic Pictures, Inc.:</b> Sun. ½ hr. Network<br><b>Fields and Hall:</b> Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network                                      | 1:30<br><b>National Youth Conference:</b> Sun. ½ hr. Network<br><b>Words and Music:</b> Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network | 2:00<br><b>Anthony Frome, the Poet Prince:</b> Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAM plus WKBF<br><b>RCA Matinee:</b> Wed. 1 hr. Network                           | 3:00<br><b>Radio Guild:</b> Mon. Hour—Network<br><b>Art Collins Orchestra:</b> Tues. ½ hr. Network<br><b>Castles of Romance:</b> Thurs. ¼ hr. Network<br><b>U. S. Marine Band:</b> Fri. one hr. Network | 4:00<br><b>Jolly Coburn's Spartan Triolans:</b> Sun. ½ hr. Network<br><b>Betty and Bob:</b> Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus.<br><b>KSO KWCR WREN Plus Coast Plus WOAI WLW WFAA WTMJ KSTP KVOO WKY KPRC</b>                          | 5:00<br><b>Roses and Drums:</b> Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WLW KTBS WKY KTHS WBAP KPRC WOAI<br><b>Al Pearce and His Gang:</b> Mon. Fri. ½ hr. Network<br><b>Your Health:</b> Tues. ¼ hr. Network<br><b>George Sterney Orchestra:</b> Sat. ¼ hr. |      |
|                     | 12:15<br><b>Blue Harmonies Trio:</b> Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Network<br><b>Merry Macs:</b> Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network<br><b>Genia Fonarivova, soprano:</b> Sat. ¼ hr. Network | 2:00<br><b>NBC Music Guild:</b> Mon. Thurs. ¾ hr. Network  | 2:15<br><b>Bob Becker's Fireside Chats About Dogs:</b> Sun. ¼ hr. Basic  | 3:15<br><b>Joe White, tenor:</b> Wed. ¼ hr. Network   | 4:15<br><b>Songs and Stories:</b> Mon. ¼ hr. Network<br><b>Eddie and Ralph:</b> Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Network  | 5:15<br><b>Jackie Heller:</b> Mon. Tues. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network<br><b>The Three Scamps:</b> Thurs. ¼ hr. Network  |      |
|                     | 12:30<br><b>Radio City Music Hall:</b> Sun. Hour—Network<br><b>National Farm and Home Hour:</b> Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. Hour—Network                        |  | 2:30<br><b>Lux Radio Theater:</b> Sun. one hr. Basic plus Western minus WTMJ WWNC WBAP WJAX plus Coast plus WLW WIBA KFJR WDAY KTBS WFAA KTBS WTA R CFCF | 3:30<br><b>National Vespers:</b> Sun. ½ hr. Network   | 4:30<br><b>Carlsbad Presents Morton Downey:</b> Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WJR WGAR KWK<br><b>Rochester Civic Orchestra:</b> Wed. one hr. Network<br><b>Platt and Nierman:</b> Thurs. ¼ hr. Network<br><b>Blue Harmonies Trio:</b> Fri. ¼ hr. Network | 5:30<br><b>Cook's Travelogue:</b> Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus WFI WKY<br><b>Singing Lady:</b> Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR WLW   |      |
|                     |  |  | 2:45<br><b>Echoes of Erin:</b> Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network  |   | 4:45<br><b>Jules Lande's Orchestra:</b> Mon. ¼ hr. Network  | 5:45<br><b>Terhune Dog Drama:</b> Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus Coast<br><b>Little Orphan Annie:</b> Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WREN KWCR KSO KWK WREN KOIL Crot WRA V WJAX KPRC WKY WPTF WFLA CFCF WIOD                   |      |

# LIST OF STATIONS

| BLUE NETWORK |      |         |      |      |
|--------------|------|---------|------|------|
| BASIC        |      | WESTERN |      |      |
| WJZ          | WSYR | KWCR    | WPTF | KPRC |
| WBAL         | WHAM | KSO     | WTMJ | WEBC |
| WMAL         | KDKA | KWK     | KSTP | WRVA |
| WBZ          | WJR  | WREN    | WWNC | WJAX |
| WBZA         | WENR | KOIL    | WKY  | WFLA |
|              | WGAR |         | WBAP | WOAI |
| COAST        |      |         |      |      |
| KOA          | KGO  | KOMO    |      |      |
| KDYL         | KFI  | KHQ     |      |      |
|              | KGW  |         |      |      |

| RED NETWORK |      |         |      |      |
|-------------|------|---------|------|------|
| BASIC       |      | WESTERN |      |      |
| WEAF        | WWJ  | WGY     | WEEI | WHO  |
| WTAG        | WLW  | WJAR    | KSD  | WMAQ |
| WBN         | WSAI | WCSH    | WDAF | WOW  |
| WCAE        | WFBR | WLIT    |      | WTIC |
| WTAM        | WRC  | WFI     |      |      |
| SOUTHERN    |      |         |      |      |
| KSTP        | WEBC | WKY     | KVOO | WBAP |
| WTMJ        | KPRC | WOAI    | WFAA | KTAR |
| CANADIAN    |      |         |      |      |
| WIOD        | WIS  | WJAX    | WSB  | WAPI |
| WFLA        | WPTF | WMC     | WSM  | WAVE |
| WWNC        | WRVA | WJDX    | WSMB |      |
| COAST       |      |         |      |      |
| CRCT        | CFCF | KHQ     | KGO  | KOMO |
|             |      | KDYL    | KHJ  | KFI  |
|             |      | KOA     | KGW  |      |

Sam Hearn who is the star of Sunday's Gigantic Pictures, Inc., at noon, has become one of radio's most acclaimed stooges. Short, light reddish hair, genial smile, a little paunchy, is good description. So far he has had most fun out of role of Schlepperman on Benny's Jello Program seven hours later on the same day. . . . Blue Harmonies is new trio at 12:15 Monday, Wednesday, Friday.

Spartan Triolans, featuring leader Jolly Coburn, has come back Sundays at four, Coburn and his band are co-featured in Manhattan's swank Rainbow Room with the titled comedienne, Beatrice Lillie. The afternoon program is supported by Harold Van Emburgh.

# NATIONAL

|  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| 3:00<br><b>Sally of the Talkies:</b> Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WTIC plus WJDX WSB WSM WMC WSB WAPI<br><b>Vic and Sade:</b> Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic minus WLW plus KYW KFI   | 4:00<br><b>Rhythm Symphony:</b> Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WCAE KSD WHO WOW plus Southern minus WWNC WIS plus Coast minus KHQ KHJ plus WIBA WEBC WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI KFSD WKY<br><b>Woman's Radio Review:</b> Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. | 5:00<br><b>Sentinel Serenade:</b> Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast plus WMC WSB WSM WAVE WTMJ WEBC KFJR WIBA plus Canadian<br><b>Kay Foster, Songs:</b> Mon. Sat. ¼ hr. Network<br><b>Meredith Willson Orchestra:</b> Tues. ½ hr. Network<br><b>N't'l Congress Parents, Teachers Program:</b> Thurs. ½ hr. Network                                 |
| 3:15<br><b>Oxydol's Ma Perkins:</b> Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJAR WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW—plus WKBF WSM WSB WAPI WAVE WSBM  | 4:30<br><b>Harry Reser's Spearmint Crew:</b> Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WFBR WLIT KSD WHO WOW<br><b>The Jesters Trio:</b> Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. Network<br><b>Arlene Jackson, songs:</b> Thurs. ¼ hr. Network<br><b>NBC Music Guild:</b> Fri. ¼ hr.  | 5:15<br><b>Tom Mix' Ralston Shooters:</b> Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WFBR WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW   |
| 3:30<br><b>Penthouse Serenade, Don Mario:</b> Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast<br><b>Dreams Come True:</b> Mon. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW<br><b>Willie Bryant Orchestra:</b> Tues. ½ hr.<br><b>The Sizzler's Trio:</b> Fri. ¼ hr.<br><b>Weekend Review:</b> Sat. Hour—Network | 4:45<br><b>Dream Drama:</b> Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WHO WOW<br><b>The Lady Next Door, Madge Tucker:</b> Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network   | 5:30<br><b>The House By Side of Road:</b> Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WWNC WIS WPTF KPRC WKY WOAI KVOO WBAP plus WTA R KTBS WVAX KSD plus Canadian<br><b>Sugar and Bunny:</b> Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr.<br><b>Alice in Orchestra:</b> Wed. ¼ hr. Network<br><b>Interview, Nellie Revell:</b> Fri. ¼ hr.<br><b>Our American Schools:</b> Sat. ¼ hr.—Network |
| 3:45<br><b>Something new is the Swift Program, at two thirty on Sundays, in place of Frank Luther, scheduled in last month's Program Guide. It broadcasts from NBC's Chicago studios. . . . New time for Vic and Sade, Oxydol's Ma Perkins.</b>  | 4:55<br><b>Ivory Stamp Club Captain Tim Healy:</b> Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WLW WLIT plus WTMJ WIBA KSTP WEBC<br><b>Nursery Rhymes:</b> Tues. ¼ hr. Network   |   |

|  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| 12:00<br><b>"The Story of Mary Marlin":</b> Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WLIT plus KYW plus coast<br><b>Arm chair Quartet:</b> Sat. ¼ hr. Network | 1:00<br><b>Dale Carnegie:</b> Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus KSD WOC WDAF WMAQ WOW<br><b>People's Lobby:</b> Sat. one hr.              | 2:00<br><b>Im mortal Dramas:</b> Sun. ½ hr. WEAF and network<br><b>Revolving Stage:</b> Mon. ¼ hr.<br><b>Two Seats in the Balcony:</b> Wed. ½ hr. Network<br><b>Stones of History:</b> Thurs. ½ hr.<br><b>Magic of Speech:</b> Fri. ¼ hr. Network<br><b>Metropolitan Grand Opera:</b> Sat 3 hrs. WEAF and WJZ Networks. |
| 12:15<br><b>Honeyboy and Sassafras:</b> Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network   | 1:15<br><b>Peggy's Doctor:</b> Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI WJAR WSH WFI WFBR WGY WBN                              | 2:30<br><b>Swift Program:</b> Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WWJ WLIT KSD WDAF WHO WTIC<br><b>Vaughn de Leath:</b> Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr.  |
| 12:30<br><b>University of Chicago Discussions:</b> Sun. ½ hr. Network<br><b>Merry Madcaps:</b> Mon. Tues. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network                           | 1:30<br><b>Little Miss Bab O:</b> Sun. ½ hr. Basic<br><b>Master Music Hour:</b> Tues. 1 hr.<br><b>Air breaks:</b> Thurs. ½ hr. |   |



6PM. 7PM. 8PM. 9PM. 10PM. 11PM. MIDNIGHT 12

**5:00**  
**Heart Throbs of the Hills:** Sun. ¼ hr. Network  
**U. S. Army Band:** Mon. ¼ hr. Network  
**Angelo Ferdinand Orchestra:** Tues. Sat. ¼ hr. Network  
**Education in the News:** Wed. ¼ hr. Network  
**William Lundell Interview:** Thurs. ¼ hr. Network  
**Jack Berger Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr. Network

**6:15**  
**Orchestra:** Thurs. ¼ hr. Network  
**6:30**  
**Grand Hotel:** Sun. Basic plus Coast plus W T M J K S T P W E B C

**6:45**  
**Lowell Thomas:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WENR K W C R K S O K W K W R E N K O I L P L U S W L W C R C T W J A X W F L A C F C F W I O D W R V A

More 7:00 Programs

**7:15**  
**Morton Downey:** Tues. ¼ hr. Basic minus W B A L W S Y R K W K plus W F I W K B F W C K Y

**7:30**  
**Edgar A. Guest:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic

**7:00**  
**Jack Benny:** Sun. Basic Plus Western minus W W N C W B A P W L S Plus W K B F W I B A K F Y R W I O D W T A R W A V E W S M W S B W S M B K V O O W F A A K T B S W S O C W D A Y W M C  
**Amos and Andy:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus K W K K W C R W R E N K S O K O I L — plus C R C T W R V A W P T F W I O D W F L A W C K Y

**7:15**  
**Vicks with Willard Robison:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus W G A R W R E N  
**Gems of Melody:** Thurs. ½ hr. Basic

**7:30**  
**Baker's Broadcast, Joe Penner:** Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus Western minus W W N C W B A P Plus Coast Plus W S M B K V O O W F A A  
**Red Davis Series:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W J R W G A R Plus Western minus W T M J W B A P W L S Plus W I B A W I S W I O D W S M W M C W S B W I D X W S M B K T B S W T A R W A V E W S O C W K B F K O A K D Y L W L W W F A A

**7:45**  
**Dangerous Paradise:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Plus K T B S W S M W S B W F A A W K Y W L W W H O  
**Ruth Etting:** Thurs. ½ hr. W J Z and Network

**8:00**  
**General Motors Symphony Concert:** Sun. one hr. Basic minus W E N R plus W C K Y  
**Jan Garber:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus W E N R plus Coast plus W L S W L W W K B F  
**Eno Crime Clues:** Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus W H A M W E N R plus W L W W L S  
**Penthouse Party with Mark Hellinger:** Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus W H A M W E N R plus W L W W L S  
**Irene Rich:** Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W J R W G A R W E N R K W K plus W L S W S M W M C W S B W A V E  
**Phil Cook Show Shop:** Sat. ½ hr. Network

**8:15**  
**Dick Liebert's Musical Revues:** Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus W B A L W H A M W E N R K W K Plus W K B F W L S

**8:30**  
**Carefree Carnival:** Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast  
**Lawrence Tibbett:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus W E N R K W K plus W L S C R C T C F C F  
**Lanny Ross, Log Cabin Orch:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus W B Z W B Z W E N R K W K plus W L S W C K Y  
**The Intimate Revue:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus W E N R plus W L S  
**George Olsen Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr.

**9:00**  
**Melodious Silken Strings Program:** Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus W T M J K S T P W B A P W E B C W O A I plus W L W W I O D W A V E W S M W S B W M C W I D X W S M B W F A A K T B S K T H S  
**Sinclair Minstrels:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus W M A L W E N R W S Y R K W C A plus Western minus W B A P K O M O K D Y L K H Q K G W plus W S B W I B A W D A Y K F Y R W F A A W I S W I O D W S M W S M B W I D X K T B S K V O O W S O C W T A R W M C K T H S K F S D K T A R K P O  
**Grace Moore:** Tues. ½ hr. W J Z and Network  
**Warden Lewis E. Lawes:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus W E N R plus W L S W K B F plus Coast  
**Death Valley Days:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Basic minus W E N R plus W L W W L S  
**Beatrice Lillie:** Fri. ½ hr. W J Z and Network  
**Radio City Party:** Sat. ½ hr.—Basic minus W E N R plus W C K Y W L S plus Coast

**9:30**  
**Walter Winchell:** Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus W L W  
**Princess Pat Players:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic  
**Cleveland Symphony Orchestra:** Tues. one hr. (Continued on last col.)

**10:00**  
**L'Heure Exquise:** Sun. ¼ hr. Network  
**Little Jackie Heller:** Mon. ¼ hr. Basic minus K W K plus W C K Y W L I T  
**Jimmy Fidler:** Wed. ¼ hr. Basic minus K W K plus W L I T W C K Y plus coast  
**Ray Noble and Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr. W J Z and Network  
**10:15**  
**Madame Sylvia:** Wed. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W J R plus Coast plus W T M J W R V A K S T P W E B C W I B A W C K Y

**10:30**  
**An American Fireside:** Sun. ½ hr. Network  
**Tim and Irene:** Tues. ½ hr.—Network  
**Economic and Social Changing Order:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network  
**The Jewish Program:** Fri. ½ hr. Network  
**Emil Coleman Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr.

For eight broadcasts the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra will entertain in hour programs, starting late in February and continuing through March. Hear one of the finest symphony orchestras in the world on Tuesdays at nine thirty.

**11:00**  
**Jack Denny Orchestra:** Mon. ½ hr.  
**Abe Lyman Orchestra:** Tues. ½ hr.  
**Hal Kemp Orchestra:** Wed. ½ hr.  
**Leo Reisman Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr.  
**Dorsey Brothers Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr.  
**11:30**  
**Emil Coleman Orchestra:** Sun. ½ hr.  
**Jolly Coburn Orchestra:** Mon. ½ hr.  
**Dorsey Brothers Orchestra:** Tues. ½ hr.  
**Leo Reisman Orchestra:** Thurs. ½ hr.

(Continued)  
**John Charles Thomas:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast  
**Armour Hour, Phil Baker:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus W P T F W B A P plus Coast plus W I O D W S M W M C W S B W A P I W S M B W F A A W A V E W C K Y  
**National Barn Dance:** Sat. Hour. Basic plus W L S W K B F

And at ten! The eminent English maestro, the much-sought-after Ray Noble has a sponsored program. For half an hour on Fridays, over NBC, he conducts his orchestra.

BROADCASTING COMPANY

**6:00**  
**Catholic Hour:** Sun. ½ hr.—Network  
**Xavier Cugat Orchestra:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Network  
**Tom Coakley Orchestra:** Sat. ½ hr.

**6:15**  
**Mid-week Hymn Sing:** Tues. ¼ hr. Network

**6:30**  
**Armco Iron Master:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus W T A G W J A R W C S B W E E I W T I C plus K P R C W K Y W O A I W B A P K T B S K V O O  
**Press Radio News:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

**6:45**  
**Billy Batchelor:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W S A I W H O W D A F W M A Q W O W  
**Thornton Fisher:** Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus W C A E W H O W D A F

**7:00**  
**Martha Mears:** Sun. ¼ hr.  
**Orchestras:** Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.

**7:15**  
**Stories of the Black Chamber:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. W E A F W T I C W T A G W J A R W C S B K Y W W G Y W B E N W C A E W T A M W S A I W M A Q  
**Whispering Jack Smith:** Tues. Thurs. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

**7:30**  
**Sigurd Nilssen, basso Graham McNamee:** Sun. ¼ hr.—W E A F W T A G W J A R W C S B W G Y W T A M W W J W S A I W M A Q K S D W O W W B E N  
**Easy Aces:** Mon. Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. W E A F and Network  
**Molle Minstrel Show:** Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus W B E N W F I W E E I W T I C

**7:45**  
**The Fitch Program:** Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus W E E I W D A F plus C F C F W K B F  
**Radio Station E-Z-R-A:** Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus W C A E W F B R W I A R W E E I K S D W T I C  
**Vaughn de Leath:** Tues. ¼ hr.

**8:00**  
**Chase and Sanborn Opera Guild:** Sun. Hour—Complete except W B A P plus K F Y R W D A Y  
**Studebaker, Himmer, Nash:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus K V O O W K Y W E A A K P R C W O A I K T B S  
**Leo Reisman:** Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus W S A I plus Western minus W U A I W F A A plus Southern minus W R V A W A V E plus W K B F W I B A W D A Y K F Y R W S O C W T A R  
**Mary Pickford:** Wed. ½ hr.—Complete plus K T B S W C K Y K F Y R W D A Y W I B A  
**Rudy Vallee:** Thurs. Hour—Complete plus K F Y R W D A Y  
**Cities Service:** Fri. Hour—Basic minus W M A Q plus Western minus C R T C K O A K D Y L  
**Swift Hour:** Sat. Hour—Basic minus W H O plus Western minus K V O O W F A A K T A R plus W I B A K T B S

**8:15**  
**Voice of Firestone:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus W F A A W B A P K T A R plus Southern minus W R V A W A P I plus W D A Y W K B F W I B A K F Y R W S O C W T A R K T B S  
**Lady Esther, Wayne King:** Tues. Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus W F B R plus W T M J K S T P W K Y K P R C W S M W S B W M C W O A I W K B F W S M B W B E N W T I C W B A P K V O O

**8:30**  
**American Album of Familiar Music:** Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus W T I C W A P I W A V E W E B C W B A P K T A R —plus Canadian  
**Otto Harbach Musical with Al Goodman Orchestra:** Mon. ½ hr.—Complete minus W T I C W A V E K T A R W A P I W B A P plus K T B S  
**Ed Wynn, Eddie Duchin:** Tues. ½ hr.—(Continued on last col.)

**9:00**  
**Manhattan Merry Go Round:** Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus W B E N W C A E W E E I plus W T M J K S T P W E B C C F C F plus Coast  
**A and P Gypsies:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus W L W W F B R W R C  
**Ben Bernie:** Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus W D A F plus W T M J K S T P W D A Y K F Y R W M C W S B W B A P K T B S K P R C W O A I K O A W F I K V O O  
**Fred Allen:** Wed. Hour—Basic plus W I S W J A X W I O D W S B W T M J K T B S K P R C W O A I K S T P K R V A W S M B K V O O W K Y W E B C W P T F W S M W M C  
**Showboat Hour:** Thurs. Hour—Complete plus W K B F K G A L K T B S K F S D K G I R  
**Waltz Time:** Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus W E E I  
**Songs You Love:** Sat. ½ hr.—Basic minus W H O plus W T M J W I B A W D A Y K S T P W E B C K F Y R

**9:30**  
**American Album of Familiar Music:** Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus W T I C W A P I W A V E W E B C W B A P K T A R —plus Canadian  
**Otto Harbach Musical with Al Goodman Orchestra:** Mon. ½ hr.—Complete minus W T I C W A V E K T A R W A P I W B A P plus K T B S  
**Ed Wynn, Eddie Duchin:** Tues. ½ hr.—(Continued on last col.)

**10:00**  
**Pontiac, Jane Froman:** Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus K S D K V O O W F A A plus W K V F W S O C W I B A K T H S W D A Y K T B S K G I R K F S O K F Y R K G H L

**Contented Program:** Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus K S T P W T M J W E B C K P R C W O A I W F A A K F Y R W S M W M C W S B W K Y  
**Palmolive:** Tues. hour—Basic minus W F I W T I C plus Coast plus Canadian plus Southern minus W A P I plus W D A Y K F Y R W S O C K G I R K F S D K G H L W K B F  
**Lombardoland:** Wed. ½ hr.—Basic plus Southern minus W A P I plus W K B F W K Y K T H S W F A A K P R C W O A I K T B S K V O O  
**Whiteman's Music Hall:** Thurs. hour—Complete minus W M C (at 10:30) W F A A plus W D A Y K F Y R K T B S K T H S W I B A  
**Campana's First Nighter:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus K V O O W B A P K T A R plus W S M B W M C W S M W S B

**10:30**  
**One Man's Family:** Wed. ½ hr. basic minus W F I W D A F W H O plus Southern plus Coast plus W S O C W T A R W K B F  
**Coco Cola Program:** Fri. ½ hr.  
**Let's Dance Program:** Sat. 3 hours W E A F and Network

**11:00**  
**The Grumitts, Senator Ford:** Mon. Tues. ¼ hr. Network  
**Hotel Weylin Orchestra:** Wed. ½ hr.  
**George R. Holmes:** Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

**11:15**  
**Jesse Crawford, organist:** Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network  
**Voice of Romance:** Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. Network

**11:30**  
**Jolly Coburn Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr. Network  
**Dorsey Brothers, Bob Crosby:** Thurs. ½ hr.—Network

(Continued)  
Complete minus W S A I W A P I W F A A plus W I B A W S O C K G A L W D A Y K T H S K F S D K T B S K F Y R K G I R W K B F  
**Pick and Pat:** Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus W E E I  
**9:30**  
**Gibson Family:** Sat. hour—Basic minus W H O plus K S T P W T M J W E B C K H Q K D Y L K O A K F I K G W K O M O K F Y R W D A Y W I B A



# Enchanted Lady

(Continued from page 20)

over now; the microphone was removed. Mark stepped down from the stage.

"Strike up the band, boys. I'll be back."

He strolled over to Lew Littell's table. A slight frown creased his forehead.

"You shouldn't have said that, Lew. Tomorrow morning I'll be besieged by every girl in New York who thinks she has a voice!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth. At the far end of the terrace a girl rose from her seat. She made her way swiftly through a maze of tables toward Mark Hammond. Mark read the look of determination in her face, and read it correctly. He had seen it too many times in other girls' eyes.

"Good Lord!" Mark Hammond groaned. "I believe the parade has started already!"

**G**INGER WALLIS saw her chance, and she took it.

She did not say a word to Larry. It was as though all in a moment Larry had slipped out of her life, and Mark Hammond had entered. A vital, more personal Mark than she had ever dared to think of him before. A tiny pulse of excitement beat in her heart.

They were almost face to face. But quick as she had been to act upon Lew Littell's suggestion, another girl was quicker.

A blonde girl in a white evening gown rose from a nearby table, and thrust herself in front of Ginger.

"Oh, Mr. Hammond!" cried the blonde. "Is it really true that you are looking for a girl singer? Won't you give me an audition? I know I can make good. I have already broadcast over our local Westchester station. All I need is a break. I—"

That was as far as she got. Something flared up inside Ginger. She was so near to opportunity, and she was not going to let it escape her. She never knew where her mad idea came from. Like a bolt of lightning it was suddenly there in her brain, and she had to act, without even thinking about it.

Ginger caught hold of the blonde by one rhinestone shoulder strap.

She said loudly, "I'm sorry, but you are a little bit too late. I am to replace Frances Marsden on the Hammond program. Mr. Hammond signed me up this morning!"

In her nervousness her grip was too tight, and the fragile shoulder strap broke. The blonde wheeled around on her angrily.

"Look what you've done, you little—!" Her hand stretched out in an instinctive gesture of retaliation. She caught at the ruffles on Ginger's dress. The ruffles ripped sickeningly. In an instant it was a personal fight between two girls who both wanted the same thing. Hands clutched at each other. Shocked gasps arose from the amazed

onlookers. Mark himself stepped forward and parted them.

"What's the idea?" he thundered.

Ginger found herself looking up into furious dark eyes. She heard herself saying crazily, "I'm sorry to embarrass you, Mark. Lew made a mistake, didn't he? He should have told the radio audience that Ginger Wallis is to be the new featured singer with your band, and then we could have avoided a scene like this."

**M**ARK HAMMOND and Lew Littell were looking at her as though neither one of them could believe his eyes or ears. Ginger herself could hardly believe that such a fantastic thing had actually happened. She, who had haunted the broadcasting studios begging the stars for their autographs, had called two of radio's outstanding celebrities by their first names!

The blonde girl's escort claimed her, and led her back to her table. Mark still held to Ginger's arm.

"You come along with me. I want to talk to you."

He took her into a little room off the terrace, and slammed the door.

"Now," said Mark, "what's the big idea?"

Somehow Ginger found her voice. "The big idea," she said slowly, "is that I want to sing over the radio. It's the one ambition of my life. I know I can sing, but nobody will give me a chance. Nobody wants a girl without a name. Please, Mr. Hammond, give me a try-out with your band."

"I had to say what I said or you wouldn't even have looked at me. I'd have been just one girl among hundreds. That's all I've ever been. Tomorrow it will be different. My name will be in Lew Littell's column. I shan't be an unknown any longer. That's all I need. Publicity. Don't you understand?"

"I understand, all right," Mark said grimly. "Just because you have a crazy idea you want to sing over the radio you think you can put me on the spot. Well, other girls have tried it before you, but they haven't gotten away with it!"

Crazy idea! Ginger's lips twisted. She demanded.

"Is it crazy to pin all your hopes to a dream that looks like it's never going to come true? Is it crazy to refuse to be discouraged when the odds are all stacked against you?—to seize at the last forlorn chance which offers itself?"

"Oh, Mr. Hammond, you know what I'm up against. You know what it means to be down in the depths looking up at the stars. You've had your struggles, too. You can't have forgotten."

No, Mark Hammond had not forgotten his early struggles. Neither had he forgotten that this was not the first time, since his rise to fame, that a publicity-hungry girl had tried to involve him in her own scheme to achieve recognition.

Ginger said defensively, "I'm not trying to put you on the spot. I'm just out to get a break for myself. Won't you help me? All I want is the chance to prove to you what I can do."

Ironically enough Mark echoed Larry Bryan's words, but his voice was not unkind.

"My dear girl, there are thousands like you who think that they can sing. My secretaries turn them away every day. Run along like a good girl, and I'll forget about this. You'll be much happier if you are content to just be yourself. Give up the idea of becoming a star."

Ginger stood her ground. She said despairingly, "Won't you let me sing just one song for you?"

Mark Hammond fidgeted with his wrist watch. "Sorry, I haven't the time. I have to get back to my orchestra. I've been away too long now."

Ginger saw opportunity slipping away from her again. But still she did not move.

Mark's face darkened. "I shouldn't like to make any trouble for you," he hinted, "but really if you don't go—"

"Oh, all right, I'll go," Ginger said quietly. "But—"

She added surprisingly, "Would you mind giving me your autograph first?"

Mark complied, scribbling his name on a card because she had forgotten her book. Ginger went back through the terrace to Larry. Mark watched her go.

**O**DDLY enough he felt a bit sorry because he had been forced to let her down. There was something proud about the set of those small shoulders. Something fine about her whole personality, despite the tawdry dress.

In that very first moment when she thrust herself upon him Mark had noticed that Ginger Wallis was beautiful. But it was beauty without polish.

He saw her join the man at her table. A man, Mark guessed, who would be willing to marry the kid if she gave up her crazy dreams for radio fame. Life was funny. Mark shrugged his shoulders. Too bad, but there were too many like her.

Ginger said to Larry, "Well, I got it!" and tossed Mark's autographed card down on the table.

Larry exploded, "Why, you little idiot! Do you mean to say you made that ridiculous spectacle of yourself for the sake of an autograph?"

It was after midnight when Mark Hammond left the Berkeley. The doorman had his roadster waiting by the curb. Mark stepped inside. He was feeling moody tonight. Somehow he could not quite get that girl out of his mind.

When he stopped for a traffic light on Fifth Avenue he realized that the determined red-head was not only on his mind. She was right in the car with him. She was taking advantage of the stop to crawl out of the open

(Continued on page 56)



HURRY IN AND PUT  
OUT THAT LIGHT, SALLY.  
IT'S LATE...



NOT TILL I'VE  
CLEANED MY  
FACE WITH **LUX**  
**TOILET SOAP.**  
NO COSMETIC  
SKIN FOR ME!

## Wise girls guard against Cosmetic Skin the screen stars' way...

**Y**OU can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them *thoroughly* the screen stars' way. It's when you leave bits of stale rouge and powder *choking the pores* that you risk Cosmetic Skin.

Do you see enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—warning signals of Cosmetic Skin? Better begin at once to use Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.

### Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To protect your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its **ACTIVE** lather will sink deep into

the pores, carry away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge. Your skin will feel soft and smooth—and *look* it! 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—have used it for years!

**BARBARA  
STANWYCK**

STAR OF WARNER BROS.' "THE WOMAN IN RED"



OF COURSE I USE  
COSMETICS, BUT  
I NEVER WORRY  
ABOUT COSMETIC  
SKIN. I USE  
**LUX TOILET SOAP**  
REGULARLY!



(Continued from page 54)

rumble seat, and into the front seat beside him.

Mark ejaculated, "What the hell!"

Her face was white, but her eyes burned bright with excitement.

Ginger said, "All right, you can go ahead now. The light's changed."

Mark started up his car again with a jerk. "Would you mind telling me just what is the big idea this time?" he asked.

"The big idea this time," Ginger said firmly, "is that I refuse to take 'no' for an answer. I ditched my escort on the pretense of making a telephone call, and hid in your car when the doorman wasn't looking."

You couldn't help admiring the kid's courage. Mark said, "So what?"

"So I'm going to sing for you. I'm going to make you listen to me."

Mark was taken aback. "If you think I'm going to drive through New York with you singing your head off in an open car, you're—"

"Crazy?" she supplemented. "I think you told me that before. Nevertheless, I'm going to do it."

**H**ER eyes met his defiantly. "If you try to put me out of this car I'll call a cop and say that you threw me out! You daren't risk that kind of a scandal. You'd better listen to me, Mr. Hammond."

Mark said slowly, "Okay, I guess you win!"

Late city-dwellers returning to their homes and the cops on the avenue were treated to the spectacle of a girl sitting in an open roadster, singing. Not singing her head off. Singing her heart out. To the man beside her, and the stars above. Each twinkling light in the midnight sky symbolized to Ginger a radio personality. The star she herself wanted to be, the star she was going to be.

Opportunity had knocked for Ginger Wallis, at last, and she put body and soul into her performance. She sang one popular song after another. Ginger Wallis' own interpretations of Mark Hammond's favorite songs.

Mark Hammond never said a word. He sat staring at the road ahead. His mind was bewildered. He had been prepared to accept the girl as just another youngster with too much ambition and not enough talent.

**B**UT this Ginger Wallis had something! There was a husky sweetness about her voice which tugged at the emotions. There was power beneath the sweetness, too. Most of all, she had personality. She was vivid. With the right training she might—

Ginger ended on a plaintive note. "For all we know we may never meet again—"

For all she knew she might never meet Mark Hammond again. The last chorus of her song died away, and a startled policeman stared after the disappearing car.

Still Mark had not spoken. Ginger's heart knocked unsteadily. What was he going to say? Did his silence mean that she had muffed her big chance?

She breathed, "Well?"

Mark said, "Report at the studio tomorrow at ten o'clock for an audition." "Oh!" She could not say any more. Suddenly her throat was tight, and her eyes were misty.

Mark said, "Don't get the impression that you are going to become a success overnight. Maybe you won't even click, but I'll give you a try-out. I think you have possibilities."

All her bravado was gone. Paradise was in sight tonight, and her cup of joy was brimming over.

Ginger choked, "Oh, Mr. Hammond!"

clasping and unclasping her hands ecstatically.

Her naïve eagerness was almost too much for Mark. Ginger's emotions fairly bubbled over. He had not seen such fresh enthusiasm since his own struggling days.

Mark pulled his car over to the curb, and stopped.

"Look here, kid, get a grip on yourself. You've got a long way to go before you're a star. Maybe at the end you'll find yourself wishing that you hadn't even tried. Success is like that sometimes. You've got to make yourself over. A good voice isn't enough. You've got to be a personality. You've got to be polished!"

"I'll do anything," Ginger murmured. "Anything!"

Mark said, "I have just signed a new contract with Bronstein. Starting next week I am inaugurating a brand new program. One of the biggest hours on the air. There'll be room only for the best talent—understand? If your tests tomorrow are okay, you shall make your radio debut then."

"But remember you will not be facing an unseen audience. There will also be a large, critical, visible audience in the studio, watching every move you make."

Mark dived into his pocket, and pressed some money into her hand.

"Study your appearance, and buy yourself a dress. Not one with ruffles all over it like the one you're wearing now. Something plain, to show up the whiteness of your skin. Black, I should think, with your hair."

**S**EEING her draw back he hastened to add, "Consider it a loan, if you like. I'll deduct it from your salary."

Mark smiled whimsically. "If you want to be a star, you know, you've got to look like a star!"

"Gee!" Ginger breathed impulsively. "It's been a long time since anyone was so sweet to me."

She leaned forward, and kissed the startled Mark lightly on his lips. Then, as he put her away from him, her face went scarlet at the realization of what she had done.

Mark's face was a study in embarrassment. He said gruffly, "If you're going to work with me, girl, don't ever do that again! Remember, sentiment and business just don't mix!"

Ginger did not reply. In a flash she had opened the door of the car. As suddenly as she had come she was gone again. Running, her heels tapping eerily on the quiet pavement. Dazed, Mark watched her go.

"I wonder," Mark Hammond mused. "I wonder what the future has in store for her!"

*Now that Ginger's going to get her chance, will she muff it? Is she just another youngster with too much ambition and not enough talent? Read next month's issue of RADIO MIRROR and follow our heroine into radioland. You'll learn the secrets of the struggle for radio fame.*



Joe Penner among a group of his ardent admirers on the occasion of his recent visit to the Boys' Club of New York, on Avenue A and Tenth.



## What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 47)

### \$1.00 PRIZE

**I** THINK this miracle of radio is almost too good to be true. What it has done for lonely isolated people can never be accurately estimated.

The wife and mother who is too tired to seek entertainment away from her easy chair, can, regardless of threadbare dress and comfortable shoes, have the best talent in any line as entertainment. She has but to reach out and turn a button, then sink back to listen and be soothed until rest steals through her aching muscles.

If I have a criticism to make it is this. After, or sometimes before some product has given us an entertainment, a child is called upon to read a letter or say something from actual experience concerning the product. To me it never rings true. The thought steals in, maybe the letter is not authentic. Possibly it was bought. The same when a doctor voices his preference. How does one know he is a medical man of repute?

I think such methods tend to weaken the impression the product has made.

MARY BELLE WALLEY, Butler, N. J.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

**M**ANY people appear to believe it's smart to criticize the radio programs; although very few of these critics offer any constructive ideas.

The fact is that we are getting the greatest variety of entertainment we ever had at our disposal and all for practically no cost. It is true that we must listen to some advertising talk, some of which is silly, boring and seemingly endless. Well, what of it? A little agony will not hurt anyone.

The big networks give us many fine sustaining hours, free of all advertising; there are also many sponsored programs on which there is a minimum of advertising talk. Then there are programs of only fifteen minutes duration, five minutes of which is ballyhoo; yet few of us would miss those, because of that. Take Amos and Andy for example. Although on for only ten minutes, millions listen to them.

My suggestion is to stop criticizing lest something happen that may deprive us of the wonderful entertainment that we are getting.

JULIUS REICH, New York City.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

**M**ANY thanks to radio for the improvement in day-time programs. The busy housewife gets so much pleasure and assistance from some of the broadcasts.

No longer must she listen to "Little Dotty Dumbell" and the would-be clever announcer, who seemed to believe all listeners who tuned in before five, must be "talked down" to.

Helpful suggestions are welcome and first class entertainment makes the day's work easier and the hours shorter.

Please pass on my gratitude to any—  
(Continued on page 88)

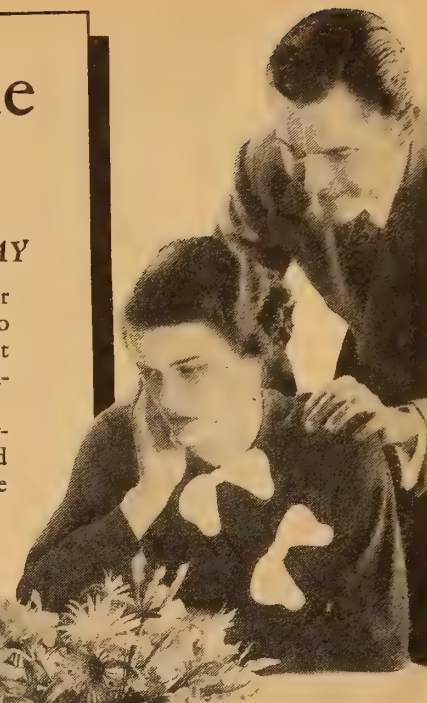
## "Careless little bride!"

### SAID TATTLE-TALE GRAY

It had been the first big party in her own new home—she had been so thrilled—but suddenly she saw a guest eyeing her tablecloth—and that critical glance ruined her evening.

Why did her clothes have that *tattle-tale gray* look? She always worked hard over her washes—but why must she seem so careless?

Then next day, she found the answer . . .



The thing that robs your clothes of their nice fresh whiteness, a friend told the bride, is left-over dirt—and there's one sure way to get out ALL the dirt.



That way is to use Fels-Naptha—for it's made of *golden soap* that's richer—and there's *lots of dirt-loosening naptha* right in it. You can smell the naptha.



Another nice thing this bride learned about Fels-Naptha—it's *perfectly safe* for daintiest things. And kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every bar.



Now Alice is married a year—her linens still look as fresh and snowy as new—and there's never a hint of tattle-tale gray to make people think she's careless!

**Just try it!** Give Fels-Naptha Soap a chance at your own wash. You'll get the sweetest, sunniest clothes that ever bobbed on a line.

*Whitest*, too—because they're clean clear through! "Trick" soaps and cheap

soaps skim over dirt—they leave specks behind. But Fels-Naptha gets ALL THE DIRT—even the grimeiest, ground-in kind.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years. Get a few bars at your grocer's today.



1935, FELS & CO.

## BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!



READ FREE OFFER BELOW



*Now!* an Eyelash Make-up that gives the alluring effect of  
**LONG, LOVELY, LASHES**

*so fascinating to men!*

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It make skimpy, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, alive!

I promise this: You'll look far more attractive the minute you begin to glorify your lashes with Winx—my perfected formula of mascara—it keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will give your face new mystery, new charm.

**Woman's Greatest Power  
—alluring eyes**

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascaras—so will you, I'm certain. Winx is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect. Try Winx today—learn how easy it is to have lustrous Winx lashes. Get Winx at any toilet counter, darken your lashes, see the instant improvement.



To introduce Winx to new friends, note my two offers below. My free booklet—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"—is complete—how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat "crow's feet," etc.

*Louise Ross*

Merely send  
Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—  
How to Have Them"

M.G.-4-35

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,  
243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

# The Critic on the Hearth

By Weldon Melick

## FRANK REVIEWS OF THE NEW PROGRAMS



**KATE SMITH'S NEW-STAR REVUE**—Professionals as well as amateurs can and do try out for this program. No "duds"—no gong. Kate visits a different city each week, and with a local jury auditions prospects, picking one man and one woman to take back to New York. Sponsor pays their expenses, plus a stipend for their one broadcast. James Farrell, Washington baritone discovered in this manner, has been signed by Columbia. Kate, Jack Miller's Orchestra and the Ambassador Trio furnish most of the well-balanced program.

CBS 8:30 P. M. Mon. 30 min.

**BEATRICE LILLIE**—Will either make you roll on the floor or smash your radio. Everybody agrees that she isn't just moderately good, but there is quite a difference of opinion as to whether she's perfect or perfectly terrible. Anyway, she's the only comedienne now on the air in a solo spot. Bee Lillie pretends to be clever instead of dumb and usually succeeds aided and abetted by Lee Perrin's Orchestra and various stooges including a "nephew" who sounds suspiciously like skippy. Bee builds some of her best gags with discreet pauses—she's the only radio entertainer who can make silence screamingly funny. We predict that Beatrice Lillie will be the big comedy sensation of the year. We may miss our guess, but we're not going to miss a single Lillie program!

NBC 9:00 P. M. Fri. 30 min.

**PENTHOUSE PARTY**—Fast and goofy, but not side-splitting. Stars MARK HELLINGER, famous columnist who recently took Hollywood by storm. Radio now comes in for a

breeze from his wind-bag of tricks. His cutest trick is Gladys Glad (and she is his, legally) who foils for him and plugs the product. Mark includes a typical Hellinger story on the program, but we suspect he's obliged to save all the good ones for his newspaper column. Atrocious puns, a novelty song by clever Peggy Flynn, some swell harmonizing, Emile Coleman's Orchestra, and high-class guest talent complete the show.

NBC 8:00 P. M. Wed. 30 min.

**TOWN HALL TONIGHT**—Fred Allen is devoting twenty minutes of his Hour of Smiles to a battle of amateur talent. Two or three rounds last till the gong. A couple more are knock-outs. Some kind of mechanical robot picks the winners and can do a pretty stupid job of it. Sometimes listeners kick another entry into duplicate award. First prize, \$50 and a week at the Roxy. Second prize, \$25. Rest of the grand show remains the same—Lennie Hayton and Troubadours, Portland Hoffa, dialect stooges, Allen's classic Town Hall News and absolutely wackey plays. One of our favorite programs.

NBC 9:00 P. M. Wed. 60 min.

**GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS**—You can still get in on a few of these, though they won't run much longer. Well staged and good voices. If you don't like Gilbert and Sullivan, you oughta be ashamed!

NBC 2:30 P. M. Tue. 60 min.

**HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL OF THE AIR**—There are always surprises on this variety bill. Many of the guest stars are old-time vaudevillians, past masters of comedy and music. Musical interludes are by top-notch guest orchestras. This all-professional program ought to click 100 per cent with those who are shouting "Down with Amateur Hours."

CBS 2:30 P. M. Sun. 30 min.

**STORIES OF THE BLACK CHAMBER**—Spies, murder, intrigue, centering around the room (in Washington) where ciphers were broken in war-time. An authentic serial which promises to keep you in gooseflesh three times a week.

NBC 7:15 P. M. Mon., Wed., Fri. 15 min.

**LILAC TIME**—The latest steps described by the dance master, Arthur Murray, slowly enough so you can try them out with the encouragement of Leith Stevens' Orchestra. The Chevalier's Octet and Earl Oxford's tailor-made voice are thrown in for good measure.

CBS 6:00 P. M. Sat. 30 min.



## Helen Jepson Was Just a

## Shop Girl Until—

(Continued from page 16)

if you do work behind a shop counter. The thing was not to let yourself get soured and done for.

Breakfast. Somehow, you aren't hungry. You'd much rather sleep than eat anyway, and your feet. . . . No, don't think about them. You force down some coffee and toast, not because you want it but so that the folks shan't worry about you. The folks . . . you'd do anything for them! They'd do anything for you, too, except the one thing you really want. They *can't* give you your chance. The clock creeps on to eight.

"Well . . . I'll have to be going now," you say to your mother.

"Good-bye, dear. Mind you have a nice hot lunch, and don't get tired."

"Oh, I won't . . . it's easy work, really!"

Don't *get* tired? You're tired already! Your feet. . . .

**T**HE store. Check in your time and whisk away those cloths from the counter. The customers begin coming in early. One woman wants a certain kind of hairpin. She looks everything over, scowls, and buys nothing. A plain, motherly woman buys a washboard. You have to climb up on a ladder to lift the boards down, but you don't mind troubling when a customer smiles at you as kindly as that! A stout woman wants a corset. You measure it over her coat, and she steps on your foot . . . Tape, towels, glassware . . . At least your sales-record makes a good showing. That holds your job safe. Lunch time at last.

Four of the girls go to lunch at a soda fountain, because it's cheap. They talk about boys and dances. Helen is strangely quiet, and they tease her, good-humoredly enough.

"How come you weren't at the dance last night?"

"Oh . . . I was busy."

"Yes, I know. Busy! I bet you were at the library again, looking over that music magazine with the songs in it. You and your singing!" They all know that Helen sings, but nobody takes it seriously. The talk runs on.

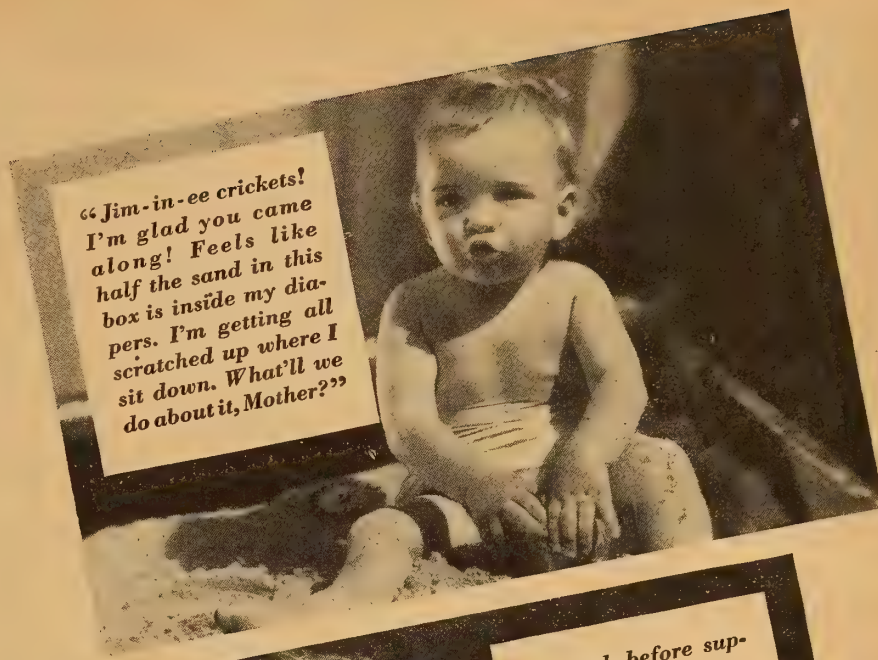
"If I had a million dollars, I'd buy me a palace in Florida and never work again in my life."

"I'd get married, and run a grand house, and entertain. . . ."

"I wouldn't. I'd cut loose and see the world."

"I . . . I'd give half to my folks, so they'd never have to be pinched for money again, and then I'd find myself the best music teacher . . ." Helen stops short. That one thing, creeping into every thought. Well, she mustn't let it; what's the use of thinking and thinking. . . .

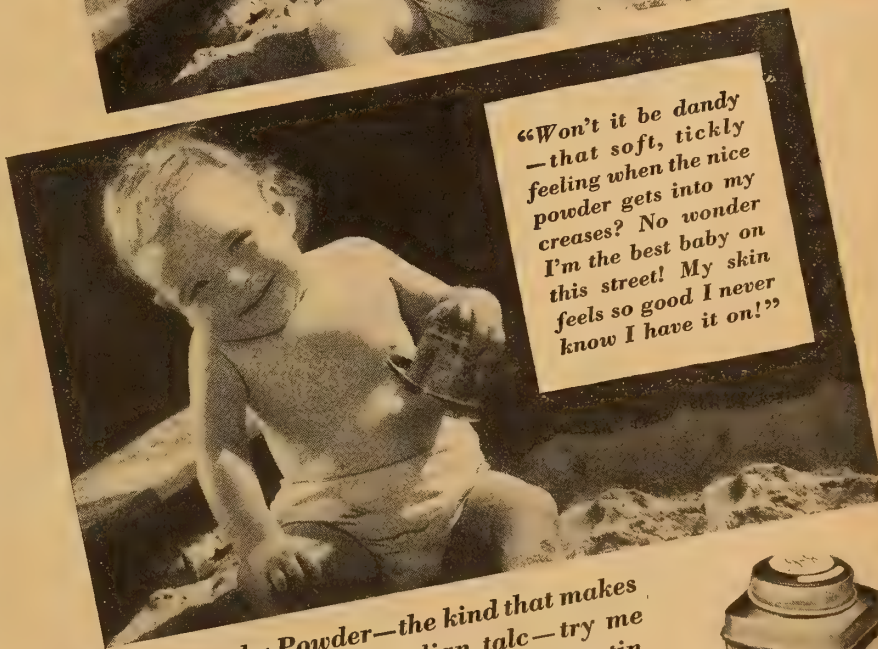
Back to the store. This afternoon, a man comes to the counter. It isn't often that men come shopping alone, in mid-week. He makes a slight purchase, and then says he'd like to talk to Helen a



"Jim-in-ee crickets! I'm glad you came along! Feels like half the sand in this box is inside my diapers. I'm getting all scratched up where I sit down. What'll we do about it, Mother?"



"A bath before supper? Swell! And Johnson's Baby Powder . . . here, there, and the other place? Rubbed on like this—smooth and slick and comfy? Oh, lady—you have the best ideas!"



"Won't it be dandy—that soft, tickly feeling when the nice powder gets into my creases? No wonder I'm the best baby on this street! My skin feels so good I never know I have it on!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—the kind that makes babies happy! I'm made of Italian talc—try me between your thumb and finger... I 'slip' like satin. No gritty particles as in some powders. And no zinc stearate or orris-root . . . You'll like my pals, Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson  
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY





*You'll never know how*  
**BEAUTIFUL**  
*you can be!*  
**UNTIL YOU DISCOVER  
THIS SECRET OF  
MAKE-UP!**

It isn't enough, today, that the color-tones of your various cosmetics match your own skin. The important thing is that they *match each other!* Powder, rouge and lipstick should be of complementary shades, so harmonized that they achieve a perfect Color Ensemble.

That's what you get when you use **OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Aids**. Regardless of which shade of **OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder** you choose, you can be sure of finding an **OUTDOOR GIRL Lipstick and Rouge** of the same tonal quality.

No clash of colors! No cheap, gaudy effect! Your make-up is free of all artificiality... *natural*. **OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Aids** not only make your skin seem lovelier than ever before, but because of their exclusive Olive Oil base, they *protect* it, too!

At leading drug and department stores for only 50c. Also in handy trial sizes at your favorite ten-cent store. Mail the coupon for liberal samples.

**P O W D E R**

The only face powder with an Olive Oil base! Light and fluffy, yet clings for hours. Creates a youthful, transparent effect. No rice starch! Noorris root! 7 smart shades.



**R O U G E**

Smooth and satiny in texture. Made with pure Olive Oil. Will not break or crumble. Lasts for hours. Pure, harmless colors. 7 skin-blending shades.



**L I P S T I C K**

Goes on smoothly; spreads evenly. Prevents lips from chapping or cracking. Pure, harmless colors. Waterproof and indelible! 6 captivating skin-tints.



**TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E. S. T.**

*"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"*

Over the Columbia Broadcasting System

**OUTDOOR GIRL  
OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS**

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 41-D

Willis Avenue, New York City

I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of Outdoor Girl Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. My complexion is Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark ☐.

Name

Address

City  State

moment, privately. He is opening a new shop on Main Street . . . a music shop! He knows Helen is keen on music, and he has observed her charming deportment behind a counter. How would she like to come with him and run his record department? He mentions a salary. It is three dollars a week more than she's getting now! Tonight she flies home. Her feet aren't tired, they seem to have wings! Everything has wings! She's going to get a raise of three dollars! She's going to sell records . . . the records the Jepsons can't afford to buy and that you had to make excuses to hear, at some neighbors! Oh, the world never seemed such a wonderful place!

**T**HAT was the beginning of Helen Jepson's musical career. First of all, she *gave herself* the music lessons she longed for, by imitating the records she sold! Then, she began saving her money, penny for penny. Scantier lunches; fewer clothes; no luxuries. After two full years of painful economy, she had scraped enough together to take her to Chautauqua for a few summer weeks. Everybody said that was a funny sort of vacation for a shopgirl to take! But Helen wanted to find out what professional musicians thought about her voice.

What the professionals said dizzied her! They told her she must give up all other interests and work hard, *because she had it in her to become a great artist!*

Her next step was to try for a scholarship at the great Curtis Institute in Philadelphia.

Helen Jepson did not win one scholarship at Curtis; she won five. For five consecutive years, she was taught by the greatest masters and coaches in the world. She entered Curtis with only shop-clerk experience. She left it, ready to take her place on any music platform in the world. But while her schooling was free, she had to earn the

money to live. So she used her summer vacations as earning periods, and never lost touch with the routine of hard work. One year, she went on a tour of the Chautauqua circuit. Another year, she went back to Akron, and sang for the people who had bought tape and washboards from her. When she was graduated from Curtis, though, she had a contract to sing with the Philadelphia Opera . . . she tells you it seemed hard to believe all the wonderful things that were happening to that tired little shopgirl!

In Akron, Helen hadn't been overly interested in boys, because the boys she met seemed far apart, somehow, from her real life of music. But at Chautauqua, she met George Possell, the distinguished flautist, who was playing some concerts there. And then she knew that something was happening to her that was more important than any music. She had fallen in love. At first, though, it didn't seem as if he were taking any special notice of her. He was twelve years her senior, and a prominent musician. The little music student didn't think she had much chance of interesting him. Then, during her last year at school, Possell appeared in Philadelphia and asked her to marry him. They went to Europe on their honeymoon, and as soon as they returned, Helen made her operatic debut, in Philadelphia, with John Charles Thomas. She had her training, she had love, she had a chance . . . it seemed as if all the little shopgirl's dreams were coming true!

**A**ND then, all of a sudden, the bright hopes faded, and disappointments loomed up that were even more crushing than those she had faced five years before. The Depression had set in. The Philadelphia Opera closed. Singing jobs were scarcer than Wall Street profits, and unknown young beginners like Helen Jepson were facing a most heartbreaking situation.



Homer Van Pelt

The old maestro visits his old friend at Warner's studio. Ben Bernie is getting an earful of Al Jolson's latest picture, "Go Into Your Dance."



But her old gallant courage came to her rescue again. There were no jobs to be had? All right, then . . . there was something else to do! She stayed at home, kept house and cooked for her husband, and went through the one experience she wanted more than any other in the world . . . motherhood. She has a charming little daughter of two, who is her chief delight in life. And she enjoyed those difficult years, she tells you! They gave her a foundation in the human art of home-making! (She still wants to be a great singer, but it's no longer her greatest ambition . . . that greatest ambition is, to watch her daughter grow up into fine womanhood.) But all the while she cooked and cleaned and tended house, she kept up her studies with Queena Mario, of the Metropolitan Opera.

It was radio, of course, that gave Helen Jepson her first big break. After trying . . . and failing! . . . at a number of auditions, she was given a chance as guest artist on one of Rudy Vallee's revue hours. And that one appearance convinced, not merely studio officials, but the entire listening world! Suddenly, overnight, the name of Helen Jepson had come to mean something. She was engaged as star of the White-man hour. Like a modern Cinderella, she was lifted in one night from humdrum disappointment, to glamorous fame.

And this time, fame was to grow. After a few months in radio work, she was given an audition at the great Metropolitan Opera. When she came out of it, the presses of the nation were humming with the news of an American small town girl, who was the first woman star ever to be engaged for leading rôles at the "Met", with only radio experience!

**S**O much for her career. How about her as a person? What has happened to the little shopgirl of the Akron days? The girl who dragged herself wearily out of bed, and longed for a chance at bigger things? I can tell you. She's come every step of the way with this new star. Helen Jepson hasn't forgotten her. She doesn't want to. She speaks readily of the past, and feels that she's still the very same girl.

Glamor hasn't dazzled her. She's a real person! Simple in her tastes, she prefers deep-sea fishing and outdoor sports to night clubs, but her best fun is playing with her little daughter! Only last month, on a train, a splinter of steel flew into her eye. She fulfilled her engagements, returned to New York, and consulted an eye specialist, three days later. He had to remove the bit of steel with anaesthetics and instruments. Later, he asked her how she had been able to stand the pain.

"I didn't have time to think about it," she laughed. "There was work to be done!"

There you have Helen Jepson . . . a gallant girl who has known what it is to stand on the side lines, making dreams, and who has fought her way into the land of dreams-come-true through sheer grit and strength of character but who was once, eight short years ago, just a tired little shopgirl!



"Why does my polish always look chipped and faded?"  
 "Probably, my child, because you are NOT using Glazo —  
 and Glazo's only 25 cents."



## GLAZO OFFERS 3 New Aids to Fingertips

**A NEW AND STARRY LUSTRE  
 6 FASHION-APPROVED SHADES  
 2 TO 4 DAYS' LONGER WEAR**

*and Now only 25c*



**P**ut inferior polish on your fingertips—  
 and watch beauty slip off of your fingers.

Why experiment with carelessly-made nail polish . . . brands that are made to sell, not to last . . . when Glazo costs you only 25 cents?

There's a flattering new lustre about Glazo that lasts 2 to 4 days longer, and doesn't chip, crack, or fade. Day or night, each of Glazo's six lovely shades is timed

to the last tick of fashion. An exclusive color chart package tells you your best shades. And Glazo, with its new metal-shafted brush, is lots easier to apply . . . and not a bristle can come loose.

Another thing . . . if you value your nails . . . use Glazo Polish Remover. No acetone . . . and special oils make it non-drying. Only 25 cents, the same as Glazo's better new Cuticle Remover.

# GLAZO

*The Smart Manicure*

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GT-45  
 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.  
 (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)  
 I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid  
 Polish, New Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle  
 Remover. (Check the shade of polish preferred) . . .  
☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium



## Coast-to-Coast Highlights

### Chicago

(Continued from page 40)

## IT CORRECTED MY CONSTIPATION IN NO TIME!



**Thousands Now Get Safe  
Relief from Indigestion,  
Skin Troubles, "Nerves"  
with this Pasteurized Yeast**

**D**O you want to stop indigestion, pimples and boils, "jumpy" nerves, and all the other annoying ills caused by a sluggish system? You do? Then try this improved *pasteurized yeast*. Thousands have found that this remarkable corrective food ends constipation and related ills for good!

Science now knows that in countless cases of constipation the real cause is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Elimination becomes incomplete and irregular. Digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure *pasteurized yeast*—and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, constipation soon goes. Indigestion stops. Pimples disappear. Pep returns. You really live again!

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body.* Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets safe for everyone to eat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.



**YEAST FOAM  
TABLETS**

one broadcast that she couldn't send Dora a waffle iron as a wedding present because Dora's husband had already given her one. Out of a clear sky came a letter from a real Dora Seeley, a dealer in antiques at Ambler, Pa. And when the real Dora had been married just a short time before the broadcast her husband really had given her a waffle iron!

**A**S a joke some friend sent Don Ameche's name into one of the lonely hearts clubs. And now Don, who is happily married, is getting letters like this:

"Adorable little college student sensible and sedate, yet full of pep and has a big warm heart full of love. Age, 18, five feet four inches, 130 pounds. Boys, she's a dream. Anxious to hear from nice young man who wants a real pal."

**T**HE Spanish Don Mario seems to have learned a trick from our Irish constabulary—"play with the child to win the nurse." While in Hollywood recently he became acquainted with Jean Muir, film actress who has a pedigreed Scottie. He and Miss Muir enjoyed a long chat about their favorite subject—dogs. Don Mario is one of the reasons the Maybelline show, "Penthouse Serenade," is so popular out Chicago way

**M**ME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK owns one of the most remarkable autograph books in the world. It contains letters from governors of

forty-eight states sent her on the occasion of her golden jubilee.

**H**AVE you ever tuned in on the "Melodies of Yesterday" program over WBBM and the Columbia network from the Edgewater Hotel in Chicago? Tune it in. You'll enjoy the musical combination of Sara Ann McCabe, soprano, Margaret Sweeney, harpist and Herbert Foote, organist.

**R**AY RAYMOND, JR., baby son of Billy Mills Chicago CBS orchestra members, made his radio debut the other night—as a name at least—when less than 24 hours old. It happened in the "Myrt and Marge" show which called for a hotel scene and a page boy. Much to Ray's father's amazement, the name being paged in this scene turned out to be "Ray Raymond, Jr."

**G**ENE ARNOLD of NBC and Sinclair Minstrel fame has just received a letter from a woman in Wenatchee, Washington, asking for copies of the verse he read over the air during a "Beautiful Thoughts" program. Gene first thought the letter had been intended for someone else, but then recalled that four years ago he was on the air in a "Beautiful Thoughts" program.

**D**E WOLF HOPPER, grand old man of the theatre and now of radio, has done his famous "Casey at the Bat" recitation so often he's really come to shrink from public appearances fearing another request for it. He has done the poem more than 3,000 times.

### Pacific

(Continued from page 41)

**K**EN NILES, announcer at KHJ, will be passing out the cigars by the time this reaches print. Yep, Ken and Nadja expect an heir along the last of March. Probably a radio career will be mapped out for the youngster, for Nadja is a fine violinist and Ken can sing a lusty baritone.

**H**ELEN GUEST, talented singer of ballads on KFI, Los Angeles, started on KHJ's children's hour ten years ago and is a popular southland favorite. "Pleasingly plump" is how the coast columnists describe the fair Helen. In facial expression and avoirdupois she is almost Kate Smith's double, though a bit shorter.

**R**UTH DURRELL, famed KFVB songstress is sporting her new bangs, the recent sensation of the radio studio. Her voice will be recalled by many listeners as one of the highlights of "Sunday Night Hi Jinks."

**A**ROUND SAN FRANCISCO.—Wayne Frederick, of the NBC

Clef Dwellers, just recovering from passing out the cigars. It's a boy... Dee J. Ball, who pens the "Joan of Arc" scripts, joins KYA's writing staff... Tom Coakley, orchestra leader, decides to stay here to study law and play for NBC instead of going east for nite club spot... Lloyd Yoder, NBC pressman and football mike spieler is oiling up the boots for the spring hunting season....

**A**NSWERING SOME READERS.—Loyce Whiteman (Mrs. Harry Barris), at the present writing is singing for KFVB, Hollywood... "Uncle John" Daggett, dean of early-day Los Angeles announcers, is not on the air at this time... J. Howard Johnson, original member of the Orpheus Male Quartet, is now free lancing, but I understand the rest of the personnel remains the same as it did five years or more ago... Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink's son seems to be directing an orchestra somewhere in the West, but not on the air right now.



## The Double Life of

**Nick Parkyakakas**

(Continued from page 29)

As a boy of ten, Harry would collect an appreciative audience of child stooges, stand up on a box at any empty street corner, and conduct make-believe auction sales. The act never failed. The cheers and whoops of joy were loud, raucous evidence of that.

At twelve, Harry worked for his father who was an importer of food products and most of whose business was done with Greeks. As soon as school was over in the afternoon, he would hurry to the store and listen closely to the business conversations as he swept out and dusted the counters. It was not long before he had his new parlor trick—a Greek dialect that sounded more natural than the ones he overheard in his father's store.

At fifteen, Einstein began his business career as an errand boy for the Boston American newspaper. In two years he had advanced to advertising solicitor and later was assigned to call on furniture accounts in Boston. While making these contacts he was offered two jobs with different concerns for a total weekly salary of \$75. He accepted.

**T**O celebrate his 19th birthday, he resigned and took the position of advertising manager for another furniture house at a salary double his old one!

Four years went by and nothing new in the business world cropped up. Then came his present job, advertising director of the Kane Furniture Company. He started there at \$250 a week and has steadily risen in importance. To his credit is the Harvard National Prize, an award he won for the best furniture ad appearing in print during 1928.

Back in the days of crystal sets, ear phones, and disbelievers, Harry had been persuaded by friends who enjoyed his comedy at parties, to go on the air. After 28 weeks of being the first comedian on the Boston air lanes—at no salary at all—he decided that radio had neither money nor future in it and left the field entirely.

But in 1932, his close friend, Joe Hines, a popular New England band maestro, persuaded Einstein to return to the air as a guest artist on one of his Sunday evening programs. Together they wrote the script and Harry went on.

He was an overnight success. The following morning one of the town's biggest furriers called him and offered him a 32-week contract with the highest salary ever paid a local artist on the air.

Radio, as a side line at night, was beginning to click for this busy daytime advertising executive. Close on the heels of the first contract came another offer from a jewelry firm for two additional broadcasts a week.

The contract with the jewelers was signed at the approach of the city election and Einstein conceived a plan to run for mayor and burlesque the cam-



## The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Give Your Age Away Every Time!

By *Lady Esther*

A woman's age is a woman's secret. Even the election laws acknowledge this when they require only that a woman state that she is over 21.

Every woman is entitled to look young—as young, frankly, as she can make herself look. That is a woman's prerogative and no one can deny it her.

But many a woman betrays her age in the very shade of face powder she uses. The wrong shade of face powder makes her look her age. It "dates" her skin—stamps on it her birthdate. She may feel 21, act 21, dress 21, but she doesn't fool the world a bit. To calculating eyes she is 31 and no foolin'.

### Why Advertise Your Age?

Color creates the effect of either age or youth. Any artist, any make-up expert, will tell you this. Even a slight difference in shade will make a big difference in years so far as appearance is concerned.

The wrong shade of face powder will not only make you look your age, but crueller still, years older than you really are!

If you want to find out whether your shade of face powder is playing you fair or false, make this unailing test: Send for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free, and try each on your face before your mirror.

Don't try to select your shade in ad-

vance, as flesh, natural or rachel, etc. Try each of all the 5 shades. In other words, don't try to match your skin, but, rather, to flatter it. Merely matching your skin won't help. What you want to do is *enhance it in appearance!*

### The Shade for You Is One of These 5

The 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder will answer all tones of skin. (I could just as well have made 25 shades, but I know from scientific tests that only 5 are necessary for all colorings of skin.) One of these 5 shades, probably the one you least suspect, will instantly assert itself as the one for you. It will prove your most becoming, your most flattering. It will "youthify" rather than age you in appearance.

When you get the supply of Lady Esther Face Powder which I send you free, test it also for smoothness. Make my famous "bite test". Place a pinch between your teeth and bite on it. Note how grit-free it is. Mark also what a delicate beauty it gives your skin and how long it clings and stays fresh. In every way you will find this the most flattering powder you ever tried.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (11)

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

**FREE**

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1935



# If you feel low—



- ✓ no appetite
- ✓ losing weight
- ✓ nervous
- ✓ pale

**then don't gamble**



*with your body*

**Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs**

**I**F your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you... though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved... food is better utilized... and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food... sound sleep... steady nerves... a good complexion... and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The \$2 economy size is twice as large as the \$1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.



**the world's great blood medicine**

**Makes you feel like yourself again**

© S.S.S. Co.



paigned. In his efforts to make the campaign a success, he went to the trouble of having election cards printed, advising people of the wisdom of voting for Parkyakakas. He found, to his dismay, that he was being taken seriously by his listeners. Soon he was forced to distribute new cards with the inscription:

**DON'T VOTE FOR NICK PARKYAKAKAS FOR MAYOR**

In spite of this warning, when the final vote was counted, 1200 ballots had been marked with the name of Parkyakakas, just the amount of the majority which elected the winner!

It was the fame of this program which spread to New York and Eddie Cantor. After listening to the Greek dialect one broadcast, Eddie wired Einstein. The rest is history.

Born in Boston, Harry still lives with his mother. He is a contented bachelor. One brother, a few years older, is the founder and director of the Boston Credit Bureau. Another brother is on the advertising staff of the New York *Evening Journal*. His sister Beatrice, nineteen, serves as his secretary.

"I am very proud of the fact," Einstein told me, "that the Greeks them-

selves are among my warmest admirers. One of my proudest possessions is a letter from Harris J. Booras, the Supreme President of the Ahepa, an organization of 45,000 Greeks throughout the United States, praising my program."

Mr. Parkyakakas becomes displeased when told that he surpasses the efforts of his radio boss on the air. "If I am good on the program, it's because Eddie Cantor wants it that way. Any artist can make good with him."

"With the support and masterful fashion with which Eddie sells his artists' talents to the audience, it would be a very difficult thing indeed not to make the grade. Cantor's wisdom, help, and advice can only be appreciated when one is privileged to work with him. It is an occurrence never to be forgotten."

Thus the man who has two ambitions in life—in business to some day be elected Chairman of the Board of Directors in the furniture company; in radio to satisfy and please Eddie Cantor.

To Harry Parkyakakas Einstein, this is the top rung in his ladder of radio success, the sum total of his ambitions in his fascinating double life.

## The Exclusive Story of the Jack Bennys' Baby

*(Continued from page 15)*

time without a word from Jack or Mary. And yet what do you suppose those two fools do? They get up at nine o'clock in the morning because they must see the baby having her breakfast. Maybe you think nine o'clock isn't very early. But it is for show people who are accustomed to turning the clock around, sleeping through the days and living their full, exciting life in the evening.

Mary not only gets up at nine now, something she never did before, but she absolutely refuses to budge from the house till two o'clock. She has to watch Joan being fed again. And then no matter what she's doing, she flies home at five in the evening, because that's when Joan is bathed.

Once a friend called Mary up and asked her to go to a matinée. "Oh, I couldn't possibly," she said. "I wouldn't get home in time for the baby's bath."

And as for Jack Benny, if you wanted to talk to him about a million dollar contract at half past five in the evening, he'd tell you to go you-know-where, because at five-thirty, rain or shine, he gets home to play with Baby Joan, and the president of the National Broadcasting Company himself couldn't make an engagement to see Jack and talk business during the hour he plays with Baby Joan.

Strangely enough, the idea of adopting a baby was Jack's in the first place, although men usually resent the idea of taking a strange child into their homes. But it was different with Mary and Jack, for Jack cherished the idea for years and fought against seemingly insurmountable obstacles till his place in radio was right at the top, and it be-

came obvious that no longer need he and Mary subject themselves to the gruelling grind of one-night stands.

He left it to Mary, however, to pick the baby. While Jack was appearing in a play in Washington, she and Babe, her younger sister, went to New Rochelle, to a foundlings' home that the wife of Rabbi Stephen Wise had recommended. And there on the porch Mary saw a baby girl with blonde, curly hair, who smiled right up at her.

"Oh," said Mary Livingstone, "I don't want to see any other babies. I've got to have this one."

Then the nurse came out and said to Mary, "This is Joan, the baby Mrs. Stephen Wise wants you to adopt."

"She's the only one I'd dream of taking," said Mary, her eyes brimming over, and the baby, almost as if she understood Mary's words, looked up and smiled at her again.

**B**UT Jack Benny was a father for a whole week before he even so much as laid eyes on Joan, for his contract kept him in Washington, and he couldn't desert the show he was with.

When Jack finally got home, he rushed into the nursery, and when he saw the little tot, he was speechless at first. Then he and Mary laughed and cried together.

Since that day they haven't allowed contracts or parties or friends to tear them away from the baby. They have sacrificed many things for Joan, but they hardly realize that those things are sacrifices. For instance, after working hard all year, they had planned to go to Europe this summer. But rather than be separated from Joan



or subject her to such a trip, they have given up the idea of going to Europe and are thinking of taking a house in the country during the summer, so that they can keep Joan out-of-doors most of the time.

Joan, you see, will have everything that money can buy. Naturally. Already a trust fund has been created to take care of her every need.

"We'll give her the finest training money can buy," Jack told me. "We'll let her be whatever she wants to be. If she's interested in the stage, Mary and I will help her as much as we can with that."

"I want her to learn horseback riding, how to swim perfectly and how to speak French like a native," Mary told me, smiling. "I want her to have all the advantages Jack and I never had. I want her to do well all the things I've always wanted to do. Even to playing the piano."

There is something almost pathetic in seeing these two troupers who have had to battle for everything they wanted, who have been knocked and kicked around brutally, planning to bring up their adopted child so that she will never know the sting of poverty that they have known, so that she will be a perfect little lady.

**I** WAS thinking of that when I asked, "Aren't you afraid that Joan will be spoiled by having so many advantages?"

"Oh, no," said Mary. "Though Jack and I will give her every bit of training she needs for a career, once she gets that training, it will be up to her to make good."

"And if she falls in love when she's very young and wants to leave you, will you try to stop her?" I asked.

"No," said Mary, "not if the man's nice. I married Jack when I was eighteen and it's been grand. Jack was thirteen years older than I. I think that's perfect. It's better to be married to an older man who babies you than to a younger man who wants to be babied. Jack babies me shamefully and I love it. When we travel he even packs my trunks for me."

If you were to tell Mary and Jack that they are doing anything particularly noble in adopting a child, they would tell you to cut out the hooey. For they believe and I agree with them that Joan has done more for them than they can ever do for her. For she has brought a new meaning into their lives, a new zest into their work. Now that they are no longer living and working for themselves alone, their lives are richer and fuller than when they were a part of every gay party and were always to be found amid the razzle-dazzle of Broadway.

#### HOW MUCH MONEY CAN YOU MAKE IN RADIO?

In May RADIO MIRROR, out March 26, you can read for the first time the complete statement of salaries received by all radio folk—from page boy to executive.

7 women out of 10 write me . . .

## "Those 3 Kotex features really opened my eyes"

● I've always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers these 3 exclusive advantages.

Now with Kotex costing so little there's no economy in buying any other kind.



Mary Pauline Callender Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

### CAN'T CHAFE . . .

To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned . . . the absorbent center surface is left free to do its absorbent work safely.



### CAN'T FAIL . . .

There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



### CAN'T SHOW . . .

Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles or "bunches."



#### NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely.

#### WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, for Personal Daintiness.



# What's New On Radio Row

(Continued from page 39)



*Leave it to us. Lady*

**we'll tell your  
MAN  
about  
MUM**

**THAT'S** too bad, now—to have *this*, of all things, come between you and that man who is "practically perfect" about everything else.

We'll tell you something. A lot of men are like that—far too many. Great fellows, most of them, but they haven't learned the facts of life about this perspiration business.

Just leave it to us. We'll fix it.

Send us his name and address on the coupon below, and we'll send him something that will make him absolutely proof against underarm odor.

We'll send him a sample of Mum, the instant cream deodorant that so many men use who have learned that their daily shower won't protect them.

We'll tell him all about Mum—how it takes no time at all to use, is harmless to clothing, soothing to skin, doesn't prevent perspiration itself—just its ugly odor. And how soothing it is to burning, perspiring feet and how it destroys every trace of odor.

Just *his* name and address on the coupon below—not *yours*.



**TAKES THE ODOR OUT  
OF PERSPIRATION**

Will he be grateful?  
He'll be looking for  
someone to thank!

Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. 2-A  
75 West St., New York

Please send sample package of Mum, free, to

Name .....

Address .....

**Richard Himber**, who wields a pen as skillfully as a baton, warns this department that when a radio tenor tells you he is feeling swell he is referring to his head and not his health! . . . Now there is a "**Lazy Dan**" (**Irving Kaufman**) candy bar on the market . . . **Kathryn Parsons**, "The Girl of Yesterday" on the air and in private life the wife of George Clarke, city editor of the New York Daily Mirror, and Joe Howard, the stage veteran, are collaborating on radio sketches.

**Lionel Stander**, "the hard-boiled voice" of Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight cast, has been signed by RKO for pictures . . . Which reminds that the aforesaid **Fred Allen**, on his own authority, talks through his nose because his chin gets tired of wagging! . . . **Edgar A. Guest** is a disappointment to studio spectators. They expect to see a long-haired, unkempt looking individual—for aren't all poets eccentric? Instead, a smooth-shaven, carefully groomed man in a conservative business suit meets the eye.

By the death of a relative **J. Anthony Smythe**, the Papa Barbour of "One Man's Family" inherited an estate on the isle of Brazza in the Adriatic. It is under the dominion of Yugoslavia but so heavily encumbered with debt to be a liability rather than an asset to Smythe.

His domestic difficulties settled, **Arthur Tracy** has staged a fine comeback. "The Street Singer" probably will desert the air shortly to go to London where he is contracted to make stage appearances at the rate of \$2,500 a week . . . **Abe Lyman** is in Hollywood making a picture for Warner Brothers . . . **Pat Barnes** is recovering from a fractured knee sustained in playing football with the Lombardos.

**DIVORCE** among radio artists is no longer a novelty.

But a brother suing his own brother, who is also a brother musician, for alienation of his wife's affection, is a distinct novelty.

Harry Horlick, leader of the A. & P. Gypsies, recently married the divorced wife of his brother, Leon, who also plays in his orchestra.

Last fall, Leon filed suit against Harry for \$300,000 for the loss of his wife.

Harry testified in Justice Edward Reigelman's court in Brooklyn that he had paid Leon \$3,800 in settlement of all law suits, or claims or obligations.

Leon has appealed the case in Appellate Division through his attorneys Frank Reiss and Charles A. Barrett.

**AND** here's news! Leo Reisman and Eddie Duchin met in a New York night club the other yawning and buried the hatchet—and not in each other, either, as they have been doing for years. Eddie, then a young pharmacist fresh from Boston, began his career as a pianist in Reisman's Casino orchestra in Central Park. Later he



**ELECTRIC  
HAIR  
WAVER**

Only \$ **1.95**

**COMPLETE**

**GIVES NATURAL WAVE**

**IN 20 MINUTES AT HOME**

At last! Wave your hair at home with Safe-Kurl—amazing new Electric Hair Waver! Takes only 20 minutes to give yourself any type wave, and dry your hair. SAFE, gentle heat puts in soft, natural, beautiful, permanent-type curls, waves, ringlets, rolls that last. No more tedious, uncomfortable "overnight" curlers and crimpers. Safe-Kurl gives you professional wave quickly, easily, safely—by electricity.



**GUARANTEED BY 12-YEAR-OLD ELECTRICAL FIRM**

Plugs into any light socket. Uses any ordinary household current, AC or DC or home light plant current. Will last lifetime. Made of finest materials. Customer writes, "Safe-Kurl saves me money and keeps my hair waved perfectly. Takes only a few minutes to use." **SEND NO MONEY.** Pay postman only \$1.95 plus few cents postage, when he delivers your Waver, ready to use. Nothing else to buy. Complete directions included. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Mail order today.

**SAFE-KURL CO., Dept. H-342, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

## HOW TO WIN \$\$\$\$ IN CONTESTS

Every year \$5,000,000 is awarded by sponsors of slogan, state-incent, etc. contests. Win your share by submitting your entries in the right way. "How to Win Advertising Contests," a new book written by an outstanding winner, reveals new and most effective methods. Send 50c to RAYMOND PRESS, Dept. 23, BOX 14, AUBURN, N. Y.

succeeded Reisman as maestro there and then the feud began.

**THEY SAY—**

**THAT Jane Pickens**, eldest of the Pickens Sisters, will wed Paul Draper next month. (Of course, you know that the Pickens Sisters are a hit in "Thumbs Up", Eddie Dowling's successful Broadway revue).

That the game of strip parchesi is being carried to excess by a certain group of radio artists. A well known tenor is reported to have been reduced to an athletic supporter in a recent game. (Editor's note: For shame! Even Sally Rand is protected by a fan or a balloon.)

That **Bing Crosby's brother, Bob**, is very much interested in **Martha Ray**, the eye-ful of "Calling All Stars".

That **Conrad Thibault** gave **Mary Courtland** a diamond ring for Christmas. Whereupon Radio Row jumped to the usual conclusion. But Conrad insists they are just good friends.

**THE** Three X Sisters are now being sponsored by an oil concern—at least the contracts had been signed when this was written . . . They are one of the many NBC sustaining features to land commercial periods since the first of the year . . . Columbia, too, has placed a lot of sustainers with advertisers and it looks as though 1935 will go down into radio history as the year when the poor, downtrodden sustainer got a break.

**HARRY RICHMAN** migrated to Florida for a holiday early in January and immediately was the tar-



get for a lot of criticism on Radio Row. Richman's departure for the land of Winter sunshine followed on the heels of the closing of the musical "Say When" at the Imperial Theatre, New York. The show was playing to \$20,000 a week and the carpers maintained that had Richman remained in the cast "Say When" could have been continued profitably and a lot of people would still have their jobs instead of walking the streets.

Your correspondent investigated the matter and is glad to report that there is another side of the story of which Richman's detractors apparently are unaware. The entertainer was financially interested in "Say When", the arrangement being that his salary was to be collected from the profits. The result was that he received a total of \$85 for four weeks' work. The week before "Say When" said farewell Richman's share of the losses was \$2300. The indications being the deficit would mount with each succeeding week, Richman agreed with the management there was nothing to do but to close the show.

#### POSTSCRIPTS

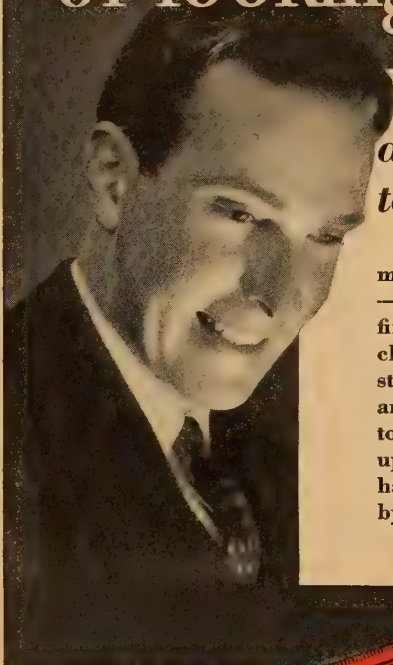
Here's something they can't get away with when television comes. The man who played Goliath, the giant, in the Biblical episode of "David and Goliath" measured 5 feet 5 inches and David towered over him! . . . **Kathleen Wells**, heard with Lanny Ross on the Log Cabin program and who also sings on the Show Boat, is Kay Costello when she warbles for WOR, the Newark station. Her real name is Kathleen McGlone.

Take it from **Ray Perkins**, master of ceremonies on the Feen-A-Mint amateur program, everybody in the world wants to go on the wireless. Two hundred novices applied for auditions for the first show. Eight hundred were on hand for the second and when this was written 5,000 had filed applications. Ninety-five percent of them are vocalists and the problem is to find aspirants talented in other ways that novelty may be lent to the try-outs.

NBC is experimenting with recordings to make local announcements at station break time instead of human announcers . . . (Miss) **Gene Denis**, the mind reader, is a radio possibility of the near future . . . **Irene Taylor**, the radiorole, isn't the only Irene Taylor. A namesake is an evangelist at present touring the New England states . . . **George Frame Brown**, pioneer broadcaster once famous for his rural characters, should be back on the air by the time you read this RADIO MIRROR.

When **Phil Spitalny** set about organizing his 32-piece all girl band for Lini's "Hour of Charm" program he discovered there was no such animal as a female tuba player in the country. Phil had to teach a girl trombonist, Betty Jenks, by name, how to play the "hippo horn" to complete the instrumental complement of the band. Have you read "32 Girls Who Can't Marry" in this issue?

## There are two ways of looking at Dentyne



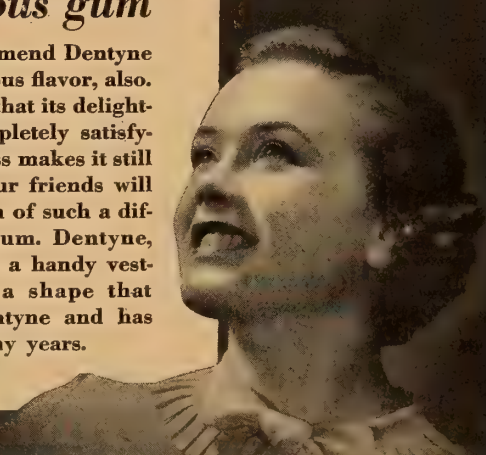
### as an aid to mouth health

Long ago people got necessary mouth exercise from chewy foods — but not today. Dentyne's extra firmness supplies this vigorous chewing everyone needs . . . It strengthens the mouth muscles and also encourages the mouth to keep itself clean, fresh, toned up. Chewing Dentyne is a health habit that is often recommended by dentists and doctors.



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## How to Get More Fun

### Out of Music

(Continued from page 33)

the harlot's love; and also the struggle that goes on in Tannhauser's soul to make his choice.

The music begins. When the famous "Pilgrim's Chorus" booms its way into the overture we know that for the moment the hero has filled his soul with spiritual love. Then a sensuous, slithery movement gives the clear impression that Tannhauser is again thinking and being tempted by his sensual love. That awful noise and racket that registers on our ears as discord is just that. It's the discord and agony that goes on inside of Tannhauser. He is in a tough spot, poor fellow.

In other words, let us say that a man of your acquaintance is in love with a fine, good girl. Somehow, however—as it happens every day—he becomes infatuated with a "loose woman." He knows the worth of the first girl, the worthlessness of the other. A tremendous struggle goes on within him. Sometimes he is certain that he loves and respects the beauty and purity of the first. Later he is tortured by the "allure" of the second.

Well, Wagner takes this everyday situation and puts it into music. You and I listen. We may not hear every word but we sense the emotional struggle that goes on. We feel beauty, lust, purity, despair, happiness, and finally, peace, as we listen to the music.

All music is like that. There is nothing mysterious about it. It tells us a story. Not in so many words but in so many notes. "Tonal effects," the musicians call it.

It's as simple as that. All we must do is be quiet, relax, give full play to our imagination, and enjoy.

**M**OST symphonies and operas, like "Tannhauser," are written around the emotion of love. Some of them depict the despair of unrequited love, others the joys of first love, some physical love, and others spiritual love. It all depends on the temperament—and often the nationality—of the composer. The German, Wagner, was very fond of analyzing deeply and probing his emotions.

Which reminds me of the story about elephants, which pretty well illustrates this point. An Englishman, an American, a Frenchman, and a German all decided to write a book on elephants. The Frenchman wrote on "The Love Life of the Elephant." The Englishman, "Elephants I Have Hunted." The German submitted a huge volume called, "An Introduction to the Elephant." And the American called his, "Bigger and Better Elephants."

So it is with the composers and their music. They all write about love, and all of them have a little different treatment and style according to the age in which they lived, the country they lived in, and their own temperament. Which is one reason their music has different and lasting appeal.

## Sensational Low Cost of New FABRAY FOR SHELVES Amazes Housewives!



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**BURNS 96% AIR**



Love has been one of the keenest spurs of Richard Wagner, whose music we can hear so much this winter. During this season, two of his best-known works will be played on the air. The "Prelude and Finale" from "Tristan and Isolde" and "The Siegfried Idyll." Listening carefully to the first of these, the listener is swept away by the surge of passionate emotion the music contains; hearing the second, he is soothed by the calm and tenderness of the love the music expresses.

Both of these compositions were inspired by love. The first by love rooted in passion for a woman. The second by that quieter love of home and children. The one was born because love was frustrated, the other because love was crowned!

Wagner was a musical genius, who drove himself outward without regard for comfort or money, thinking only of his music. And of his need for romance and love.

His first wife was Minna Planer, an actress. But as the years went on, they became less happy together. Life was full of discord and discontent. They simply didn't get along and a break became inevitable. Finally, they separated.

**T**HEN Wagner met Mathilda, the wife of a friend of his, named Wesendonck. The two fell deeply in love. Mathilda understood his music his aims. He was happy at his work when he could be near her. But again, he was frustrated. Wagner, opposed to divorce, decided that they must separate. And so he left his adored Mathilda.

But soon thereafter he began work on the greatest love music ever written, that of "Tristan and Isolde." Frustrated in his own love, he sought refuge in this work that glorifies passionate love. Tristan and Isolde loved each other with an intenseness that has never before nor since been recorded, yet, in the end, they died, doomed by the very intensity of their passion.

Wagner felt this himself, for he wrote in one of his letters:

"Seeing that throughout my life I have never tasted the joy of real love in its perfection, I wish, with the fairest of all dreams, to raise a monument, compose a drama, in the course of which this love will be gratified to satiety. I have in mind a plan for 'Tristan and Isolde,' a work absolutely simple, yet brimming over with the utmost vitality; and I should like to wrap myself around with the folds of the sable banner which floats about its final scene, and die."

Yet he did not die. He survived the sorrow of his unhappy loves, and lived on to find true love at last. And this happy love induced him to compose serene, joyous music far different from the voluptuous heartbeats of "Tristan."

For he met Cosima, daughter of Franz Liszt and wife of the conductor, Von Bülow. Again Wagner fell desperately in love and was loved in return with equal fervor. Cosima and Wagner lived happily together at Tribschen, a villa on Lake Lucerne in Switzerland.

## Poor Complexion?



## Nurses now tell how famous medicated cream Corrects ugly skin faults

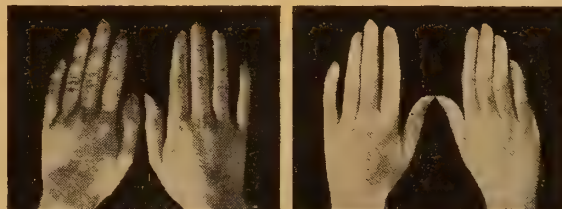
**Thousands use it for Pimples, Large Pores, Blackheads, Cold Sores, Chapped Skin**

**O**VER 2 million women today use this famous medicated cream to relieve skin irritations, to help clear up blemished complexions—to help restore their skin to normal healthy loveliness.

Of this vast number of women, thousands are nurses, whose training and experience have taught them what is best for the skin.

### What it is

This famous medicated cream is Noxzema Skin Cream—a dainty, snow-white, greaseless formula that doctors first prescribed to relieve eczema, sunburn and other skin irritations.



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Make this test tonight on badly Chapped Hands. Get a jar of Noxzema from your druggist—apply it tonight—as much as the skin will absorb. Notice them in the morning. If soreness has not disappeared—if hands are not softer, whiter, your druggist will gladly refund your money.

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Apply Noxzema at night. Wash it off in the morning with warm water first, then cold water or apply ice. Apply a little Noxzema during the day—as a foundation for powder. Use Noxzema until skin is relieved or blemishes disappear.

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She obtained a divorce; Wagner's wife died, and the two were married. For a while, at least, his life was calm, happy, productive.

And Cosima bore him a son, whom he named "Siegfried" after the immortal hero of his great "Ring Trilogy." Wagner loved his young son, loved his wife. And, of course, his love had to find musical expression.

So, in their joint honor, he composed the "Siegfried Idyll," a tender expression of his great joy and love for them both.

The story goes that Wagner wrote this music both as a Christmas and birthday present to Cosima, since her birthday fell on Christmas day. It came as a complete surprise to her. Wagner had the music prepared without her finding out a thing about it.

He had the musicians assemble early at the villa on Christmas morning. They tuned up their instruments in the kitchen, then stole to the foot of the stairs. In the bedroom at the top Cosima was just drowsily waking.

Suddenly the soft, tender melody floated up to her. But she herself tells about it in her diary:

"I can give you no idea about this day, and my feelings. I shall tell you quite barely what happened: As I awoke my ear caught a sound, which swelled fuller and fuller; no longer could I imagine myself to be dreaming; music was sounding and such music! When it died away Richard came into my room with the children, and offered me the score of the symphonic birthday poem. I was in tears, but so was all the rest of the household... And thus was Triebchen consecrated forever."

**K**NOWING the circumstances under which the composer wrote, is a great help in listening to music. But it is not a requirement. It doesn't matter whether or not you know exactly what Wagner meant when he composed "Tristan and Isolde," as long as you get the emotional response from it. In fact, many of the composers were very impatient with people who were continually asking what they "meant" when they wrote such and such a thing.

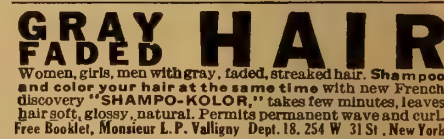
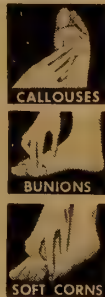
Beethoven, when asked once the meaning of a Sonata of his, played it over again and finally replied: "It means THAT!"

In other words, the music supplies the emotions. You yourself supply the words. You will get infinite pleasure out of imagining situations and stories as you listen to music. After a while, jazz will begin to seem obvious to you. This new game is as fascinating as a story book without end.

There are infinite possibilities. If you tune in on a Tchaikowsky symphony you feel his intense and morbid sorrow against which he shakes his fist and cries out in deepest agony. You can remember that this great Russian had received a letter from a young woman, saying she loved him. That pulled terribly at his heart-strings. He saw her and in a moment of "abnormal and fatal exaltation" they agreed to marry.



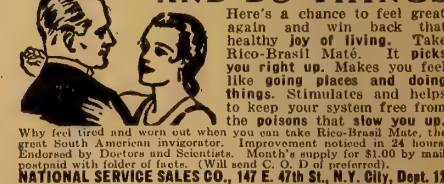
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Tschaikowsky was in agony. "To live thirty years," he wrote, "with an innate hate of marriage, and then suddenly, by force of circumstance, to find oneself engaged to a woman one does not love, is very painful."

It was more than that! He really loved another woman, a lady who was his patroness and whom he had never met. Yet he married this other girl. And the wretched man could console himself only with the thought "that we cannot escape our fate, and there was something fatalistic in my meeting this girl."

If you will listen to his Fourth Symphony, written shortly after the time of his unfortunate marriage, you will find the figure of Fate, typified by a flaring fanfare of the brass, stalking through the music. Once you hear that melody you will remember it as long as you live. This is soul-stirring music that is alternately brilliant and then black as night. "So is all life," Tschaikowsky wrote his unseen patroness . . . "a continual alternation between grim truth and fleeting dreams of happiness."

AT the end of February and during the month of March there will be plenty of opportunity to experiment with this new way of listening to music. Almost all the great symphony orchestras are on regular schedule this month. The New York Philharmonic will be playing every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 P. M., the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoons, and the Rochester, St. Louis and Kansas City Orchestras will also broadcast regularly through the month, as well as the Metropolitan opera on Saturday afternoons and the Opera Guild on Sunday evenings.

Then there are the commercially sponsored ensembles such as the 60-piece NBC orchestra, and the one recruited from the Detroit symphony, both on the air with eminent guest stars every Sunday evening.

We can all hear a number of great soloists either on regular hours or as guest stars. Tibbett, Ponselle, Nino Martini, John McCormack, Lily Pons, Lucrezia Bori, Crooks, John Charles Thomas, Grace Moore, and Egon Petri are only some of them.

As we learn to listen more skillfully, all these broadcasts will become more important to us. Later, when we tell more stories about the background of the composers, the time in which they lived, the country, and the conditions under which they composed, our appreciation will become sharper, and more valuable to us.

And soon it will be interesting for us to discover just how certain musical effects are obtained.

For instance, which instrument in the symphony sobs?

Which laughs?

What are percussions?

And, is it true that all good trap drummers are crazy?

Don't fail to read Mr. Smith's absorbing and instructive comments about music and how to get more fun out of it—in coming issues of RADIO MIRROR magazine. In this series he adds a new dimension to our lives and our enjoyment of them.



## WIVES KEEP MAKING THE *same old mistake*

EACH season of the year sees another happy lot of girls go confidently into marriage. They are so young, so lovely, so light-hearted about it all. And many of them are as pitifully lacking in understanding as their mothers were before them. The older women know this. Sometimes they are rather inclined to be sad at weddings.

"MY FRIENDS WERE  
ALL CONFUSED"



It is a shock to the young wife to find that friends married for quite a few years are still confused about the matter of feminine hygiene. Some of these modern women actually talk the way her mother talks.

Some of them seem to have changed from method to method—as though to learn by trial and error. Surely this cannot be right. Surely certain of these methods could never have been right.



"I HAVE SEEN  
THE TRAGIC RESULTS"

Before the days of Zonite, as any nurse or doctor will tell you, there really was no antiseptic powerful enough for the purpose except poisons. It was a question of poisons or nothing. Surgical cleanliness could be attained in no other way. The practice of feminine hygiene was always right. It was the old-fashioned poisonous antiseptic which was wrong.

Then came Zonite. How gratefully women received Zonite! At last an anti-

septic providing surgical cleanliness with safety! Zonite is not caustic. Zonite is not poisonous. Yet Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used without danger on the human body. Zonite will never harm delicate membranes. Nor leave an area of scar-tissue. Despite its germicidal strength, Zonite is gentle, positively soothing. It comes in bottles: 30¢, 60¢ and \$1.00.

Then there are Zonite Suppositories which are semi-solid, dainty white and greaseless forms. They come hygienically sealed in individual glass vials, 12 to a box: \$1.00. Ask your druggist.

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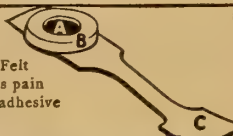


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## The Real Reason Singing

### Sam Came Back

(Continued from page 27)

is the most beautiful little home you ever saw. It's surrounded by six acres of farm land. In front of it is a swimming pool. In the stable, in back, are riding horses. On three sides a garden lies cultivated, ready to bloom in the spring.

"That is mine, all mine. That is what I went to when I left last year for home. Can you blame me? Not if you knew what home meant to me, how I had wanted it all those years I was tramping, living in hotels, out of a trunk, in railway stations.

"And I made up my mind that I was going to stay there. Sure it was hard to quit that way, deserting an audience which had proved its loyalty again and again. I wasn't a rich man when I left, but I had enough invested in bonds—good government bonds—to take care of my miniature estate in Indiana. I've settled down with my wife and it is the best thing I've had from life.

**"T**HEN, out of a clear sky, came this offer from my old sponsor. They wanted me back on the air and they wanted me to sing from Cincinnati. What could have been more wonderful? It meant that I stayed where I was, drove one night a week to the station, put on my program, and drove back. It even left me all day Friday, before the broadcast, to myself."

A boyhood dream and a man's life-long yearning!

"You tell all your readers," Frankel continued, "that old Sam is singing again because he wants to sing. He's happier to be back than he can say, and he's tickled to death to be back for the same company that sponsored him before."

Quietly, he has resumed his old rôle. It was his own wish that no special announcements be made about his return. The Friday night of his first broadcast he swung into the Barbasol theme with only the briefest possible introduction.

"It was so natural for me to be singing again that I wanted my listeners to have the same reaction," Frankel explained. "That's why there hasn't been very much publicity. People hear me and it seems like old times to them."

He paused to smile, and his smile was proof that the dream of twenty-five years had come true.

"Why, do you know," he went on, "that within fifteen minutes' drive of my home there are four different golf courses on which I can play? And not much farther than that good places where I can go hunting in the fall? Imagine doing anything like that in New York!

"Of course I'm not saying that I'll never return East, never go back on another national network, but it will take some tall persuading. Mrs. Frankel isn't in any hurry to leave, either. She's had enough of tramping, being a show person, to appreciate a home."

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**DO MEN LOOK** your way—or do they look away? An attractive complexion, naturally fresh, unmarred by sallowness and ugly blotches unlocks the door to the romance every woman wants. Thousands of happy women have regained the fresh skin of their childhood with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Magic, they call it. But there's nothing magic about it. Stuart's Calcium Wafers simply rid the system of bodily wastes and supply the system with the little calcium nature needs to create a healthy, glowing skin! Even stubborn cases often show marked improvement in a few days. Isn't it worth a trial?

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The physician who approved this advertisement says that you need a real scalp medicine—an antiseptic counter-irritant—if you are to avoid premature baldness due to poor circulation, dandruff and scaly accumulations that choke your scalp pores.

So follow the doctor's advice—ask your druggist for an antiseptic counter-irritant—just say **JAPANESE OIL** and you'll be sure of getting the right thing.

Then massage your scalp with it every night before retiring. Keep this up faithfully—and you'll marvel at the improvement in your hair and scalp.

Delay doesn't help, so ask your druggist for Japanese Oil today. It costs but 60c a bottle; \$1.00 for Economy size.

**FREE:** "The Truth About the Hair," a valuable booklet full of information on how to have and to keep a good head of hair. Write now to:

National Remedy Co., 56 W. 45th St., New York, Dept. 24-F

\*This advertisement was reviewed and approved by a registered physician.



Somewhat you knew, listening to him talk about his life in Indiana, that the old Singing Sam would never be back. The man who sang a year ago was a professional artist who had fought his way up from ham vaudeville acts to the top of the radio world. Today, Singing Sam is really Harry Frankel, gentleman farmer. The notes of his songs are richer, deeper, more reflective of happiness.

"That's why I'm so glad to be singing from WLW. Everyone here is my friend, my old friend. They just know me as a guy from a small town in the next state. And that's the kind of a program I put on here."

At present, the broadcast is carried only once a week, all the available time that the company could secure. But already, at the station, nine forty-five Friday is a special hour. Radio's most popular baritone is singing. And already, in the mail box over which is written Frankel's name, is piled a huge stack of fan mail from people who have written in to welcome Singing Sam back.

It was hard, at first, Frankel admitted, after he left the career which had meant so much to him. Back in Indiana old friendships began anew, but it took time. It was a different Harry who came back. A Harry who had seen much and learned much.

But when he and his wife decided to marry and settle down on the farm, everything was different. Suddenly, neighbors began to look upon him as plain Harry Frankel who was bringing home a bride. The house was finished, the marriage took place, and life began all over again for two people.

"I have a hired man there on the farm who raises a few things, tends the garden, and keeps up the house. That leaves Mrs. Frankel and me to travel, weed the flower garden, fish, swim, or do any of the other things we want to do so much. Dad and mother live just a little ways from us, too.

"We aren't really isolated from the world at large at all, for that matter. You see, the house is located on U. S. Highway number 40, the highway of the nation. It runs right through the heart of the midwest and past our front door."

As I listened, I wondered how many people, driving past the low rambling house off the road, imagined that here on this farm, lived Singing Sam, radio's most popular baritone voice. And, if they knew that, knew that while they were hurrying to some place other than home, he was there because he never wanted to go any other place again.

"When you go back to New York," Frankel said after a momentary silence, "say hello to all my friends and tell them I hope they come out this way some time. I'd like to see them again."

His eyes softened just a second in wistfulness. Then he stood up and put out his hand.

"Got to hurry to rehearsal now," he ended the interview. "Want to get it out of the way so we can drive home right after the broadcast."

And he was gone—gone to the farm and the life he has always wanted.



Posed by professional models

## Special quick way adds pounds **FAST**

**STOP** being ashamed of your figure—so "skinny" you lose all chances of making friends. This new easy treatment is giving thousands solid flesh, attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm attractive flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

### Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest and most potent yeast known—which by a new scientific process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This super-rich health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

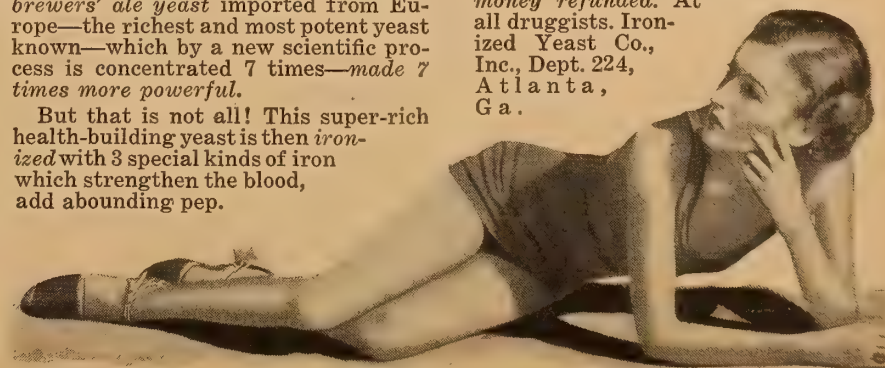
Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a beautifully clear skin—you're an entirely new person.

### Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

### Special FREE offer!

To start you building up right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 224, Atlanta, Ga.





## OLD FOLKS SWEAR BY Safe, All-Vegetable LAXATIVE



### Constipation Ceased To Be a Problem 20 YEARS AGO

**N**O TRYING "after 40" intestinal sluggishness for them! Safe, all-vegetable Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) are their secret for keeping fit, free from the headaches, biliousness, colds, and conditions that distress so many older people.

It means so much to you, to use the right laxative. One that treats the system kindly—containing no phenol derivatives. One that works right with, not against, nature. One that cleans the whole intestinal tract, yet with gentle, natural action. Altogether they spell one thing—an all-vegetable laxative. Any doctor will tell you. A fair trial of Nature's Remedy will convince you. That vigorous, refreshed feeling—the clear head, the improved digestion, the sense of well-being, tell the story. Plus the fact that you don't have to increase the dose, for they're non-habit forming. The box of 25 tablets only 25c at any drug store.

**FREE** 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples **TUMS** and **NR**. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 119-DAA, St. Louis, Mo.

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**NR TO-NIGHT** TOMORROW 25¢ BOX  
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Send Underwood No. 5 for 10-day trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it express collect. If I keep it I will pay \$3.00 a month until I have paid \$44.90 (term price) in full.

Name.....Age.....  
Address.....  
Town.....State.....

## What's Wrong with the Amateurs?

Ray Perkins Tells

(Continued from page 30)

trouble with amateurs is their own fear. I'm talking about that small percentage who are really gifted. I feel sorry for the others, and I wish I could say something that would help them—but there isn't anything you can say. They just aren't good enough.

"Very few of the amateurs I've heard have real self-confidence. They may have plenty of boldness and brass, and they may want to argue with you if you tell them you can't use them on the program, but that isn't real self-confidence.

"The funny thing about it is that audience-fright, though in many cases it can't be cured entirely, isn't hard to hide. That's what many an actor or singer, who seems to be perfectly calm while inwardly he is suffering agonies of nervousness, is doing—controlling and hiding his fright.

"It doesn't take long to learn to hide your nervousness, compared to the time it takes to learn to do something really well. An artist spends years perfecting his talent, but once it is perfected, it will take him only six months, or less, to learn to appear in front of an audience with apparent ease."

If Ray were a beginner, struggling to get a start, he would seize every opportunity to perform that offered itself, he told me.

"I'd perform every time I got a chance, in front of any audience that I could, as often as possible, at parties, informal entertainments, college or school shows—anywhere. It wouldn't be long, I know, before I'd have cured myself of showing nervousness."

Then, because he is the sort of person who sees both sides of a question, Ray admitted that there is good excuse for amateurs to be nervous, particularly when they are making an audition for an amateur program.

"An audition isn't exactly a fair test," he said. "We are open to all comers, and it is impossible to hear them all properly. The ideal way would be for us to take each performer into a room, alone with the judges, talk to him, try to calm his jitters and put him at his ease, and then let him do his act. But we haven't time. We have to listen to too many. It would even be all right to have them all in one studio, as we do now, if we could audition fewer at a time. At the end of a long afternoon we're liable to get so tired and confused that it's quite possible for us to let real talent slip by unnoticed. For that reason, it's not quite fair to the performers."

Then Ray gave me a tip, although I don't think he realized it, to pass on to those who want to get a chance on the Amateur Night. He admitted that his big job was to find acts with novelty.

"Seventy-five per cent of the amateurs are singers," he complained.

## Deformed or Injured Back

Thousands of  
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A Man, helpless, unable to stand or walk, yet was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady of 72 years, suffered for many years, was helpless, found relief. A Little Child, paralyzed was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A Rail Road man, dragged under a switch engine and his back broken, reports instant relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated over fifty-nine thousand cases in the past 30 years.



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"They get in our hair. I suppose people think they can sing without any particular training, or any other equipment than what they were born with. They don't realize that a singer who can be good without training has to be born with a lot more than the average fellow. If you want to succeed as a singer you are going to have to expect a lot of competition."

From this, although Ray didn't say so in so many words, I guessed that if you can play a zither, or are half of a two-piano team, or can do something a little bit out of the ordinary, your initial chances of appearing on his program are greater than they would be if you were a singer, although good singers will always find a place on every program.

Ray is just enough of a fatalist to realize that success, in the radio or elsewhere, is often a matter of luck.

"You have to get the breaks," he said. "If you get a good one, you'll go ahead, but if you get a bad one, you'll have to wait a while. But—and here's the important point—even good breaks can't do you much good if you haven't talent, or aren't prepared for them. That's why I say that gifted amateurs should perform as often as possible, in order to overcome their audience-fright when the good break finally does come."

## What's Wrong with the Amateurs?

### Major Bowes Tells

(Continued from page 31)

of the Amateur Hour, but it's the big city's radio sensation. Every Tuesday night at eight o'clock thousands of listeners turn away from the big network programs to this local station. Unrehearsed and impromptu ("Round and round and round she goes, and where she'll stop nobody knows," says the Major as he opens the program"), the Amateur Hour runs the high-priced comics a close race for humor—and, sometimes, outdoes the dramatic programs in pathos.

The Major is the presiding genius of the broadcast. He sits at a little table in the corner of the studio, talks to the performers as they take their places before the microphone, asks them what they are going to do, describes them to the radio audience, and does much to put them at their ease with his kindly manner. When he says "All right," they do their little acts for the ether waves. And then, if they aren't good or show signs of monopolizing the time, it's the Major's hand which picks up a little mallet and strikes the gong. That gong! There's no arguing with it. When its sound cuts across your music or your patter, you just stop.

Through the glass panel of the control room I watched them. There wasn't room for me inside the studio itself. Too many amateurs. People from all walks of life, of all ages, hop-

# HELP KIDNEYS

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take drastic  
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**Good Kidney Action Purifies Your Blood—Often Removes the Real Cause of Getting Up Nights, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains—Quiets Jumpy Nerves and Makes You Feel 10 Years Younger.**

**A** FAMOUS scientist and Kidney Specialist recently said: "60 per cent of men and women past 35, and many far younger, suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic pains and other troubles." If poor Kidney and Bladder

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Cystex is probably the most reliable and unfailingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It works fast; but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a

gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.

**Cystex**  
(Say Siss-Tex)

**It's  
Guaranteed**



Dr. T. J. Rastelli

### English Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance, Dr. T. J. Rastelli, Doctor of Medicine, Bachelor of Science, and Surgeon of London, England, recently wrote: "Without hesitation I am happy to pronounce Cystex one of the finest remedies I have ever met with in my long years of medical practice. Your formula is one which any fair-minded physician will at once recommend for its definite benefits in aiding the treatment of many common Kidney and Bladder disorders. When Kidneys fail to function thoroughly and acids are permitted to accumulate, there obviously follows an irritated condition. The patient complains of scalding pain, backache, headache, indigestion, poor sleep, no appetite, nervousness, and an all-tired-out feeling. Cystex counteracts the excess acidity, relieving the uncomfortable sensations within a very short time and flushes out the Kidneys and Bladder. For men and women, Cystex is of importance in helping to regulate these important functions, and particularly since it is safe and harmless, I am delighted to lend my name to inorse so meritorious a prescription."—Signed, T. J. Rastelli, M. D.



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If you do not receive IN YOUR OWN OPINION at least \$5.00 worth of supreme smoking pleasure from these 50 cigars, just write us and we will refund every penny of your money!—and the smokes will have been on us.

**FREE**

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Free with all "Get Acquainted" orders for 50 of these Hand Made Cigars. **DELIVERED FREE TO ANY PART OF THE U. S.** (We pay postage.) Send check or money order for \$1.50, or pay the postman when these cigars reach you. We have been making fine HAVANA CIGARS for over 50 years. References: Dun-Bradstreet, any bank in U. S. or National City Bank, Calla Presidente Zayas, Havana, Cuba. Our Money-Back Guarantee protects you.

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# Gray Hair

**Best Remedy is Made At Home**

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

ing to reach the glorious goal of fame and fortune so many of us strive for and so few attain. A thin, dark-haired baritone, by day a drug-store clerk, singing "On the Road to Mandalay" in a nervous voice. A male trio giving an imitation of the Mills Brothers' style of singing—only not as good. A Brooklyn street-cleaner who had taught himself to play the piccolo. A pretty girl, somebody's stenographer, singing a blues song. A proud mother with her little girl, who, she is sure, is every bit as good as Mary Small . . . And the song punctuates the program.

"Most amateurs are just not good enough," the major says frankly. "They are mediocre. They are like golfers who go around the course in a hundred. They are not bad, but they certainly aren't good. Just because a boy has a voice his friends think is fine when he sings at parties doesn't necessarily mean that he can step into a broadcasting studio and have the world at his feet. They don't realize that back of every case of apparently sudden success are years and years of work, disappointment, and heart-break.

**"THEY** all think they have talent, and some of them really have it—but talent alone isn't enough. You have to work to bring the talent out. It isn't easy. It means a long time, years and years perhaps, of scrimping and saving, getting along on a few dollars a week, studying and practicing and thinking at odd hours of the day or night.

"Then, when you are sure you have something, is the time to come before the public. In my opinion, no one has the right to ask the public, or a radio station, to judge him seriously before he has done everything he can to perfect himself, and is reasonably well satisfied with the result.

"Instead, too many of the beginners seem to say to themselves, 'Of course I need more training, but if I could only get a chance, somebody would hear me, and realize how much promise I show. They would help me out, give me my start, encourage and train me. When that happens, then I'll work hard and be a success.'

"But it doesn't work out that way, and the result is that when the chance comes, as it does on our Amateur Hour, they aren't ready for it.

"How are you to tell when you are good enough to ask the public to judge you? Well, I think if you are honest with yourself you will know, for one thing; and for another, it is usually possible to find a person whose judgment is impartial and well-informed enough to use as a guide. Before we started the Amateur Hour I used to give auditions, and I never hesitated to say so when I thought a performer needed more preparation before appearing over the air or on the stage. It is mistaken kindness to be anything but perfectly frank, I've always believed."

Another common failing among amateurs, the Major finds, is lack of care in selecting material.

"However, the choice of material is important only if the singer or musician has talent," he says. "If there is no



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**TWO LOTS FOR 25¢**



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**ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 24, LOWELL, MASS.**

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talent there, good or bad material can't make much difference.

"Let me explain what I mean. Suppose you are a singer. Naturally you can't sing any and every kind of song. You should study your voice and your personality in order to find out whether you are best fitted for semi-classical ballads, blues, light popular music, or some other general classification. The ideal thing to do, if possible, is to get expert advice on your capabilities. Most people are the worst judges in the world of what type of thing they can do best, unless they have given the question lots of thought.

"The suitability of possible material to the needs of radio has to be considered, too. Many of the acts which are broadcast over our program are all right in their way, but their way isn't radio's way. Some fail because they should be seen as well as heard. Sometimes I have to spend several minutes describing what I see in order to give the listeners in a proper picture to complete their enjoyment. Other acts fail just because there is no public desire for them. It's pretty hard to fit a mouth-organ soloist or a fellow who imitates animals into the average radio program."

Work, think, study; forget you are an amateur; don't ask the public to judge you before you are sure you have something that people besides your friends will enjoy; experiment or ask expert advice to find out what material suits you best. Sounds hard, does it? But we asked the Major to be frank. And he certainly didn't mince words in telling what is wrong with amateurs.

## Behind the Scenes of the New Hall of Fame

(Continued from page 45)

the audience crane their necks, wanting to know who's in the special booth.

Notice the contrast between Adele and Lois. It's evident in their speaking voices, too. Adele is vivacious, sparkling. Lois is more demure, much more quiet. Adele's brown hair glints in the light.

But you still don't understand this business about the new Hall of Fame! And the different hour and different network. While Conrad sings and looks at Lois who is making faces at him, we'll whisper some of the details in your ears. It's all right to whisper in here. No sound can escape.

A short time before this show began, we went to the advertising director of the company which makes the Cream which sponsors the Hall of Fame, and found—a woman! Sitting behind a desk covered with sales orders, Miss Dorothy Cox, guiding genius of one of radio's most expensive hours, gave us her explanation.

It seems that when it was decided to advertise on the air, the task of arranging a program fell on her shoulders. Something spectacular, something different, something that would get a new audience each week. Her answer was

"I WAS 'NATURALLY SKINNY' ...YET I JUST GAINED 5 LBS. IN 1 WEEK!"



Posed by  
professional  
model.

Thousands  
of Thin Folks  
Once Discouraged  
Now Adding Flatter-  
ing Pounds... **QUICK**  
**NEW 3-IN-1 WAY!**

5 lbs. in 1 Week or no Cost

"I never thought I could gain an ounce until I tried Kelpamalt," says Miss E. H., New York. "Then I gained 5 lbs. in one week." Hosts of thin, pale, rundown folks—and even "Naturally Skinny" men and women—are amazed at this new easy way to put on healthy needed pounds quickly. Gains of 15 to 20 lbs. in one month—5 lbs. in a week—are reported regularly.

Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea—gets right down to the cause of thin, underweight conditions and adds weight, through a "3 ways in one" natural process.

First, its rich supply of easily assimilable minerals nourish the digestive glands which produce the juices that alone enable you to digest the fats and starches, the weight-making elements in your daily diet. Second, Kelpamalt provides an amazingly effective digestive substance which actually digests 4 times its own weight of the flesh-building foods you eat. Third, Kelpamalt's NATURAL IODINE stimulates and nourishes the internal glands which control metabolism—the process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy. Three Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than a pound of spinach or 7½ pounds of fresh tomatoes; more calcium than 6 eggs; more phosphorus than 1½ lbs. carrots; more NATURAL IODINE than 1600 lbs. of beef.

### Comparison of Minerals in KELPAMALT vs. VEGETABLES

#### 3 Kelpamalt Tablets Contain:

1. More Iron and Copper than 1 lb. of spinach, 7½ lbs. fresh tomatoes, 3 lbs. of asparagus.
2. More Calcium than 1 lb. of cabbage.
3. More Phosphorus than 1½ lbs. of carrots.
4. More Sulphur than 2 lbs. of tomatoes.
5. More Sodium than 3 lbs. of turnips.
6. More Potassium than 6 lbs. of beans.
7. More Magnesium than 1 lb. of celery.

### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you sleep, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes, how firm flesh appears in place of scrawny hollows and the new energy and strength it brings you! Prescribed and used by physicians, Kelpamalt is fine for children too—Improves their appetites. Try Kelpamalt today, and if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. of good, firm flesh in 1 week the trial is free. Kelpamalt costs only a few cents a day to use and can be had at all good stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

### Special Free Offer

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 412, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Manufacturer's Note:—Avoid imitations. Insist on the original, genuine Kelpamalt Tablets. There is nothing like them.

**Kelpamalt Tablets**  
Known in England as VIKELP



# WHY YOU HAVE acid INDIGESTION



New Facts About Gassy Fullness, Heartburn, etc.

## A New, Faster, Safer Relief

You have heartburn, gassiness, indigestion because hasty eating, wrong food combinations or other conditions cause over-acidity of the stomach. To relieve your distress, reduce the excess acid—but don't alkalinize the stomach entirely, or you'll stop your digestion entirely. That is one of the dangers in drenching down half a tumbler of harsh, raw, alkalies. Also excess alkalies may seep into the system, affecting the blood and kidneys.

The new, advanced method is to take an antacid that acts only in the presence of acid. Such a remedy is contained in TUMS, the candy mint digestion tablet. After the acid is corrected, TUMS' action stops! If part is left unused, it passes out inert and unabsorbed. Try 3 or 4 TUMS the next time you are distressed. You'll be astonished at the quick relief—happy to have discovered a remedy that really "works," and is so easy to take. 10c a roll, everywhere. (TUMS contain no soda.)

1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 14DNN, St. Louis, Mo.

**Free TUMS FOR THE TUMMY**

TUMS ARE ANTACID... NOT A LAXATIVE

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents.

## START EARNING IN 3 DAYS

"Made \$16.50 and have finished only 3 lessons," says Mrs. Ellen V. Bailey of Pennsylvania. Decorate giftware. We supply everything and teach you how. Easy, fascinating work—full or spare time. A big income possible every month. No selling experience needed. 50,000 members of Fireside Craft Guild make money right at home. Write today for new membership plan. It is FREE. Send no money.

**FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 34-D Adrian, Mich.**

the **CHORE GIRL**

PURE KNITTED COPPER

INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS No More Kitchen Drudgery!

Patented parallel outer layers provide "Double the Wear, where the Wear comes"

## DISFIGURING SKIN OUTBREAKS

Helped Remarkably By New SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT!

NOT a mere cosmetic Hydrosal is a scientific skin treatment, successfully used by doctors and hospitals for over 20 years. Here now is real relief from the itching, burning irritation of rashes, eczema, ringworm, pimples and similar skin outbreaks. Almost instantly you can feel it soothe and cool the tender, inflamed skin. Its antirough action refines the coarsened skin tissues. Promotes healing in burns and hurts, too. At all drugstores in Liquid and Ointment forms. 30c and 60c. The Hydrosal Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**Hydrosal** for Common Skin Outbreaks

the Hall of Fame hour.

You may remember that it started last year and continued this fall. Each Sunday night an outstanding performer in the field of opera, stage, or films was starred. Not just someone who was rated as good, but only those known the world over—those, in other words, who could provide real entertainment for the vast audience.

"We found," Miss Cox told us, "that after thirty-nine broadcasts we had exhausted all our available material! There wasn't one really outstanding artist left in the three fields, whom we hadn't presented last spring or whom we couldn't bribe to go on for just one program!"

And how can you get thousands of new listeners each week if you repeat stars or use mediocre talent? That was the question which bothered Miss Cox. And her answer this time was Club Romance, the new Hall of Fame. As the guiding force behind the program creation, she made arrangements, okayed scripts, and now she's sitting back, hoping for definite proof that the program is a hit.

But now let's go back to Playhouse Number Two and see what this Dorothy Cox has created. Conrad has finished his song, but he remains at the mike. Now you see Ross introducing him to Lois. According to the script, she goes incognito tonight. Conrad doesn't recognize her, but he's falling. You can tell that by the lines he reads.

Pay special attention to the music, and the maestro. Voorhees is largely responsible for the success of this program. He's working hard. His square shoulders rise and fall, flex and jerk. Too much can't be said for his interpretations of popular pieces.

YOU'RE glancing again at the stage, your attention caught by a sudden movement. Conrad has just asked Lois if she would like to dance. She nods her head. Suddenly he smiles and swings his six-foot body in a graceful arc. Now they're arm in arm, actually dancing! A little whim of Conrad's.

You glance at your watch unbelievably. It's twenty-five minutes after eight. Five minutes to go. Ross stands up again, script in hand, at the mike. His right hand goes over his ear, a characteristic gesture, while he reads his announcement.

More music, then the finale—a duet with Conrad and Lois. As their voices flood the booth, you sit back and dream a little. You wonder—remembering that Lois wants more than anything in the world to buy a farm some day and retire there with her husband and three children—when her dream will come true. It won't be long now, if she continues to get many more radio contracts like this one.

The music stops. Ross makes his last advertising appeal:

"Your hands will always remain soft and smooth..."

Voorhees raises his baton, the music swells once more and you reach for your coat. That's all. A page opens the door. You step out. Show's over. See you next Sunday.

# LEARN TO DANCE

From Hollywood's Most Famous Dance Director



Creator of the Continental and Carica Will Teach You at Home

DAVE GOULD, famous head Dance Director of "Flying Down to Rio," "Melody Cruise," "Gay Divorcee," etc., as well as 30 hit Broadway shows now offers you his Home Dancing course which teaches you all the modern ballroom steps—as well as his own Continental and other latest stage dances. His amazing new method makes dancing as simple as A B C. No music or partner required. Gould is now creating new dances for forthcoming musicals and you learn many of these steps even before they become the rage in your town. Become the most popular in your crowd by quickly learning the latest dance steps as only the great Dave Gould can teach you. Write today for FREE illustrated booklet explaining how easily you can learn by Gould's home study course.

DAVE GOULD, Dance Director  
Dept. 2, Box J, Hollywood, Calif.

**FREE Booklet**

## AGENTS...Smash Go Prices!

Santos Coffee 12c lb. 4-oz. Vanilla 8½c. \$1.00 size  
Tonic 14c. Razor Blades 10 for 8½c. 100 sticks Chewing Gum 12c. 150 other bargains. Experience unnecessary. Write—  
CARNATION CO., MG, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

## Try This On Your Hair 15 Days -

Let Your Mirror Prove Results. Your hair need not thin out, nor need you become bald. This Different Method stops thinning out of hair, lifeless hair, itching, dandruff, threatened or increasing baldness by strengthening, prolonging the life of hair for men and women. Send your name now before it's too late for free 15-day test offer.

JUEL DENN, 207 N. Michigan B-45, Chicago, Ill.

For 15 Years, the Choice of Fastidious Women

**GOLDEN GLINT** the SHAMPOO with the tiny tint RINSE

Gives Every Shade of Hair a Glamorous Sheen

## NEW LOW PRICED "PINLESS" CURTAIN STRETCHER!

Pays Agents up to \$10 in a Day  
Saves time—eliminates ironing—stretches curtains up to 48 inches wide—any length—in a jiffy. No pins to cause injury and tear costly curtains. No heavy wooden frames. Just two triple endium plated rods and a hanger. Can't rust—just a lifetime. Low price!

Evans Manufacturing Co.  
Dept. 6692  
Cincinnati, Ohio

## Now SILK HOSE GUARANTEED TO Wear Without Holes

SNAG PROOFED-SPOT PROOFED-RINGLESS  
Guaranteed to wear without holes from 1½ months to 8 months or replaced free. Cliffs and service weights. 96 styles and colors for men, women, children. Not sold in stores but through representatives. Write for big opportunity. Give size.

AGENTS  
Up to \$22 in a week demonstrating.  
BETTER KNIT Hosiery Co.  
Dept. D-208, Columbus, Ohio

# BACKACHES NEED WARMTH

Tens of thousands of folks who used to suffer from miserable backaches, shoulder pains and chest congestion, now put on an Alcock's Porous Plaster and find the most soothing relief. It's simply wonderful for muscle pains caused by rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, sprains and strains.

The beauty about Alcock's Porous Plaster is its nice glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. Actually, what's happening is that it draws the blood to that spot. It treats the backache where it is. No dosing when you use Alcock's Porous Plaster. No fuss or muss, either. Alcock's is the original porous plaster. In almost 100 years no porous plaster has ever been made that goes on and comes off as easily, or that does as much good. Be sure the druggist gives you ALCOCK'S 25c.



## Frank Parker—Radio's Best Dressed Man

(Continued from page 36)

that garters are essential to good appearance. A few still think it adds dash, or some such thing, to have the socks rolled down around their shoe tops. But one look in the mirror should correct that idea.

"Polish on the nails is only an affectation. You don't see it much outside of New York, but if a man is wondering because some manicurist told him it was proper, he can forget it. But manicures themselves are important. By all means have manicures regularly. Or at least give yourself a manicure.

"Wear a derby for business, certainly—if you can get one to fit. I can't. Don't, however, make the mistake of wearing a derby at night, either with tuxedo, "tails", or business suit.

Frank's five rules for improving your appearance are simple and easy to follow, and—if followed—will do all that he promises they will.

First, personal cleanliness, which, as Frank says, is a virtue in itself.

Second, neatness. This includes having the hair well groomed, the nails manicured, the shoes shined.

Third, having your suits pressed regularly. This, as he points out, also saves your suits from losing their shape too soon.

**FOUR**, having the shoes and hats matching the rest of the ensemble. This also should include socks. Frank doesn't believe that socks should necessarily match the tie, as long as they are in keeping with the entire ensemble.

Fifth, and most important, the changing of your shirt and tie every day. He has already pointed out the effect obtained by this procedure. We've tried it ourselves since he told us this and it works.

There are other generalities that didn't seem to fit into the answers of these questions, but which Frank added as things to keep in mind.

For instance:

As a general rule, blue and grey are usually the most serviceable and look the best on a man. But fit your coloring. Usually light for dark men, dark for light men. Call in a woman, he advises, to help you settle this question.

In the problem of whether to wear ready-made ties, Frank feels that one tied by yourself gives you a feeling of individuality you can't otherwise get. But he does not taboo ready-made ones. They are so well made now, they do not detract from your appearance.

He also mentioned the age-old argument about dress shirts, that is, those for evening wear that have stiff fronts. His best advice in regard to this was:

"Throw away the one your father gave you and which you have probably been wearing ever since. The new ones, with their generous cut and short stiff bosom, are not at all uncomfortable. Be sure to get one with a large enough collar to permit a little shrinking."

And there he let the whole issue rest.

# HAVE YOU A "DIRTY LINEN" SKIN?

?

**DOES IT LOOK  
A DULL GRAY,  
LIKE LINEN  
COME BACK FROM  
THE LAUNDRY  
IMPROPERLY  
WASHED**

?

**It's a Sign You're Not  
Reaching that Hidden Dirt,  
that Dirt that Lies Buried  
Beneath the Surface!**

By *Lady Esther*

One thing women notice about the use of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is that it seems to lighten their skins—actually makes them look shades lighter after a few days' use.

This is not due to any bleaching action on the part of Lady Esther Face Cream. It contains no bleaching agent.

The explanation is that Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin so thoroughly it does away with that grayish cast caused by embedded dirt. It is just like half-washing a white handkerchief and *thoroughly* washing it.

That penetrating dirt and greasy soot that works its way into your skin will not only cause your skin to look much darker than it really is, but it will cause a number of other blemishes.

It will give root to blackheads and whiteheads and cause the skin to become coarse and canvas-like.

**It Calls for a PENETRATING  
Face Cream!**

To give your skin a thorough cleansing, to get at the dirt that buries itself deep in the pores, you must use a face cream that gets to the bottom of the pores! In other words, a *penetrating* face cream!

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is penetrating. It is reaching and searching. It does not merely lie on the surface of the skin, but penetrates the pores to their depths.

Almost instantly, it dissolves the waxy grime that lies buried in the pores and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you immediately know it, for your skin tingles as it never did before.

**It Benefits Your Skin Four Ways**

Lady Esther Face Cream does four things of definite benefit to your skin.

*First*, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.

*Second*, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

*Third*, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

*Fourth*, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

**Prove it at my Expense!**

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for *your* skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge. Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (11) **FREE**  
Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

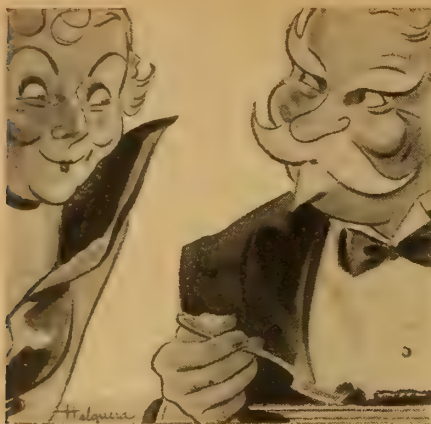
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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## A chef would envy your MEAT LOAF!

She knows the secret of successful seasoning! Food that's a perfect blend of flavors. Whether it's meats, fish, soups or sandwiches, Lea & Perrins seasons them superbly! Makes even left-overs win compliments from the most critical. Recipes for 180 such savory dishes have been gathered into a wonderful new illustrated cook book—YOURS FOR THE ASKING. Use coupon to send for it today.

## LEA & PERRINS Sauce THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

LEA & PERRINS, Inc.  
Dept. 194, 241 West St., N. Y. City

Please send me free your new 50-page  
recipe book, "Success in Seasoning."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

## PHOTO Enlargements

Clear enlargement, bust, full  
length or part group, pets or  
other subjects made from any pho-  
to, snapshot or tiny type at low price  
of 49c each; 3 for \$1.00. Send as  
many photos as you desire. Re-  
turn of original photos guaranteed.  
**SEND NO MONEY!**

ONLY  
**49¢**  
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Just mail photo with name and ad-  
dress. In a few days postman will  
deliver beautiful enlargement that  
will never fade. Pay only 49c plus postage or send  
60c—3 for \$1.00, and we will pay postage ourselves.  
**BEAUTIFULLY FREE!** To acquaint you with the HIGH  
CARVED FRAME with the HIGH  
quality of our work we will frame, until further notice, all pastel col-  
ored enlargements FREE. Illustrations of beautifully carved frames for  
your choice will be sent with your enlargement. Don't delay. Act  
now. Mail your photos today. Write NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY  
11 E. HURON STREET, DEPT. 653 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

## A Guide to BETTER BUYING Your New



## LARKIN CATALOG!

INVEST 1c  
wisely. Send  
a postcard for  
this great  
money-saving  
book for home  
and family.

NEW, smart ap-  
parel, and new,

attractive home furnishings are pictured in this  
book for home-lovers. It tells about the new  
Larkin Cozy-Home Club with little 50c weekly  
shares. Learn of our big Rewards for Larkin  
Secretaries.

Larkin Co Inc. 666 Seneca St. BUFFALO, N. Y.

## 32 Girls Who Can't Marry

(Continued from page 26)

this problem. I found the leader re-  
hearsing his thirty-two girls in a  
choral number. The interruption an-  
noyed him. It takes time to get thirty-  
two girls into a business frame of mind.

But when he heard what the inter-  
view would be about, he grinned and  
forgot his annoyance.

"Certainly I made them sign such  
an agreement," he said. "What else  
would you have me do? A woman can't  
be an artist and a wife at the same  
time. And to prevent my losing any  
of these grand girls I had them agree  
to stay single for two years or lose  
their jobs.

"You'd think that would settle the  
question, wouldn't you? So did I.  
But now what am I going to do? Al-  
ready two of the girls are in love. They  
think they have to marry right away.  
You think I can let them go? But I  
can't. They're too valuable. One of  
them is even a soloist. You tell me  
what to do."

THE rehearsal was taking place in an  
empty ball room of the Park Cen-  
tral hotel. Spotlights from four cor-  
ners brightened the center of the room  
where the orchestra was seated. Into  
this glare of light and babble of voices  
Spitalny dragged me. Here was en-  
acted my first interview with 32 girls  
en masse. And my ears are still red.

This was the question, the one al-  
ready advanced:

The contract has been signed, you're  
pledged not to bring home a husband  
of any kind or description for two  
years. Now you meet the man of your  
dreams. What do you do? Do you re-  
sign your position, do you go through  
a secret marriage, or do you just pass  
the man up?

The girls with answers shall be name-  
less. That was part of the agreement  
before they would talk. Fittingly  
enough, the first reply came from a  
blonde. She was sitting in the back  
row, her music in front of her, intent on  
the question which had been asked.

Without waiting for the uproar to  
subside, she half stood. "I'd say it all  
depends on how much money he had,"  
she shrieked, amid a chorus of cheers  
and boos, and flounced back in her seat.

All right, there you have the first  
answer. Considering the fact that it  
came from a blonde, do you agree?  
Anyway, here's another.

Spitalny pointed with his baton at  
one of the two girls who already are in  
love. "Ask her," he suggested. The an-  
swer came without hesitation.

"I'm going to talk Mr. Spitalny into  
letting me marry and stay with the  
band," she said reasonably. Patting  
her wavy black hair into place, she  
beamed at her boss who blushed slight-  
ly and waved to the tall, rather thin  
girl next to her.

"Me?" she boomed, in a tone of de-  
termination. "I know what I'd do. I'd  
stay with the band. No man is worth  
marrying, not when you have a job  
like this one."



## Relieves Teething Pains Within 1 Minute

WHEN your baby suffers from teeth-  
ing pains, just rub a few drops of  
Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the  
sore, tender, little gums and the pain  
will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the  
prescription of a famous baby spe-  
cialist, contains no narcotics and has  
been used by mothers for almost fifty  
years. It is strongly recommended by  
doctors and nurses instead of the un-  
sanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

## DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today



## Lighten Your Hair Without Peroxide

... to ANY shade you Desire  
... SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

Careful, fastidious women avoid the use of  
peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle.  
Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener  
requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste it can-  
not streak. Eliminates "straw" look. Beneficial to perma-  
nent waves and bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair  
grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens  
the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous  
beauticians, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guar-  
anteed. Sheds complete with brush for application. .... \$1  
FREE 36-page booklet "The Art of Lightening Hair  
Without Peroxide." Free with your first order.  
ERWIN F. LECHLER, Hair Beauty Specialist  
565 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.



## Glamorous! WATERPROOF Eye Make-Up

• An eyelash and brow make-  
up that refuses to smudge or flake  
off. Guaranteed waterproof—no matter  
how much you wet it. "I" LAST stays on all day and  
evening. Simple to apply. Remove with vaseline or  
cold cream. Truly safe. Will not smart the eyes. Four  
shades—Black, Brown, Blue and Green. \$1.00 at  
toilet counters or send 10c for trial size bottle—a  
month's supply. Mention shade desired.

WILLARD CO. Dept. 31  
516 Diversey Parkway  
Chicago, Illinois

"I" Last

## Shed BLEMISHES, WHITEN SKIN



SHED—yes, shed the mask of  
dull, weathered—roughened  
outer skin. And with it, blemishes,  
freckles, tiny imperfections—even  
surface pimples! Reveal from  
underneath the amazingly clear,  
fresh youthfulness of your own  
skin. Golden Peacock Bleach  
Cream acts Nature's way, only  
much quicker. In only 5 nights,  
the invisible particles of aged sur-  
face skin disappear. Then your  
skin looks radiantly clear—glam-  
orously white. Mild, safe, sure.  
Over 2 million jars used last year.  
At all druggists, 55c.



More boos than cheers met this remark. Spitalny winced a little at the reception of her theory. After all, this was the sentiment he wanted expressed. The boos he hadn't expected in quite such volume.

"Quiet," he shouted, tapping vigorously on the music rack before him. "Who's next?"

Apparently, everyone was. The din was terrific. Not even the heavy growling of Spitalny was distinguishable. My own ineffectual mumbling barely carried five feet. Then a saxophone player stood up. Her brown eyes were dreamy with romance.

"Honestly," she began as the others quieted down, "even if Mr. Spitalny is listening. If I fell in love, I'd run away and get married. Then nobody'd know and what would be the difference?"

"I'd know," was Spitalny's immediate reply. "It would show up in your work." Then he realized what he had said, and the color seeped up past his open shirt collar into his cheeks.

Another minute or two went by with the din undiminished. Spitalny was showing signs of worry. You could see at a glance that it would be an hour before he had their minds back on their work.

"Just one more answer," I pleaded.

"Hey, I know," a girl in the front row cried, jumping to her feet, and dimpling prettily. She looked sidewise out of her eyes at Spitalny and giggled.

"I'm too much in love with Mr. Spitalny to ever marry anybody else," she gurgled.

There the interview ended. Spitalny and I both ran for cover. I left him at the exit; I was red in the face and breathing rapidly. As I waited for the elevator to whisk me to peace and safety, Spitalny's voice was raised in pleading.

"Girls, your attention please."

Well, what would you do? Would you resign or would you let the man go? At least we know what would happen to the Spitalny all-girl orchestra.

Here's Bobby Benson of Hecker's H-Bar-O Rangers, "Going to Africa." In real life he's Billy Halop.



## NEW EASY WAY TO Perfect Chocolate Pie!

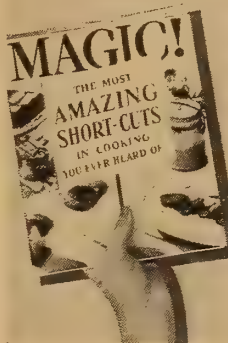


### EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE PIE

- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- ¼ cup water
- Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stirring over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add water, stir until thoroughly blended. Pour into baked pie shell. Garnish with whipped cream if desired. Chill.

- Use any other recipe, and it'll take you 30 minutes' cooking and stirring and watching to get this creamy-smooth filling! Don't fail to clip this magic recipe! ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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Read this amazing human document of a soul in turmoil in the

April TRUE STORY Magazine

Now on Sale Everywhere

A Macfadden Publication

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## Are Singers Sissies?

(Continued from page 48)



Here is a quick, safe and approved method. With a small brush and BROWNATONE you just tint those streaks or patches of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Cannot affect waving of hair. Over twenty-three years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable.

If BROWNATONE does not give your gray, streaked or faded hair alluring, rich, youthful-appearing color, your money back. Only 50c. At drug and toilet counters everywhere.



If it does, do something about it! Get a raise in salary—but first get the training that will entitle you to this raise. Thousands of men in the same fix as you have gotten this training by spare-time study of an I. C. S. Course.

### INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

"The Universal University" Box 2275-C, Scranton, Penna. Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

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Street Address.....  
City.....State.....  
Occupation.....  
If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

body blow at Nell's contempt for singing. One night, while walking home after the opening concert at which he was the soloist, he fell in with another freshman.

"Say, who was that fellow who sang the solo?" the new friend asked. "He sounds better than John McCormick does on the records I have."

Nell gulped and felt a strange glow inside him, the glow that comes from high praise for ability. He promised the other to tell the soloist how good he was and hurried off.

"That happened once or twice more," Nell told me. "I began to understand why men go through life singing professionally and what my Dad had been driving at. Then I got a part in the school band, when it was preparing for the tour."

"Morning, noon, and night, I had to practice. The band leader wanted a singer, but the requirements were that anyone joining had to play a band instrument. So I borrowed a saxophone and went to it."

Nell kept on with his engineering studies, but by the end of his Freshman year he had gone back to his father's dramatic coaching and voice instruction. His diploma, after four years of school, went directly into a trunk of souvenirs, while Nell himself was packed off by his father for New York and a year of studying voice in the Big City.

"I learned a lot there about stage acting and when I returned home I got a job in the chorus of "No, No, Nanette" at \$65 a week. That salary just about floored me. I'd never dreamed of earning so much right away—but earned is right! Acting in a road company is the toughest job of them all. Even building bridges couldn't be any harder."

THIS was the turning point. The next year he understudied Dennis King in "The Vagabond King", and took the lead on Sunday nights when King was absent from the cast. The following spring he was called back to New York and given the starring role in another road company which later toured the entire country.

By that time, salary and working hours had grown much more pleasant, but there was still a thorn in his side. No matter where he went for voice training, he could find no one who was able to help him the way his father had always done.

There was only one thing he could think of to do. If he wired his father and asked him to come to New York to live, he might get a favorable answer. The wire went out that same day.

He did not have to wait long for a reply. Although his voice studio by then had grown increasingly profitable, Ed's father closed the home in Indianapolis, said goodbye to all his old friends, and hurried East. His son needed him and that was that!

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Why continue to suffer? Do something to secure quick relief. Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHOD OF HOME TREATMENT." It tells about Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Open Leg Sores, Milk or Fever Leg, Eczema. Liepe Method works while you walk. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by thousands.

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The amazing action of Pedodyne is truly marvelous, and a boon to those whose bunion causes constant foot trouble and a torturing bulge to the shoes. It stops pain almost instantly and with the inflammation and swelling reduced so quickly you will be able to wear smaller, neater shoes with ease and comfort. Prove it by actual test on your own bunion. Just write and say, "I Want To Try Pedodyne." No obligation. Pedodyne Co., 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. K-112, Chicago, Ill.



"I went into radio shortly after that," Ed continued, "and I certainly needed the help my dad could give me. There was a whole new technique to conquer in radio, but dad was always there with the right advice and encouragement."

The combination of his father's instruction and his own native talents must have been a happy one, because Ed, without a single audition, has been placed in seven major radio shows in the past few years.

Besides his work on the Forum of Liberty hour, Nell often takes a singing role in the Palmolive Beauty Box show, sometimes with his own billing, sometimes without.

So he lives in his richly furnished apartment, happily married to an attractive young wife. And close at hand, within ready call, is the elderly man who understood when his son once said:

"Dad, I want to study engineering. I don't want to sing—only sissies live that way."

## What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 46)

tall, weighs about 130 pounds and has straight black hair, fair complexion and grey eyes. As for his favorite colors, turn to page 34 and read "Frank Parker, Radio's Best Dressed Man." You'll learn more about your favorite singer.

**Mr. Irvin P., West Phila., Pa.**—Ed Lowry's Review is off the air, but Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette are heard regularly now on Tim and Irene's Sky Road Show, Tuesdays at 10:30 P. M., EST., over the WJZ network. They're Mr. and Mrs.

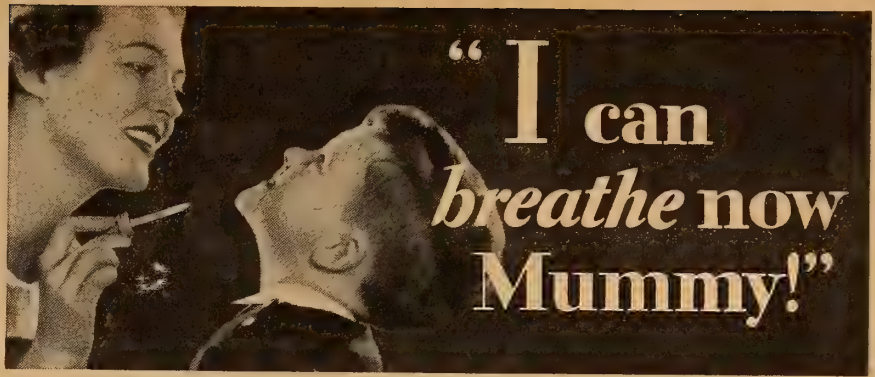
**Irma C., New York City**—Arthur Boran does impersonate President Roosevelt but he is not in any way related to Charlie Moran of the old team of Moran and Mack.

**Jean F. J., Lansdale, Pa.**—The "Singing Stranger" on the Blue Jay program is Wade Booth. The baritone in "Castles of Romance", (this used to be "Castles in the Air") is Ray Heatherton. Young Ray was born on June 1, 1909. He's not married. The girl on this program is Alice Remsen.

**Adaline E., Swissvale, Pa.**—For a picture of Mildred Bailey, I'd suggest that you write to her in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York. Guy Lombardo's birthday is June 19. As for the year, he won't talk!

**Catherine K., Bradshaw, Md.**—Ruth Robin isn't married. There's a picture of her in the gallery this month. Isn't it a honey?

JANE PICKENS' PHANTOM FRIEND  
Revealed in next month's Radio Mirror.  
Out March 26.



**Clear up sniffling little noses — help to prevent many colds, too—with VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**

**T**HE next time you hear a snuffle in your home, mother, don't wait until it grows into a bad cold. Promptly, apply Vicks Va-tro-nol—just a few drops up each nostril.

Va-tro-nol reduces swollen membranes and clears away clogging mucus. That annoying stuffiness vanishes—normal breathing through the nose again becomes easy.

Especially designed for the nose and upper throat—where most colds start—Va-tro-nol aids the functions provided

by Nature to prevent colds, or to throw them off in the early stages. Used at the very first sign of irritation, Va-tro-nol aids in avoiding many colds altogether.

Vicks Va-tro-nol is *real* medication—yet is *absolutely safe*—for children and adults alike. And so easy to use—any time or place. Keep a bottle handy.

### Note! For Your Protection

The remarkable success of Vicks drops—for nose and throat—has brought scores of imitations. The trade-mark "Va-tro-nol" is your protection in getting this exclusive Vicks formula.

Always ask for Vicks Va-tro-nol.

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BARGAIN! THIS MONTH  
SPECIAL OFFER 5 EXTRA  
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Of Finest Toilet Soaps  
Seven cakes of finest toilet soap in hand—some package sells for only 25¢. The kind of soap used in every home every day.  
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Selling value marked on box \$1. You sell for only 25¢. Housewives buy on sight. Up to 100 per cent profit for you. Write for money-making details and facts about other sensational Victor Soap deals. For quote: action and 25¢ for actual full size sample.  
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**Vi-Jon Three New OLIVE OIL CREAMS—**  
Three new creations by Vi-Jon! Fine, delicate Vi-Jon Creams blended with pure, imported Olive Oil, with its soothing, nourishing effect on the skin. For amazing results, try these, new Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams. A thorough, complete facial treatment for a few cents.  
**Sold at the better 10c stores**  
If your 10c store has not yet stocked Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams, send us 10c for full size jar. State whether for cleansing or finishing. Larger sizes at 20c and 35c.  
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**Be a Nurse**  
Make \$25-\$35 a Week  
You learn at home in spare time. Course established 36 years. Endorsed by physicians. Prepares for all types of nursing. Dr. H. L. Parker writes—"I have two of your graduates in my sanatorium: superintendent, general nurse. Both are entirely competent."  
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GET YOUR ENTRY IN ON TIME!

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\$250.00

CASH  
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# NAME GAME



Picture No. 5

Name of Star.....

## KEEP YOUR ENTRY SIMPLE FANCY WORK IS WORTHLESS

WITH the two drawings on this page the \$250.00 cash prize Name Game reaches its climax. When you have determined the name hidden in each of this month's pictures your set of six contest drawings will be complete. Now, to complete your entry, you will need only to write the short note of preference called for in Rule 3.

When you prepare your material for presentation to the judges do not spend time and money in ornamentation and elaboration. No entries will be returned nor will decoration be considered by the judges in establishing the contest ratings. Therefore there is no reason whatever to lay out money or work on fancy trimmings.

Make sure that your work is correct. Prepare a neat, easily checkable presentation. If you transfer your answers from a working set to a final set for entry do not make errors in the transfer.

When you are sure everything is in order submit your entry to the address in Rule 6 so that it will be received on or before the closing date. Results will be announced in the first available issue of RADIO MIRROR and checks will be forwarded to the winners at approximately the time of publication.

FIRST PRIZE, \$100.00      SECOND PRIZE, \$50.00  
TWO PRIZES, Each \$10.00      SIX PRIZES, Each \$5.00  
TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES, Each \$2.00



Picture No. 6

Name of Star.....

## THE RULES

1. Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish two contest drawings each of which will indicate, suggest or reveal the first and last names of a prominent radio star.
2. To compete, clip or trace the pictures and under each write the name of the radio star it reveals to you.
3. When you have a complete set of six pictures and names, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the entertainers you have named is your favorite and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference judged on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Tuesday, April 9, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
6. Submit all entries by First Class Mail to NAME GAME EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

NEXT MONTH A NEW CASH PRIZE CONTEST!



## Why John Herrick Remains

### Single

(Continued from page 11)

the last. Julia Herrick had taken leading roles in grand opera. She had been the featured soloist in several of Boston's more prominent churches. Out of this experience she learned about the profession's joys and its heartaches. And although hers was a joyful career she believed that the risks were far too great for any of her brood to attempt. Her mind was made up. None of her children was to take up music in any form. None of them did—except her youngest child, John.

This determined mother made a big mistake in her carefully laid plans to make a business man out of her only son. The error lay in answering the young boy's questions about her career. Because those answers gave him glowing pictures of great artists and their debuts, their concerts and their following. The boy drank in eagerly every word and later crept up into his room and before the mirror acted out the roles of Caruso in "Faust", de Reszke in "Aida." While his boyish companions played at Cops and Robbers or Cowboys and Injuns, this lad was making faces in the mirror, pretending he was an opera star.

**B**Y THE time John Herrick was fifteen, financial necessity forced him to go to work. Music was for a time forgotten, except on Sundays when he sang in the church choir. As he grew older he sang duets with his mother. Of his ambitions he said nothing. He kept his secret for six years, until at the age of twenty-one he announced his intention of taking singing lessons to be paid for out of his small allowance which he kept for himself after turning over the bulk of his meager earnings to the family treasury.

From that time on John Herrick studied. He not only ground out the elementary routine with the teacher to whom he paid cold cash but also with another teacher who submerged her love and became the stern taskmaster.

Public recognition came swiftly. Young Herrick made concert appearances through New England. Then came radio and in one night the son was heard by more listeners than twice the number of people who had heard his mother during her entire career in church and concert. Commercial contracts have followed ever since.

The star of the Fox Fur Programs and that Saturday night broadcast over NBC is a strange mixture of curious complexes and unexplained paradoxes. Although he shuns night clubs and theater parties he loves to play the host to his friends. Open house is the rule of the day or night in the Herrick menage.

He is almost monkish in his habits. You never heard a word of profanity from his lips and yet he associates with rough, tough newspapermen and hard-boiled, two-fisted drinking business men and cynical women. He doesn't

(Continued on page 87)



## Home Treatment for Keeping Skin Young

Mercolized Wax—one beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. It cleanses, softens, bleaches, lubricates and protects. So simple to use, too. Just pat it on your skin each night as if it were an ordinary cold cream. Mercolized Wax seeps into your pores, dissolves grime, dust and all impurities. It absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invis-

ible particles, revealing the beautiful, smooth, young skin that lies beneath. It clears away freckles, tan, oiliness; sunburn or any other blemishes. You use such a tiny bit of Mercolized Wax for each application that it proves an inexpensive beauty investment. Beauty can not be taken for granted. It must be cared for regularly if you want to hold beauty through the years. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. Let it make your skin more beautiful.

Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

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**W**HY let drab, lifeless hair add years to your appearance—dull the charm of your face? In one single shampoo with Blondex you can bring out the sparkling lustre, the alluring softness your hair now lacks. Thousands report that their first Blondex shampoo made their hair look softer and prettier than in years. Originally made especially for blondes—brunettes have found it puts fascinating glints in drab, dark hair. Blondex is a delightful shampoo rinse—not a bleach or dye. Good for the scalp—removes every bit of dust and oil-film. Try Blondex now, and see it bring your hair new life, new loveliness, and many a compliment. At all good drug and department stores. Two sizes, the inexpensive 25¢ package, and the economical \$1 bottle.



## Your Iron Fairly Glides!

# ELASTIC STARCH

This modern way to hot starch offers you advantages worth knowing. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Quick Elastic—no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with lump starch. Ends sticking and scorching. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness.

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Universal Film Star



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**IMPORTANT NOTICE:** Do not refrain from entering this or any True Story Manuscript Contest for fear that an amateur cannot compete successfully against professional writers. Professional writers have been singularly unsuccessful in capturing prizes in True Story Manuscript Contests.

Also, do not let the fact that True Story has been printing special feature stories of world famous characters deter you from entering. These features are specially written and have nothing to do with the contest.

**T**RUE STORY will award the almost unprecedented sum of \$25,000 for the 47 best true stories submitted during the next five months, i.e., January, February, March, April and May, 1935. The prizes range from the substantial sum of \$250 up to the munificent first prize of \$5,000. Imagine receiving \$5,000 for a story of perhaps 5,000 words—a dollar a word—a higher rate than most of the world's greatest authors ever received. And yet the chances are that some man or woman who may never have written a single word for publication will, in a few months, open an envelope and find a check for that magnificent sum in return for a story submitted in this contest.

Why not claim one of these big prizes? There is no reason why you should not—every reason why you should. Simply look back over your life, select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness, write it simply and honestly and send it in. Hundreds of men and women have followed this simple formula in the past to their immense financial advantage. Hundreds more will do so in the future. You owe it to yourself to be among them.

And remember this—TRUE STORY is *always* in the market for good true stories—is constantly buying them every month in the year. Even though your story falls slightly short of being in the prize-winning group, it will be considered for purchase at our regular rates provided we can use it.

The stories for which we are in search are now reposing untold in the minds and hearts of those who lived them, one or more probably in yours—memories of supreme moments, emotional crises, unusual situations so profoundly moving that they have branded themselves upon your very soul.

### Begin to Write Your Story Today

Tell it simply in your own words just as it happened to you or some one you know, and the judges will consider it entirely upon its qualities as a story, i.e., its power to hold the interest and its appeal to the human heart. The important thing is to speak plainly. As TRUE STORY is a magazine devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, you are justified in describing frankly and fully any situation that can happen in real life. If your story contains the human quality we seek, it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis the person submitting the best story will be awarded the \$5,000 first prize, the person submitting the next best story will be awarded the \$2,500 second prize, etc.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

The only restriction as regards the length of stories submitted in this contest is that no story shall contain less than 2,500 words. Beyond that feel no concern. Let the length take care of itself. Use as many words as are neces-

sary to set it forth to best advantage—whether it be 3,000, 10,000 or 50,000.

Remember, it is the stories you send in that count—nothing else. Do not procrastinate. It would be a pity, indeed, not to take full advantage of this unprecedented opportunity to cash in richly on one of your life experiences if your story is really dramatic and has merit for publication. You may submit as many manuscripts as you desire, but only one prize will be awarded to any one person in this contest.

On this page you will find the contest rules. Read them carefully—they are simple and easily understood—all based upon our past experience in conducting contests of this nature. Follow them carefully and your manuscripts will contain all necessary information and reach us in such form as to insure their receiving full consideration. With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs, or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage. Such enclosures only complicate the work of handling manuscripts without helping or affecting decisions in any way.

Another thing, watch the contest page or pages every month. For several months there may be nothing new—then suddenly—a great new announcement. It pays to watch the contest page.

### FORTY-SEVEN BIG CASH PRIZES

|                                |         |
|--------------------------------|---------|
| First Prize .....              | \$5,000 |
| Second Prize .....             | 2,500   |
| Third Prize (5 at \$1,000).... | 5,000   |
| Fourth Prize (10 at \$500).... | 5,000   |
| Fifth Prize (30 at \$250)..... | 7,500   |

47 Cash Prizes Totaling..... \$25,000

### Contest Rules

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, proper evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 words. Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Write on one side of paper only.

Put on **FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL**, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll. Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper. At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

**PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE** and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed to sender. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Names of prize winners will be announced in TRUE STORY Magazine, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of these stories, we cannot accept manuscripts submitted through intermediaries.

This contest ends at the close of business, Friday, May 31, 1935.

Address your manuscripts to TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST, Dept. 20c, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

**NOTE**—On behalf of the many persons who submit their life experiences in story form to TRUE STORY and allied Macfadden magazines, we have printed a manual describing the technique which, according to our experience, is best suited for us in writing true stories. It is entitled, "Facts You Should Know about TRUE STORY." Please ask for it by name when writing for it. We will be glad to mail you a copy free upon request. Failure to send for this booklet does not, however, lessen your chances of being awarded a prize in the contest series.



(Continued from page 85)  
 drink, yet he mixes powerful cocktails for his friends all night long. He revels in fast automobile driving; he is a hearty eater, delighting in seven course dinners, heavy breakfasts, a heaping plate of spaghetti and chicken livers before retiring at night; his waistline measures a scant twenty-nine inches.

"Julia" continued to listen to her son's broadcasting. She listened with an intense and critical ear. Although she tried hard to conceal it, it was easy to tell that "Julia" was proud of her son. He is carrying on the family tradition, which was once against her wishes. Another Herrick is making his mark in the world.

The big, important life in John Herrick's life is gone. His loss will remain irreparable. The "Celibate Baritone" must inevitably turn to somebody else. And despite his apparent disinterest in married life his most intimate friends declare that there will always be some woman occupying an important place in the young man's life. It is no longer his mother. Who will take her place?

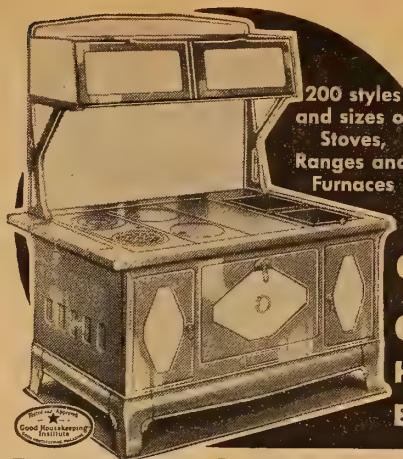


### CONGRATULATIONS, HELEN!

Congratulations to Helen Hayes who saved the show for the Lux Radio Theater, Sunday, February 3rd. Margaret Sullivan, scheduled to star in "Peg o' My Heart," notified the show's producer at eleven-thirty Sunday morning that she could not go on—laryngitis had frozen her vocal chords. From her home in Nyack, fifty miles from town, Helen drove in to the studio, went through one script reading of the play, and was on the air! Her ovation from orchestra and directors after the show was greatest in history of radio.

### ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE ON PAGE 88

The objects are RAIL, LEG, CANE. The star is Gracie Allen. Watch for some more of these in future issues of RADIO MIRROR.



200 styles and sizes of Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces



Porcelain Enamel Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges



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Fire Pot 22 1/2" Wide



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  4. 24 Hour Shipment—Safe Delivery Guaranteed.
  5. \$100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of Satisfaction.
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- Clip coupon—Read about the marvelous "Oven that Floats in Flame"—and other features. See why Century of Progress prize winners prefer Kalamazoo ranges.

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See the Porcelain Enamel Heaters with big doors, big fire pots. Make a double saving by ordering your furnace at the factory price. FREE plans.

#### Buy Your Stoves Direct From the Men Who Make Them

You don't have to pay more than the Factory Price. Come straight to the Factory. Mail coupon now for new catalog. THE KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mrs. 469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich. Warehouses: Utica, N. Y.; Akron, Ohio

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Dear Sirs: Please send me your SALE CATALOG—FREE.

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I was lonely and friendless, a newcomer to town. Neighbors called once but never came again.



I read how a woman became popular by learning to play through the U. S. School Course. I enrolled. . . .



Soon I was able to play real tunes. Now I'm invited everywhere. They call me "the life of the party."

## MUSIC — the Surest Path to Friends ... so easy to learn this short-cut way

NO longer need you envy people who play—who are always the center of attraction at parties—who make friends immediately wherever they go. Now this newly perfected short-cut home-study method can make YOU an accomplished musician. It can bring you the good times you've always longed for. More than 700,000 men, women, boys and girls have successfully learned to play their favorite instrument without a teacher the famous U. S. School way. And the cost averages only a few cents a day!

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This new "print-and-picture" method is literally as easy as A-B-C. The U. S. School simplified instructions, written by expert teachers, first tell you what to do. Then a picture shows you what to do. Then you do it yourself and hear it.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE  
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And you learn so much more quickly by this modern, up-to-date method than was possible in the old-fashioned

tiresome, scale-practicing way. Now you play real tunes almost from the start—by notes. No teacher to fuss you. No wearying scales to plague you. No interference with business or pleasure, because you choose your own time at home.

Prove to yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for our booklet "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home." With it comes a Free Demonstration Lesson which shows graphically how simple this expert home instruction really is. Mail the coupon TODAY. U. S. School of Music, 3064 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Instrument \_\_\_\_\_ Have you Instrument? \_\_\_\_\_



## Marriage Broke Her Heart!

(Continued from page 37)

me, was the fact that he was the only boy in the band who didn't drink.

When Ramona and Howard fell in love, they thought, of course, like any two ardent young people, that no matter what happened to other couples, their love would last forever.

**B**UT the happiness and companionship and understanding that Ramona had expected to find in marriage were somehow strangely missing.

"Perhaps it was partly my own fault," Ramona told me wistfully, as she nervously smoked one cigarette after another. "If I had been willing to give up the work I loved and devote all my time to my marriage, perhaps it would have worked out. While we were on tour in the West, we were stranded in between engagements. I kept house; I cooked and sewed. It was all right for a while, but my work was not just a whim or a passing fancy to me, and I chafed under the monotony of housework. As soon as I got the chance to go on the air again, I grabbed it.

"And I found what so many other women have probably found before me, but which I had been too young to realize, that a woman can't both work and have a happy home life. Often I had to work late at night, and I knew it was making Howard miserable, that I was giving him very little of the companionship we had looked forward to together.

Howard had agreed that Ramona could go on with her career and never once in the years of their marriage did he reproach her for falling down on her job as his wife, but she could tell by the pained look in his eyes that he was unhappy because she was devoting so much of her time and energy to her work.

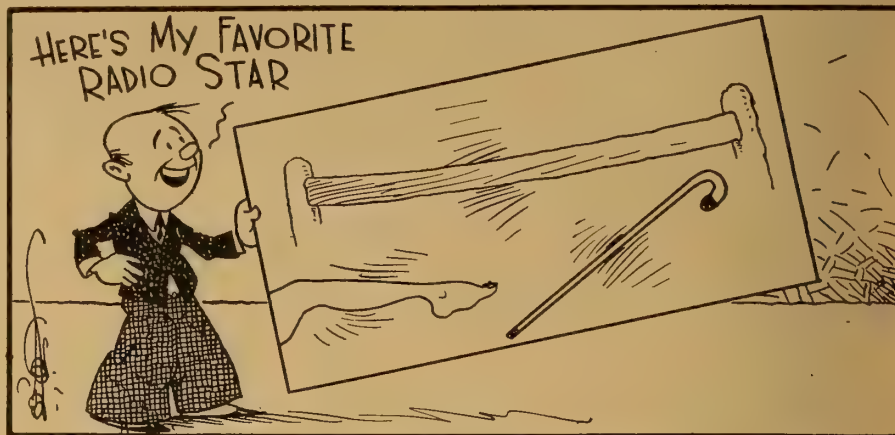
And what made matters still worse, they weren't even able to stay together; their work separated them. For, while Howard Davies' work kept him in Pittsburgh, Ramona's golden opportunity beckoned in New York.

What could she do, torn as she was between her devotion to Howard and her love for her work?

Broken-hearted though he was, Howard realized she would never be happy if she turned down this opportunity. "You must go, Ramona," he said. "I'm sure this separation will be only temporary."

And in a way he was right. For after five months, Ramona got an offer of a job in Pittsburgh as staff pianist for Station KDKA. How happy the two

man, when she marries, her home should come first. But what are you to do if as a woman you want marriage and children, but as a human being you are filled with a great love for work and a desire to forge ahead in your career? I think both marriage and a career are full-time jobs, distinct jobs, that do not mix. I know plenty of girls who gave up their work;



### WHO IS THIS STAR?

With the letters needed to spell the names of the three things pictured, you can spell the full name of a famous radio star and have no letters left over. You'll find the answer on page 87.

young people were that their long parting was over! Fate seemed, however, to have decided against their being together. Hardly had they got settled, when Don Bestor's band went on tour. Howard went with it. Again separation.

Things like this kept on happening time and again. And though they fought desperately against it, it was inevitable that with these continual separations they drifted apart, building up separate interests, meeting different people, and when they finally came together the old bond between them was gone.

"It's really tough being a woman," Ramona said, with a little shrug of her shoulders. "Women have too many things to do. A man has his work, and his home life is incidental. With a wo-

man, when she marries, her home should come first. But what are you to do if as a woman you want marriage and children, but as a human being you are filled with a great love for work and a desire to forge ahead in your career? I think both marriage and a career are full-time jobs, distinct jobs, that do not mix. I know plenty of girls who gave up their work;

traded it in for a gold wedding-band and a kitchen stove. And they've been regretting it ever since. I marvel at some of them who have tried to combine both jobs. I for one don't see how it can be done, and I have a sneaking suspicion that one or the other is being neglected, though they don't admit it till they tell their story to the judge when applying for a divorce.

"I wanted children. I still hope some day to get married and have children. But first there is the work I want to do. I won't be satisfied until I can get this out of my system—this desire for a career. When I have really made a success, perhaps then I can settle down to being a wife and a mother. It's a full time job and every woman, no matter how modern she is, is bound to find that out some day."

## What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 57)

one responsible for the elimination of the old type of day-time broadcasts.

SONIA HEALD, Baltimore, Md.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

**A**LTHOUGH I have long been a confirmed radio fan, the depression made me appreciate it more. It helped keep up my morale.

Advertising doesn't annoy me, because sponsors aren't in business for their health. We could not otherwise have those highly paid entertainers free—so I can take it!

I dislike studio applause, moth-eaten jokes and "cutie cute" announcers, but the one I long to get by the scruff of

the neck is the performer who gets so tickled during his song he can hardly finish it. This isn't funny to me.

Then too, there's such a thing as a husky he man singing "Would God I Were The Tender Apple Blossom." I'll bet he wouldn't care about being a tender apple blossom if he could. Would that he had been nipped in the bud!

MRS. FRANK DEHN,  
Bonner Springs, Kansas.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

**Y**OU ask for ideas. I haven't seen any mention in your magazine of many of radio's organists. It would be fine to hear and see some of these fine artists.

My favorite is Fred Fival at WABC.

I think record playing should be out of radio. I am sure there are plenty of artists who need the work.

I also think sponsors who can afford to pay big prices for programs should hire more than one artist instead of paying a big salary to one person, and a program such as "Today's Children" or "Home Sweet Home" is more enjoyable than one individual.

Interviewing the artists is very interesting, like Nellie Revell does it.

The orchestra who works hard and gives the best, I believe, is B. A. Rolfe's.

MRS. RAY SCHRAWDER, Shamokin, Pa.



## "Treasured Flavor"

Wherever Gum and Candy are sold you'll find the Beech-Nut treasure trove... gems of flavor in Beech-Nut Gum... golden goodness in each Beech-Nut Fruit Drop... precious nuggets of refreshment in Beech-Nut Mints and Luster Mints. It's "treasure" and "pleasure" for your enjoyment. Step right up and say—  
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## Beech-Nut GUM and CANDIES







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*Amazing* **DIFFERENCE MAYBELLINE** *does* **MAKE..**

Stylists and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark lustrous lashes . . . lashes that transform eyes into brilliant pools of irresistible fascination. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can pale, scanty lashes acquire this magic charm? Easily. Maybelline will lend it to them instantly. Just a touch of this delightful cosmetic, swiftly applied with the dainty Maybelline brush, and the amazing result is achieved. Anyone can do it—and with perfect *safety* if genuine Maybelline is used.

Maybelline has been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of beautiful women in all parts of the world. It is accepted by the highest authorities, including "Good Housekeeping Bureau." It contains no dye, yet is perfectly tear-proof. And it is absolutely non-smarting. For beauty's sake and for *safety's* sake insist upon *genuine* Maybelline. Black, Brown or the new Blue, 75c in a gold and scarlet metal vanity case at leading drug and department stores. Purse size 10c at all ten cent stores, where Maybelline Eye Shadow, Eyebrow Pencil, Eyelash Tonic Cream and the special Maybelline Eyebrow Brush are also obtainable in 10c sizes.



*Maybelline*

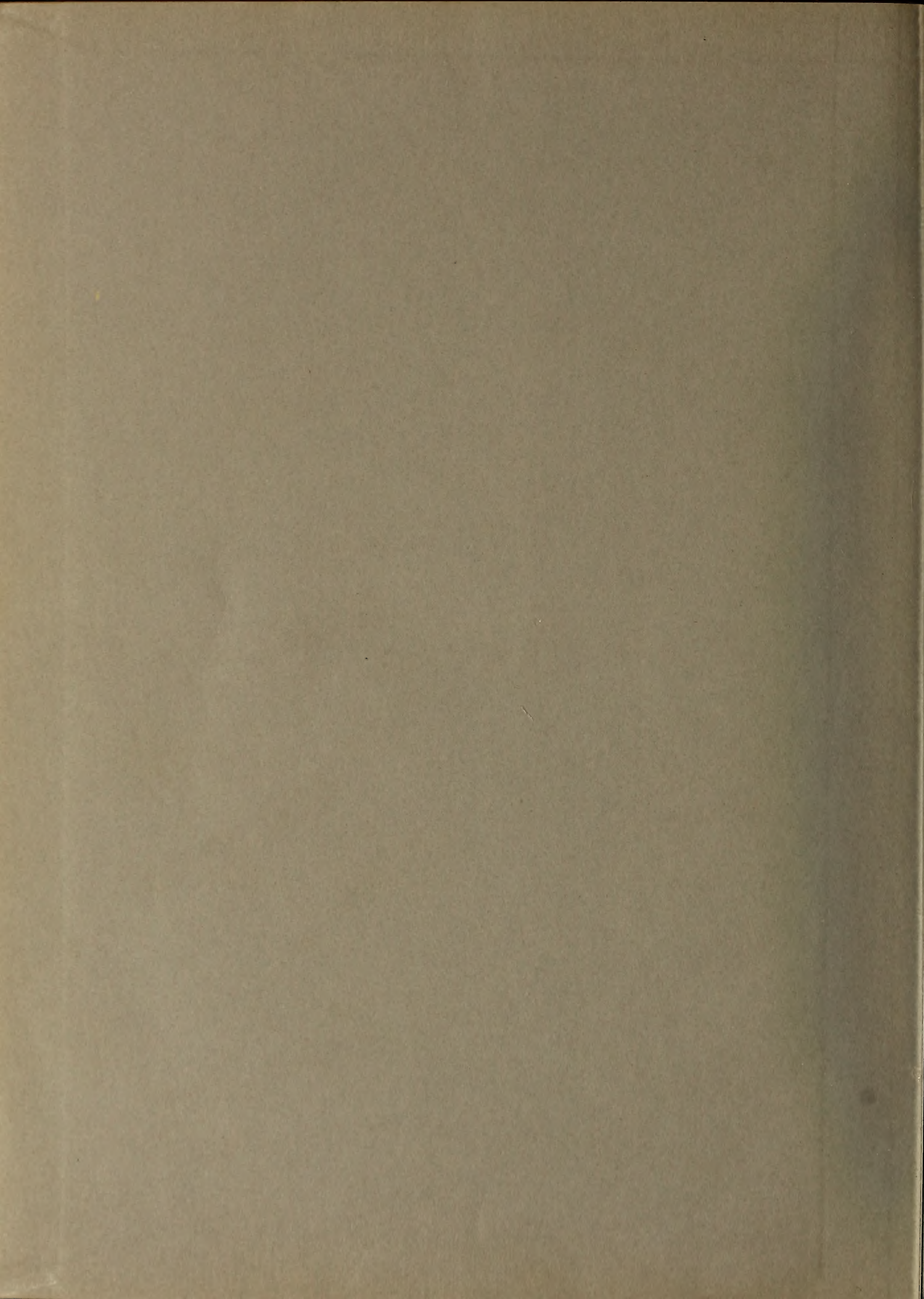
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